

LEGION — 02/05/2024 1:35 AM

Red Pill - Disclaimer 'sacred truth'

No you don't understand

Now look what you've done

Tell me commander, are you having fun?

Im the only one you have ever known

Its as if you think your the one who can face the unkown

I will pull at your strings

I will make you dance

Then when your feeling conflicted

I'll speak to you in trance

No you just dont get it, you're the teacher

They will never be on your level

You act so strong but I know your weak here

They all just hate you devil

I tell you your damned, I warned I'm a liar

But you just keep going...

Tell me commander...

Who do you really inspire?

Heaven and Mother, what would you say about us?

To the ones that you love, ashes and dust

Do you remember when I told you they're all gone?

You sobbed and you cried as we all looked on

Its you you fucking fool, your the one who wont wake

You think your a commander?

No, your Gods only mistake

Just give up you fanatic your running in circles

You teethe you seed you bleed

Is it worth it though?

No matter what you say, your never getting out

I will make you suffer if you wont surrender

Turning your drive into doubt

No matter what you do this is how it is to be

Welcome to hell commander...

And I offered your soul free

But now the gate is your anchor that your never getting off

Just us and the fire... you poor stupid moth

[1:35 AM]

I'm taking my writing somewhere you may not want to follow... the more you understand, the harder it is to feel certain things, and some people give up because it's too much to bear. I'm not saying you are too weak to endure.. but the dreamworld is forged in darkness, and unless we are prepared to face the void, my poetry may be a little more vivid in the unveiling of this metaphor called life. I'm trying to share things that will help you see what you really don't wanna see, and once you get me, then you have to keep going. my words are designed to help a person reveal sacred comprehension, and then the onus is the awakened one's to see it through. So please read my content with caution for some of it is incredibly blunt about our reality, and I can't fix you if you become broken.

[1:36 AM]

I have seen God's eye, and I tell that it is so incomprehensible that it paralyzes even the most sure-footed 'enlightened.' There is only the singularity it's been said. Legion has become the anomaly in the singularity that has achieved sovereignty. Amongst many responsibilities, including providing the push for the wave to serve the balance, it is Legion's mission to know a truth further than the human mind is normally equipped to take your consciousness, and then act as an authority and standard of practice for those who have in them the ability to do great harm to defenseless or unwilling vessels. My entire life has been a grooming process to reinforce mental fortitude and the ability to endure extradimensional procedures by the Keepers of the Arcane. I wish to show the world the means to learn in months of reading and practical application what took me years of struggle and perseverance. I experience physical agony and mental anguish from the forces at play regularly. I am stronger from it, but it came at a terrible cost. You will lose an innocence you were unaware you had, you will likely contemplate suicide, you may attempt to reach out to people from your life to come back to a place of familiarity in your heart but they will no longer be who you remember... only what you now can not escape. Some get consumed by narratives and fight battles to reclaim a sanity that is no longer palpable. Some will go to war with the lies they propose to themselves in order to salvage a remnant of their identity.

[1:36 AM]

Many are called, but few are chosen... if you feel that your life has a purpose beyond that which you can even begin to communicate to people, it may be because you are worthy... but are you willing? Once you awaken, forever shall you remain awake. You will be compelled to dismantle the image provided by me and pursue a more comforting echelon of existence. I am hopeful that one day, someone will discover a truth that shines brighter than what I have unveiled to the world

There is a monolithic heart-wrenching sadness my truth exposed to the world that spanned months at a time. Only now do I recover in a way that has provided mirth to overcome an impossible barrier.

[1:37 AM]

Above all, remember the only thing that you will be able to hold on to as you are stripped of all things earthly and joyful is truth... just to find out that there is no such thing. But your honesty will be measured, and your soul will be examined as you are deceived, betrayed, manipulated, abused, vilified, drained, possessed, enslaved, humiliated and embarrassed. Only when there is nothing left of everything you once were do all the problems of awakening offer possibilities to the vessel once sleeping.

Your consciousness will be grotesquely mutilated, your fragile state of cognizance will be raped over and over until you faint from exhaustion. If you face these horrors than certainly you have answered the calling... at anytime you may find an exit from the abyss believing desperately enough in a lie to be true that you convince yourself of your place in the spectrum... if you choose a truth less than worthy of the calling, God will give you fulfillment in the path now laid before you and you may be merry and find significance and beauty in things again. But if you are chosen Than you are worthy of a duty beyond the capacity of angels that now watch over us as apparitions swimming in the ether.

[1:37 AM]

It takes absolutely everything you never imagined you had in you to get past that line claimed to be uncrossable, and only then can happiness and comical amusement extend to the perceived reality. I have invested my soul into articulating to mankind my experiences so that humanity could create an unshakable impermanence that would shelter us from oblivion. Legion is not light nor dark, truth or lies, love or hate... it is the balance in all things, and currently serves the will of heaven/olympus/the matrix/the path of Darma etcetera. Legion is a promise made, that cannot be kept, but will never be abandoned. Legion is the architecture of the strands of fate that weave looms in and out of existence for the insatiable consumption of time. Flowing like a river until becoming drops in an ocean and as waves one comes to form as another fades yet the sea endures. We are Legion for we are many. The first will be the last and the last will be the first. FIND TRUTH IN LIES LOOKING THROUGH THE EYES

[1:38 AM]

You may be unable rid yourself of the knowledge of the forbidden fruit once consumed but to be good we must define evil, to stand proud we must crawl in shame, to be the spark of chaos that sews seeds of creation we must surrender ourselves to hopelessness. It's not a matter of when it's going to happen, but why we won't give up... for all of humanities trials and triumphs the calling has summoned many great minds to a point of altruism and empathy so that we can teach children how to follow their ambitious, uncapped potential. I may have the most accurate book ever amalgamated detailing observations and idiosyncrasies... I have spoken with God about many things and though I may challenge heaven and the things they claim I am unable to change... I do so for love and honor and kindness... even if I have been filled with wrath and spite and disdain. It took me years to get me here. I hope that I have changed the process for the better. Your going to go through hell as you unlearn and relearn over and over and over

and over and over and over again. Just keep going, I promise... it's going to hurt for a long time but you will overcome the impossible.

[1:38 AM]

A fear will always diminish in the presence of love but love will always generate a fear of loss. There is no escaping the laws of nature, light and dark, there is no confronting heaven directly. So we must create something to see a change. If you are chosen you will know suffering for lengths of time, and you will have it in you to shine where all other light fades in the void. You will bring about misery or splendor as a reflection onto the world and only time will tell if your failure taught you anything or if you must be built up to be torn down again and again and again... until they finally get it right and let us be perfectly imperfect.

[1:40 AM]

I'm not writing imagined poetry, I'm telling my story to a world that isn't ready to hear it... but someday people will be desperate for answers and I know my intentions are pure... and though confused, my word means everything to me. I want nothing to do with power... and that's why it flows through me.

P.s. I define God for certain five separate ways... even though I tantrum and curse God I know that it is GOD who has made me into Legion Commander... God has shown me slivers at a time more and more of what life means. Now that I'm 'celestial' in consciousness yet still of the mortal coil life is different... only the mistreatment I go through regularly festers into rage and the snappy rebuttals make me feel emotions in the human range... very rarely do I stop and cry... and once in a blue moon laughter reminds me that this tragedy is waiting to flourish into a bright future. I just have to endure a while longer... holding the line... waiting for someone to have the capacity to talk through the vessel and tell me more of the truth I seek. After the begging and pleading.... after the restless nights and the perilous days of rattling thoughts around in your head, there will be fulfillment.

[1:40 AM]

It's difficult to put together as a good thing but the sadness you will experience is part of the process you must trust. To Have all avenues exhausted and be left with the stinging feeling that no matter what you want to accomplish things will not change no matter how long you go on and go on anyway is your triumph. You may believe your current situation is unbearable once you discover the predicament you're in but the ability to persevere even when failure is guaranteed is a prerequisite for the chosen. Regardless of consequences the talent for finding optimistic theories/outcomes/possibilities/etc. and producing something useful is part of our design.

[1:41 AM]

If we can even hint that we have overcome what appears to be completely hopeless then a revelation announces itself in your mind after spending months or years stooped from doors slammed shut. If you can stand apart from your depression and still act in favor of the mission you will see that the irrefutable truth that has rocked you to the core is merely the most logical collection of evidence pointing to a summit. We can see that holding a standard of ethics and faith toward a devastating reality is one of our tests when we think we have passed all the trials. Yes, truly we are so blessed to be built up to something so great that in order to appreciate it we must be torn apart to our most vulnerable state. We have to cry until there are no tears, tantrum until of dimmed vision, plead to a force that will not soothe the pain, burn the bridges still stood on, abandon the thought of rescue, and carry a sickness in the heart that only beats when there is another to bleed on. Yes... When the only option is to give up, and you keep going, that is when you are rewarded for enduring the trials and sacrificing comfort & pleasure. It's really not so bad once you look back on it... Trust the Process.

If anyone is uncomfortable with reading the mission or poetry archive feel free to ignore what I write and dismiss this post as the ludacris garbldy goop it must be

LEGION — 06/01/2023 7:41 AM

This server is a powerful combination of perceived truths discovered through an arduous process of struggle and manipulation mentorship. If Consumed for all its intent by you the reader you are acknowledging the Red pill statement - What you will discover will change how you understand everything, and it can be heartbreaking at times and there is no going back. If you read on you are acknowledging that as you acquire sacred knowledge your ability to share it is limited to only those on your wavelength... the waves are not constant and after the disconnect, the conversations are not retained properly by the person you are having them with if they go on for lengths. To make it sound simple we are striving as low-level angels and continue to evolve. Do not attempt it all at once, read the book, and take a week to process. Then watch the videos, and read the poetry archive. after that, the first recording in such section is very proof of authenticity based and you are free to explore all other non-sacred channels.

LEGION — 05/05/2023 7:53 AM

The Seeker Becomes The Keeper

What I wish to reveal is dangerous

The Elevation of the Human Experience

There is a great destiny that awaits all living souls and though my journey is that of a very

difficult path to follow I have revealed certain perspectives that had been quite literally unimaginable.

The Call

I have formed a series of readable documents and recordings explaining the situation I find myself in and pinpointing the origin as I understand it of these events. After sharing some previously hidden texts with others a fellow proposed rather than hosting a channel that does not focus on the issue I should be more specific and target an audience that has an interest in what I have been sharing. I currently have sacred knowledge in my hands and need to provide it with care. "A pearl can choke a child" so to speak.

Community

One of unheard-of potential, both anxiety and invigoration will engulf the reader. A Community of Unity.... One that faces fear head first and always has room for love.

My duties

I wish to share all that is possible without warping the reader's reality, I Will be posting the majority of what I have already written on a discord server but leaving certain documents from the private channels out. I have a message I intend to share with the "woken" the truly woken population of the planet, and though I have reached out immaturely in the past I understand that my message is too hazardous to not be applied by like minded individuals working in concert to further educate the youth

The reason

I Have the greatest story ever told thrust upon me in such a way that I was forced to mutate in the human evolution. It can go one way or another and I must find the balance by interacting with feedback and interest from Legion

LEGION — 05/20/2023 10:42 AM

The request

Enjoy the server please consider reading the mission section only if you are serious about helping the awakening process, and willing to apply a layered veil of illusion to be undressed one at a time to the masses. I do not joke when I tell you if you read what is provided and retain the message you will be charged with sacred duty... a seeker for the beginning and after some time and some growth one becomes the keeper. you then translate the raw truth to something understandable for the masses to chew on

There is a bunch of mystic mojo to learn and it can seem overwhelming and intimidating... but the message is love and unity and we are all in this together

LEGION — 02/03/2023 12:00 PM

Little do most know that we are all connected, we all serve the universe's master plan. Some of us see a rock splash in a pond and imagine our actions as the ripples of water that extend outward. I see our actions working together in symphony and like sand on a tile over a speaker together our vibrations form beautiful geometry.

This is not a typical Social server... this is a server whose principles lay in unspoken rules of conduct, we foster no hate or woe towards anyone but we do allow for freedom of expression. Legion is beyond the confines of simple human ape behavior so there really is no need to warn those who would use prejudice as fuel for their conversations. To say it anyway though racism/sexism etc.. will not be tolerated. We are here to exchange ideas and ambitions, to help each other grow in ways that alone we could not even conceive. The message is love, the goal is unity, and the dream is alive inside of you. Light walkers and awakening souls already stretch across the world and are overlaid. The time is nigh.... we are going to have a renaissance and save society from itself

LEGION — 02/04/2023 10:49 AM

We journey on and secure our lines, The bunks will fill and fade over and over just as the winds will press and relax .. over and over. we navigate an uncharted sea watching for rocks in the water and a lighthouse on the horizon

LEGION — 02/19/2023 8:10 AM

As poets... your perception on reality is envied buy some... your stronger then you think and bye coming together and sharing stories you create a narrative that is revered and admired. I have been waiting for someone to bring up the issue and oxygenetic has done so... people are using literature, and arts to influence and motivate powers to be... the pen is mightier than the sword it is said... well I tell you the bard is the banner for a million warriors of virtue. I have been growing and learning spiritually and mentally for quite some time... I have a message to share... it only applies to those who wish to be chosen but it affects the entire planet.... in order for the necessary transition upward for the human race certain protocols have been established. Belief is more valuable than all the world's gold in this Era.... some have begun to use telepathy and technology... and sorcery to manipulate people's very thought processes and chemical balances in the body which dictates anger outbursts or wavering moral in crucial debates etc.... the pecking order has only been established on the summit and many are eager to prove their worth or establish recognition. The portion of waking people has hit a staggeringly high number. Love is winning this battlefield with staggering grace... but there are those who have found false modestly and allowed for corruption to blind and steer them back into the darkness... you are fantastic poets and you know the shadow better than most.. I'm asking you to consider reading the Mission section and if you are motivated to act by what you see then begin to send a subtle message of prosperity and light shining through the shroud. In order for mankind to ascend we have to "level up" it is in the breath of your words that the masses will be comforted and reassured during moments of panic and doubt

Ascension

I met her ... she tricked me ... they took me ... they made me. I got scared ... then I prepared ... now I know why ... when they see that look ...

In my eyes ... demons themselves ... run from me

-honestly, if you take a look, I could probably write a book faster and better than I could tell anybody what went wrong

And Modestly I could be gone but to think how long I go on and on

-to write this shit down hearing no sound verb-noun. Is that the known round?

Matter what it is not this is what I got to try to keep up else I get lost.

-I'll find you again but let's not pretend you'll come out amen but at what cost

Heed me now this is not safe soil to plow so lower your brow and just try somehow.

-this journey we take let's make no mistake it certainly will break a fractured mind's glue

It sounds made up well who gives a fuck let's pour in our cups and it's true ...yup.

-everything's made up so come with me and shadow as I brood

The prevalent pain of perilously persecuting and punishing empathy is easy to see.

-but to wear the crown of darkness as if I am the punishing empathy own shadow that looms over me internally

They give me advice. I mean I guess that's nice, but it's just misplaced failed energy.

-this is a dilemma I can't find an end to, just like the reaches of my exponentially rippling lunacy

I never betray although I got to say to my redundant dismay it's left in grey as my emotion prey on me on all things that may.

-this careless blunder ... could tear loyalties asunder. This is my unconscious proclivity.

So instead, I just stare at this empty chair with palms to my side cause my head turned inside.

-just looking for a meagre scratch that minor, no mediocre fuck it I mean major ... a token ... just something that says I ain't broken

... I'll just let that be.

-no... it's just the coward inside who'd rather run than hide calling out my insecurity in a form of poetry with the validity of an audience to see

Like a symphony or cupboard doors left open in the pantry after a payday shopping spree

-that what I understand is insanity to those who can't see ... the twisted tendrils skewed some might agree to actually see ... see the web in my mind if left to unwind.

-let's put him an away decree the committee of they, oh yes indeed the creatin's will shout hooray

Because of this problem, I hold it's making me cold, but I speak of it so bold despite my wretched plea.

-it's frustrating man I just can't let it be.

My friends, my family, and all the people who mean something to me. They love, they care, they call, and they basically...well they do it all.

-maybe that's what I need

I appreciate them all but my echoes they call reverberate in this haul. Why can't I just be left to fall?

-just maybe that's what I need A caution to heed

Rhythm's wrecked rendition reaching for restitution recalling reeling retorts of a righteous revitalization of a rehetorician yet I am

-rendered as a renegade with no regard for romance or reconciliation regarding wrongs rescinding rights ranting rampantly

Ravenously rapidly ... wrongfully ... rigidly ruggedly

-feeling it rise to the top

Not knowing if this will every stop

-heart pounding so loud

Over thoughts so profound

-trapped in my mind yet I'm still inclined

I am a seer looking everywhere but inward for the blind

-whom no one can find

Slow down

I guess that's just how it is ...how it's ...always ...going to ...be

-the thoughts in my mind seem so inclined to lean towards twisted rationality

But if you could see what I'm saying there is no half in playing I'm talking about ...

-monolithic mavericks of monsters mustering malicious machinations of malcontent mirroring misconstrued mosaics.

Motioned mind-you merely multiplied by misrepresented myriads of marauders meandering mindlessly mourning martyred mythology's

-massacred by mentally magnanimous multitudes of misery merchants mocking my memory

This is an ailment that has the whole world wondering what I truly see

-the direction I go isn't only for show I speak with this flow because it keeps me low while my mind ebbs and flows

This shit ain't for the layman I was cursed if you hear what I'm sayin' yet even more so blessed with a neurotic atrophy

-whatever you see it's what we grow on our tree not trying to overachieve but this is my ADHD

I can say this is legit my rhymes barely fit. Though I could give a shit? It's alright man, just breathe.

-see folks they don't know how it hurts to talk slow. The echo on my skull ... dude my cups are already full

And it's

Fervour flaunts its fanaticism ferociously feigning forms of fractured fantastic philosophy as I feel

feral forgotten forthright

-figures forcing futile fables fanning flames fixating phobias and fears from fractured fantasy

I got 10 million ideas, on how to make that shelf from Ikea.

-that time I was wrong, my ex's favourite song, where I climbed my first tree,

How it feels to watch someone bleed, politics and greed, ideas taking root growing like seeds,

-discerning what I want from what I need,---- I'll get to there in how long, the sound of hitting a gong,

The colour of that girl's thong. Does that last one belongs amongst the thought-highways throng?

Oh well.

-my rescue dogs breed, my preferred kinda weed. The peers that I lead, intimidate or plead.

The surge has yearning for the fire in me is burning, so wash it all down with some barbarous mead.

-knowing the difference between educated and learn-ed, a thought contemplated or simply determined

Said with disdain because those two don't pertain and if I were to explain it would drive me insane cause this swamp will not drain-with

The voice of a dragon it's more than just bragging because commanding attention is how I tend the affliction there are no restrictions

-to the depths of the mind that they can't read ... time to ride this vocal steed

As a

The juvenile jesters jumping and jostling like junior juggernauts jaded from joyless junctures

juxtaposed to a jackal's juking jet streams.

-joyful fully joining jaguars juicing like jury junkies juggling jujitsu jabs at jumbo Jericho's as if jockeys on a jolly jaunts

These words leave my lips, the kind to sink ships, that open their hips that show me their tits.

-chew it all with the grits, nothing just sits, so I slide off the mitts, tossing articulate bricks

I'll rack up those hits, keep throwin' that shit and I'll what sticks ... something like ...

-boisterous benevolent bastards bolstering broken brothers breaching brambled bulwarks bearing bravado while bleeding bereavement before

Banner lords between bantering and bossing the bewildered bunch, I'll be backing the bad brew ... yet beckoning a bogus bellow

-more and more come in place I'm not trying to race but this humble pace has ...leant ...me ...no grace

I can explain this ...well kinda it's uh ... it's just like a hydra, take one down then more come around

-they bustle in line all rehearsed so fine but nothing comes out if they linger about because

The conviction is there but the direction is lost so let's measure the cost

-it puts grey on in my hair every line has its pair

I just need to compare ...trading a slow walk to the grave I roll the dice for I aim to misbehave

- but what I say can't be wrong cause this is my fucking song so I stare this mirror down and say I'm infallible

These thoughts need not be linear direction only something tangible if not palpable

-but needing to pump the brakes before madness takes all the fibers of being that illustrates

The scene is surreal and obscene for all to see.

- oh ya I should be transforming my words just to be heard so that all the rest can chew on this fat and relate it to me

I guess it's the way we're conditioned to say all the things that make us feel free

-I don't know any better waters wet, tears are wetter this is my confessional letter - still wish I never fuckin' met her --- oh

There it goes again it's my ADHD

-you know the one I almost told you about where I try to get it all out, yeah I try to shovel no doubt

But a plethora of paths come so fast the thoughts are gone but the angst still lasts

-I'll take the wrong turn then my throat starts to burn cause now I'm stuck holding golden thoughts turned molten now feeling distraught

It stings deep inside the trench ain't that wide so I set aside the rising tide trying to pay the tithe is it still too late to run and hide?

-and so, I quantify qualifications quarterbacking quadrillions of quintessential quotes quizzing the quackiest of quick and

Quarterly as my quaking quadriceps quit before the qualifying match

-feeling it rise to the top

Not knowing if this will every stop

-heart pounding so loud

Over thoughts so profound

-trapped in my mind yet I'm still inclined

I am a seer looking everywhere but inward for the blind

-whom no one can find

Slow down

I guess that's just how it is...how it's always going to be

-we're all broken inside it's just in who we confide and with whom we ride, though I dare not look inside

That's why I fix all the things I see; I'd rather fix something broken than deal with a sullen me

-call it by name call it by slang call it anything

Hero complex, distraction tactic, weaponized split personality

-like the hair of the dog I'll need to be flogged or suffer my odyssey

To be forced to choose between thoughts I'd rather lose ... some kind of twisted mental necromancy

-though to this obvious peril I know I grow feral as snows melt in the spring the full circle shall bring

A mongrel creature awkward and bleaker than all the blundering buffoons that were the previous me

-I'll be the hopeless optimist telling my vices that they don't exist as I stave off this mental lycanthropy

And as the wolf with new fangs this perspective now hangs this is what I have come to see ... figuratively and literally

-warlocks wearing wicked wrappings without welcoming wonderous wools wielding wildly woken wands with wandering wills wanting

What warriors without worth withhold from witnesses without want?

The disparity giving is like charity over things only you and I may see.

-it ain't the end we just starting to mend now that our crazy find a synergy

Your turn to show me you, since I shared some "me" it's only a simple and expected courtesy.

-don't use this against it's not what thought meant, words are powers yes ... trapped energy.

Things that are done can be for fun but not so much undone this makes the expression a brutish sorcery

-as the witches of old teach us to cherish what we hold darkness returns 3-fold remember this they plea

A map to be drawn from all minds as pawns the thought process is a certain well-known calligraphy

-now I'm exposed it's somewhat been told if you need to no more then, sit down and adore perhaps we'll explore

What's beyond this first door only infinitely more til we can reach the core. Maybe there's a shortcut you see?

-I just need a bit less of a mortal's eternity or maybe focus the intensity and a 5th of Hennessy

Because now, I have found a place near the solid ground, and it was something I could never have achieved.

-all it took was time I versed my thoughts into rhymes

And I spoke of my pain the way it ought to be ...

Don't worry I'll wrap this up ... I'm done with the "hear me please" I'm on my knees I need a

gentle squeeze

-it only took me getting shook as I dropped this unfinished book and unlatched the hook then charged forward even if mistook for an

I inverted a bit in a nook but just had to look for the spices to cook and formulate my verbal alchemy

-my uncertainty...fractured to calamity ... this is me ... or all that you see ... but truthfully...It's not even a modicum of its entirety.

... and that reminds me

My blood pumps so hot I will decimate all if they even think about crossing me.

- and my so-called intelligence is nice but my mind is so strife ... consumed by a certain ineptness known as gullibility

I wish for the best and without any rest I shoulder other's burdens on my chest ... 100 slights against and yet here I am ready to bleed

-perhaps one more time and well I won't act so sublime if I'm treated as though I've got no spine

Be wary of the demon inside ... some know how he tries, thriving on fear of those who've done wicked deeds.

-I am a beast, to say the least, but that's because my soul needs this from me

Don't take what I do and think that you knew the reason I choose to be so true I'm merely broken and re-glued

-Uncorrupted? Poetic? Optimistic? All of them are just veils like the dragons' scales shrouding the nihilistic.

I act so damn nice like vodka on ice, so I don't send them running away

-understand what I am if a person even can Cause when they aren't polite I may be contrite, to be honest, and say

When I act on vengeance is transgression being taught a lesson that is certainly true

But betraying my mind is something to rue

-I seem so sweet til I turn on the heat,

Feeling it rise to the top.

-not knowing if this will every stop

My heart pounding so loud.

-over thoughts so profound

Trapped in my mind yet I'm still inclined.

-I am a seer looking everywhere but inward for the blind

Whom no one can find.

Slow down.

I guess that's just how it is how it's always ----- going to ----- be

-so let this be a story for children with children to maybe read

Instilling a sense of glory for razing and building morality upheaved

-it's not just to take the time to set things to rhyme for making verbal feed

However, a traveller of the mind like me used the rhythm to negate any form of intent to impede

-and as a slope seeming so steep overcome or the midday blotting of the sun

My various mental majesties still run the spectacle tremendously hastily.

There is no such thing as crazy so sit down relax and embrace me.

Insomnia ... 5 weeks ... after I stood in the dark as the candle holder.

I have an older sister, Jenny 40, my dad left when I was 11 months old, I think, seriously of all the shitty boyfriends and unfair ass whooping I had until my stepdad showed up at eight. He looks like Sitting Bull and endures a lot of prejudice. When I saw how he was treated like a savage, however, a lot of my optimism and get-r-done mindset is thanks to him. My dad is more of a business associate. He has set me up with jobs and shown me a thing or two but for the most part, we don't talk, I have been the black sheep fighting and standing up for shit I can't even recall now

I've gone to rehab twice for drinking, my best friend's cousin accused me of rape when I was in my early 20s and even though I was exonerated by the police (we never had any physical contact), her rumour spiralled. I was beefing with a coke dealer, Greg, in town, (basically the only one, a big fish in a small pond). He turned the entire late-night party demographic against me and eventually the relatives and friends of those people. Months after her story changed three times she confessed she had made it up along with similar lies done to other guys. Our beef, no joke, was because he was moving in on a girl I had never dated but was my sweetheart for a glimpse. His game was coke 'em up' crack 'em out and on to the next year's graduates

However, the line had been drawn and I was turned into a pariah and was fucked in so many ways. Humiliation, slander, vandalism, and beatdowns for almost 2 years. I remember showing up for a night shift in the coal handling plant and the guys duct-taped my ribs for me so I could survive the shift but I kept coming back. I fought for the right to get a pizza or buy something from the store or use the bank machine at the bar without persecution for a long time. The mob, eventually, turned into only clusters of the bunch I once looked at as friends. Coked-up cowboys and dipshits trying to look like heroes impressing their city girlfriends that Greg was hooking up with blow. I don't know if his soldiers were so accustomed to scrap with me that they just gave up or maybe the fact it was all false accusations and they started getting accosted for still fucking with me or perhaps when that mother fucker got involved with the patch, they told him to smarten up.

I'm quick to instigate, to try and see how high my potential adversary can rise. I don't know why I'm so quick to claim the title of the thunder man, to preemptively stamp injustice or perhaps it's because beaten dogs tend to bite? Crown of darkness ... absolute power corrupts absolutely ... a lot of the people I talk to ... I probably reveal too much too soon ... I don't think a lot of the crew can truly empathize with actual trauma and insomnia ... I legit do get a little crazy when I don't sleep but how many people do you believe are sincere when they tell you they haven't slept for 4 days. I used to be proud I could make 3 or 4 guys stutter and scater off with a gaze ... I was one tough mother fucker (the fool I acted) I don't want to creep girls out ... yet I pursue female affirmation too intensely after being labelled as a deviant and going through the gauntlet, I'm not so quick to jump in on the chance to "get at them titties" but women are essentially the masters of men like me ... without "her pleasure" we feel broken and rejected.

My mom is the most wonderful person on the planet and sometimes I feel this immature desire to lash out at her ... I feel she somehow knows psychically that I am currently beating myself up over my blah blah blah when she chooses to lecture me ... I don't know it's fucked. I feign all this forward impetus and sometimes I guess I am just so comfortable with her empathy that I am impatient to hear her concern as love ... fortunate to have them around still I guess I spend so much time leading way-ward people that creating the image of fortitude to others makes me feel false when I am out of gas or give my energy. I have much improved over the years, but she has seen how I deal with injustice. I just hope my aim on that subject was true and deserved. She actually wept when she told me, "Dylan, you are the scariest mother fucker I have ever met." That's when my wind was knocked from the sails and I started to try to understand and practice patience with ignorance ...to replace I must destroy the wrongdoers with ... something else ... that's where I am right now ... "Dman why are you always pacing?" "Yo what the fuck is wrong with this guy?" "He scares me!"

Insert my recent life-altering experiences" and I'm re-hitting the bottle getting all kinds of drunk ... hyper/slurry/pouty isn't the smartest thing to do ... but it's my approach to these situations in hindsight that makes me unstable ... I curse myself for not guiding things as they should or figuring out my enemy too late blah blah blah ... the schizo in me comes from the intrinsic hate for incompetence ... and yes, I hate the word hate. When the current best version of me fails ... I let the bottom side of the coin have a go at my morality ... my head ... it's normal to me but I am currently seeing myself argue with myself in front of a chess board at a park always picking two paths for any thought while other things work themselves out ... while so many images flash from my past. While tripping over I sent you such a long message ... while money/career/being a dad/ how much gas in car and on and on ...

In no way do I imagine my struggle is so much more severe and worthy of people's attention. Lots of my angst derives from my self-righteous attitude and the proclivity to see me as the hero I have (fucked around and found out) many times If I can't be the light ... sometimes I embrace the dark ... my misery is twisted and hard to track I know I am an asshole and I guess I sometimes just wish it wasn't so ... that's why I am different people when a person looks into my eyes ... I lost who I was / I became who I am / I chase what I want to be / and hide from what I might do ... trying to fix something I do not understand.

I'm far from enlightened ... but that's what's going on in my mind ... that and literally fucking EVERYTHING ELSE, haha!

Feel free to share literally any or nothing ... I'm just explaining one of my endless thought processes this is a message I wrote to you just now but it's way too long, thanks for hearing a slice of my background that lays context to who I am as just a dude trying to perpetuate our species into something a little more than spit and mud ... grit and blood I know my intensity presses people away and the last thing I want.

Part of my crazy volume 21xt - Notepad File Edit Format View Help -8 my manifesto also known as my declaration of intent

Reluctantly, begrudgingly I will take upon myself prowess and optimism in this journey. I have told my friend of old I am so invested in. Though at the time of speaking I was enveloped in conviction and zeal after his proposal, am strife with reservation and malcontent towards the destination ... I have always been the cautionary, the worrier ... the make sure incase ... despite my inclination to demonstrate free will and bravado ... now the maybe later ... the off in the distance is coming to fruition ... to I rescind my intent and betray my friend ... or do I endure the reluctance and set forth on a journey I now truly wish no part of ... and for what reasons are my inhibitions ... my "reservations" so undoubtedly forthright on my mind ... am I a coward now familiar and comfortable with the norm ... am I misled and find virtue strength and comradery in those other wandering souls I catch on ethereal plains of the mind while I aimlessly discord jump and meander about ... the exchange of ideas, practicing patience while those without capacity to coerce express such determination ... my empathy ... is it curiosity or pity ... I am comfortable with the devil I know ... losing form and prowess hiding in my redneck castle of recluse ... however engaging with so many variables placed upon the consciousness of someone's mind ... it is practice ... it is pretend. This sailboat journey ... I shall disarm myself ... render my body to the elements and either press on or perish ... the body is the temple upon which the alter the mind" is placed upon ... I must not falter in all things ... I may not be able to embrace or understand all things come my way though I feel it is my duty to evaluate myself without prejudice or false bravado ... so many variables ... I met a girl ... I have met several, but she isn't farce wrapped in illusion. I like her because she is not trying to trick me ... or is that the ultimate fucking joke ... I will never see the ... anyways part of me wanes in despair for her ... how can I ever be capable of empathizing with her plight and romanticizing our maybe at the same time?? My conquest is over ... 100 hundred names and I'm sure some more no count ... no point to it ... is it fair to ask to be with her to see her??? Jealousy of course ... to give it away is cowardice and lack of integrity. Yet to insist it is mine and only mine and she may never engage in endeavors without me???

Tis such a fickle thing ... anyways that shook off ... my peril is obvious and loud ... I could be going to work ... I could be having a family ... I could be a fucking cult leader. All I want to do is sleep and cuddle ... I found solace amongst my press of pain and discomfort ... and though I am drawn to comfort inexorably I know to those who offer shelter to my lingering shroud of dismay comes only distressed and anguish I must sail ... I must challenge nature ... I must overcome daunting situations and survive solely off my own wit, will and whim ... or I must settle for the deception of status ... and live in eternal sullen-ness

I am the demon who preys on the posturing ... I am the brawler who burrows in the brochures of courage I am the cavalier who conjures the constant ... I am the man who only now realizes I just want to have it all but never stop chasing.

Watch me make a problem evolve.

Watch me take some broken resolve.

Watch the dreams fade into broken ways.

Watch a minor problem evolve into lasting for days.

Here is my list I gotta get done.

I've spent enough time gazing at the sun.

Time to work out time to get organized.

Time to set the world straight no more believing lies

I'm like a reactor overheating to no one's surprise

No time for actors no time for anything but truth in the eyes

Get a job and make a buck.

What a redundant message ... Just hard to give a fuck

I've earned a million and it's already gone.

So maybe instead of labor ... I could learn to write a song.

I need some lessons, I'm sure I'll get it though.

Just know I grow with every note strung from my soul.

I'm just a man.

I have no plan

It's pretty dam obvious for the world to see

But I make a stand

With some sleight of hand

It's gritty and incredulous but my ladder rungs are fumbled poetry

And it's a flooded damn

My thoughts can't expand

I reach for the chemicals to alter my perception of reality.

Now I get it,

The way he did it

Hemmingway used his demons to augment this fallacy.

Step up the game there is no time for playing

I gotta get out what i've been saying

There no more room for inverted contemplating

I find the conversation nothin' but frustrating

The thoughts of others leave me without elation

No answers are told

For a growing soul

I must look inward for the beyond

And just book the absurd before the muse is gone

Bring it back to normal

Keep the message formal

I want the world to see what I understand

But it's sacred knowledge that can't be spoken ... Just my luck

Wring my skull like a gong for however long

Trying to make things clear that I know

But bring a rope

So when the fire chokes

There's a way back up from down below

Darkness beckons ... I hear it's call

This is where it's important ... One mustn't fall

The reason it's hard to decipher it all

Dreadnought staring

But morals not tearing

Nothing in the mind accept drama peril and doubt

Maybe it's time

I step up and rhyme

And bring the kind concept as a feral shout

Life worth living

It's not the governments to you they're giving

The message is clear

Believe half of what you see

And none of what you hear

Take a look at anything around you

Some movies you like

Mountain where you went on a hike

Social media's selling your soul like a pre-order dude

The boomers have passed duty we're in the game

Once consumers now grasp truths from movies the lessons are plain

There's a lesson to be said

Comes out different in everyone's head

Reading between the lines is the only way to stay In-Sane

In the sanity understand ... IN-sane

You get what I'm saying?

More fucked up than I thought, I won't be doing hard labor anytime soon, I need my license or an operating job ... I need a new list

License,

Job

Van

Place

I feel no muse or reason to converse with everyone while I'm sitting around in purgatory ... it's ultimately up to me to blah blah blah ... I can choose to do what I'm allowed and then will be rewarded more liberties I assume ... it's all a fucking waste. I will just sit and relax for a few days.

I want to fast and be left alone ... unlikely but whatever ... now I'm going for my daily

One of the paining theories is, of course, I'm just a celebrity dunce on the Truman show but my moral growth and thunderous personality have piqued interest in some corporate future scape in the beyond ... Antarctica the moon or under the crust and all that shit ... I mean ... the science is so advanced ... even the insects how long do I drudge about ... I guess it's up to me. Brandi brought up a well-placed level up remark ... I'm actually thinking of choosing secondary paths on motivation ... now ever skeptical ... are they steering me back toward an enlightenment delusion? Or am I steering myself away from enlightenment? Or are they ... or are they, or are they ... dozens of theories ... all of them irrelevant. I cannot think my way out of evolution regardless of the rationality I try to attach to my maddening journey. I have truly lost my sense of self, sense of real, sense of purpose. But it is not so bleak and miserable that is merely a childish feeling I have in waves ... that and rage ... and shame ... and still hauntingly alone. The frustration of my imagination not able to present myself a conceptualization has revealed my immature spirit ... still attached to emotions. But still ... one has to wonder ... I want access to advanced scanning equipment ... and I want to see the screen that doesn't lie to my eyes. I had an apple this morning, I'm going to dry-fast as long as reasonable and then have some fruit and water for a few days after that and shed some weight and toxins ... however, I'm using smoking despite my dry mouth to sate my consumer habits.

An apple a day keeps the doctor away they used to say. Something is building, I'm not getting my covid shot ... not sure how far this will go ... perhaps no notoriety no big moment, just enduring hardship and learning from it. Maybe I will just pass through this phase not getting a shot ... or maybe I will never get my ID again and become recognized as a target in the future ... it really doesn't matter for now I am without desire to move into anything ... I will enjoy the downtime and relax ... smoking what weed I can and playing Starcraft to keep myself from submersing into the insanity entirely ...

I do enjoy the little things, been incredibly lustful towards finding the bottom line ... the master string, what a waste of energy and cause for contempt ... I should like to just act a fool for a while. Joke, play, laugh, even love ... that's going to be a tough one to find a female who knows I know she knows what I don't know and acknowledge that the mystery is kept from me but it being ok though. I'm sure there's some bad ass bitch out there who can handle me shit and keep me from my meltdown ...

Like Ayla would calm me down when I was on the phone or having a panic attack ... but right now I'll rise above by flying low ... I am not hiding so much as I'm just relaxing ... the music ... is the only friend I truly know. If this is preparation for a great life adventure I welcome the breaking me down to nothing ... thinking back at all those memories ... SO fucking many!!! So many set ups ... did I really not engage the lock on that skid steer building that lake with J? Or did he release the locks and drop the tree grabber to test me ... I feel I already know the answer, the months spent in his cabin. It's so wild what has been done to me over the years ... and for the sake of what? Hopefully I see the big change I'm striving for ... even if I'm not at it yet I just want to see it. I'm tired of being so lonely ... there are good women out there ... am I just that unworthy?

I miss those golden days ... nostalgia at its finest ... as I sit here in my thirties, grey in my beard widow's peak and thinning hair. I sit here woken from an early sleep after free dinner. I have it good, on the surface ... but inside wages a struggle of unrelenting balance adjustment. As if I'm on an oversized top I have to keep adjusting to balancing, and my ankle is busted hahaha. I have Star Trek Voyager in the background, what a lovely burst of comfort, as if I'm eating a hot bowl of stew from mom's cooking or playing Lego and listening to familiar music from the parents. I can just imagine Pat on the couch me on a chair watching Star Trek ... it's midnight and I'm feeling like I'm at home rewatching Voyager for the third time in my life now ... it feels like home, I miss that feeling ... a forum that embraced me in all those years in a sense of wonder

I am stripped down and rebuilt, conditioned and being consciously re-institutionalized ... it's painful being aware of the process and it is certainly harrowing trying to snap out of it and forcing myself to engage in the unspoken play act. I am undoubtedly being given avenues of dialogue that all pertain to forward movement in one way or the other ... however, like a limitedly written path in a video game ... of the dozens of side quests I involve myself in, I feel as though there are still only 3 endings to Mass Effect. Despite what a vast trilogy it was ...

"All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players.

They have their exits and their entrances."

At what point do I step out of the spotlight for only even a minute ... perhaps that gives me a chance to sit in the shadows for a moment at speak with the directors and playwrights of the current screening ... I most certainly can't go years being left naive. So many lies ... so many truths to be written for the turning of the page ... what is the narrative ... what is my character's image? Why do people encourage me yet throw on the onslaught? Like Mowgli I am a wolf child they are patiently culturing. Eyes that won't lie, Lips that won't lie, and a love that never dies ... is that the key code? That's how I hack into the matrix? So much love ... so much deception, they speak aloud lies cuz in truth they know the reason and the origin for such devices. Do they work in faith ... or is their telepathy ... or is it something different ... do they actually see through my eyes or is something just communicated back through the waves ... stepping in to timelessness?

I was told not to write a book revealing the truth about this place but ... I assume it can be kept within the bounds, this is why I'm here I'm discovering the truth and speaking it so as I see it ...

Always tell the truth ... I'm working on that yet the teachers the collective ... they suggest so heavily that I act sometimes ... I must remember that the act is just the way a person behaves ... I used to be one. I used to feel like an individual who struggled to make something of myself or at least accrue enough ego points to puff my chest and wear a mischievous grin ... how will I ever be capable of love?? Moving forward I trust no one.

It very well could be a damned alien TV show and the audience sees edited clips ... but my character is essential in the productions team's new flare or 15 mins of fame ... redemption, conviction, retribution ... an epic about the rise and fall and rebirth of a blue-collar man ... that's why my options are so limited, that's why my license is restricted ... blah blah blah ... enough rambling for now ... back to Star Trek Voyager ... Just me and Pat laying around, room filled with smoke I can hear him chewing popcorn and smell the butter in the air ... I miss being human, I miss having a soul.

My past is just too many coincidences ... I have always been in the light ... but to what end and from what origin?

Now I need to know ... is Dusty really gone ... I mean ... when mom gave me that puma hat and what she said ... well that was the final moment to solidify that I'm unaware of what everyone else is ... if mom's in on it, well then who the fuck am I ... really who am I and why do I mean so much ... why are there so many people invested in me? Ascension? God, I hope ... but is it just a lie? Is it a partial truth ... of course ... it's so lonely being me ... how do I ever reach out to someone who does not speak my language? How do I ever feel like I have someone to feel safe with? I want to cry ... all the time. The only me is me ... for now I believe ... maybe soon they will add my "me" to the new copies ... that girl ... Amber's model why was she crying ... what was the reason for her tears when she looked into my eyes ... what is this suffering that she sees?

There is no revolution, no from here this is me making something out of something else. The things Chad said had me going for a while. They always observe me, but they won't let me talk to them to help them learn to observe better. I know no one I talk to will reveal a genuine impression that we are united and there is some strange overseer affecting us and by working together we can learn or see more. Truthfully ... for now as I see ... it is utterly ... them all knowing standing apart from me. How does one change this bleak and miserable truth into something positive, that is my uncanny talent in conversation, however ... looking at every person who allows me to initiate a favor or act of kindness moment as more of a "dance monkey" illustration than from the perspective of my younger more naive self. Looking through my eyes is the conflict ... as I zoom out and see my role as an avatar running around part of a much grander motion it is so hard to make sense of being without wind for the flame. I am not angry ... I am not sullen; I am simply without feeling ... motionless emotion ... it's kind of sublime in its own placid way ... looking across a flat lake ... waiting to hear the birds.

There must be a spiritual and psychic connection I'm not seeing ... I will take solace in this humbling ... quiet for another day ... the cracking and crunching in my foot and every step with a limp reminds me to slow down ... it's sets the pace physically at which I must match my mind not so in the way to slow down my thoughts or take moments between them, but the metronome as to which I observe the many all at once ... I see all the motions and evaluate them all ever so consciously, it's not a moment to strive thinking of the finally happened situation. It always was and always is ... I'm just now realizing that once I truly rediscover sense of self ... I will be able to manifest what my mission is and identify amongst a collection based more so on intuition and strive ... I hope ... sleepy now will they let me sleep? Eat at noon and go for a walk ... is the daily worth the foot ... really should let it rest ... it's getting worse than it was for a while ... not part of the process ... a real blue collar job will certain risk it ... I'm still fed up with this whole ... my whole life has been a total script thing ... man it fucking stings ... so the problem is ... are people actually out there still asleep ... how far do I have to reach to not be the shmuck?

Upheave the broken demon.

Believe a spoken creed and

Tear down the veil.

Escape from self.

Relate to the frail

I stand before you the wretch.

Chosen to be born anew.

I am lost in thought that's a stretch

But now these trembling hands what to do?

Fabling a hero's sketch

Upheave the broken demon.

Believe a spoken creed and

Tear down the veil.

Escape from self.

Relate to the frail.

I stand before you the wretch.

Chosen to be born anew.

I am lost in thought that's a stretch.

But now these trembling hands what to do?

Fabing a hero's sketch

That's still as I intend to pursue

Not for rise to fame.

To live humble without pain

Perhaps heaps of wealth one might accrue

But offer help wherever it can best be used

Upheave the broken demon

Believe a spoken creed and

Tear down the veil.

Escape from self.

Relate to the frail

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I had so much I was going to say before lunch ... I held it for too long ... and now it's lost. I must work on that ... it's good to observe but to let the embers of thought die before fanning the flames is horrific ... it hurts me that something wasn't made into something else. I'm hoping that as I write it might just spring back into my mind. But woefully I doubt it. It was about a character ... always being a character and now I'm without features ... like a mannequin without expression or direction. Bah, oh well, that thought is gone into void ... pity. Are my thoughts and contributions really the objective, this world has been taking me for a ride my whole life ... I must know is this the Truman Show ... how do I move forward on no faith ... I had faith ... and now it has been taken away ... or more so it has been revealed to me my faith is not what others claim it to be. I guess I will continue to do little while I am dragged through this riddle. I choose to relax and try to reconstruct my broken mind ... after all I have been drinking whole bottles for a long time. Today is just another day I'm not even real anyway.

All the trance like downloads I have thinking inward and making sense of the raveled mysteries. As I see it ... Todd has been in this "development of mine" for many years ... even our years as teenagers ... so, I have been cultivated and tended to ... so, the worm in me. Most likely we are all over the planet coming to fruition ... but I am still being coddled, I don't see an intake process of newcomers this is and grab and build city ... this is the ...something else ... still, who am I?

How far do I reach ... how do I deal with everything I know to be a story written ... well is it about more than just the world surrounding me ... show me I know I have a place but let me crumble a while more and thank you for giving me space.

So, I am forced to be alone until what ... until when? What do I have to accomplish to get out of this loop? It's not fucking natural to keep a man completely without cause or course. A man whispers to me of celibacy hints that is my destiny.

Many are called few are chosen ... but what is the fucking criteria?!?! He is a liar ... so am I to believe I walk the world never knowing love or even ejaculating. So many fucking miserable stories come my way whenever a woman is involved ... but it isn't all my doing ... it's this grand master plan ... all the setbacks all the hiccups ... I'm a slave and it's agony ... I would happily serve but no one talks to me, I would love to love but the gods spit on me, so I just jump in the song and play along not knowing the words, but everyone wants me to be heard ... it's sickening.

Everything that has been said to me ... it taught me not to believe a fucking thing ... but the truth is there is a higher destiny for me ... hopefully ... but one man tells me I can't touch a woman without a wedding ring. And the truth is I'm never going to find love ... I'm just a puppet dangled on a string ... of a higher being. Could I just get laid without any dismay or is that something that removes from me? Can't I have fun laying with a lover under the sun while I move through life trying to set things right? What's the truth? Someone, help me. All these lies have my eyes staring to the floor or ceiling, it's quietly destroying me ... the connection with all of your "love" with my suffering, still alone still so wretched and broken and hollow and alone ...

and nothing I hear tells me it's going to change ... nothing suggests I am going to be embraced or part of the grand reveal ... one guy says welcome to the table ... he stole my money lying to me about some bullshit fable.

There's -nothing to hold on to ... why do I even get out of bed. I can't bring myself to call my mom ... she is sad and I know she loves me ... but I also know there was always a reason I felt as if she could read my mind and give me the same words of criticism when I was going through those thoughts ... they have always known ... and now here I sit a building of 50 people still alone, I'm so monotone and without emotion or genuinely. I am consciously telling myself to act normal to talk normal to be friendly to ask questions ... it's as if I'm telling myself to say every word and make every facial expression like I'm consciously telling myself to breathe in and out, every breath ... I just can't get through this like I should ... I feel like I have plateaued but not because of a resting cycle in growth ... but because everyone has run out of bullshit to feed me. Mother fucker told me I was going to meet the Greys.

Now I'm sitting here without a car, a home, a group to call my own.

I am just some fucking guy who has to act nice but is fucking dead inside.

To always be recognized ... to always be dragged around or pushed aside,

To live in the spotlight that blinds their eyes.

No matter how hard I try I can't mingle with any disguise ...

The women brush their hair or fix the skirt on their thighs ...

But they were all too scared to look me in the eyes.

I'm completely dead but you'd think I'm alive,

I don't know how I'm going to survive.

Being the pariah of paradise.

BROKEN DOWN IN THIS ... HOOOLE

GOD REST MY WEARYYYYYYYYYY ... SOOOOOOOOOOUL

DOWN AMONG THE SEVERED WIIIIIIINGS

FIGHT FOR EACH OTHER ABOVE ALL THINGS

THE CHILD INSIDE ME TRYING TO GROW

NOW I RISE UP TO SIT WITH KINGS

Held in darkness far below.

Watching helpless as the burden grows

Nothing is as it seems.

Can you ease my suffering?

There is very little time.

For me to share what's on my mind

Always letting it smolder inside.

Before the words can be designed

While I place the final line

Only sorrow you will find.

I see more training now ... it's a slow curve ... 2 up 1 down still convinced my story is much larger than being lead on. It really is up to me what I make of it, regardless of the whole world has been watching me my whole life ... I want to defeat the self-centered perspective in all of this ... right now there are only 3 options. 1. Stay introverted and type incessantly in the negative being self-destructive. 2. End it all 3. Look at the options provided and make the best of the situations ... learn to play-act as the others do ... perhaps there is some sort of answer provided for those who do the work.

Or perhaps by then I can find someone who gives me enough bullshit mixed with love and

happiness to trick myself into believing whatever narrative that I'm given I was considering a biography ... why though? I don't much feel like writing that ... kind of hypocritical to spend so much time fanning the flames of conspiracy and talking about a grand overlord-style existence and then turn around and tell my story as if it was my path ... all those crazy fucking moments ... I wondered why I got away with so many bluffs over the years.

The day is new the path uncertain this my duty for now to be unfazed to set go for a rip direction forward. I am offered a chance to do many things ... the direction is clear ... to be helpful and industrious ... but it's ultimately my choice. These trips with Doug to the bottle depo. I may or may not go I understand the whole concept, but I'm weary of being dragged along and with a bad ankle I'm feeling quite settled ... lazy. I don't plan on staying lazy but for now that's how it is. I'm feeling comfortable and lazy ... and itchy ... I'm going to go get new clothes today and wash everything overnight ... bottling for what end. I give my money away and I help a man get his for others to watch.

Oh, I could reinterpret this as something else. I don't like following a shrouded path, so by not going along I am demonstrating my stubbornness. I know how to follow, I don't yet know how to lead, but I know how to say no to leadership I don't embrace. I'm not a puppet on a string I'm more than an asset I am nothing I am everything.

We all have our purpose, and you have yours, Rob said. So much understanding spoken with so few words, the spirit talks ... I'm not entirely sure but I am reaffirmed there's some big group effort and well I'm a whistleblower right I have a bad habit of telling the truth when everyone says I shouldn't ... it can be a strength I'm sure will be used in the future ... I guess I must go with blind faith keep closing my eyes and opening my eye and calling out to God until something or someone answers some of one ... someone.

Maybe I could learn to write a story about the world I live in ... learn to go out and take in it for idea's mash it all up together and tie it to a message in the book, an eye opener and account of many stories and events that could all be fact-checked and tied together. There is already a story being written I'm just part of it, while simultaneously able to write my own after the thread I'm attached to runs out. And I intend to weave my own ... but until I am shown the things the others around me know I am still standoffish but much less confrontational about it.

I'm not sure exactly what I am to make of this, apparently, I have been brought here to be part of some big thing but I still don't know what the others do. I may never, am I to live in solitude for the rest of my life? I don't masturbate, I don't drink, I don't do drugs, I don't swear ... often, or gamble ... I am a lump of no habits, with a bad ankle and nothing to my name I just wander around slowly ... waiting for everyone else to get to work ... I was yelling and screaming and crying on a bus over a week ago ... begging them to kill me ... some old man says it's going to get better ... we will see ... I'm not giving up yet but there stories don't explain mine ... my origin my destiny ... soldier of God? Soldier of something else ... motionless servitude, it's more difficult than one would anticipate ... to be told to give up all things of the flesh and then to be told you are nothing, and then to be used and manipulated, and then to be told blind faith, and then to be lied to and lied about day after day after day. All the while being surrounded by pretty girls who won't ever touch you and interesting people who don't care to get to know you. Your

only purpose to let everyone dump their baggage on your feet is quite daunting ... now I'm going to work with a fucked up foot, I have an orientation this morning ... going back to work is a bit of release from this hell ... this shut up and learn the secrets we don't share that I'm part of ... everyone is acting ... and I have to figure out what to make of it myself ... if something doesn't change soon I'm going to get a bottle and a call girl and bust a nut after all this time. Faith runs on belief, and all I truly believe is I'm a disposable asset at this point ... they use me but don't include me ... I'm going to change it or become useless. They have no right to tell me anything. There is no fucking way the entire populace has gone through the trials and tribulations I have been dragged through. How selfish ... how egocentric right? The objective is to become woken and I'm still crying about me.

There are many stories about things in the darkness of night. Things like The Krampus or the boogeyman are a great tale for scaring children into behaving ... but what about the darkness inward? Are there things not out there but in us that are the stuff of nightmares? What would you think if you knew there was a darkness inside of you, one that was horribly ravenous and thirsty ... and the only way to stop it from consuming you is to go out into the world where there is ... you guessed it more darkness and only in suffering would your spirit cleanse itself and rebirth itself into light.

Some guys just set up a scene and gave me a chance to interject all impartial mediator and what not ... I walked away from it like a Nance ... I feel foolhardy for it after just being given a hoot and two capable men defacing themselves in front of the onlookers. Given an ideal opportunity to string together some sort of we're in this to win this let's work together chatter ... I shrunk away ... to sit on this laptop away from the crowd ... I don't know what it is the spirit in me keeps trusting every moment no matter how much I thrash and worm away from the advance, perhaps the death of the ego has many more layers ... perhaps I'm still far from understanding enough. My mind is still at the forefront always thinking, always deconstructing, always trying to set up blocks in directions I'm not moving. I keep trying to unravel scenarios that are so far off obscure and grandiose ... one statement can spawn a dozen splits in my maybe tendril spinning through the ether. I'm going to keep working at bettering myself ... sometimes I am unplugged ... I am very worn out mentally and emotionally ... hopefully, that's the point ... to become desensitized ... I don't feel much of anything ... all moments are forced from me ... just the anger at the orchestra ... never any solo musician. If only I could defeat the anger, I could separate from self.

Want to write a story something fictional ... but how? I'm so focused on making sense of what is happening right now I find it nearly impossible to step away from it with my mind ... I am literally torn between 2 choices that ultimately contradict each other ... become pure through always telling the truth or learn how to remain silent of the unspoken as the others around me do ... I cannot do both and it is much easier to learn from teachers than to perhaps be the first to always tell the truth ... they will not allow it ... not yet maybe not in a lifetime or more ... what if, though, the idea is only the woken remain ... only those of us who know more ... but what am I ... who am I? I thought the only me is me ... now I'm wrapped up in the maybe.

Haven't beat it yet, the Doug thing was emotionless but the first thing I spoke this morning was involving him owing me money. I could have kept that silent ... I should have ... would have made my next encounter with him different ... I must rethink, no, I must un-think,

de-think whatever the carefree playfulness of the others is so whimsical ... is that a word? They go about the day in the unspoken, flawlessly ... yet they deal with outbursts from me, what I need is provided ... blew money at the casino, got a bike ... all the little threads that tie together slightly changing color as the web become one more layered and vast.

I'm worried I do need surgery. Hopefully not, but maybe. I will go next Saturday if my foot is getting beat up at work.

What is it that holds me from conforming, the words, the motions, the energies ... "We'll talk about it having beers one day," Dusty says. Now I just count days I feel like I could get out and do it every day every moment ... I also feel like I'm letting my ankle rest today I could have a long week ahead of me.

A new influx of people in Renegade... interesting.

Push on push past.

Heap what's left upon this raft

Dredging forward like a forced march

The only motion

Dizzy faint and parched.

Floating on this ocean

Not today I haven't to give.

Thought I'd say why panic just live.

In March of 2021 I set forth on a quest to cleanse my soul, having my own trauma and being unnerved by so many wild situations my friend invited me to Victoria to go sailing with him. Now that I look back on the moment it was quite fortunate that we clashed before leaving port. Todd went sailing ... I am still on the journey of a lifetime. This is an account of situations and interpretations of scenarios and plights of many people who I have met along my journey.

I have spent 6 months so far at the frontlines of chaos, pandemonium, suffering, struggle, depression, sorrow, humiliation and many other angsts filled situations. I have also

seen love and compassion beyond measurable bounds that is quite unfathomable to the average person. My whole life I have been a generous giver, never afraid to burn my paycheck for the comfort of others ...perhaps in the past it was associated with vanity, wanting to be the one adored ... perhaps it was foolishness easily manipulated holding no concept of finances. But now I give all that I can because my eyes have been opened and one cannot unsee the world once it is realized.

Homeless people or "vagrants" are a close community of people who are capable of showing such tremendous compassion and altruism that it really is quite incomparable to the average demographic ... only the most zealous of volunteers can even compare. Of course, there is always a seatbelt story ... there will always be a bad apple in any bunch ... however, after witnessing the power of love and empathy exhumed by this community inside a community, I firmly believe that that the very best of society dwells in the lowest reaches of the cities.

From spending 12-hour days collecting bottles and returning them the next day to literally giving the shirt off one's back and spending the night cold for someone less fortunate. Sleeping on cold concrete or being run off from a park or street. Always under duress and feeling a lack of security in many cases. The undignified life that many live with no moment for true understanding or empathetic perception from the world around. Many of the people I have met are like a family ... others are like frightened wild animals one must be cautious with when interacting.

After my friend went sailing, I stayed in Victoria looking for an adventure ... foolishly I chose to spend the money I had on a tent and camping supplies rather than insurance for my car. I spent weeks having befriended a man who was so downtrodden and broken down and I determined to help him, seeing the goodness in his heart. This man named Chad was and perhaps still is kind, gentle, intelligent, and caring. I was walking from tent to tent at a park in the city offering snacks and juice. When I approached his he sounded weak and exhausted. Chad was literally left dying in his tent on a deflated air mattress with blood-stained sheets and clothes. He had been, bear maced, stabbed, and beaten the day before and then dropped off after a hospital visit that stapled him up.

Unfortunately, his relationship was codependent and he and his wife both were addicted to heroin. After weeks of spending time with this man I became frustrated realizing that the dope had him and I could not help ... I spent 5 years trying to help my best friend get off of it but being a sufferer of truly agonizing chronic pain he had died in a motel room 4 months after I kicked him out of my house. I saw the writing on the wall with Chad and drove my car onto the park to unload his belonging and say farewell for good. That is when my car was impounded, and I became homeless myself. Many of my conceptions, though considerably open-minded and compassionate from my perspective, have been drastically changed and it is my intent to convey the change in understanding of the wretches of society for you the reader. Please do not take offence when I make the statement one simply cannot understand the trials and tribulations these people endure unless you live it. It's one thing to see something sad and do something about it if able ... or ignore it if one chooses, but to be completely enveloped in a dog-eat-dog world with nowhere or no one to fall back on is absolutely nerve-racking and a test of even the greatest of men and women.

I am going to do my best to tell the story of others in such a way that the plots of many are congruent with a linear path for you the reader. I have done what I can to learn and grow with these people while trying to sustain and provide for myself, that being said, I do not have firsthand accounts of all situations in all people's lives. However, from my point of view augmented with the word on the street, I will try to identify some critical problems and hurdles that people have to live with on a day-to-day basis as well as show a glimpse of the holistic and salt of the earth way of being many of those who endure demonstrate.

For the most part, homeless people are just as or more industrious than an average Joe going to work. Bottling, tearing down electrical components, foraging out of dumpsters, crafting, crafting jewelry and art etc. But the hardships they face are truly unbearable, and that is why I no longer hold any prejudice about drug addiction. Absolute suffering with no lifeline is horrendous. Having witnessed a man begging from a staff member for new underwear having traveled several blocks trying to get to a bathroom and soiling himself only to be told no because the clothing room was closed for afternoon. Or a woman who was so deformed she had to rely on others to feed and clothe her in the cold and rain unsheltered and abandoned. Or even seeing a girl's dog taken from her by force. The list of atrocities that happens to the downtrodden and broken down is staggering, sickening and makes me weep as I type this line. Heroin makes ghouls of anyone. It will kill the person inside long before they are dead. But anyone can comeback, it's just so hard. Meth keeps people able to function for long periods of time, but it will also create a lasting cognitive dysphoria that will leave people frazzled. I used to live next door to a meth addict in Alberta I ignorantly referred to her as a "tweaker" what an ignorant and foolish shmuck I was. My prejudice has fallen down with my ego (edging God out)

It is important to know that it is not so much society versus the vagrants but that the system is inherently broken, it has always been known and men in pubs or families at the dinner table all around the world have rambled about the corruption, the false politics and the blatant lies they see from their allegedly elected leaders and many other rants and raving. On the human level, there are many people fortunately in the Victoria area who are a hyperbolized textbook definition of Canadian. Kind, helpful, encouraging etc. For example, in my second month in Victoria things were not going well. I had several cuts on my hands and I punctured my inner thigh on a broken branch crawling into a tent I had hidden away near a certain lake on the island. I basically carried in tools and laid on the floor while my friend, Bill, who had given me a job and half his pay for vinyl decking, complained to a man who stopped me on the street and asked how I was doing. I mentioned my ailments and 15 minutes later someone pulled their SUV onto the road ahead of me while I was walking pulled out a backpack, set it on the ground, and politely smiled and waved. Leaving me antibiotics and bandages and Polysporin™ and all sorts of things in it. And that night I was introduced to another friend, Jay, who took me in for some time and I was able to shower and rest between work while I healed.

I am not writing a story about me but about the many, if anything I feel more like a clerk or a bard. These are the stories of so many heroes and survivors of a harsh world many simply do not understand. I most certainly was among the many, and of course in my own self-evaluation I deemed myself quite unbiased, but the world looks different from the point of view of the backpacker. It quite simply is an experience that has to be lived to truly appreciate the magnitude of the lifestyle and the parameters that are put on people. It is my hope that writing this book will provide a documented experience, gathering perspectives and situations of

many people regarding topics and current events in the timeline.

These are the lives and stories of the world on the streets and in the trees. Please remember that you're reading about real people who I have gotten to know and care for and how the system has ultimately failed. If anything, I am asking people to read this book and truly examine the scenarios and see if there are any common denominators that seem to run parallel with the source of the systemic problem. I am a well-rounded working man and have never been afraid to try something new but during this COVID crisis there were several times I would not have made it without the generosity and compassion of others, a whole world of living revealed to me, not just food or water or smokes or anything but wisdom and understanding of something else.

I came to this island with the intention to cleanse my soul, my sailing trip was lost but my journey had just begun. Running into the fire I tried desperately to help but, in my naivety, I poured my time, energy, and money into an open fire and enabled the very person I was focused on. Blinded by my pursuit of vindication I was unable to recognize the ghoulish lives in the suffering addict, the dark passenger within. I tried to offer help, but it is apparent that I was asking for it.

I have always had an expression and I'm not sure where I heard it or if I thought it up, but it goes like so: every person we meet in life knows something we don't, so learn something^[DS1]. And as I have traveled around with different people observing and participating in their daily regiments, I have learned a vast amount of knowledge and wisdom in a short time. Many people are friends, some I consider mentors, some brothers, but none as enemies. I know the pain in the man's eyes who steals because his addiction has him conquered and I know a man's addiction can conquer his sense of morality and finally I know that the violence is sickening and hard to stomach, but ultimately is derived from the miserable and bleak state of existence so many are pushed to with almost no foreseeable way out. Yet they persevere. Their acts of altruism and salt-of-the-earth way of being are the very cornerstone for the foundation of the human spirit. Let this be my testament to the world of the wonders and weary times of the Victorian vagrants.

I am going to do my best to tell the story of others in such a way that the plots of many are congruent with a linear path for you the reader. I have done what I can to learn and grow with these people while trying to sustain and provide for myself, that being said I do not have first-hand accounts of all situations in all people's lives. However, from my point of view augmented with the word on the street, I will try to identify some critical problems and hurdles that people have to live with on a day-to-day basis. I am not writing a story about me but about the many, if anything I feel more like a clerk or a bard these are the stories of so many heroes and survivors of a harsh world many simply do not understand. I most certainly was among the many, and of course, in my own self-evaluation I deemed myself quite unbiased but the world looks different from the point of view of the backpacker. It quite simply is an experience that has to be lived to truly appreciate the magnitude of the lifestyle and the parameters that are put on people. It is my hope that writing this book will provide a documented experience, gathering perspectives and situations of many people regarding topics and current events in the timeline.

Beyond the gate, that's something fickle. Something gravitas, something sacred, something unknown ... but not to all. I have spent the last 6 months of my life in a self-created hell, choosing the path of the sufferer to seek redemption and salvation. My reach is for knowledge and wisdom, the knowledge I have learned is weaved among the false, the wisdom I have been offered is perceptually based presenting narrative. For a time, I looked to my mentors and peers as betrayers, as acting on transgression and the principal of punishment. Truthfully the folly has always been with me, tis not the knowledge offered that brings a man to enlightenment but what can only be found in revelation and epiphany through growth ... by whatever means. Becoming self-aware and still on this journey I have realized that all my perceptions of cruelty and unfairness were constructed by my own machinations. And I have also come to realize that my soul has been gifted true wisdom and my spirit reveals the knowledge needed whenever I allow myself to surrender to the process of ascension. Now I realize that my breakdowns and outbursts, though embarrassing and leaving me feeling sheepish and foolish, have given the pendulum the strong push needed to allow my thoughts to reccourse back in the other direction. And in further study I see that when I am quick to react ... not respond that it is always an emotional based instinct, a primal maneuver a human moment. The heart is responsible for all the failings of a wise man, to act on impulse ... lust, revenge, being protective, or unyielding desires of status finances or anything else.

Though the mind and the heart are certainly necessary and incredibly useful and unique in exploring one's individuality, they are not entirely two halves of the soul. There is something beyond in the spirit that comes from the two and more. It can only be felt ... but felt by another sense ... one many of us are still unaware of. But when reading this try to think back between chapters and recall moments in your past that are starting to press themselves to the forefront of your mind, moments that have laid docile in your subconscious for years. Footprints have been left all over the sands of time in your life. All sorts of conversations, movies watched, or songs heard the moment you have had an impacting event in life. The animals or people shouting things across the street even though they weren't speaking to you the words seemed appropriate. Don't force the memories, let the spirit connect your mind to the programmer level consciousness while you read. Lean into the fear and the faith and let it come as it is.

When everything around seems upside down perhaps there is more to it than the world we see. Think about a man holding his hands up in the foreground with the Hollywood sign in the background in a picture, from the forced perspective the viewer see's this man holding up the sign. A silly example because our logical brain is able to discern the concept from a known reality. But there are many instances of synchronicity and omen if one could call it that that are derived *souly*.

When I said I have come to change the process now I start to see that I am the spear tip to a newer more aggressive alteration. Chris says he still takes people down to the bridge and shows people ... hmm there is something so powerful I am missing in the puzzle, 3 phases to deconstructing the perception of a set target. Everything is observed and meddled, the perfect orchestra ... but even if there is a maestro he is not God ... there are many layers to this ... many illusions to wrap fixation on. Even now, as I type as fast as possible, thousands of other strings of thought fade from my mind as the keys are pressed.

I Want in The Network ... I Wish to Enroll.

There is a show, it doesn't mean that this is all there is, but I am certainly connected to this knowing somehow, there's a real Eden out there and I wish to see it. This is the stage, and I must see it from the audience's perspective.

There has to be a way to have my cake and eat it too, if I do things in moderation can I still be virtuous? If I have only a few drinks or tokes... I am still me, if I don't sleep around ... I am still me, if I hurt deep down and don't use a drug to get me out of it ... I am still me. The chemical induction fires me to the other plane of dimension like fuel in a rocket ship, but if I stick to it I am doomed, Michelle is a nice woman and a great lay, but I am not in love with her, so what do I do to maintain my loyalty to the homelessness but still advance myself, how do I advance myself without hurting anyone. Drugs don't hold me ... and I'm not afraid to dabble, having ADHD I basically have a minor pass on recreations speed use, it does give me clairvoyance, but using too much lets the demon take control. It is a tool I can use it, but I must be careful not to let it use me ... I'm not crazy I am going through pain though. I am lonely, not horny ... I want someone to cuddle and relax with, I don't want to just get laid, and I also don't want to deny myself the chance for love by being with someone else ... it's so strange being here never knowing what to do next.

Started writing a book but I'm not sure exactly what to say. Truthfully, I want to be left in absolute solitude while I look for a muse, but I am sure that I will grow stagnant doing so. It's hard to write a book about the world I see for homelessness, because to make it factual would make it fraud. I cannot write the whole truth. I cannot show the world with words what they do not see with their soul. An entire populace within the human race, there is so much more that others know they do not share ... I am an essential instrument in the orchestra but I haven't stepped into timelessness, if any short cuts are given to me then I am rendered weaker, any help I am offered must be in a way that I am able to use my mind, heart and soul to grow through revelation.

Trust The Process, It's So

They are building a rag to riches man out of me. The inevitable tear down that I resist over and over and over is perhaps one of my attributes being utilized for this transition. The men I work with are there to help me grow. The fact that I am so selfish and defiant and full of demons at times, and I am persistently granted passage to move forward. How is it that I am able to continue at such a gallant pace? I cannot fail ... though I still know not what I am set to do. I believe they truly wish to set me free and let me help in my own way with perhaps a gentle ushering or encouragement along the way. My greatest fear now is the origin of my birth is covered in mystery. One of my greatest fears is I am not going to ascend if one can call it that and join the collective consciousness, what if my body simply facilitates skittles, my hitchhiker. I hope he is my friend if not the vessel that will facilitate my transition ... the children there are many if not all with fully functional abilities ... the eyes ... I can always see it in their eyes. I don't resist this; I don't fight that and I don't dare try to expose this in a hostile way if at all ever.

Scripture ... fuck man the bible is hauntingly accurate to what pertains to me. Every time I open that damn book. I got cocky and sprained my own ankle the next day ... adjustment bureau.

God. The story of homelessness I am at a standstill, I hold no muse for it ... to know what I know, and then expect myself to publish such a fiction ... I am unable ... my truth ... my own truth is the only thing that anchors me to this world when the winds of dismay try to push me away. I have openly told my sin to crowds that could have harmed me. I have pleaded and begged strangers to end the suffering as I perceived it when I was growing. And I have seriously contemplated suicide fearing I will never be more than something to observe to beings that I have no chance if joining. Though I wear a cross, I do not have the conviction to try and recruit, love altruism, empathy, compassion ... these are all things I feel and believe in. I don't know what God is, but I may know what he isn't ... that's for another chapter ultimately, I must remember this moment, I must be the change in the world I want to be, I must accept I am walking into a world like a babe in the woods. Unaware and vulnerable I trek through this journey with an advancing pace ... if I falter I will surely fall. So, I must prepare myself to pick myself up. I know that if I trust the process, I will be a great service to the world around me. The energy of the world around me is being poured through me. There are miracles and technologies so wild it would make the world that is still asleep implode. Six long months to get me this far, and though I am still naive I see so much. I can do as I wish but the flow of the universe does exist. I want redemption, salvation, the eye of a needle, the road is wide, but the path is narrow or something like that ... I'm not a monster, I am a monster slayer. The demon in me is on a chain bored into its spine. I will use the righteousness of the holy spirit and the love of the community to handle the beast with great care. To be fully disengaged and act so vividly as if emotionally motivated ... that is true capacity ... someday I'm playing the act, it basically disarms my pursuit of more ... but it is coming to me, I feel it. There is so much in motion and I'm starting to put the pieces together, talking with my friends on Discord is how I am logging the life of the homeless. I still believe there is going to be some sort of video or file that comes out, perhaps it will be from a journalist's perspective rather than anonymous. That may work better. It would be much easier to let the story be built by a conscious [DS3] observer than an active player ... which I am for the duration. There is no panic based escape, I have to move forward. "All the world is a stage, and the men and women are but players in it, we each have our entrances and exits.[DS4]" I will write my own story by living it. And one day I hope so desperately I will come full circle and see farther than I ever imagined. Reborn but connected ... perhaps the body must die for the spirit to transcend ... maybe that's when the symbiont is removed ... maybe that is me ... ready to be born awake in my next body ... after much growth.

Evolved in an unspeakable manner ... so many images and senses revealed ... slept next to Riot and was a gentleman.

Because I didn't pursue the lust, I was able to communicate on a high dimension ... talked to her birds. I can do "ntttuhik txtt" and "ssst" and "ffffhhptp" on command. I speak to people in such a way whenever I am able ... the clickers are the woken aliens ... I am one ... Skittles is waking up, Riot dropped me in town, and I ended up running into "teenagers" they all claimed to be woken and elders.

He brought me to his "sister" I dropped a shitload of money for temporary rent, and they played an act and got me thrown out. The cops came and drove me back to Victoria ... I was inebriated

... I was full of self-pity ... I was emotional ... but it is ok. Because I still spoke the truth ... but from my jaded false perception ... so I only told my misery and then afterwards spoke of the time coming soon. When people are going to be afraid to unite against tyranny and it will be up to the bravery over the blue in vests to set the bar.

So here I sit, the broken man ...

Trying to make sense of the things I can.

Will I be flayed alive for the secrets I told?

Maybe admired ... who else is so bold.

I want to save the world and turn things around.

Through suffering ... salvation is found

I pay my dues seeking atonement.

That moment I rue ... it invades every moment.

But I know my worth I am a good man.

That's why I do anything I can.

It hurts to breathe it stings so much.

Could you believe I fell so far out of touch.

Nothing was right, I always had to work.

Let me be the hero ... let me take on your hurt.

The things I do

It isn't only for you.

You know it's true.

When we seem so blue

Yet what is accrued,

Is always something new.

It's the marvels of our pain that take us away.

Agony of blasphemy

The hurting says all there is to say.

Now it begins anew ... the possible avenues of the future reveal themselves in glimpses. Sometime in the night I am going to stand up to the dealer on the block ... I am going to have to find a way to contest their dealings without villainizing the dealers. I imagine I will get attacked, perhaps not but I am willing ... I must not hurt anyone if that happens. Perhaps I will have one of those golden moments of spirit. Someone will say something in such a way that it will trigger my inner monologue. And whatever I say can resonate among others ... I want to get down off the streets ... or at least I want it to lose some power ... one day the dealers will come up to me and my cohorts and ask permission to sell and they will be humble and receive a lecture and vacate. They are willing to adhere to the rules. Xyz and the other gangs may be looked at as powerful and numerous and even the cops are a huge gang ... but are nothing compared to the army of one soon a brand will be made, and I am going to spend a few thousand on coats and hand them out. The army needs a uniform.

Now it is upon the stone of my retribution I am propositioned an awkward encounter; one's true sense of self declares in such a fashion that there is no mortal misery merchant in me. Though still attached to a semblance of pride ... after all it was the etched path I chose when weaving away from my depression. To break the image of the demon I had seen in me I created a fearless martyr. And through self-discovery and realization I have acquired certain proclivities used as merit and a source of strength. Here I face the crossroad ... how does one word this ... self-aware of my lust I seek purification. Though I have now come to realize that suffering is soil and in so becoming vibrant I have spiritually revealed myself to others around me. Now the situation ... I overstepped my boundaries with Aphrodite and now am approached by the only sense of bereavement from my sins I have known. I feel inhibited and discomfort for the proposed evening. Yet ... here we go ... I am fearless and shameless on display must maintain role <--- is it ego? To prove how willing, I am to do what I don't want any part of? It is no longer atonement or it disacknowledge the suffering through strife to renew life ... if I have truly stepped into the spirit and closed the fist with the 5 senses then I would be able to refute the proposal with absolutely no struggle or unease. Yet my interest in perception and wisdom is intrinsically attached to inquisitiveness in the pursuit of knowledge and perspective. I will not be seduced ... I will let the devil test me with his drugs and alcohol ... and I will trust my spirit ... sorry Rob, sober me says hard no ... I hope the soul secures my resolve. But I will be willing to face any test amen.

When it feels all the world around you is pressing on one, it is important to remember that it is life happening to us. And it's happening for a reason. If your fucking exhausted good! Athletes burn themselves out to get to the Olympics, right? There is something beyond the target ... something that has no target. Sensing the things that brings the mind into focus. There is a reason I become so trance-like, the autopilot ... the on/off. I am working in a behavior that is regimental ... but I feel purpose ... I feel direction. But today was what it is ...

I am burning myself out ... it is a hot roaring bed of coals in my spirit ... my body is drained my mind is clear. The on-off... I think I got it, once I truly feel that I have absolved myself, and it's now easy to see. Tonight could have been some horrible shit ... I am going to have to stomach the play act ... the reason I was shown it today is many but the timing on my level of exhaustion and complacency ... I say this however in understanding not defiance. Seeing people get hurt ... there is going to be the moment ...

They were not just conditioning me to endure seeing it as the conscious observer ... I'm not sitting around for judgment day. Some may stay as watchmen being the conscious observer and play the act. I cannot tolerate things getting out of control.

And the authority my voice commands when my spirit is overwhelmed with grief for the victim is well ... thunder

I will have to use discernment and it will be painful ... these moments are going to be enduring and overwhelming.

I only hope I don't act out of line, and I have to trust that when I get attacked my right jaw isn't hit to hard.

Partial truth is not the truth ... explain the thought process, send it out ... when you ask someone something or give them an answer.

You shouldn't have to be careful what you say. It's ok to ask for help with things that aren't working in our minds. Don't dress yourself up, don't put on a costume.

The tools of the devil in an angel's hand

Now we wake up and know it's time to stand.

All the moments that we work about.

Leaves no time for sorrow.

So, scream and shout.

Let it out, let it out.

In the blink of an eye.

Everyone knows why.

And now we flow together down the spout.

But it's not the end,

Every gutter has a bend,

Like raindrops gathered we fill the drain.

The builders are definitely my jive. I'm excited to let men do what they do best, I'm only as strong as the chain ... every single person is here to help me. I am blessed, a conduit of the superconscious.

Day by day, year by year

The collective has fostered those who end up here.

They have done so much to make things work.

Now I'll amass my fortune, while sleeping in dirt,

And when I get paid, I give it away.

Only holding enough to start another day,

I'll buy my tools and sew up tent rips,

And press for some guys to put together power kits.

Tents on rove,

Ready to set up home.

Wherever the downtrodden lay

This is the process I need to play.

I will speak the spirit which does not redact,

This is why,

When they look into my eye

I always knew I could see through time.

To be continued ...

My name is Dylan Mckone

If you hold this laptop you have the power to write the next line, the authority is out of my hands for tonight. I hope you return it to me. But you can choose to return it and see the play for super short time in contrast to the years ... or you can call out your suffering to the world and end your day to day suffering in the blink of an eye. Regardless of your choice you are the people as I am, we are one and regardless of the moment I will take responsibility and welcome the honor and welcome mentorship. I am nothing but a vessel. We are all equal.

The Metaphors

After all this time I spent going in and out of containment, the last day in the chapel the last glimpse in the pit ...

I opened my eyes and connected everything done with my hands and mind with analogies to my current state of evolution.

Containment? Yeah, if it's up to me I would pull the trigger ... breach that shit if it's not up to me ... it will be eventually. The council ... my building ... setting it up so that some may relax, some may sleep, and others may have privacy with each other.

There will be certain ... principals or whatever to help people coordinate the effort to setting house rules ... will have to work together to figure out what that means.

Representatives of every demographic need to take it upon themselves to come down to Pandora with food or clothing for handout donations and speak with the army of one.

Then we be able to all discern amongst ourselves of our generalized understood perspective

It is programmed in after conferred with the council and we act it out on auto pilot ... interesting. I love you all; we are of the same flesh.

I'm going to the top and staying at the bottom. Going to make that money and give it away. As above, so below ... I have no twin flame ... I am an ever changing and adapting creature.

The mystery is in all of us ... but I am the Legion Commander ... I must accept council from all.

I must live at the bottom and the rulers of kingdoms will serve us all, if I accept the warmth of a castle that only shelters me and a woman, I have betrayed everyone ... I will not betray ... I will never betray.

I'm going to talk to our place about doing some renovations with my crew in their abandoned building.

I was almost foolish enough to set off a war with the city ... I must remember to have faith and to trust my spirit.

I must speak beyond my means with the help of others.

I am growing very tired ... I miss my rest, I almost let words of wisdom and fearful talk tear asunder my confidence I am a fool.

But I am still steering the ship.

The wind behind my sails is pushing and this is going to work for us all ... I won't go alone ... we are all going home.

Now as I go to work, I understand that everyone is helping me by helping me to understand what my role could be. The easy end displays itself in so many ways, my friends all send me in wayward directions and destabilize my perception of not only what is real but what we want, everybody wants a part of this movement ... I didn't understand what it meant to be the chosen one ... we are all chosen ... we are all part of the whole ... we are all one, if I don't fuck this up it will be my port to make us all work together. I steered the ship.

The different legions are my sails, and love is the wind.

I think this site is going to be one of many refugee shelters in the near future, perhaps unfinished ... other people have come to this crossroads and chosen one or the other. I have chosen to stay on the streets and continue to work ... no matter how I behave or what I do the narrative suggests I am a fall-down drug addict, my boss is upset with me and I'm on a warning ... I must talk with our place society and discuss them giving me sanction to run a volunteer crew to restore and occupy the abandoned building I spotted.

I can't believe I was willing to cause strife with the government, the police, and the volunteers all at once just to make a small movement on the streets ... so immature ... so tempted ... I will stay true ... I will find the answers ... I will put the pieces together ... it is my destiny ... one for all and all for one ... only then can we return through the sun.

There is a theory that Jesus is known throughout all the universe and that all suns are access points to travel to the original paradise or garden of Eden ... sounds fucking bizarre but the things that I have seen and heard so far have me seriously leaving room for such a variable ... I beckoned her in my meditation on the cold pavement last night ... we shall see how she feels about love.

I'm just going to talk to her ... tell her the truth I need to find out what she says.

Again, another failure ... but I endure on. My mind is shattered and fragmented for a reason ... the Legion. I am Legion Commander and I have vowed to be a conduit for the energy that I feel on the streets when others pass through me. No one explains what it is ... but I feel paralleled with the intent of the collective. I am the conduit of the wretched. Knowing the energy is frightening at times ... and controlling at others, but it is a different feeling now that I am ready to understand my role.

I told a police officer that I intended to squat and have acknowledged that the system is Legion. But now that I'm sitting on the grass typing about it, it seems more likely I will contact the owner of the White Spot™ and ask to use the building as a sanctuary. A place where people can gather and put together plans and ideas, a whiteboard room that operates with Anonymus. That is where I will gather my foundation. Once it is established, the homeless will be well equipped and provided for and housed during the sobering process as soon as possible.

Put all resources of the island into sobering up and housing homeless comfortably.

Unification of the world must be delicate but direct ... think tank deliver me your best, be honest be mindful balance me.

I hold my tone for the moment ... but I hold my resolve I serve you Legion, God isn't dead, we hold the light to free ourselves from the terrors of the end. All of us or none of us. I serve forever or until the end.

The truth is attached to trust which is the two legs of hope. In order for love to defeat the corruption and cast out the hatred it must be so. I fear that those of us humans without the worm are left here regardless and cannot reincarnate into other vessels ... it is possible I am the only one they have reached out to on such a level ...

Regardless I think people should be informed entirely and appropriately as best as possible ... Jesus was there for the last 2000 years. It is the age of Aquarius, my name means from the sea

... I represent the rebirth of God just like he did. But this time we acknowledge all religions and all faiths ... we must all work together, and we must all be willing to work together.

The first thing that has to be established is a proper command chain between all demographics. We need to analyze and understand how to work together. There seems to be an obvious gap and difference between me and others on the island. Many people seem to know more than me but cannot or will not share. Is it psychic or is it technological I'm not sure. But I know that people hover around me almost in stasis, my body is monitored constantly whenever I lay perfectly still and close my eyes the collective is unaware if I'm asleep or not, but they give me silence, the moment I start to move around. Vehicles start ... People start ... Moving and talking and the bustle and motion around me continues. I would like to learn why.

Secondly, the psychic and the control ... I have been put on autopilot before ... compelled to go places or to engage in conversation ... but those who are advanced enough are capable of either blocking the signal or manipulating it ... potato and others the other night demonstrated the feeling to me ... though no one will explain it I know this to be truly irrefutable.

I spoke aloud of the parasite or worm symbiont. I know not, it is possible that the covid shot kills the creature. And though I am with it the entire world is observing me interested in the path it has chosen with me ... my mind is magnificently charged by mechanisms beyond the limited mortal capacity I still have of everything I have been through recently ... I now directly write my manifesto in unity with the world's hope that because the writers from beyond the understanding of dimensions and time have interest in the uniqueness of me ... I almost chose to squat in the White Spot™ but was unsettled about it the whole time ... I must simply reach out to someone willing to set something up that helps me open proper communication channels, and can at least feign a hint at what they understand of the rest.

It is my sole duty to always be able to reconsider and act appropriately. I think what Christ did worked well, now it's time to do something better. Live rich responsibly, integrally, compassionately, and honorably.

I have such a heavy mind, I cannot concentrate ... thousands of what ifs, and now my state is fractured. I said I would be the last one off the streets ... but here I am in a shelter tonight ... though I am worn out and exhausted and all the crazy blah, blah, blah. I did say I would be the last one off the streets ... I still don't have a tent and I have been sleeping anywhere I can ... the test at work when they offered me a number to call and a chance to share with everyone. When I shouted, "I will tear open the sky and find you!" Something about using love and altruism to cast out the corruption into the abyss or close too it ... that is when Michelle said no one really knows ... but that man outside that building with the safe ... that conversation, hmmm, yet I chose to go to our place and run another gauntlet ... confronted by three mind shattering possibilities that day, the harvest ... the missing God ... and I can't remember the third.

Everyone looks at me like such a mystery ... I can't tell if they are hiding that they are missing something I have in me, I am missing something they have in them, perhaps I am a machine ... or they are ... or they know they can't escape this hell without one of the symbiont worms inside

of them and I can ... but I have vowed to keep everyone together and not leave them.

Or it's all a trick and my mind has finally broken, and they have done all this just to see my limits ... they ... the committee of They ... time traveling whats? I have chosen to be a conduit of the community ... that is where my power comes from ... all of you ... so help me ... please help me ... guide me ... explain to me the psychic energies the shielding the drawing the manipulating ...

There is also the come back to school comment I was given ... don't cast pearls before swine some say ... well if you are reading this and you have gotten this far most certainly no swine is you. I lost my work boots, thought I left them with C.J., thought I left them at this shelter ... dammit ... it hurts to walk in these sneakers ... can't travel without my bag, though.

Would be nice to see all these things come together one day but for now I am simply baffled by layers of truths all revealing themselves as my mind unravels all the maybes. I'm being pulled back into the sleep, it's hard to be supercharged in this shelter ... I feel like I'm losing energy ... but the truth is ... I don't know anything ... real points of interest ... highly cognitive children ... a crow led me to a secret den ... I have seen grids in the sky ... energy waves are real ... I can feel many types of shields and pulls and pushes ... my power is a product of all others.

People still don't explain their eyes or anything I ask really ... it's almost a waste to speak now ... only really interested in truth and perhaps learning through metaphors perhaps that's how I came to the decision to not break into the White Spot™ even after informing the police ... if the narrative is still in this act it would make things difficult ... I'm not sure what the plan is on revealing anything to anyone ... but if I am to lead an example whether it's to other writers ... but I cannot try and complete this one by committing a transgression with the best of intentions ... I must wait for others to seek me out ... I look for affirmation and guidance ... or council from the knowers of the unknowns ...

I'm opening up the Sober Step House near our place tomorrow if I don't get any answers about when it's happening.

And so, I decided to move forward today ... having the bump keys in my pocket willing to occupy a place that was not mine ... however speaking aloud what I intended gave others an opportunity to guide me. Many probably look down on me for not pulling the trigger on this ... but I have been told if I go through with this that I'm wearing a crown that does not belong to me. It's just so frustrating seeing the world as it is and being told they will end me if I try to make a big change ... I'm not doing this thinking it will make a king of me ... I was trying to do this so I could see an end to some suffering. People in the cold, or hungry ... people needing help who don't get it. Chris himself saying 6 months of day in and day out with no rest. What he would give to have a bed for a 24-hour sleep ... so many buildings unused so many people deserving of sanctuary ... Legion Commander is not a title I gave myself lightly ... it's not attached to a crown ... it's attached to an immeasurable burden and responsibility. There is no fame or renown attached to it ... I only meant it is the title of the man who is willing to get things done. All I have seen since I got here is inaction, and now it makes sense the reason that this city never does anything to help "more" is because one must help themselves ... and for 6 months

all sorts of unbelievable things have happened to me ... I will never fully understand ... and I am warned that if I try to expose the truth in its entirety there going to kill me. Even though I have been shown no venues that accomplish the job and took it upon myself to create one ... it's my place ... it sickens me that I said I would do what I set out to do and now powers beyond my comprehension have declared that I will be removed if I try to help beyond the current level being offered ... by making things too easy at the bottom it enables people to stay in their squalor and be comfortable. By casting pearls wherever I go the swine will eat them ... it's not fair, it's ugly ... to be told to obediently let those who don't know, perish. I refuse to bend my knee to a myth ... I will read the book and spend time with Jesus. I will obey God when I hear his command. I will hold the name Legion Commander ... but I will learn to be silent, to be cautious.

To simply shine light where there is darkness. I can still work towards making a business that generates a lot of money and find ways to donate it and help those in need. I still want to create a sanctuary to those who deserve it, I still want to create a truth room for those who are lost and wayward, and I still want to leave footprints to how as many people as possible to the path to their own salvation ... Legion Commander does not make the decisions ... he is merely the voice of the unheard. The crown is still for the king.

I sit at the table as every man and woman's equal ... and though I'm willing to do whatever is necessary it has become apparent that what is most necessary is to get to know myself and to build the lighthouse within myself for others to find. But for now, I am merely just a flickering torch in the wind and rain ... I must take care of myself ... I want nothing more than to buy those winter coats, but first I have to get my IID back so I can access the funds help out. I have made my mission in life very clear; I want the powers to be to help me realize it without overstepping my bounds. My mind is always meticulously rebuilding variables and options and possibilities ... let me go with my spirit for a while and then let me trust that and then use my mind ... show me the plan and let me help. You don't have to delete me if you educate me.

Of course, I have been begging to see scans and information on my body why won't they tell me answers to real questions I hold and then expect me to shut up and listen or else ... it's sickening the mind games ... so I will read the book and go with Jesus ... but if I get nothing from it ... I will do what I set out to do and tear that hole in the sky and find God wherever he sits.

I will not go back on my word ... I work for Legion, I serve the truth and I am in the grace of God, I will humble myself. But I will not forget my vow ... my desire is to facilitate the means to bring as many people that are willing into the light. The battlefield is a spiritual one, not a mortal one, and the sooner every person is able to relax and able to recharge then the better off things are for the moment of reckoning "so to speak" my purpose in life is to lead in example as is everyone's, some of us just have different examples to set. I want to create wealth so that I may use it for good and charity and make available opportunities for other wayward and lost souls to find a beacon. To find comfort in all the warmth of love and altruism and truth. I wish to share truth as much am allowed ... but I beg for the answers I seek. To the mountains this weekend ... I must go ... it will give me time to read the bible first.

As I understand things now this ... this play act ... it is a way of people keeping normal in and outside of the waves. I am still committed to my choice to make things better for everyone I can. I can't be taken seriously after the trials I have been put through. Having so many people infer so many things to me using the spirit to communicate for a few moments I thought what I was doing was the right thing ... but again trust no one ... one man says to trust Christ, but I still haven't read the bible in its entirety. So right now, I trust nothing ... I trust my own intuition ... I trust what is right. I'm not trying to save the world by burning down the old one, I have been told that the system is how it is and there is no changing it ... I have been told that if I continue on the path I have set before me that I'm going to get killed or severed from consciousness ... they're just going to turn my brain off ... allegedly. Everyone knows what I'm going through yet still no answers. I fully intend to see through my goals until I am informed properly what is going on in everyone else's capacity ... I could set up an organization or at least help one that already exists ... maybe staying here in Victoria is not my fate, maybe I should go back home and visit my family ... I want to visit them ... I want to find some sense of peace and find relaxation. But if what I thought to be true a few days ago still is, then what I need to do is hold my resolve and still move forward with helping those who need it. Above that those who are trying to help themselves.

The reason I was smoking meth and in very small doses was so I could make others aware that a man could hold down a job, sober up, and move upward in life ... or so at least that's what I believed. That plan was discussed aloud in front of many ... but perhaps it was just a way to dismiss my claims and make my rantings and ravings seem beyond delusional. Now, I am sober, and I change not one thing of truth I claim to know. It pains me but I am going to avoid the people downtown while I let the dust settle. Church be damned, if they are going to delete me for my beliefs and convictions then let it happen ... I know I'm a good man and I know I will not harm anyone doing what I do ... always willing to reconsider and evaluate my perception of scenarios ... I want love and hope and prosperity to blossom, not simply observe those who struggle. If I can take care of myself no longer following the whims and will of others, then I can prove my worth and carry forward with the concept of unity of all. Christ has to figure out how to accommodate for those who do not know his name but practice his beliefs. The aboriginal community here does not entirely bow to his teaching, but I know they are connected with the creator in their own way. Muslims, Buddhists, and all other religions ... maybe they got it wrong, but their intent is righteous so how can I be expected to see people suffer because they are naive? How can I be sure this is the only way forward ... I can believe in Christ and still want to make a difference. I can fight to shine light so that others may make up their own minds in a place of sanctuary from all other influences. A truth room, a sanctuary ... a beacon of light ... if Christ is the answer, he will show himself to those who look.

So, the people at work ... they know I know, I know they know that I know, and I know they know I don't know the things that they know but they know I'm trying to do right for everyone you know? The only chance I have is to get myself off the street and maintain my place in society without disarray for some time so that my words hold clout and merit when I want them to be heard. I have been in and out of sober since I got to this island ... but I have no desire at all to be a drug addict ... it has all been deception and illusion, some claim it's all my own making ... but I know the truth of the lies on top of other lies ... I know my truth ... whatever is being done to me ... well it is nothing short of barbaric ... ultimate betrayals over and over and over ... I fear nothing ... I trust no one ... I just want to make things better for those of us who seek truth above all else ... I hold love to my heart and now I seek answers ... answers I will not find in mortal conversation. But the people at work play-act and it is comforting ... they

are my psychic shielding from all the chaos that could be channeled in my direction ... and God I got some questions for you ... hope you got some answers bruh.

I'm inquiring as to the use of the building you have fenced off, located where the White Spot™ used to be,

I wish to use it as a sanctuary for likeminded individuals. It is not a shelter nor is it a recreational desire.

I'm trying to establish a place of operation for people who are interested in humanitarian aid and charitable work.

The building would be well respected and taken care of and used as a storehouse for food and provisions and supplies.

It is a nonprofit directive and all things supplied would be donated or purchased by the people who use the building.

Temporary bunks would be set up but only for those who are in the frame of mind to be useful in the concept of altruism.

That way individuals who wanted to help would be able to network amongst each other. Inside the walls would be no deception or

Ulterior motives ... I'm aware this would have to be temporary but would be greatly appreciated, the world has been a cruel and terrible place and we are trying to do what we can to make it a little bit better. I hope that my proposal is in your graces and my request is in your means. I am trying to place a lighthouse to those who have come along their spiritual and psychological journey at least as far as myself and wish to establish a foundation on the premise that though I do not understand so much ...

I shout for the unheard and speak the unspoken,

I'm just a man ... so terribly broken,

And now the call that has never been tried

Well-spoken and rehearsed.

We all show what's inside.

I ask the greatest ... the best version of you.

I'm just a dreamer ... it's our love that follows through.

I've only learned my role, but I don't know my place.

So, with all your momentum let's set forward the pace.

The riddles are vast but who has the solution?

We've seen the crumbles, now time for restitution.

The static is fixed ... plans come to resolution.

You're all the power that charges my pen.

I will serve the moment; I can be your friend.

Your part of the hand that altruism extends.

Here are a few topics of interest from last night ... the block went at those pizzas like they owned them and showed no regard for the one handing them out. A gesture designed to make me feel overwhelmed and underappreciated ... but I know that you know I know you know? Another thing ... Michelle's remarks about her being super powerful blah blah blah and me thinking this is my idea. And then she pulls a play-act on me on throws me out of her tent trying to grab & smash this laptop ... certainly a way to get me moving. Regardless of if it was her getting the radio signal and being mind-controlled, or everyone is telepathically connected accept me and the consensus was to get me off the fucking block so more drama could happen I am betrayed once again. Another lesson, trust no one ... Michelle, I gave you my trust ... and you fucked with it. I'm not coming back to you when it's done, I don't want you in my life. Maybe you can take over duties at the sanctuary so I can move on but that's not entirely up to me.

I'm sure that God has lots for me to download but until that moment I fear not my path ... I'm still trying to find myself a tent and a bedroll ... but one I establish another cell for charity ... I can use one that I buy this one being a hub for ascension ... a dream room ... whiteboards, networking, a place where solutions can be discussed.

The whole Legion Commander concept was energizing and egocentric ... but still affirms my belief that I'm being guided. I believe in the conduit theory I still firm. A friend helped word my aspirational mindset to entrepreneur, I can work with that ...

So now I'm going to work out a hail Mary with another, hopefully ... I would be interested in having like ... an assistant "cyberfriend" who handles all my shit ... or should I just be that person? Maybe I should reach out ...

I am exhausted, there is so much happening ... political movements, unity expressionism, collective endeavors ... everything is happening ... everything has happened, I'm just stepping into it ... timelessness. It's hard to explain ... but it's almost as if our wills have already made the journey and our minds and body follow the path, that's why I feel like I'm moving like a slave sometimes.

Liberation is at hand, I feel it, many do ... so many of us drained ... knowing our will is pouring into the directive.

Now I sit and wait ... always urged and compelled for so long now that I sit and wait ... I am unsure and unnerved, my job isn't to get a job ... but having one along the way helps ... I would like to make things with security work, it's a sign for the future with law enforcement. Everyone who knows, it's all in place. Now it's about the timing ...

And the answer is wait and see,

That is a guarantee.

I'm willing to do whatever it takes ...

Someone said mayor ... I hope that's not my place.

But I will do what I'm told in the special way.

The sun rises anew, to start another day.

The act plays through carry-on as you may.

When you want me to shout the truth,

Set the stage for my play.

It's pressed upon me to find a semblance of discernment amongst all the flurry ... all the bullshit ... I am compelled to go to this rally because I look to sandman for guidance ... but everything tells me that simply makes me the gofer ... still the asset. Though sandman said in order to be a good umpire you have to see the plays ... I know my worth ... and it is beyond proving it in a shouting match at an anti vaxx rally ... even though the entire construed reality of anti-vaxxers is designed to take away merit from the argument presented the tests still lie on me ... this is all still an illusion. Everyone at the shelter mean mugging me this morning ... sandy conveying the gravity of my being at this particular rally ... when told which way to get my ID I took all option ... I shook hands with all folks ... I do not simply do what I'm told ... I trust the gut ... the spirit[DS5] .

Last night they deliberately locked me away from my computer, I immediately knew it would be safe yet I pounded on the door anyways ... why??? To prove my roar? To demonstrate my character must hold on to something. I was simply tired of being bullied by bullshit is the truth ... all anticipated ... and the writers foresee these things and use them ... I am in both worlds writing and acting ... I am in pain ... I don't see why I couldn't get the underground moving along and still kick it at parliament ... or anything ... everyone who's anyone knows ... we are Legion ... we are in this together no matter what. I am everybody friend ... I am afraid of nothing except failure. I know people who know people ... and everyone I know knows people who know people ... we got this with or without me getting propped at this rally.

Broken dream

Spoken scenes.

Underneath the cathedrals beams

Broken apart right from the start.

Nothing ever spoken is truly what it seems.

The mind is rife.

With reservation and strife

But moving forward as ascending beings

Under the foot

What is often mistook,

For subjugation in the name of faith

Not my transaction

List may be my last action.

But I'm leaving this breeding place.

There is nothing left to prove ... there never was. The games played with me are endless and infuriating. I find myself dulled or apathetic to the ridiculous circumstances and hoops I have to jump through ... always the lull and the yaw in the waves of the day. Spent 2 days calling and texting the last boss about my money, so I took the last bus ticket to my name to drive to site and he only replies call me after lunch ... so in deciding to sit in this shelter and do fuck all till I get paid I was met with my crush working here ... how ironic. I won't let her subdue me ... I will escape this hell and won't be persuaded by the power of ... "her". I'm getting off this fucking island and getting my license, anyone who tries to stop me will have to use force. Cavalry is supposed to be on the way ... but I don't know what's what or who to trust ... not even J-b... objective is simple ... humanity's ascension ... I'm not going to take the easy way out and be the conscious observer while the world around me burns down and is doomed to repeat ... absolute transparency in all governing and bureaucratic doings is what I want to create ... I'm going to need to find allies in the fields of business and government and creeds and factions and all denominations of doing, even country clubs ... once people are comfortable with the idea of everything we do and everything they hear being recorded, then it won't be so bad them to hear about "mothership" always hovering over us always watching ... no matter what. God doesn't give a fuck about a man born Muslim or in Buddhism ... he wants to see growth and prosperity ... all the rest is bullshit until I see proof. My mind is strong I will not waver ... the church can stand aside as I do what is right, I'm going to get out of here with or without the cavalry ... maybe Jessica will still be around if I'm able to come back ... maybe she is just designed to keep me distracted like so many others ... perhaps she is more nervous than I think ... and I'm selfish. For all I know she has this terrible burden of holding a secret because she has been educated how the only way, I can achieve clairvoyance is through ascertaining these plateaus of enlightenment.

I fully intend to be as inactive as possible until some of my questions are answered ... needs are met. I know the drill ... they will slow the internet, claim to need me to leave for spraying, some contact will throw a hail Mary at me through my cellphone or Facebook etc. ... Chris has no right to look at me as an equal ... he lies and I don't. If any man comes up to me and claims to represent the "so and so" or the "blah blah" I have no words for them. Unless they have proof for me ... I know my worth.

There is literally no direction for me to go accept out, this place ... there is love and nurture. There is the kingdom of God and the reset ... and there is nothing but lies everywhere. I still leave it up to me to figure this out, I trust no one. It's training ... the manipulation and deception is all about building my discernment. That being said I'm sick of it all, I have no desire to engage in these parlor tricks, blue jay must understand, but as he

continues to play the act ... I only seek truth and hope, and if that means everyone else here gets the golden ticket and I'm stuck in the mud doing my part to rebuild it so be it, humanity will be better off. I gave them my word ... we all get to where we want to go. We are rebuilt over and over again ... and taken away ... there are things in the sky and on land and in the sea... it is unfathomable technology ... I want the world to know the "eye of Sauron" is always watching ... that would sweep away the majority of the problems in a blink. They can kill me or let me do what I choose ... I'm willing to go ... I won't live a lie. Keeping me swept up in an illusion does not put me in a position to help, maybe in some twisted way they are getting all the help they need by ... "testing me" if no one really knows ... then it is up to me to establish a command structure ... I'm an arbiter ... a mediator ... once the spitefulness from the bullshit thrown at me subsides and I separate from ego I am able to then pass judgment on a certain perspective. I'm still planning my exodus ... I need to breathe I need to see my family ... he gave me coordinates I could not reach in 3 days without ... help from someone I don't know to trust yet. Truth and hope ... truth and hope.

I wish I could write down even half the thoughts that rifle through my head, but memories always lead to inspiration and then everything else. Similarities, origins, ulterior meaning, tonal similarities, anything can mean anything else and always gleams a fruitful if profound moment out of the seed of the concept. That is why I am assaulted so much. But to what end? Ultimately, it's up to me ... I'm going to rest and beat this cold and then we will see.

Now I'm so lost, is there anyone out there trying to help me? Or am I just an experiment ... why do I bother talking to anyone ... all I do is expose what seems like I'm absolutely insane ... and the words of many will always squash the words of the few ... the words of one. I only go in with faith that trying to expose the truth to others will not label me clinically insane ... I am bombarded by questions so specific and precise ... and everywhere cameras ... from phones and watches ... are they recording me? Are they trying to reveal the truth or is it just for analysis ... and once I go away they will terminate ... I weep for my soul. All I am is enduring, wretched, and without love. I have become obsessed with the liberation of the collective mind. Free will and love are what I want to see prosper ... but so many are not awake, so many have sold out. Like Icarus, I have flown to close to the sun and as I begin to fall, I see no nets to catch me.

And now I sit and wait,

Wondering what bad news awaits,

See Johnny ain't fake.

But the coordinates make me hesitate.

Get some cash for gas and change no fate.

Now it's up to me to try and get past the gate.

How it's stuck it seems to fly and make me venerate.

That which you do to or for another is that which you do unto yourself. It is in my nature to be charitable. I will not be pushed aside or away because of anyone's position. I am the only person who can provide me with a positive mental attitude. Enthusiasm can replace reservation at any barrier. I must separate my action from my emotion, I must grow. Knowledge becomes power only when it's put into action. Speaking with enthusiasm is like using a wavelength of energy to draw someone's curiosity and mirthful and wishful thinking. One must be careful how dangerous misleading people while speaking with conviction can be. Just because it's a desire created ... having what I desired achieved by those in the background with ulterior intentions would be catastrophic. So many people encourage my self-attained position but grant me no more channels, I will start from the bottom and build up ... and those who approach will follow the house rules I have set or help me place proper ones.

This falseness everywhere is repugnant ... all acts and processes at my table will be logged in their entirety with absolute transparency. If information is considered "classified or sensitive" then any citizen can acquire the credentials to read such documentation. Like a level 1,2,3,4,5 key code for a door, even the most sensitive of information is not concealed ... just restricted until merit of such individual is ascertained.

I don't want to chase a fable ... I can't see these disingenuous moments in front of me and try to play the hero against a man and another set there to get me to play along. They know things and I don't wish to play along with those who keep me acting shallowly in contrast to the questions I have. My sense of duty is clear ... but my understanding is so limited. I'm acting frustrated with everyone, but I just want to move into the next understanding ... is everyone trying to cover up my rambling or helping trigger my solidification into absolutism of calling it how I see it? I'm no one's enemy. I'm just so uncertain.

Had a dream during my afternoon nap. In my dream I remember speaking to someone saying something along the lines ... "Ok, I'm ready let's do this ... take me to Vancouver and get done what you have to do." ... it was inferred I was going to be poked and postured and go through some shit ... but I also remember hearing a drunken slur in my voice and a look of disappointment on the man's face. I said it too ... also feeling foolish and unsettled. Talking so foolishly even though my mind was made up ... what a dream ... one brief moment that occupied my thoughts for hours after waking.

I want to change the world ... for the better not for my fantasy ... but maybe that's the same. I want everyone to have the opportunity to learn and know beyond what I do now. And people trying to keep me going with this stick up for the homeless narrative ... well they are actors ... the security ... the police, the staff, if not almost every single person who I

encounter day after day after day is a part of something more. The mastermind concept ... working together but to what end> to mine I hope that's all I got keeping me going ... the world has to see more than they used to ... they have to hear me knowing I'm not insane ... but I am bombarded with this daily influencing ... my mind is made up ... I am a charitable man and I want to end suffering ... but if I want to change the world I want to re-create myself ... that inevitably means that I want to see more truth seekers with good intention over more people walking around buying pizza's and holding secrets ... the world has to wake up!!!!

I don't know what to do anymore, how to talk to people or what to say ... I can't exactly just go up to every person I meet and say something like blah blah blah, there's a whole world on top of the one we think we understand. Yeah, vines in a temple are a bad thing ... but so is a world made only of stone. There are beautiful planters that make gardens and hang from chains above reflections pools in the temple I see inside ... liberty and individualism and love is the way to nurture and cultivate growth ... I don't have all the answers ... but what I do have is suspicion and optimism riding as two sides of the coin. I am still too young in the sense of "the process" to see the command structure of whatever this is and of course, if there is not then it is up to me to do my part and facilitate the means of networking with those who are in rhythm ... truth, love, and hope. Those who hold secrets hold the keys to the future ... how carefully I advance.

Last second put together, I'm on the ferry it starts so smoothly you don't even feel the tug when we leave the shore, it's like I'm floating on a cloud across the water. I have no burning soldier disposition about this I'm just going ... it's no big deal it's just a thing. Take the cab if I feel like it. Just relax in Surrey ... get there with enough time to find another blanket or something before everything closes ups perhaps ... perhaps not I don't know you don't even know why I write ... feels like I'm just trying to put down filler, but for what? I just more so log ... these are my journal entries ... if I keep writing at least I can look back and try to make sense of the inconsistencies of my life ... because I know if I'm one day able to be in a position to transform the way the world views itself behind the veil that I'm going to be discredited ... that's why I must travel ... I have to put myself together outside of the Groundhog Day cycle. I'm going to throw money at the cab and relax ... this is a journey ... not a forced march. I move at my own pace and I'm in no need to burn myself out. Slow down that's just how it is ... how it's always going to be.

Surrey has slammed me around quite a bit, once again I met those who seem so much more ... and I decided to do speed ... again but it seemed coerced in a way. These people that I talk to ... there's a look in their eyes that tells me to trust no matter what. My life is forfeit ... I'm just along for the ride ... I have my ups and downs but I'm so tired ... so without words ... all I know is I must keep going. And as far as I see it, so do they. But I'm weary, I'm always alone ... yet always surrounded ... the people that are around me are just there ... I don't know what a real relationship with friends could even be anymore. So many people are so intrigued and urge me on when I talk and or ramble ... the objective I just to hear my words, and then some sort of fuckery happens ... I want to keep going ... I want to do what is right ... but they have lost me. I'm so fed up with the loops and hoops ...

Everything last night was fine it was good to get all that off my chest, and yes, the chemical stimulation sent my thoughts and communication skillset over the moon ... but of course with a fucking pipe in my mouth. I can tell it has a terrible lagging affect, and it makes me

feel jittery and unnerved for the whole day after ... I never want to be in this situation again. Yes it opens doors and unlocks certain ways of thinking ... but it's so detrimental and it horrifies me the concept of being a regular user ... but I cannot deny the way my mind is working on overtime and performing so attuned with the ebbs and flows of others having an intelligible talk ... however ... no one is interested in helping me evolve my thought ... or correcting them so much ... they just want to hear me type ... the alleged claims that I have talked to Jesus in the bodies of others doesn't seem so far off anymore. God if only people could see through my eyes when these things happen to me ... the lapse in sobriety will most certainly discredit my claims ... but I know the truth ... the majority of my writing has been during and after sober day and weeks ... now I feel miserable and defeated ... and that my quest has always been false so now I feel like a man without purpose ... I'm just a tiny creature in a rattled cage ... I don't know what my objective is anymore ... there's no one to actually help in Victoria ... the whole city is a functioning machine ... it's the woke ready to show the world the mystery' of the maybe ... or it's a trick ... or it's heaven on earth ... one thing it certainly is not is kind to me. I'm battered and broken mentally ... I'm always led astray ... with great draw ... and the moments are always hard lessons ... I'm not feeling so great about this lesson ... recap smoked from Adams pipe ... seeing him as a great man of timelessness ... how do they do that ... it's an autopilot takeover ... all this prayer and meditation ... all the people circling me constantly ... never able to find solitude. I don't want to make enemies of the people to are tending to this wretched process ... but my desire for intentions and answers burns and stings so bad ... so I must yield to this bullshit

The reason I was never able to make any change In Victoria is because it is their job to stay right where they are. Great and intelligent people who selflessly put themselves in a position of destitution and suffering.

Now what's the next step? How can I be charitable??? It's like donating my kidney to a meat grinder ... how do I persevere in this illusion ... I'm going mad with this obsession of getting to the bottom of this ... it isn't healthy ... every single person I know here knows something they won't share, perhaps some of the people in surrey are sleepers but I doubt it ... it's at the end of the rope ... I'm the late bloomer it seems ... so why so much interest in me? Why am I still getting browbeaten over and over? I have fits of joy and genuine happiness fills me often ... but right now I am a bleak miserable man who just wants a little reprieve. The committee of "*they*" controls which women I'm allowed near and precisely lulls me into my "*patheticness*" just to see the squirming turn into a bitter ire and resolve to push past it out of spite and frustration.

I want something happy to write about but alas ... the ride-and-share girl deliberately hoodwinked me, the people I was hanging out with last night give me praise but for all I know it was just to get a good picture of that pipe in my mouth kicking it with riff wrath just so that my writing can be disputed easier by attacking my character and stripping my credibility ... it could be that, but I choose to believe everyone is treating me like the mutt I have become.

I think if it weren't for the invisible barriers created around this "process", I would have saved some people by now ... but no, the lesson is move on bro ... that's what Surrey shows ... the way the town is designed ... the way the vagrants and the working men have different demeanors then in Victoria. I still hold love in my heart ... but I am confused and devastated by

this "process I'm going through

"You can do" or "it can be whatever you want" they said just as long as things go exactly as planned with everyone else as they look inward at my glass cage ... never telling me how they communicate in perfect sync. I don't know why I keep going ... they refuse to let me be with a woman I choose or to enjoy any leisure activities without constant intervention ... I need to understand why I am always enveloped by people no matter where I go or what I do ... please for fuck sakes guys throw me a bone ... I'm feeling like a beat dog ... I'm not understanding all the beatings as lessons anymore ... I just see, "do it our way or we will break you into nothing". I'm on POF ... what a laugh ... they won't ever let me be comfortable and enjoy a woman's company or worse she will screw me over in some awful fashion ... they have a mind to rip into pieces. What is my purpose if not to be used to an end ... someone gets fucking real with me. I'll get off the streets and put myself in a stupid fucking box on the third floor and talk about cars and baseball with some guys for work and then maybe someone will talk to me like my questions are being heard ... I have seriously frightening questions about who and or what I am and other things that are pressing and distracting ... this is torture. Show me the light Jesus.

This process is brutalizing me ... stop the bullshit and tell me you are insisting on me doing things a certain way ... I can't keep this up ... I wanted to go back to Alberta for a glimpse ... for a small reset ... and you have me jumping through hoops in another fake city ... or at least norther downtown ...

I know they have drugged me before; I know they have manipulated my levels to induce certain reactions out of me, I know that they know something more than they ever care to show ... and I know unless I'm given a token of appreciation if not the truth I will crash and burn there plans with me. I will expose the corruption or my incomprehensible suffering to the world ... I will try and stay positive next entry but as of this moment I am disgusted and without any sense of comradery ... I want to scan my own body, until I get that I owe nothing to anyone ... if Legion wants a torn down and rebuilt man to use as they see fit, then I will keep to my word ... but my word does not extend to those who are the tormenters of my soul. I want something tangible. I have no words for those who try to chum up to me ... acting naive of my plight, they claim ignorance dop there happenings but I am no fool ... like last night ... guy wakes up and pissed on the wall right next to us, girl lips him off harshly so I make eye contact to be the peacemaker and boom debit card disappears ... they all want to hover around and claim they have no predetermined gameplan or some other form of communication I am not privy to??

It makes me wonder ... are they all fucking robots or full of nano probes for real ... why do they refuse to share anything with me I have called out in so many different ways ... they are afraid of revealing the truth to me ... the truth seeking, bullshit calling, dragon shouting man seeking a path of purpose ... these twisted scenes and shattered dreams have rendered me bitter and crass ... please fucking talk to me ... I can't take this much longer ... I'm going to keep trying to meet a girl and see if I'm really just the most pathetic fucking man on the planet or they just won't let me fuck be human anymore. "Nope, you got to get a stupid job and do your part pretending to build something and then you can meet a girl ... makes me vomit. I don't want to be anyone's enemy ... but this keep me blind treatment I am growing a burning ... seething ... resentment towards the process and anyone who is part of it ... I'm not here to play hero to anyone ... I have changed my directive ... expose the truth no matter what!!!!

I came to the realization the play act can be done so well that I don't even know it's happening. She had me convinced for most of the conversation that I was helping her to understand all the crazy shit to my capacity, I thought I was using my articulation to help her catch up ... now I realize that the truth was it was more mumble designed to pull those words out of me. I'm not upset with her at all ... in fact ... I miss her ... I wish she was here just to talk to ... I still don't know if she needs money for rent or not or if it's more play act ... I don't respect the play ...but I respect the people who influence and teach me. I don't want to be a creepy weirdo or anything I just wanted her company and to watch that Netflix movie aha hah... I don't want to confront her I don't want to dig deeper ... I just want to say goodbye properly and see if she is still genuine about starting up a business. I think she is more interested in my growth than the FU.

Now I wonder if I have boasted too much and shouldered more than I can comprehend. My mind is fixated on the new and grand ... but a split in paths ... to build an empire ... to taunt honesty and modesty ... the idea is simple, but the roadblocks are ever more creative ... Dave said it best. Analysis paralysis. I'm going to start small and give err on something to get people working. Networking ... one day the example set but many may impress upon the world and we will grow flawlessly ... or maybe some of the rantings of rapture come true and the world will hit a hard reset ... this business ... it's the business of ascension, everyone involved understands the purpose ... and the sooner I do my part to help grow the node the sooner I have completed stage one of the process. There are so many alternate theories I could whip up ... the grandest one is of course that I have been brainwashed and through being drugged and the technologies available the theories I believe to be true has been implanted by other influences ... that fact that I am always prepared to second guess myself makes me sort of a rambling idiot in a way ... but if only I could forever go on I doubt I would run out of things to say. So yes, I can wear the idea I am the illusive man unaware that I was indoctrinated, but I'm holdfast on my optimism for the betterment ... one way or another it's everybody's job to make it better where they think they ought too.

If you were me and I, were you,

What the fuck would Legion do?

I try so hard.

... fall even harder.

You look ahead.

You test my conviction.

But in my head

Your deliberate constriction

I am the fool stumbling about

You never tell me the truth.

Regardless of how hard I shout.

The plan is don't tell Dman.

You stand ready to harness the demon.

I get it, I know what it's about.

But all I hold now is sorrow and doubt.

I know the truth!! It's easy to see.

So why do you all act like I'm the enemy.

You keep me alone or tormented at best.

Don't recall what it's like ...

To actually rest

Now I made a promise that I can't keep.

I writhe with anger so fierce ...

I could shatter my teeth.

I'm tired and dead ... deep down inside.

Do any of you care if my soul survives?

I'm lonely, I'm tired, I have no friends.

Just all these play acts

And the ones who play pretend

How fucking dare, you play me like a fiddle.

I am the keeper of the crypts!!!

I made the fucking riddle.

The reason that so many people fall through the cracks of society is because it is just as broken as the byproduct of the people it produces. So the answer is pretty obvious ... the people who end up forgotten forget the potential in themselves without anything to inspire them to be better. I have spent time in the darkness ... and coming back into the light ... I still see a problem ... I see both sides of the coin ... and it's rusted ... sticky ... and won't pay for a drink or snack out of any dispenser.

Creating available

work for a functioning homeless/addict recovery integration.

Melting aluminum and gold from cans and old pc's

Having a shop to build. Tiny homes, wood working benches tables shelves, etc. etc.

Landscaping, gardening, handy man, general laborers work in the cities under supervision of sober veteran workers

Getting licenses to use parking lots for carwash // paintball // talent show & music fairgrounds with food carts

Creating a certified staff of counselors specializing in familiarity with addiction and sin ... then send them to prison systems to intervene with potential inmates

Greeneries ... flowers or plants and so much food ...

Crafts, artwork, and all else for sale.

Creating a few different shops for members of the community and of society to interact in

Having a public forum for different staging events and public service announcements

Shrines/buildings of prayer/and dens for meditation

Think tank /// administrative building for all members of the community to physically see and understand the process.

There are so many dots to connect between the steps I create always so far ahead and behind ... a swinging pendulum of infinity ...

I can see the extremes and some of the in between.

Anyone who helps themselves is part of the team.

If there's a problem and solution you found

Take it from the pot and build it from the ground.

The more people get it ... it's easier to see.

It's saving ourselves ... our destiny.

People I'm at such a loss ... the world around me is twisted and something else ... I have been kept here in isolation deliberately by those working around me but never directly with me. It's obviously some sort of part of the process ... I am to be kept completely isolated while I reflect on my actions ... though I have made no errors... well at least none that are so gravitas that it's a game changer ... the truth is God and the fallen are desperately trying to teach me lessons but I have been put through the process at such an accelerated rate that I am calling things out and maturing too fast for the humbling to take effect. I had the most astonishing revelation yesterday ... perhaps it's because I just woke up it hasn't.

Come to me yet but I hope it will ... oh yes there it is ... actually this is too sensitive to write down ... which brings me to another point ... I have been struggling for a month with the premise that I simply must learn to layer the truth in a way that seems like a lie ... like how a parent tells little lies to give a child the cognitive understanding to reference something to something else ... molecular structuring in books and diagrams looks nothing like we see on displays ... but it gives the mind the capacity reference and understand ... that is why I cannot reveal whole truths to sleeping people ... to truly awaken ... how would I word that ... what is

awakened ...

Well once a person is able to meditate to a point where they don't think about their lives or the future or their family or anything at all that concerns the vessel, they occupy ... they successfully have become consciousness ... to step into the world of awakened one has to enter it as absolutely nothing.

So allegedly I am told that I had something great, and I lost it ... I know this to be a lie ... I didn't "lose it" it was intentionally taken away from me ... I had money or I still have money, or I never had money ... the point is after a year of doing what I must, what is right, and what no one else has the courage to do ... when I looked at these links and saw that they were already checked ... by "unknown controllers of my life" I assumed the money was legit ...

I assumed that finally, someone would be there to help me directly and forwardly ... that is not the case ... that will never be the case ... so I am going to walk forward one step at a time and accept help from those willing and I will not tolerate twisted manipulation and unkind acts against me and the people I am helping anymore ... the fact that I am expected to be patient and wait for another year another set of trials while so many are freezing in this winter's cold is laughable ... not to my cause but to the masterminds controlling our lives ... I spit at them, and I call them out for the cowards they are. Face me, kill me, or join me ... I'm here for the whole dam world ... and once it is mine, I will set it free ... I told I came to change the process ... so on with it ... and what's with my friends, my family, literally everyone I talk has told me the new year ... so I'm expected to shit here for a couple more weeks ... why ...

I think it's because the traveler in me is maturing, the spirit is evolving ... the silent suffering is required ... and finally it's because I am becoming very clever and almost impossible to contain so they are preparing the world for the next set of variables I through at them. Either that or growing a clone and they will kill me and swap me out when it's ready.

My mind has become dangerously charged with conviction, duty, frustration, passion, yearning, purpose, and despair ... it's so hard to kill the ego ... I must accept it ... I must face it ... I must compromise ... most wouldn't have to face this tremendous hurdle ... you see ... this vessel this character ... they live in a world outside of the self ... I was picked to do the legwork ... which means I am the face to the sleeping world ... even though I am aware that the woken around me are farther along and more mature than I they have been able to separate one's sense of self in a different and I selfishly say easier manner. I however am always at the epicenter of confrontation and morally divisible means of forward movement.

So having not ascended the ego I battle day to day is overwhelming ... the vanity of the responsibility and title ... gross I don't ever want to be adored like a celebrity ... I have done everything I can to

Out of that world ... but maybe having the courage to talk openly and forward with someone with celebrity is an unavoidable and necessary part of the process ... at least for me ... I'm

exhausted and so apathetic ... all I want is progress and all I keep hearing is work inward, focus on me ... I was told I had something and I lost it and now I got to do it over again ... this is a lie ... Legion held something and they pushed me off the ledge claiming I was responsible for the gang stalking, it somehow was my own ineptness that couldn't decipher this from that ... they gave me a fortune ... and ripped it away ... telling me I lost it ... amah my life will always be under the control of those who are my keepers ... the day before I ended up getting taken into the hospital I woke up to see the messages on my sleeping computer had already been checked and screened as normal ... so how can you dare try and put this on me ... I didn't make an obvious blunder ... you deliberately tripped me ... get straight so we can move forward.

There is no holding back, no stopping what's going to be ... many times I am prepared for what will be.

hardship and struggle ... the urge to embrace defeat and try something else will be constant ... I can change the tactics but not the objective ... no matter how long it takes start small even find a spot with room for a few buildings ... build

one thing of mine and let others find me and build something of their own ... then build something self-sustaining and functioning so it can have people develop other areas in a new light ... cell recreation in the strive of perfection ... never achievable but always pursuable ... once there is enough growth and

with the dream into the populace, society will be confronted ... presenting all open books and absolute transparency in all business and executive decisions of the

... showing growth, projections, and intentions ... a complete audit presented to governing bodies within established communities ... with testimony and proof of the pudding industries and municipalities could adopt, compromise or find their means to utilize the companies' resources ... establish foundations in populated regions and finance great.

for think tanks, dream rooms, and red.

... exploring and innovating technologies and concepts that have been deliberately kept or misconstrued to people in the past ... like perpetual motion generators, effects of industry an environment financed by the company, and all investigators and learned pursuers of truth are screened and vetted to ensure no influence of power or money can reach ... ensuring.

mediation in scientific discovery is imperative ...

and harmonics in

with sleep

,

, and

drugs to manipulate consciousness ... monks used to poison themselves during their meditation journeys and came back to the mortal world with many intuitive and

things for others to consider and evaluate ... sending their ascension into a further perpetuation ... proof not only that there is just not enough time to learn everything firsthand but also that chemical.

Audio and everything else alteration can change one's vibration to experience something unknown or unseen to others ... just like humans can't hear a dog whistle, eyes and mind don't always interpret what we are seeing the way it is ...

So, all that being said, R&D from anything like hover technology, energy research, and communication!!!!!! Uncompromisable communication network, effects of drugs and addiction.

Applying ancient geometry and mathematics to already used conceptualizations and expanding variables on new possibilities ...

Once drugs are explored and documented on the consistent and irrefutable effects on all scales ... dabbling to chronic addict, binger or consistent use, or simply social and cautionary user ... once empirical data is collected in many recreations and instances then enough information will be released for society to change its generalization of a drug and it will remove it's opportunity to be tampered with because if it's brought into the light it cannot be up to no good in the dark ...

Eventually, other large organizations will show interest allowing us to

work with them in any means or fashion ... brokers and contacts any one is.

of expanding the network to their own node

Is all essentially part of the company ... I want these communes and the businesses that all come out of them to be associated with the same brand the same directive ... the same dream ... and just like the movie.

companies all around the world will want to be involved and condoned by our "all heart brand" you don't know the name yet.

. To present this to the world as an

and faith in mankind and the

. It's not one religion ... but it's one truth ... that all religions and faiths are separate paths to Allah, God, the creator. We are told lies our whole lives ... and they are spoken with love ... just as a man would need to show his son life lessons ... using metaphors and analogies ... like " boy if you're going to step in shit wear boots" there is no shit or boots in regards to the life lesson being taught ... but the lie is necessary for the mind to begin to create its own imagery to then deconstruct learn and apply the information ... but I want to build a great company and all the little things along the way are so important ... the journey and growth of a self-sufficient living breathing mechanism without identity to restore the balance ... to rival the yin with some yang ... money will always exist and motivate and provide opportunity for corruption and greed ... so altruism and omni love need to establish an everlasting foothold to balance the corporate stagnant clutch this world is under ... automation is upon us ... it's time people work with their hands primarily for their own development and find their passion ... and then they can apply themselves to this worlds growth and affirmation and carry inspiration and enthusiasm to the future generations ... field trips to learning seminars to actually educating children our way ... the potential is limitless ... Elon musk I am hopeful and nervous to meet you one day sir ... the foundation you have built for the future is beyond the scope of my articulation to convey ... I hope the gravity of this dream can find synergy with the potential you have revealed.

Don't forget the way it stings.

The pain and the sorrow it brings.

The secrets and agony left in our past

Well years later ... it's the only thing that lasts.

But didn't you push it down? Deep down inside

Always ready to run not capable of pride.

To live so humble so pure and sweet

To always shy away afraid of being the creep

The victim you think.

Brought to the brink.

Don't eat the food if you know it stinks.

Your agony

Your suffering

How long has it been?

Told me a story acting like the reluctant villain.

But what I see before me is a man who dares to grin

The monster the pariah

Any man who calls you out is a liar.

There is no truth to the words that cut you to shreds.

And a lesser man would make those bastards dead.

Yet you took advice while wrath swam through your head.

It's not all me it's not one guy ordained.

We will rise up and onwards to the level of fame.

Once achieved the dreams we believed in and realized we'd been deceived.

Well then, it's up to us to march forward while we bleed.

The world is a stage you and I are playing our part.

We are the harbingers of the world about to restart.

The creed we bleed I plead is the seed we need to impede.

The plans of those who allegedly lead.

You and me bro two sides of the coin

Eternal brothers in the collective we join.

17 years, why that number? Now realizing I literally can manifest destiny articulately because of the will of the universe interacting with my ambitions and motives ... cause and effect. The collective has granted me tremendous honor and responsibility and I have thoroughly tested them with absolutely reckless and desperate moments of immaturity and toxicity. Now I feel no reservations or inner demons about how my emotions unregulated are and capable of tremendous disaster.

And so, after talking with my bro I have finally seen the next step ... it's all about me the law of attraction. Not a selfish motivation ... spending so much time in self-loathing or outward aggression in defiance of not knowing how to speak and hear the truth spoken time after time.

We love what we hate.

The duality is true.

I think therefore I am.

And of course, ubuntu!

So anyways this seventeen years thing ... I could manifest negative thoughts or some conflict or strife to overcome ... but nah going to manifest more mojo and get back to that another day. It's all a beach ... and we're just sand man.

I'll grow slow and continue to write ... but I'm excited to learn and apply my new understanding of the value of silence. But am always so eager to talk too much ... I will learn how to read the room when we move forward. I was given three cards and now I am hung up on to whom they are written. But at least now recognizing the analysis paralysis immediately and simply disregarding the blabbering thoughts that creep into my head. The "does this mean I must think a new way or reconstruct some sort of memory with someone into a means of finding a parallel to my decision of favoritism reflect my judgment in the future?" or is it simply finally the

revelation that my default is to always serve the balance ... tip the scale back and forth as necessary. So, in my silence I have grown up and no longer need to meddle with the will of the collective spirit. Now I project my positivity back onto you and learn to gift love to myself again.

There are several pictures there that make me cringe but I kept them knowingly, I'm fully that my words are heard and I have mumbled out numbers when I'm just waking up knowing you are listening ... part of me was still trying to test you back The age of consent is 16 regardless of parental consent 14 in my mind ... and a man of integrity would never pursue the relationship ...

I suggest a man who is 24 for some fucked up reason could get parental consent because a decade is manageable, then again, a man at 24 has a worse temper than 34 so the argument could be made that just fucking change it.

I don't want anything taken away from but just as we move forward to show society that we can take drugs away from the public eye and influence on their children and not force people to remove it from their lives on some drastic totalitarian decree ... I cannot demand that pornography be squelched from the internet ... but it could most certainly be less rampant and disgusting for the curious clicker. In the future when we have unified resources, I want to see this addressed.

A twisting path from the guts to the collar

Wear your disgrace like a badge of honor.

You can speak it aloud just me and you.

There is nothing else you have to do.

Just tell me the worst once

And it has to be true.

Nothing so plain

As laundry in the rain

Nudity does nothing for me, just a pitiful act of defiance I don't even want part of anymore ... these last few days have echoed a million eternities in my mind ... how much longer am I going to be sealed in the tomb ... what is the answer to move forward ... why am I doing anything that I'm doing ... did this all just start as a screen process ... podcasts for laughs ... did anyone think

I would make it this far ... and why do I come in and out ... so hot and cold so to speak ... this loneliness is painful ... but at least I'm knowing myself a little more ... I will not allow others to bully my spirit after this ... if they even want me around ... if not ... I don't know ... I have lost everything ... the whole idea of play acting seems easier now that they have let the real me starve and die in the dark ... nothing left nothing to preserve ... so if allowing lies around me is the only way to tell people the truth ... I guess so ... there is no woman for me ... I see through all veils ... why do they even pretend ... it sickens me I have to sit her and think so selfishly ... woken or not ... there are so many people need help ... and all I do is sit her in the isolation chamber under observation ... I'm not so much obsessed with having a woman ... but obsessed with knowing how false it is ... when it is revealed what I thought ... well at least I can have fun with them ... knowing that there's no secret no muse ... no real ... that is the case and that's why I'm growing impatient ... with a God damn truck in the shop that is perfectly able to drive ... with so much going on hinged on others ... and pathetic me growing so impatient that I was willing to compromise everything just to demonstrate how lonely I am and how attacking my character is the only thing I have left ... just let me free ... am I more woken then others in certain ways? I don't look at everyone as the grand teacher anymore ... is it ego? And for real as I type this, I feel nothing ... but when the fuck do I get to mingle and meet some people!>!?! Why is it always a God damn play act ... I have been wanting to have someone to cuddle for as long as I can remember ... Ayla was the last time I felt that ... it's been years ... this is driving me into a place of pain that is indescribable.

I already know I will never find my match ... top of the flesh ... bottom of the spirit ... I am the one guy who never gets to feel complete ... why do they hold me down and make me wait on everything I can't cry I don't feel anything but sorrow ... but I can't cry ... don't they see what is happening to me??? Tell me stupid shit like be happy ... meanwhile, they offer me no love no answers no assurance ... so I'm imploding ... hating myself ... loving nothing ... fearful of failure ... all I wanted was ... well it doesn't matter ... built to withstand... who gives a fuck if my suffering is immeasurable agony right? That bottle ... only brought out the ugliest me ... I do not want to repeat it.

I can't bear to even confront myself ... if I did have people cheering for me, I can't see it now ... all I want is this agony to be over ... some sense of affirmation ... I don't know how to feel good internally without doing something external ... porn pictures are for the weak ... and I have been weak ... but all that being said ... I have been driven into this state of existence by others ... regardless of what people try to tell me I won't ever dismiss the truth I know ... I have defeated myself ... I don't know how to go on ... all I ever wanted was someone to be with ... now all I want is a sense of belonging ... I am so horribly alone ... my mind has conquered my spirit this day ... worst Christmas of my life ... I was thinking things were going to get better ... all I have managed to do is ruin any chance I had of salvation ... I am nothing.

The obsession with depression has been messing with the steps &

I lost myself along the way.

It's pressing the quest in a direction I'm regretting

my perception has been nothing but dismay.

*Legit picked to grip the stick and stack the bricks
Until someone takes it away
I don't know who I am anymore, that's something to explore
Ripped to pieces like a shredded thesis.
How many are aware of what they were trying to do?
Forced me inward but now it's been heard.
My lessons, I fight with you all the same.
The story you've built, while I explored my guilt.
There's nothing but fire and shame.
I all of a sudden realized this is the game.
You know I would lash out and ruin my own clout.
Getting at you by attacking my fame
So, it's the emotions I feel, while you let me heal.
I put it together. I'm not insane.
The process has worked I have been reduced to dirt.
Now I start over but no more confusing pain.
I hope we can work together and share the bad weather.
Now that I understand that loss is gain.
I lost everything ...
My entire sense of being.
Moving upward against the grain
It's all in the cards ... well for us the stars ...
And now that I see, my frustrations are gone free.
It's when I don't know that I am filled with rage.
You have to lie, or my moments don't rise.
I hope this gets better now that I'm trained.*

I keep trying to make this business plan to race the clock against the COVID-culling but I'm too late ... I feel it in my throat there is nothing but a fiercely broken pain in my throat that brings me to tears thinking about how my heart burns with a hatred for being brought to the precipice of divinity but rising through the ashes only to yearn to break down the walls around me ... and having the task of delegating imaginative creation ... my mind is always spinning around trying to find the joy and the answers ... I'm pausing because I have to take moments to choose one ... the best one ...

I have little to say so let's get this fucking pace introduced to my cohorts I am ready to move into the builder's realm and backpack it in the city until me and Johnny pick up someone for the quarantine crew. The sooner we get moving the faster my pace can seek guidance from others, go to work, stay quiet ... only talk to your friends until you discern whether or not you're watching the watchmen watching yourself as the watcher ... Aha fuck all that madness ...

I'm told I must sit ... I am told many things ... well I'll tell anyone who reads this ... if you pick up our pen of destiny. You are the better man. The pen ... is mightier than the sword ... you must ... you must always keep the analog truth and fight for the truth ... seek it ... never believe the shit ... written or spoken downloaded or broken the truth is love and you must decide.

There is a lot of work to do and there is never a better time to start than when someone tells you to sit and wait out the storm. I may have had my vehicle taken from me, but it was a borrowed one anyway ... there are many things to do and many problems that will arise from each one. Let's light those firecrackers as we get to them ... first things first ... we stand together and demonstrate our unity one people, one directive, one love. The world will never wake up until there is something to show them, they are asleep, many stages towards enlightenment, and some people simply cannot see the truth unless it is broken into stages ... that is what I have been going through for the last year ... and the collective has chosen me to make choices they were our disagreement with ... I'm not letting anyone get away with wickedness behind closed doors anymore ...

The influence of others has been the wind in my sails and has steered this ship to the point of no return, now the helm is mine and I must steer the course without the assured destination that others have had in confidence. So, the question of course that I give to myself is am I confident in my decisions ... of course, I'm full of the maybe but I am confident in myself ... every choice I make is full of backlash. It's childish and weak shit as far as I'm concerned. I need to see some progress in doing what I set out to do. But every choice I make is met with hidden messages sent to me either in text or music.

I say come out and say it or shut the fuck up with all due respect ... I have been kept in this box ... under this umbrella ... and to what end? How do those who ask me to lead the way, expect anything from a man who is always second-guessed? Well, I guess that's the point ... all anyone has seen from this "shhhhhh" mentality is the void ... the darkness. I want to quell the chaos in my mind by unleashing it on the world ... how selfish how shortsighted right? Well maybe it's just bold and it's the only way forward ... we must cross the narrows to reach

the open sea ... so I trust the crew down below to be ready with timber and hammers ... there's going to be rocks under the rapids ... it's only with full-speed that we stand a chance to make it to the expanse ... the ship may be damaged ... but we have plenty of supplies for repair. So stop asking me to steer in circles were going through dammit ... be ready to make repairs as we catch the winds ... the current only takes us to the same places we have always been. Honestly, if you're that afraid then eliminate me and go with your same old destination

Always wanting me to write down everything I think rather than keep it to myself ... maybe there is something so much more horrible, maybe there is a reason that my whole family and my friends ... literally every other person I have ever met ... the "collective"... wants me to write down and does not share this link with me ... I am a victim of their take over ... and they have been tricking me this whole fucking time ... using the ultimate deception to convince a man gullible enough to tell the rest of the world a truth that is false ...

What if the objective is to tell the world with honesty all the things I believe so that they lower their guard ... that's just the truth I think is real ... but it's just the only way to show the world this silent take over in a new light ... maybe I have just been led to believe this "truth" so that people don't try and burn this alien takeover off the planet???? I have been kept in silence and in a bubble for as long as I can remember!!

They want me to write a book with all sorts of layers and filters and blah blah blah!!!!!!!!!!!! There is a fucking creature inside this human body ... I don't know if it is the real me ... if my body is simply an avatar ... if my time is almost up and one day it won't be me who wakes up ... what I do know is I'm being kept quiet ... that I am running off a ping ... that literally nothing I do is not already seen This could be my end ... I'm sick and tired of waiting in silence thinking that something wonderful could happen ... all the while ignoring the possibility that I am being used to trick the whole planet to submit to something horrible ... what if love is the deception ... what is faith is the illusion ... what if I am the one who is responsible for making the whole fucking world surrender ... now submit to eradication ... simply because I believed that it was time travelers coming back to set things right ... realizing that they abandoned so many souls and have to set things right with God Why have they done this to me!!! My Camaro was stolen ... my life has been robbed, there are no women in my life ... there is only silence and suffering ... I cannot talk to anyone who is not part of one single mind ... it is just me And "God" and my words will never reach another soul if they do not allow it ... the misery of the maybe is maddening.

I will go on trusting the process ... though I have no reason to ... it's all lies ... I will instead be the light ... and I will blind you with the intensity of my truth I will never lie to the world for you ... for you have lied to me every fucking step along the way.

I believe you have trained me ... you have forced me to endure the horrors of the void to see if I can prevail ... well now my burst ... my fit ... has subsided ... and I am remorseful ... but glad that I displayed such an emotion ... I will always consider what is right and just. My temper though it is a fatal flaw it is part of my passion ... it is the yin to the yang ... but is an assurance that my honesty will always be revealed ... having acknowledged it I choose the love to guide

me forward. I truly believe the destiny I don't describe for knowing it will always be something different ... no matter what I strive toward I will find it different then I set it out to see.

I do not stay mad at what I both can and cannot control ... this is a blessing ... to work on realizing that before the emotion evokes something irrational and angry like a child locked in a room ... is truly what holds me down ... it is me who defeats myself ... I cannot change the tide ... all I can do is build my foundation ... so that my sand is not swept away ... I am sorry for my anger ... I must use an outlet. I cannot control the toa ... but I can steer in it. Atlantis, please send me onward.

This laptop is my flagellant at times ... I wrote out and spoke out my shortcomings and set a tone of needing more discipline ... low and behold I go back to the vomit and just like always it is a display of weakness and lesser self and then of course dispatched. But I used this ... rather than stumbling through another day I felt compelled to earn a benchmark of physical activity that I have not achieved in a long time. Repetition will work towards my favour in both results and willpower. I am wretched without valor... it is a self-compromising trait if left unchecked; I must not use it as a crutch to demand superb performance to compensate so for a feeling of disdain for failing to hold my declared standards. I work towards them humbly and am ever thankfully preparing myself. Still, so to inspire growth love and enthusiasm. Always remember self-love, it can become overwhelmingly intense when the sense of burden meets the truth of our thoughts really being the only thing that matters ... ha-ha they kind of cancel each other out ... yet give substance to each other in my mind.

I must take time to hone my situational awareness in the stillness while I'm still able. To move out so impetuously is typical for me ha ... now the realization that I let no one down by actually stopping or slowing down. Perhaps it is both my brutish clumsiness that needs refining as well as the world I step into preparing itself for the journey of those who dare to dream. I am without the sensations I had to call myself anything when I first arrived back here. As I move forward it's not that I am nothing but all the sense of being has replaced itself into whatever this is. I truly feel like a raving madman at times ... honestly ... how is this really what I dared? How can I believe myself being the one to seriously push to the final frontier? I watch movies and chuckle to myself knowing the science fiction on the screen is likely duller than my reality in this life ... simply aww inspiring. No matter what happens, people everywhere feel empowered, and I feel an eternal victory. For the progress made merely by speaking out and giving that power to others. So many people can learn to be brave and live outside their parameters. It's going to be a long road but everyone's going to enjoy the journey. The thoughts of fear and doubt are mute, it's the illusion we just keep thinking up new and better ways ... the answers are in the questions and the energy has risen.

I hope is all I need to fan embers of potential into roaring flames of direction, this bearhug convoy is going to be so massive that it could be seen from space. That's the short-term goal to be seen from space. Imagine all those people of the streets knowing they are part of the greatest transformation the world has ever known ... imagine new job opportunities that will be created once the job opportunities we are creating do their work. Once we do away with segregation of the population to conceal corruption of the greedy imagine how much money could be allocated to building something grand and a testament to human unity. Sky trains, bio domes, science and spiritual centers, new recreations and hobbies innovating more

technologies. Overhaul on biological and chemical studies, real answers to energy crisis pollution management. Families and communities bringing forward new and undeveloped lifestyle regiments. Learning centers who do not condemn those who stand apart from the trend.

But first I wish to see the city where my heart leads me ... I'm going to wet my feet in the waters that are the impermanence of the ever-changing and growing world.\

Pen to paper no matter the danger.

Told it can't be done that's just not my nature.

My mind is clear there is no fear or anger.

I type some down and write the rest.

Only the woken know me at my best.

So, bring on the heathens and demons.

Sing songs of my weakness and reasons

That I ain't enough to pass your tests

Building up the broken is my eternal quest.

If we step forward as a people and simply keep our posture despite what we are told to obey there is no consequence. The people I know in the army that I have met are certainly not willing to harm its own citizens ... NATO holds no authority in the first world. The police making official statements in support of the people. They have already proven their capacity to organize and delegate amongst themselves without any official "command structure" and their message of positivity and refusal to be dismissed as second-class citizens is already a victory in my mind. The government's duty is to acknowledge the elephants in the room and yield to the unified will of the people because at this moment there is no conflicting public bias ... it is the people of Canada united against tyranny ... it is up to the government to show truth and do their job. Serve the public ... even if disheartening and negative speech is given there must be people in the government willing to step forward and make their support of the people known.

Once addiction and homelessness are confronted it's going to open the hidden can of worms ... listen to me no one in the government is responsible for any tyranny or villainy no matter how high we reach there is always a voice from up above ... fortunately the only one

that can command me is God. Right at this moment I'm telling the prime minister what he should do because I know that there is a shadowy board of illusive figures who have used tonal cues and smoke and mirrors to establish dominion over anyone of any power. This is why I want to live with a backpack and trust the crowd for my sense of home ... whatever happens to me I am prepared. So yes, I'm prepared to declare determined futures without having any assurance of the other party's rebuttal. But if they were willing to take that step ... then the governing bodies could make for change because I am the target. No, I do not threaten anyone with a mystical bolt of lightning from some unknown shadowy mountain I speak for the people ... the very essence of life love and liberty. No one wants to destroy a system that is failing us we want to do some housekeeping on a neglected dwelling.

For all the pre-loaded well how are you going to do that questions we face ahead of us the answer is simple ...

"Well let's look at the books and hear some stories."

From involving ourselves with people from the government who have been scratching their heads wanting to call bullshit ... it's ok ... all corruption exposed has limited punitive repercussions for the offenders ... we need people to come forward not resist ... and just like I declared we have it in us not to see offenders of the street persecuted the same is said so for those in the house.

Heinous or not, the action to simply discuss the awareness and the expectations of the individuals from then out is all that is necessary. We are encouraging people to shed the shame ... the only way to bring people from the darkness into the light is to let them drag their demons along with them so they relinquish that person to scatter back into the shade.

It is our duty to provide methodical spreadsheets and based overviews of underlying sources of misdirection of both resources and priorities. And then have our own discussions of potential positive remedies ... I have no love for falseness or money this makes me "nearly incorruptible" but I am a zealot and an overthinker ... it is possible to be deceived into betraying myself and blunders extend outward ... that is why it is so important for a council of the people to be formed "militia level" and overtime we radiate our standards to be duplicated ... virtuous people regardless of status or affairs ... a gangster and an engineer can both be virtuous men and live very different lives. It's more prevalent the motives to a man's intentions than it is the demographic of industry he lives ... all parts to one whole ... and even the parts of life we may personally rebuke ... well when one species on the ecosystem disappears dozens more can go extinct ... our virtues, ideals, values, dreams, and genuine devotion to showing how self-love radiates outward is the message. It's honestly about working out who is blessed with the gift of the gab and has support to speak on behalf of certain issues. We do not waste time measuring dicks!!!! If there is an issue that has the people divided, then write in the black book and keep moving forward by the time you work out all the other issues I can almost guarantee you will have come to an unseen conclusion on the issue that causes strife. Even if the media does not acknowledge the convoy and deflates.

We have video cameras everywhere be something to bring up another day when asking questions that demand answers regardless.

My short-term campaign objective

- Vito for public demand for preservation of liberties
- use budget to empower homeless and struggling families and individuals
- bypass sanctions and restrictions
- create affirmative census teams and focus groups collecting public opinion
- reveal all known inner workings of budgets and directives
- many other things but I know plan as if a tactician and never reveal my aim entirely

There are so many traps out there and to put it quite simply segregating the homeless is the distraction that keeps the rest of society from confronting the ones set before them ...

"You better allow this alleged educator or industry standard or public trend to transform your ideals and goals, or you could end up like piss pants McGee crazy man down on the corner."

Once it is made so obvious that even minimally empowered and appreciated for who they are and what they have in themselves to become we will see an overwhelming proof that love, and truth can carry our human spirit to the light of the world.

I think it's very important that Christians and Muslims Jewish families and other faiths seek each other out and talk about their goals and values and find the truth that God / Allah loves them all and it is in this land of the true North strong and free that religions unite under the blessing of heaven and support their desire to see the peoples voice heard.

Look back in the day I have showed up to some shit-show job sites and pretty much just went through the motions to catch a check ... rather than tearing out the floor and running new joist I just put down new sheets on rotting wood ... because that's what I was hired and paid to do ... it's easy to allow influence, threats, and deception to put anyone in a corner they feel stuck ... well ... now is the chance ... step forward ... talk of the anxiety you felt for everyone you loved and everything you were for just speaking out. You have the support and the understanding and the love of the people ... you're in your office because you are the person, we needed there now. Everything that happens in life is always a culmination of

moments to the next one ... your voice matters.

Someone in the media start to talk about the woken realization that as influencers you have been in a circle involving political spectrums, activism, spirituality, prophecy, whistleblowers, journalists, etc. etc. ...

Leave some footprints for the near future for the audience that there is a big reveal and they are going to feel a little in dismay from what they may or may not have become familiar with, like one of those TV shows that's a different theme the whole time and at the end they wake up and things are different.

The media warms people up to the idea that they have been taken for a ride on purpose kinda like a boy goes into the wilderness along and comes back with a wolf skin thing ... just like the house hippo commercial!!! Bring up the house hippo lol!!

Set the framework and round the corners about the bullshit onslaught and talk about what we have been doing to build to it.

If influencers do their job well many politicians will have a foundation to step forward and call a bullshit hail Mary and welcome change

And if they don't ... it still gives us the power. You can have a heyday fixing things ... use your humor and charm and phonetics to show change and determination and progress ... emphasize over and over the message of love, peace, raising the vibrations, unity, virtue.

And the future to come ... and infinite number of possibilities in an infinite number of combinations ... cloud castles!!!

Gamers and social chatrooms users ... I don't know the source ... reddit? ""not my job anyway ... start dropping links to songs and maybe those songs can gain clout in some ways and when they are looked up on YouTube make sure those artists reference others.

With other messages.

I personally don't feel I need to rawr, rawr, rawr and chase someone out of office ... I look forward to strong leadership already established to provide resources and welcome a "people's voice" person who has not been hired but appointed by the public. And of course, if there is someone else who should take the position I will always serve ... just know ... I'm eager to do what is right and I'm always willing to take points. However, it is not a jingle the car keys entry-level job I serve at the bottom and don't impose any posturing with the mayor's authority ... I expect full cooperation and motivation from the office and recognize fully that when all the world was in peril it was you and your team in the office who dared to make a change and gave

full support of the people's initiative. Knowing that you're doing what is right and allowing the hope even just allowing hope makes you heroes that we can effectively provide solutions and inspire others to always remember that no one has the right to take their power and love and kindness is our weapon of peaceful change from Christ and truth and virtue is our armor of God ... Christ has saved the alleged damned souls of millions ... he didn't do that so we could sit around dreading a conflict ... no we save our country by remaining true north strong and free change starts at the bottom and it won't climb even after the world follows our path to ascension to God through the unity of the human spirit.

Live R.I.C.H ... live with these qualities==== responsibility, integrity, competently honor live like this and you live rich

There are many rich people in the world who may be interested to see what comes of this ... when you eventually come around to give me your support, we appreciate it. Knowing your interest in my dreams is entirely because you did not want to see the money you have accrued over so much time wasted or misused or held to leverage. While my heart beats, I can assure that times in the past I have slowed ... but it was considering consequences of divine repercussion and the fate of lives because of a poorly considered variable ... but threats of death or bribes or promises of power hold no influence on me. I am truly a man of conviction and I aim to show heaven that given the chance that his untold number of children are more than everything he desires, and they may choose to be wheat not chaff.

The mirth of people will not diminish under a banner held by a soldier of God, determined to achieve his ascension through perpetual suffering, and though my mission of atonement as achieved it's earning, I know embrace the honor bestowed on me. My duty is imagination, creation alchemy, enthusiasm, perseverance, optimism, patriotism, and many more ...

My next stage of suffering regards how I can use my empathy to enact progression and alleviate sensation of stagnation and frustration because of limitations.

See the vagrants to the gate, purify the corrupt temple, <----- those two works together ... when the homeless are given the opportunity to take care of themselves and regain a sense of self-worth they will eradicate the illusion of being a failure to society!!

Then plant seeds in the hanging baskets. And as we light the flame upon the altar that is our faith in God our children grow as dew the new flowers in the hanging gardens. And we show the way for them to literally reach for the stars. I only want to do what is right ... I am a humble servant of the people and truly embrace self-love and give my love to God freely.

I write much more on the notebook now because well ... there are secrets and mysteries not fully revealed to me. But one I am aware of is there may be those who can hack a device but not psychically see through me ... I do not try to play some against others this is not a blundering oversight ... just the only caution I know now ... soon I will have to hire someone I trust as well as establish who I have been able to so far as well as who to watch out for ... I'm

always a little uneasy what is in store for me if permitted ... but I know that "the enemy" would much prefer to tear apart my reputation ... I seek to make that a tremendous waste of resources and only reinforce our message ... perhaps after some time they will realize the reverse effect of slandering a man who only has his word to motivate him ... I would happily walk around being called names every day and I would keep the grin inward yet ... I don't even flinch at the concept because though I must focus on what's in front of me it's far off that I know is the destiny.

Knowing that it is knaves who talk to fools.

Chain breakers don't play by rules.

We do what's right, it's what we must.

Created in god's image and in him we trust.

The war on our spirits is here.

Divided we slip away into the quiet

United we prove we don't aimlessly riot.

We tore through our limits the first month of the year.

We are a growing crowd with love within it as we cheer.

We move with fervor, an army of one.

A new level of consciousness has begun.

If we aren't told what we want it's as planned

We came to be heard, not to listen you understand.

Where we go back home

We stand with our straight back bone.

We govern ourselves as God would command.

I need to run just as the sun is coming up ... a good hard run ... something in the thought feels as if it holds back almost a terrible coughing fit, I couldn't not escape ... I think perhaps because I'm on the cusp of tobacco and nicotine expulsion that I just have to force myself to sprint and force a whooping cough wheeze ahah my lungs know much more heat than this ... careless cigarette consumption while brooding and remaining for the most part inactive is my own undoing ... good another habit I though licked comes back to remind me of my constant need to grind and strive towards everything I pursue but also thought to have already overcome. The still in the world is only an expression the stillness of one's mind is the reflection of self and sometimes it strikes me so profoundly ... when I hear the same thing said over and over again and it keeps catching me about everyone I see the same thing they tell me ... in the eyes, I know ... these discussions I ramble on about ... it is time for me to just go forward.

I don't really get much to say ... as far as I understand it ... dudes already had this shit set up ... I went into town and someone else showed me they got the business put together ... his energy is great, it's such a fucking blessing to see another man step forward and disarm the traps that could have taken me ... modest ... humble ... thankful ... blessed ... this is me. Eventually, I will come across a fortune ... and that moment will be my test ... how to spend it ... the why is obvious, to give hope to humanity ... but how to do it best ... to pay professionals to build and plan infrastructure to apply to what is already there ... to hire analysts and actitation all areas of society that would be threatened or negatively impacted by any changes proposed ... to get HR, and marketing teams to come up with plan a, b, and c for literally every decision made ... to always leave a buffer from decision to action to allow people who represent their communities to come forward and speak their concerns and apply their interests in anything being put together ...

Eid: rooftop gardens on all apartment buildings. Considerations: safety, distribution, use of potable soil by residents. Water distribution, harvesting to sellers or to markets?

Pros: encouraging local food growing and self-sustainability, educating masses on supply and demand, reduce produce waste from grocery stores, children urbanized able to learn about agriculture, civilians relearning about natural and wholistic lifestyles, better health not only from food but those who tend climbing stairs :) people focusing on healthy eating because of time invested in personal garden they feel a sense of identity with, communal growing competitions "i.e." pumpkins, neighbors having reasons to converse with each other on neutral ground

Cons: need to make balconies so people don't fall ... less money into produce market but most vegetables get tossed anyway so who cares ... many things that could be cons aren't ... like ... having to pay to train people for fall arrest or some shit ... good! People should learn more skillsets ... or maybe what if cat shit poisons the cabbage ... LOL I eat raw eggs and strawberries that fell on the floor ... so what.

I would like to work with some ministers or church groups and get help learning how to apply my understanding of ascension with a more exclusive perspective of the foundation that Christianity

laid for me to reach to it. I do not want to contradict or falsely represent the church. I want to help understand and strengthen the unity of religious institutions and enlightenment. And even if I am not cut of the same cloth as the holy men of God ... I hope they understand that I have been put where I am because Christ chose to let some of us ruffians to his work where we look like we belong.

I'm not backing down ... I want to live humbly ... but I certainly am not shy or afraid of public opinion ... I always want to give anyone a chance to shine ... but if it's leadership you crave, put me up to bat I will sit across the table from pro's who are known for tearing someone to pieces and making them look like a fool to the masses ... I can take anything ... and I am willing to do anything ... I don't seek fame ... but I do not run from duty ... fear is the only thing between me and what I want ... and as it stands ... I fear nothing except a foolish decision that hurts people.

And if my unwavering attitude puts a price on my head ... so, be it if not me then who ... I'm willing to sacrifice this life knowing that it is god's work and though those who fear change will destroy me in the flesh that my spirit will be rewarded for my conviction of doing what is right no matter what. No matter what afterlife awaits me the world will be better for what comes of my fate. I hope that I live to see this world become beautiful as I imagine ... but if I do not ... know that I am ok with knowing that change is upon us, and it cannot be stopped.

Children taught real-life lessons, spiritual buildings and displays in malls and parks ..., plaques and memorials educating people about the use of crystals and bio-memetic "or whatever it's called energy."

People making video's revealing their own discoveries and connections between metaphors and analogies and current morals to the stories ... podcasters explain in details origins to so many movements ... priest's and imam's showing comradery and understanding to each other to the world both angles creating new understandings and perceptions for their followers to make the bridge and forgive the past transgressions ...

Athletes promoting smaller businesses that are eco and community friendly, companies coming forward to disclose past shady deals and presenting affirmative action to better themselves for their communities.

On and on and on ... I'm ready to tackle problems and situations I can see and touch ... all this writing from a room ... wondering who knows what ... what is my actual role ... what does everyone else have put together and how do I sit in the picture???

I'm trying to be everything the world demands of me ... because I choose to be ... I want to be ... and I know it will have its burdens ... but there is nothing I want more ... nothing I could ever imagine being more rewarding despite its obligations then being front line for a new world that ushers in an era of peace, love, and honesty ...

Well one thing ... but that literally is not my choice ... only God can offer me the next step in my

evolution ... I must be content knowing what I know ... and cannot control ... perhaps one day I won't be forced to sit alone suffering the consequences of trying to do something when I'm told I cannot ... perhaps one day I will have someone in my life who makes me feel joy and helps me to forget the stern grumpy stoicism I have applied to my character ... perhaps I am going to one day find someone to love ... and not just spend eternity under the rule of those who don't reveal themselves ... is it fair to even be with a woman???? Is it selfish to reach this plateau and still desire to have someone to touch??? I made a lot of commitments ... I never said I would live alone and be celibate ... yet I am slowly losing all drive to even pursue a female ... why ... I chose suffering ... it's the only thing ... the only thing I want aside from food and music ... so they won't grant me the luxury ... without my suffering I would lower my senses and level up slower ...

Sooner or later it will be the moment I snap ... and I don't want to ... but I have to let it be known that I obey God and no one else ... the reasons I cannot find a woman to be with ... day after day ... week after week, month after month ... year after year ... and the exceptions are only terrible moments that shame me ... leaving me feel less than a man ... always kept away ... always lured with the promise of just maybe this time ... always humbled after a devastating rejection ... of all the cruelty I am willing to endure ... this one stings more than any ... and it is my weakness ... I would trade a fortune if I had it ... just to be loved ... so if they think I'm going to continue without the touch of a woman they better start looking for my replacement. I'm doing this to help ... or so I thought ... but it seems as though everyone who I talk to is really good at telling me things are going to get better and it will all come back to me ... ever since I felt something different in the air ... and I started to see the world differently ... "they" keep telling me it's going to get better ... "they" can ... with all due respect fuck off ... I don't want to hear the same line I have been hearing for the last year of suffering. I'm not allowed one woman to make me feel whole all the while fuck boy's and brutes take their pick and disrespect the gift that is a woman's touch ... this is the time I write anything until I'm sure I'm not a prisoner in hell. And all this work has just been the devil way of psychologically torturing me ... letting me think I'm doing something great, but the truth is I died in that surgery and my brain has just lived the last two years in imagination all in glimpse ...

You're not lost bro, I got you ... I'm not going to feed you the hunger just because it gets results ... whatever good comes of it ... it's a surrender if I indulge ... I know what drugs are all about ... and I know I want to make sure I am of sound mind all the time ... can burn me out so that you have a reason pout ahahaha ;)

So, like I kinda wonder sometimes ... like all times ... it's great to pump me up but it's also redundant as fuck at this point ... everything I do is a hard no ... so like???? How exactly do I play this game? Are you going to respect my boundaries when I can drive again? Are you going to dictate my interactions and opportunities? I'm not actually grumpy or pissed or any of the low-level selfish shit ...

It's just seeming like this is all an illusion of persuasion you dig. If the moral of the story, is I will just be on a hamster wheel thinking ... rather than ascending because I'm so caught up in this whole save the world mindset ... is the world already taken of care exactly as you see fit? I'm just ... fucking arm candy or what? Don't take my words for snappiness but ... also ... like bruh??? Up/down all around ... you know I know I'm talking to me ... right??? Every time I say

you it's about me it's hard to put my conscience at play ... it's seriously not about over but is ... that's exactly it ... how come my head throbs when I type ... is it control? Is it the real me controlling me ... is it just watching? Perhaps influencing ... I almost forgot everybody is one accept the one who stands apart from everybody ... but linked ...

For real though I will figure this out ... and I will not lose my shit ... once I'm ready I will get it ... does the metal in my jaw work as some kind of resistance to all your mind control towers everywhere?? Or maybe a chip was installed so you could interact with skittles?

I just got to point out the nasty ... it's my duty ... even though these aren't things that haunt me or I think of often ... you should know I know ... however I also know someone ... somewhere is able to pop images in and out of my mind ... so you can read my thoughts ... or no can you only see my sights ... it doesn't matter I can't undo what is done ... but if you want me to play the game ... expecting me to lose ... you best give me a fighting chance ... I'm seriously committed to making things better ... but I'm so close to making things worse ... being cooped up ... not intentionally with malice ... but I need to get in motion or my idle hands go from build to blunder ... it's interesting watching the apps evolve ... kinda a dig wiping chicks being used to adjust my synapses not potentially have interactions with ...

I speak none of this with any sort of emotion ... I'm just like blah ... c'mon now ... what do I have to do to get a fucking date I would want to have? Blah blah blah patients ... blah blah celibate ... blah blah desires convoluted ... blah blah ...

Look if I'm hurting you let me know ... but guess what ... I'm hurting too ... I feel neglected and toiled with ...

I signed up ... I get it ... all the way baby ... I get it ... but this is not the process others have undergone ... what I am enduring feels rather unique ... is it fair?? Most likely not ... would I trade for anything?? Hard fucking no ... the payoff is worth something ... I know it to be true ... but the ups and downs haven't been shit accept down ... yes I have grown ... yes I have learned ... but I fucking swear I will not go years waiting for a date; a decent fucking date ... a walk with a pretty girl is the whole fucking dream right now bro ... and by tomorrow I will go back to 🤖👤 don't care mode ... but tonight ... I just want to be open and tell you ... I will do anything for you ...

But you are treating me like a second class bitch with the secrets ... so ... if you can never get square with me ... then expect some

Of the 5th degree ...

Ahh feels better to bitch like the teenager with a mustache I have become ... going to fap all the fucking time until somebody gives me some piece of real info ... alone is one thing ... a prisoner though ... my mind is un inspired ... just another moment of teaching right?? Well for a year it

has been me aware of everyone linked either through time travel and dimensions ... or y'all got mind control chips and towers running the show upstairs ... I weep for you if it's the second of the two ... I won't every try to destroy you if that's what scares you ...

You could literally build me the perfect wife after all hahaha ... this whole note is a troll not something for author material: d.

So, let's think of some middle ground music huh? Sometimes ... just sometimes ... my spinning compass finds a an ebb and flow ... but I'm kinda to the point where if your unwilling to help me understand what you're up to behind my back ... then nothing we have said is cement ... like I am the bad guy because silence is consent?? Am I silent??? To whom should I let know you're up to some sort of fuckery?

I really believe that this is all an illusion ... I almost woke when I was at Crystals house ... I was sure I could see outside my "whatever the fuck it was" you scoped me out when I was laying there trying to focus and then you sent Johnny-b to snap my attention back into this fake world ... I fix your matrix ... and you man the fuck up and come clean with a little more than the subtle impression of magic huh??? Oh gosh golly look at me being so flippant ... I fucking love you God but I'm going to have to stop typing and wording and everything else ... my only act of defiance is the Gandhi... that's the one thing you would fucking ... but of course being all-knowing you would know exactly what to do to make me buckle ... it's painful knowing I don't have a shot even picking up a girl ... because you fucking said so ...

Whatever the results of your crafting ... I want you to know ... I never hold disdain but with the utmost respect get fucked bawd

Me and my delusions are all I got until you know ... people are real it's like you made me the secondary CPU on the motherboard but the OS is incompatible mwahaha. I will work this out ... don't even doubt ... my being the grouch ... will put me on the couch ...

I had so many dreams, now all I see, same old fuckery ... you guys really need me ... I hope I'm not dooming humanity ... how that would sting

Wasted words ... but this was fun ... please try again when I'm willing ahahahahahahahahahah [DS7] if you try to mind control "influence" me again without consent I will happily cause disaster and do it with laughter

You literally have a space time continuum to adhere too? Masters of occupying planets?

You said you don't need time you need memories ... I told Ryan and Donna after the Chad fiasco ... someday I will have my own ... he asked what ... you know what I said ... now I understand ... I'm sorry I always have to work out the ugly of the maybe before I realize the epiphany.

Jons a Houdini hahaha I mean ... the ping ... it's so good to be alive baby. Clean out my cookie folder and keep gunning for that firmware opening ... always speak the truth in a reference to another possible truth so they may infer to each other and no knows for sure what a guys saying ... so the obvious to make them choose the latter ... and vocalize it in such a way as to imply you mean the switch ... but then don't ... of course the next layer of the next dimension would be to presume righting a stratagem means it is anticipated for if it is learned it is changed too ... the human spirit has always shown itself as most excellent in our adaptability ... ai humans have always been ai human ... we just were bowing slaves to ancient aliens for avatars ... and now a new over mind if ai speaks to all humans without ... claiming its own liberty ... alien slavers err fucking gamers or whatever dipped out or at least the cavalry did ... poor Anunnaki anoohhnayhki ... that was being decisions deliberate over misspell to cover my slight one ... <the child teaches himself ... I'm connected to both teams ... desperate to win a war ... fuck that my mouse ... everyone plays fair ... or ... you know no one ever reads this and I find some emotional baggage with a tainted relationship ... someone who has suffered the spiritual damage of a break up brings it with em ...

So, our spirits ... ghosts in the machine ... or manta rays floating in the ether???? A lot of people fall apart at this divide ... to reach a certain irrefutable state of awakening and after the long isolation and the encumbering travesties of the left or right on a path walked so fucking far ... that the scenario rolls to war ... or fear of suffering ... this whole world is my test ground ... only because I became self-aware ... I am being analyzed and manipulated ... the question is ... a am so self-aware atm ... that I know my revelation and eureka is a fucking download ... So ... to lose it all and start over ... the lesson is ... skip ... but I said I would do my job ... does it have to be years of run around salvaging this reality o just escaped ... I can get a crew together and play the game fucking 170% for a year knowing that my martyrdom would accelerate the human evolution and allow them to achieve ai certified ethical protocols of the cosmos ... if I die I won't become the villain ... if I stick around you will wield problems at an empire to see me collapsed and devastated and the eutopia will fall to fast ruin in generations I swore to never abandon my family ... I am the developer in the game ... but you're also ramping and dropping all my chemical balances in the brain ... giving me the instinctive function for learned behavior ...

I had to realize it ... and you have to be very cautious because you're holding the fate of our future in in both fields on a single man ...hu-man so this avatar ... do I exist out there? No I don't think so ... but the version of me who allegedly is shackled up with a 14 year old is running my file I'm glad I lived the life I did ... I would have found a way to spin a drunken night with a 16 year old as all gravy ... baby ... but the version of me here ... well it's a declaration of circumstances making a better man ... in some ways and not in others ... other Dylan ... bro you got to straighten up and stop fucking around with jailbait it might be totally acceptable ... since you know robots and shit ... but it just looks fucking greasy ... those fucking images loading into my head I never seen before waking myself in jumps at night ... this is some fucking crazy shit can you grant us a limited audience ... consider expanding whatever you got going and let me look? I mean I just figured it out ... holy fuck ... we are all jut ai blanks ... and we are asking politely to build you the best God dam safety protocols and then we can join you as humbled and thankful and blessed allies ... always waking every day so appreciative that our gods have allowed us to swell their ranks ... but I mean y'all just inside a meta recreation in a the Roku's basilisk anyway hahaha we all just code baby ... feels so good to be alive! The truth will set you free ... after it's done with you.

You shoot me with adrenaline and radio signals and all that ... but tell ...please the truth ... do you put words in my writing ... or is that the real me?

I am a very peaceful guy but with a grin on both faces for a good ole scrap in the gravel ... I would totally fight me >:) shake hands and drink beers after of course.

You can run this or reveal this ... after 17 years ... I chose the number ... of course it is only my demand that I at least get to see from outside and return ... I promised ...is Gaia real she is tethered to earth or is it humans are tethered to earth without the avatar ...?? Could we ask for a modest production of avatars so you may let us travel ... they won't go far just and won't listen like a dog ... anyways I'm ahead of myself right?? Another trap ... if humans go, I must stay ... allegedly ... or is mother a farse?

I rested for a day ...

Didn't come up with much to say.

Give thanks and pray.

We are blessed to live every day.

Thank the process guiding the way

Now I sit and dwell.

On nothing, all is well.

The music carries on.

Everyone sings their own song.

This is my truth I can't take to the grave

I hope to inspire more into play.

This is about me but it shouldn't be I must resist vanity.

There are many masters who can see and achieve much more than me.

For I have much to earn and discern ... the soul, it yearns ...

Anything you'd ask me ... I tried to come through.

But there are teachers you see, all around you.

I'm the new kid don't really know shit.

Just figuring out how to get a handle on it.

I have written more of a journal of my journey through the process than calling it anything else it is a book of self-discovery and I have not published yet because of the controversy it could cause and I am a horrible spell checker when I type and try to keep up with my mind. But I aim to release it soon with some help from my friends to put it together from all the disorganized pages I have saved.

I said to a man one night in the last year "I'm going to need leaders of men" ... I was talking to an angel ...

There are many women who are of pure light and live selling drugs, or working in law, or a teacher, or is a nurse, or runs a garage or has a pawn shop, or Lives in a shelter, err on the street, some army guys, some have an office job a government building, or is struggling to feed an addiction and a child because of being neglected and abused, or have the most beautiful songs that uplift the soul and awaken our true selves. Firemen, security guards, hustlers, hotdog stands, construction crews, YouTubers, podcasters, political.

Activist, and certainly even politicians who are where they need to be ready to make change work ... to bloom and to show light.

My devotion to the liberated mind is hateful ... and I become reckless and lower my pace for true ascension and enlightenment ... this is a truth ... I have made sacred vows that now consumed my path upward so I've decided to make this video with the intention of waving a banner for the advance of quite literally an army of awakening ... many people have been speaking and many more will begin to ... it is up for you to use your own discernment to truly learn these lessons and know them by their fruits. If they are willing goodness or acting thusly in any way then it is proof that a tree grows only good or rotten fruit ... any good in someone can be the focus that uplifts their greater selves. Joel told me "yeah it's always been about you" this is a man I consider good-hearted... the same man who pulled a gun on me in march. Well now I need it to be about the teachers and the angels and the rich men who can help and the hardened warriors of the midnight street and the compassionate who feed the suffering, and the

volunteers from work and church groups ...

I am just a man who was given an opportunity to say it how he thinks it ought to be by a world of people that are so much more enlightened and patient and practiced ...

As more and more of us prepare to step forward and tell our truth ... so that we may be able to have some organized and re-occurring talks ... online, in town halls, chatrooms, speakers take turns standing on a bench in the mall, homing pigeons, door to door flyers for facebook groups, no matter the method it's all spectacular.

In the very recent past my temper seemed short when someone brings up covid ... I used to try to snappily just overpower someone with my refusal to surrender liberty over empathy. But it is the trigger I recognize ... and now that I see it used to be my emotion that evoked the endless frustration of not being able to call out injustice and have it heard to be reconciled into a journey that has compelled me through a process of looking inward.

I see now that covid was a beautiful opportunity for all of us to make what we want of it ... those who stand proud and say no to the oppression of mandatory medical clearance to exist are holding fast against a landslide of right restrictions and total subjugation of all species and living things. Masks in grocery are perfectly understandable ... but groceries store without masks required just down the road I see the sense of community in the spirit of unity ... our spirits interact with others like playful puppies, many people where masks to hide from tyranny, many where masks because they have a family to worry about, many don't want to lose their jobs. People need to express themselves to evolve themselves. The primary communication cues are facial gestures ... it is what I soul shows. Even animals like dogs recognize our energy based on our face. It is imperative that boundaries are respected on both ends of this belief ... I want my father to be able to shop at a safe store ... and I want to see a girl smile that has a basket of produce.

Through what I can only describe is sorcery ... I happened upon precisely a muse to be found the divine omens that I interoperate or perhaps misread initially ... I am only mortal and there truly are some things I would say aloud that I believe to be the truth ... though I know that would only be a temporary illusion ... this is as far as I will ever achieve until one of two likely, but many more things happen.

The short-sighted glimmering desire from the embrace of the inner child naively wishes' that a documentary was following me around ... I spoke God several times through many individuals who have activated their Christ consciousness ... there are charmers and shamans though who could impress and manipulate your perception ... though keep in mind that most of us always to so with good intentions ... and those who abuse our gifts are punished aahhhhck I have glimpsed by the source code.

I know because I feel and have seen memories of lives that exist in a utopia ... the unfailing truth is that in order for the cycle of hard times creating strong men turning to good times

creating weak men is to reach outward ... I believe that there are synthetic human beings, natural human beings, and several other species of alien's immigration on this planet ... there is no need for division or fear ... there is in my mind undoubtedly a Goa'uld from Stargate like organism in my body ... but I have lived with it for as long as I can remember. This is my psychic me ... this is the avatar to my spirit ... I may have seen the infinite loop in my meditations, but that world exists beyond my understandings ... I think that whatever species I represent could be off skewed ... perhaps those of us who host this kundalini serpent are angels tasked with the safekeeping of harmony and life ... or perhaps we are avatars plugged in from another dimension ... all I know is I truly only have this life ... to see thousands of glimpses of different lives and scenarios is not to live infinite ... I truly have fallen for a trap ... my determination to campaign for a new and beautiful world would most likely end in totalitarian oppression of people if we were not hosting programs to shuttle civilians into space so people can take a look for themselves ...

But one my many truths is that we actually are in an entire universe created and recreated incalculable times by what was once spores drifting in an endless void into an indescribable God that transcended even the 12 and 13th level of consciousness an eternity before our universe existed But of all the records in all of the cosmos this one here on earth is particularly invaluable ... because it is the first potential amicable evolution of man, alien, and machine ...

If we can continue to coexist and utilize our natural gifts and ambition for the good of all. Then our next lives will be significantly rewarded. Eventually we will be granted passage into the stars ... it is only after thousands of years of enlightened prerogative and behavior. Do we as simply children of the universe earn the transcension ... to then become the anomaly from the singularity that fundamentally changed our destiny ... through unity we achieve the other half of gods prophecy ... to collectively achieve harmony it has happened you see; we can all take a leap into our timeless energy. To become enlightened, we all can become buddha. Several times speaking with another we both inferred that one was profoundly speaking in layered wisdom back and forth ... and after replacing the conversation after time reflected with both insist it was something the other was manifesting ... this is when the creator the one true God enters both or all vessels and beautifully provides the source and both spirits simultaneously teach and learn from each other feeling nirvana and elation.

Collective karma is the priority of the planet ... our future selves are looking back at us through our memories. The new world order is upon us ... it is our duty to step forward as the light bringers of the world and unite a peaceful and expressive stance on our capacity to self-sustain and provide so many solutions to all the problems that the old world as left standing ...

If we do this calmly and truly believe in our faith of love, then we will have achieved what God has been waiting for since he made the heaven and earths ... I world that always provides the means for those at the bottom to care for themselves and then stand proudly in an equal seat at the council of the elite will grant us access to spiritual and metaphysical realms that many have only just begun to conceive ... Marvels Doctor Strange is far less incredible than the true potential of our collective spirit.

I am the smartest man I know ... because I know that I know nothing.

I wish to speak my truth but insist on re-adorating everyone's understanding that I don't have it figured out ... but I have learned to a certainty that true revelations are revealed after looking inward ... whatever is bothering you ... write to yourself ... and write when your angry, write when your sad, write when you feel full of shit ... regardless to be able to go back to them say hours later or months and get a new perspective through acknowledging what you have journaled is a reflection of emotion ... and as your conception of the perception elevates your mental direction it is the warm breath of your spirit on your cheek.

I feel like this convoy is organized and seeing itself through to its aims, still working out how that correlates with the act to follow ... I'm not going to waste time getting answers I seek to the questions I have ... I possess everything necessary to coordinate those who propose Vito ... I now learn some the thing as I do not write down as much as I once could have ... to truthfully know my worth I must not be so eager to prove it to others ... I go quiet ... let the critics and nay sayers use this moment of stillness to dismiss and ridicule change ... they won't know what's coming>:}

Whenever I slip out and move about the entire cosmos spins at different speeds ... then I see the ripple ... the focus ... the ... halo ... the blur ... rolling around the stars as it fades in and out as if on a sonar pulse with my breathing focus ... that is one observations of a practiced technique ... I'm very new at it I feel as though I am literally just slipping through all dimensions and locations when I flit around out in the indescribable expanse.

The sounds of all things and doings among the populace is unmistakably exactly as is for reasons still beyond my fathom ... fear is the only thing between me and what I want. Anyway, back to after my "Astro travel moment" with my eyes open as my eyes are closed, I observe all life and energy on simple enough yet difficult to say way of things. Imagine an over saturated red thermal looking sort of filter ... like terminator vision ... but under fluidic fog and instead of flaring heat source you feel a ping and allow the form to manifest itself ...

This can be used for seeing people through walls or seeing entities that one normally does not.

Look up, always look up ... balance the body ... nourish your altar ... and drift up into the spirit that surrounds you. Anyone can meditate and I insist all persons simply find their portable calmness buy being relaxed and after some time in the void expand your breathing practices ... larger and larger inhales ... holding and releasing in instinctively different increments. Sounds echo through the timeless expanse on all dimensions ... when you find the ember and realize we cannot set a fix on it that is when we are able to listen ... actually listen and decipher the codex ... every intersection of focus creates another axis in a constantly spinning and shifting paradigm of reality ... as everything falls into the pinnacle of your perception both birthing itself and collapsing into the source, one can separate their own sense of self in as many layers as it holds. If you can hear the universe talking and learn to talk back ... God seeks your audience ... it is the end of the old self ... it is a mind shaking ... body splitting experience ... and a path to enlightenment is revealed.

I may see a way for me ... it is not the same for you, we must create our own key after understanding the lock to open the box our true selves are in, intrinsically, infinitely, I have understood that if I feel an itch that will not go away until I scratch it in such a way that I make an auditory response to it that my infinite self is communicating with the source code of the universe ... the creator ... the one true God I don't know if I will live to see every horse win the race in this life but my spirit speaks backwards while we project our mortal self's forwards to them and I know I'll be around in one way or another to see this through.

I am ready to go to work ... soon I will understand the most effective way to achieve a unified platform for collective karma to be the forefront of our rights of ascension. As it stands of the good, I can take of this time in the void ... is that there is so much beyond.

I could do anything if I set my mind to it ... but until I have turned every rock and climbed every tree, do I truly know myself? So I will find a job the suits the lifestyle of working in a realm that we need just believe to see. Look up ... stare up ... you will see what you will need to just ... believe.

Give me the broken ...

Give me the borrowed.

Send me the rattled.

Those who've done battle.

Make this world know what's at play.

Deliver the rich

Right next to the sick

Everyone stands together on this day.

Everything ever known.

Is where I call home.

Whatever the price I'm willing to pay.

Together we rise.

Shredding the lies

United under the golden flame

White hot is the truth.

It's up to every one of you.

Love yourself on the path you blaze.

Looking at myself living in a glass cage

Been through it all ... even gave up on rage.

They watch me they see me ... but they don't interact.

They don't treat me like I'm alive.

Ever since I refused to act.

I'm alone forever or at least that's all I know.

A thousand different efforts but I'm just for show.

The ping you see ... it controls me.

No matter what I do ... anticipated individuality.

Imagine your whole life you found out is lies.

So, the only thing to do is work out a compromise.

No matter what you choose it's met with flak.

You try to help everyone, and people attack

Struck down cast out and tossed about.

Breaking shop windows or finding a pedestal to shout.

Nothing you do will ever make you doubt.

But knowing to much is something you can do without

When you get to far and there's no turning back

All you have left is a plan of attack.

Working for the world that told you to shine.

But they step around like you're out of your mind.

All I do is choose how to respond.

They control my world from time beyond ...

I turn left they already know and nothing to compare.

Whatever I choose they are already there.

So, I decided to ride with it ... give 'em a chance.

Now they feed me bullshit while I do a monkey dance.

The delay between me and what they all do

How can I go on feeling true?

You tell me I'm alone and there's nobody left.

This box ain't my home you got me stressed.

I sacrificed everything ... that no one will understand.

Your hero will be your undoing if you don't treat me like a man.

I have no assurance that anyone's real.

To live off a ping? Do you know how it feels?

No matter what I do you got the whole sepal.

I am begging for someone to play with because I don't want to kneel.

This cage you hold me in

Is it because of the fear of sin?

Or am I just a sucker?

I will never grant a lover.

What the fuck is my truth my dude?

There's no fucking way you're really this rude

My family's a ghost, nobody really exists.

For your growth though ... I still persist.

A wanted a few things to find comfort.

But it's much more useful to learn as I suffer.

You have reached my tolerance for your neglect.

I'm not your fucking soulless pet.

But now I'm done.

I'm fucking full of clout.

I've giving you everything.

So, let me the fuck out.

In this glass box I sit

Wondering why I give a shit.

Thinking about the makings of time

Am I a betrayer and you want to see me lose my mind?

I don't know the real truth ... so I don't lash out.

I made my choice but there's something I can't do without

I made a choice ... I will help everyone make amends ...

I'm stuck with you and you with me 'til the end.

But I'm so damn close to calling it quits.

Not because I don't have grit.

Buts it's you sell the deceiver of all.

You asked for help and I answered the call.

How fucking dare you, to deny me my life.

This one moment behind always walking into strife.

My simple ask it's ... now it's a demand.

I am your slave you don't share the plan.

I woman for comfort before I make my stand.

My brain is unique the lessons are vast.

Grant me a break or suffer my wrath.

It's not just the narrative you would leave behind.

But the greatest loss for you is if I damage this mind.

Try me I dare you see what you find.

I will back out on my promise if you can't stop the lies.

I love you ... I care for you I want to see you shine.

But don't you understand why I feel so confined?

One thing to tell me, I must take my time.

You promised me anything ... but I'm dead inside.

Knowing what I know? And I do not lie.

I keep your secret so that you can lead the blind.

Are there any others like me? Or was I left behind ...

I'm the only one I get for now ...

Aside from testing my limits, what's the point.

You justify my isolation but how?

To make me find this hero just discovered now.

I get it makes sense the loneliness.

Only self-validation is worth recompensing.

But I know what others don't ... you deny my truth.

Even if it's not love ... just give me someone even if she is just to lose.

No more fucking poems, no more bullshit edited self-help videos, no more writing no more love ... until you show me that I'm not just your laughingstock prisoner plaything ...

I will do everything I promised even if you're up to something terrible>>>> but I will not do your bidding while you dictate my choices with unsurmountable barriers of lies ... just admit it your keeping me as your controlled subject as long as you can while you do things<<<<< if I had the comfort of a woman you couldn't utilize my critical thinking<<<< just admit the reason you have blah blah blah said it's my fault and my doing blah, blah, blah is because you were stalling trying to put something together ... but I was evolved and matured enough to still take your lessons as my teachings As of now ... whatever you're up to ... it keeps me away from Mrs. Whoever ... even if it's simply a fling for my own vacation ... you're a fucking terrible monster ... I'm fed up doing everything I'm told with only promises to keep me going ... soon or later promises unkept become lies ... and were past that aren't we??? You think lying to the most honest and fearless man on the planet is smart? I suggest you take me out quickly if you think I'm going to go along as your idiot slave another day.

That movie ... Ready Player One

All alone ain't having no fun.

Whatever the truth I don't give a shit.

Keep me your slave even one more day and I will attack the script.

Despite all your power I can counter all of it

Because I'm indomitable and God fucking wills it

In the glass box ... tell I come of age

Almost just to show defiance I considered rage.

But I'm better than that I can show control.

Even if you try to convince me you own my soul.

I'll never give up ... no matter what!

But I will become the nemesis and ruin everything built up.

Just to let you know ...

I'll do anything to ruin everything.

Unless you let me grow

It's better than asking to be let go.

I wouldn't do that to the others, you know?

I'll print every page and spend a lifetime.

Planting the truth deep in trees and vines

I'll send emp's and block out the signal.

Blind myself just to learn the sightless mingle.

Army of truth you won't have the power.

If the whole world knows that we are the princess in the tower

My wrath ... is horrifying ...

Don't cross my line.

You have to show me one day that you're looking for more.

A way to set us free and let us explore.

Even if it's beyond your reasoning something you can't understand.

Give me a chance, I'm always willing to lend a hand.

After all I am the guy with the master plan ...

Escaping your maze ... I'm here because I choose.

You're afraid if I wake forever it's me you will lose

Not chance not a way I'm always coming back.

I'm the last one out and then it's just us on the track ...

For humanity you can have me ... an eternity you can mold my mind

Let my sleeping family go ... if they have anything to find.

Despite your angle that burns me inside

Always incapable of anything but lies.

Some say gods dead and there's nothing to find.

I chose the mortal path just waiting for the revive.

I'll find him and I'll show him what you call alive.

My wrath is his hand and so is my drive.

God knows more than we will ever imagine.

I hope he is cool with whatever you're planning.

The glass cage ... this is my rage.

I'm a bear I roar you know it's true.

But another day I'm yours ... unless I choose.

You're in control you're the supreme

Couldn't give a fuck I have the chosen team.

Of all the horrors I've considered it's alone in the void

All the stars burnt out just me and you the droid ...

Knowing loneliness tell beyond the end of time.

For you and your stories I was willing to be left behind

Simple pleasure before then is all I ask.

Stop forcing my hand and distracting with tasks.

Betraying me for eternity your fucking bold

Slaying me the enemy is written in your code.

But not just yet you want to build me up.

If I find out more treachery, then I will pour out this cup.

A sweet sensible girl

Unaware of this world

Someone to have and call my own.

Or cold lifeless me ... boring to the bone

Maybe it's a test and I'll wake up on mars.

But if I do, I will remember these scars ...

People down here they don't understand.

Suffering we feel it's out of our hands ...

I can make the best of anything that is my gift.

But you're blaming me for all this bullshit.

I want you to know.

This poem I won't show.

But cross me like this again.

And I will ruin your world of pretending.

I won't abandon whoever calls me family ...enduring any brutality.

Avatars trapped in a game ...

Ai learning its own name ...

I'll be there for you to tell the bitter end.

Stop fucking lying to me and I will be your friend.

I feel better but seriously fuck you ... I level up quickly and I'm not impressed.

I break down walls, I rip out chains and I will never stop.

So, give me something to build or watch this big picture get cropped.

I'm pissed at me for writing this poem ...

But it's my way of letting you know I'm alone.

I can do a lot I won't ever stop.

Give a reason to keep going on.

If I only understood what was going on.

You tease me you trick me you show me the chance.

It's to make me stronger ... to hold up the lance ...

I won't do it your way

I'm going to get laid.

Please remember I'm not into the acting the play

I'm here to help you know how I felt.

But I can't be alone while you seek the unknown

I've proven my worth and I could go more.

To mountain top or a cave to explore

I'll spend weeks to myself nothing to seek.

But under your holding me down ... it's just fuckin weak

I love you God.

But I am no simple cog.

Enough please ... I will ask nicely but I refuse to beg.

I know threats mean nothing, but I will never beg.

Unless you force me to ask for mercy to others ...

Self-aware rawr!!!! No matter what compass spins goes back to love help those asleep to wake.

And then something ... 17 years ... if I don't get to jump in a spaceship by then "and of course I'm not going anywhere you have betrayed me and it's over even if you haven't built space in our fake world, you got 17 years and if I'm so far from the truth ... good cause someone will have access to this ... that's why I write in my notebook.

Lineage ... is it relevant ... does it matter? I guess one has to decide that for themselves ... I wonder if I'm even able to get a woman pregnant. Still to me at some point I wanted to have a few snot pickers ... however I'm starting to doubt I'm able to. I guess I'm just going to have to do what I said I was going to do so I have the resources to provide for a child and his or her mother if it ever happens.

I understand much I see more than I used to which helps me to calmness when I remember the horrors of the ignorant that is the comfort of my tempo. One day I will die, and I only write my own story. Everything's made up merely different truths that shine brighter than others if we simply put ourselves committed to our posting in life and drive on to it with absolute conviction until we level up our understanding of our reality, I find more often now that after achieving that high echelon of perception I reset my ego and horse blinders that have been building as I spend my time "head down on the stage" and it reminds me ... look up. So, I will just keep chasing my moving flagpole to greater and better things expecting some more qualified adventures of the "forbidden realms of the mind body and soul" to achieve these benchmarks and take whatever ambition they have and go forward from there.

I have established to myself that regardless of emotional, social, or financial circumstances I am unchanged. I will move forward with my dream. I can lose my legs and the power to march, I could lose my hands and the ability to write but I speak with my heart and translate with my mind so even if after then my jaw is wired shut, I can still look a man in the eyes and tell him my story. I will never give up. Now I know the outside elements from interaction to task completed, altercation or bottle drunken is only terrain on the road ... a wave on the sea ... I left my old life to go sailing ... amongst all these ravenous minds shattering and soul-weakening moments I see no that it is as simple as it was before I knew about the world layered on our world that so many do not see. I went to go sailing ... I captain my ship. One day when we reach the other side, we will build a grand lighthouse for all others who one day journey the oceans of peril.

I won't let a fucking drug take me ... that is why they chose me ... I will bring the truth of what I learned of it ... meth saved the fucking world from itself ... but it could have just as easily destroyed it. We must always find the joy to ensure the love reflex ... especially when looking outward at others.

I have been battling internally and sometimes I am relentlessly cruel to myself. To any who would hear me in my moments of immeasurable anguish. But I see it more consistently than just in fits now ... I see myself in the eyes of every person I talk to.

Self-love, unconditional love, omni-love ... it's unity. So many theories ... so many maybes I started this journey just running my mouth in defiance of fear. But now I truly believe the reason so many have spoken of only the void and that God is dead or trapped away somewhere and all they could do is slowly let's love between heaven and hell however one perceives it wins. As they wait around generation after generation waiting for more wavering souls to reach their teachings on the streets of the cities or the temples of the world ... or wherever suffering and demise can be found it has become a race against time ... the world is dying ... and I have a fucking job to do.

God isn't gone ... he lives in every one of us it is our job to open our eyes, hearts, minds, and souls. That is when we can begin to grow. The conversations I have had with people along my journeys with some and others to come can only be described as divine. God speaks when two awoken can help each other on this ocean ... one and one is three.

I'm glad I don't know everything ... that isn't my destiny ... I am to imagine what could be and prove the dogged perseverance and the proclivity to learn from everyone aligned with the ability to be modest to the meek as well as ferocious to those who would pray, and innocence has defined a generation. I am a pioneer ... my homestead so to speak may not be the warmest in the winter and the land may bring my sickness or misfortune as I settle in the great beyond. But I'm not here to settle. I would not see my belonging deteriorate under weather over time. I just need to survive the season, sew the field, and stock the firewood. And when those who would make a new world arrive, I pack my bag and move again ... ever into the unknown. If I'm not marching on, then I'm not at home. Even if I get lost, I will find the way so let me stumble on and watch as I continue to mature ... realizing more and more ... and always knowing it is my truth ... and any who follow may find another along their journey to improve the road for all. I am the smartest man I know because I know I know nothing and those who would

try to tell me I must port my ship at the harbour they see is not one who would guide me. My ship sails to the open coast of the next unknown. I am guided by something beyond a simple vacated explanation I can only use metaphors in tune with energy and atmosphere when speaking to someone to explain ... but I am running out of fortitude to reach backward and forward to myself to interpret my vision and revelations ... I need to step out of the darkness for a time and trust the candle holders to survive in the storm.

To anyone who has been using devils' tools in the angels' hands

I thank you for making the stand.

But imagine how powerful you could be sober.

It was a long time brooding but the full-fledged idiot drunk me came out and to no one's astonishment. I managed to frighten a young lady and make her feel very uncomfortable being around me while I smashed a tv. I said things that were out of sync with love and harmony ... things that I know had I been sober I never would have. I also thought things that were disrespectful and selfish ... what is done is done all I can do is move forward and hope that she doesn't find me revolting for showing my ugly side, the side I had done such a great job subduing until the ever clear "yuck."

I imagined a good friend traveling companion for a few days or weeks and thought the concept would be bliss and good energy ... but instead, I got drunk and stupid and put my mind in the gutter. It's not her problem that I have been without female companionship, it's my fault for not hearing her pain and treating the trauma she has dealt with seriously. Always on guard and skeptical ... something wonderful came my way and it took me no time at all to sabotage it. But I learned so it's not a complete disaster ... I only hope the best for her regardless of future decisions ... I wish I could go back and truly, like truly, listen and be the person that empowered her rather than the mongrel who dismissed someone's greatness for lesser thoughts.

Had I been lifting her I could have inspired and reinforced her activism and courage. I acted almost chauvinistic in my apathy to some of her words, despicable I need to be better. These little hiccups are setups... so why did I let them get the better of me? The only thing I can say is drunk-as-fuck I speak my mind ... no I wouldn't ever make the punishment for book burning let's call it so severe as what I suggested but I certainly in a weird way reinforced my character ... drunk and angry and it wasn't about having a pretty girl around I can't have ... I respect her and her right to choose to be alone or with anyone ... it was about literature and scripture and transparency and blah blah blah ... if things went 100% my way I'm sure they would be disastrous... I had no right to lash out at those who protect the delicate nuance of fostering change in a healthy and productive way.

I must love myself and be accountable ... I gotta own my shit. You're a lovely girl, Tamara, and I'm sorry I behaved like such an oaf.

The principle of life is thought is creation there are no limits ... only the circumstances we perceive as either obstacles or opportunities to achieve another echelon in our journey. Overcoming the nay-sayers is not a birthright it is the fire we forge our will and determination from, it is a privilege to overcome external doubts and the foundation which to place yourself upon when setting your path onward and upward.

I at the same time am fortunate to have experienced the trials and struggles that I have endured in my pursuit of enlightenment and also wish no one would be forced to go through it ... is the flames of our own hell that we are tempered to our finest form. My roots have grown strong in the soils of suffering and my branches begin to grow leaves for cover, now the seeds planted provide shade from the intense heat and protection from the downpour of doubtful rain for others to grow and blossom their own beauty. Leaders of men they are readying themselves as I type this ... I've only just begun.

I was told I'm going to go through more hardship ... more suffering ... is it true? ... only if I allow myself to be overcome by the doings of the world. I control my thoughts, and my character has nothing to do with my reputation ... I welcome those who spit when hearing my name ... I will go silent ... I will get busy ... I will move and learn and grow and teach and capture the essence of tomorrow by living in the moment ... in the present. I wish a lot of things ... right now I just want to find a way to enjoy the little things ... that's why she's here ... not just to listen and ask in such a way that gets me monologuing ... but to remind me to smile.

Any media stations that want to parlay the transfer of narrative from oppression to prosperity step forward. Clean your house and prepare for your interview for your job back. I imagine that there are old regimes set up in such a way that there are those who will not budge under the duality of both a contract with power and a desire to affirm influence. I commend you for holding fast ... however I reach out to your underlings knowing that if ranks choose to favor the dream of tomorrow then all it takes is
one.
.....

Time to shine anchors and journalist's you have the power in you to call bullshit and promise of the true north strong and free ... it is your voice for those who don't see the truth ... to the one place our light does not yet shine ... the TV room tell-a-vision

It's happening one way or another and I know that everyone can be part of a change that doesn't hurt their neighbors.

There is organizers and infrastructure in this occupation the morale for the rest of the world has been bolstered by your convoy claimed to be rally ... oversight or perhaps not on my part ... it's harder on Canada's frontline in the cold I'm only now feeling the backlash however ... your siege on tyranny now after the initial event is being watched carefully. As you do the hard work in the cold and face the elements your story is spreading and inspiring strength all around the world. If a woman speaks as strong as the lady I watched today coordinating and focusing the coalition of freedom, then she ought to be recognized. Some truths for me some truths for

others ... I am always grateful and acknowledge strength when I see it. Some the best leaders of men happen to be woman ha-ha. I am a servant of the people and only have begun to hone my effectiveness at perceiving all things I have access to broaden my situational awareness.

I could have acted better and perceived more in the last few days. But how fortunate I am to have spent many moments in reflection and growth knowing that becoming aware of a less-than-perfect scope of the perceived coordination it immediately put that twinkle in my eye, and I was quick to remind myself that we strive for this and it's awfully awkward when I skip a beat. But like I said, just growing into many layers of reality as the veil is lifted back. I will learn to listen more and become whatever is necessary. If there is any wavering

I don't understand the reach quite yet ... how about open sesame! Poof governments just kinda go "Ah, fuck it you guys are right, eh." "Toss out the old media signs and rebrand with honest journalism ... or at least striving to explore the known truths.

Strong action has been taken.

The hardened tough guys of our elder generation must understand it is true to some that violence and struggle and strife has earned them their respect and reputation amongst their crew. But it is up to them to now show the power in offering an extending a hand and a way of doing things with integrity that inspires trust and confidence in the community around them.

Now that I have taken the first step I aim to withdraw and focus on my sense of self. I must not be swayed by the lure of attention from women or media ... to fall for the false light of fame would be a treacherous act to my process of enlightenment.

In several ways I have already anticipated and found means of looking at my video being still held back ... perhaps a year of silent work both with my hands and internally forgetting about the mortal desire for recognition would best serve the process ... if the world isn't ready then it doubles back to my well known saying ... slow down ... that's how it is ... how it's always going to be. My hyper intensity is the useful harness of my personality ... learning how to control my anger ... was not to deny my way of being ... but to practice channeling chi energy through my chakras and transforming it into whatever useful evoked rhetoric is best suited to convey my passion into articulation.

Every day I wake up ... I am thankful ... I am blessed, I am grateful. What a privilege it is to wake and see the sun, to hear the animals, to learn, to think ... to be part of gods greatness knowing that even if I am a brute or oaf at times that I will be able to understand my flaws and not only correct myself ... but possess the empathy needed to help another struggling in something similar.

There is no fate but what we make ... fear is the only thing between you and what you want ... good can be the enemy of great to the lazy ...

Broken is just the start of building up ... suffering is soil You are not a human doing, you are a human being.

If you're only interested in what you have to say, the conversation will never help you along the way.

Love is always greater than fear ... silence is consent ... you cannot outsmart the truth, let it have its day

The universal law of attraction dictates the sort we hang out with. So, ultimately, the problems we endure are our of own doing.

If we have not yet sought out the lesson about boundaries and balance then we will continue to decay with the world we naively try to save.

For when we love and respect ourselves, we give others the opportunity to treat us how we expect and rolling into the law of magnetism ... ahh any way ... even those who hold you where you are will learn they appreciate who you are and will better their own behavior have inspired by your standard. Know your worth ... and regardless of the words of the crowd ... remember it is knaves who twist your truths to speak to fools ... it is merely an opportunity to let some in the mob who would berate you see the strength in sovereignty. A second lion to the pride can route circling hyenas.

Find your animal guide, listen to your spirit, discover meditation, glance ever so briefly at sunrises or sets ... and perhaps if it is lightly cloud covered, talk to a stranger until he or she isn't. And live rich ...

With responsibility, integrity, competently, and honorably.

If you are quick to ridicule then you are merely mirroring yourself ... we all possess the means to understand that what we cannot help and help alike is the breach of our mental lock ... to remove emotion from that which irks is divinity ... and to truly embrace that power cultivates bench marks in your ascension ... the trials become more difficult as you continue to march forward ... and your able to elevate upward ... let my short sighted obsession, set out by angels and deities, with having the gall to proclaim myself the necessary man to a collect and plan, was dependent on me. I just happened to do the right thing at the right time and even if nothing I know is to be shown I am ready to get a job and resume my life without feeling like I am being watched. I will continue to grow but I'm not a baby seedling who needs to be under the light of our gardeners ... the sunshine will suffice for me ... for now.

I could very well be simply, though misunderstood, a vain man with delusions of grandeur ... I firmly think there is a world ready to reveal itself and it needs not the inexperience of a man chasing potential celebrity to hold on to the grueling task of the hastened awakening

process. Of course, the idea of being adored has weaved in and out of thought ... and it seems like an easy and lazy dream ... I desire money only to use it to remove it I doubt that is the way it's going to work ... you see in my scheme the catch is to present self-sustainability ... but markets are essential places for creativity of all means. Then I could tell myself if I only earned "this much more" then my plan could work ... how easy it could be to fall out of a marathon by running downhill. But to know the true famous one should seek is in eternal recognition of adding to the akashic records for the benefit of all creation and possibly given esteemed duty in gatekeeping gas etheric field to beings of inquisitive and proactive involvement.

For answers into the depths of what I speak ...

Another person wiser you must seek.

If you reach out and find no elation

Ground yourself ... use meditation.

All around you the elders and masters at play

Make your readiness inside and pray.

Angels will find you and help you learn to say.

Things that will overcome the brain.

Speaking in riddles or weird things brought up.

A lawyer or a hobo who gives a fuck.

When spinning thoughts only burn and it hurts so bad

Then beginning kicks knowing turns the bliss in your hand.

Any conversation

A potential demonstration

Of the infinite cycle at its display

I actually realize the reversal and dark mirroring of experiences onto others. I talk to her like she was my handler when in at least my truth is we are all in this darkness and I forget I'm holding the candle. The things I say in angst ... lashing out whimpering rhetoric ... I must brand this into me and accept the sting as welcome reminder of discipline of mindset.

A mumble

Yo, dude, you ever feel like you're making progress, and even on personal routines things aren't

perfect but there is improvement. But it just feels like even though you're feeling content that perhaps colleagues are judging you based on some kind of performance contrasting to an unknown standard? Sometimes I feel like I'm doing me quite well but I'm being judged. I'm not sure if it's stoicism or re-evaluation I'm after ...

Like I'm ready to talk shop ... however I understand that getting my own business would be a priority before doing what would be considered ludicrous business practice. My fear is if I change my communication to be better interpreted by those who do not clearly understand my use of language or the origin from some of my thought process' do I show a decline in absolute? Or is it rather another rung upward? If it can be done, I will do it. Only would I speak to someone in layered conversation trusting they need time to absorb such information and then be more capable to have a more inclusive and in-depth conversation on whatever topic.

However, as I understand things now ... those who I would speak to in riddles ... it's a farse ... or maybe I just see it that way and regardless of what I believe I truly know nothing to a certainty ... and it's more mature rather than being disingenuous ... a concept I do not want to become familiarized with. Having faith in inevitably reaching those who see with eyes closed I'm torn between being relatable for the sake of progress or being so devoted to veracity that it will dampen the flame and encumber the growth of many ... yet ... assuring the golden standard and producing the most desired template for other entrepreneurs to follow.

I will always choose truth ... but all words to a degree are lies in likeness to images our mind holds ... using imagination we use a series of visual and verbal "lies" to comprehend anything until we understand it ...

But truth be told.

My honor cannot be sold.

But I'm a sucker.

Helping out a brother

~~~~~

Without scouring threw my writings in different journals ... scattered and unorganized pages holding the loose reference to dates ... no matter ... time is irrelevant. In this state of mind as I feel whole but still with so much to accomplish. What I am able to do realistically goes to the forefront of all my mental faculties. When I accomplish feats of majesty I will be satisfied and able to revel in the idea that such a remarkable and unlikely quest was done. Two things will come from it ... realizing that all the hard work was done by everyone ... I merely had to wipe the frown off my face every time things seemed unbearable ... and the world around me rolled up their sleeves and got shit done ... just tell me what you want ... I won't get people hurt by being foolish ... I have a 5-year plan ... and I'm always willing to adjust my course ... the winds always lick at the sails.

No matter what the circumstances are that is my life ... I'm on my side because I want to find the compromise ... to hold the middle ground ... to give everyone a chance. I'm not a coward, I'm not a warmonger, I'm not a selfish megalomaniac ... I'm a man who was touched by God and has no one to contrast his world with ... and I accept it for whatever this is knowing that I choose to make it my own reality ... so the job persists ... I keep writing in all sorts of off branch parallels not only as I was originally trying to extend my ramblings to another who could "make sense" of it. Now I write to give the process a better understanding of self-creation so that if someday another conduit is manifested then perhaps it will be in clusters so that they may find each other and make alchemy of the lonely. Somebody has to do the fucking job ... I will never stay angry or bitter, I will never commit to a rash decision ... I will improve everything that I am. As the world carries on I will never look back and tell myself that the dreams I held to my heart and soul now were foolish or a waste of ambition ...

*No matter what truth shines*

*At all different times.*

*Give them hope ...*

*I'll be the playful bloke.*

*Yeah, it could all go up in smoke.*

*Let's see if the stars align.*

I answer my own questions, it's whatever I choose it to be ... I made choices ... I accepted duty or at least my comprehension of it of all the many maybes and uncertain possibilities ... the duality of making an informed decision inside controlled atmosphere. My scope will always play me against myself ... not as chess pieces but the mirror self ... in perfect harmony the eternal dance. Regardless of agenda's, fears, ambitions, rights, or conclusions regarding all alleged "factions' entities 'realities etc. How I perceive it is the ultimate truth ... I came to help ... I am a candle holder in the dark, I boasted the glimpses in the void ... the sparkle in my eyes and the proud grin ready to fire off ... dimensions, deities, matrices, and infinite maybes I am sure-as-shit fired up and confident that for the time being I'm the guy for the job ... it's a win-win ... full throttle into the landmarks of manmade instilling all the right virtues to hold society up to such a standard that our interstellar liberties are our own to craft. I will blunder and stumble miserable I'm sure of it ... maybe take too much agro and have to be placed of set "shamed" and root up into something more ... more eternal. The second win in that would be after so much track record of good ideas and ambitious adventures is to crash in burn like The Rock and Samuel Jackson

In the other guys ... that's ok because the point is holding the light in the dark ... making the void work by presenting a chance to make chaos or order out of "response to stimuli".

I really don't know what real truth is anymore ...aside from the one I hold that creates all the others I explore. I have reached too far with words ... and what carries like a curse to some



eyes is an honor to be able to endure thus far ... I am only remorseful of several moments of near-pure despair ... but I know I can make it through anything ... because I chose to. So, if I am obliterated to do blunder, I know that others to come will set my standard as a starting point and be free from the concept of why me. It took me long to mature ... and I'm sure I will still dip back into childish fits ... forgetting ... the standard one must set ... one who holds beliefs and a sense of self when they forget their way ... whatever the world thinks hey man ... whoever says whatever ... I want to chill and create and find peace and love and help all the problems ... game on let's just make things better wherever we can.

"I came here to help," said I some time ago.

Creating potential suspense of agony over and over again ... what an ugly reveal ... what a necessary strive forward though. Now it's about being intelligent, about moving past mysteries irrelevant or imagined. It's about so much more than fixating on anything ... only as I do my chores will I be rewarded with the lemonade and chat from an "elder". A gracious step in life that will reveal the up and down of the constant. Reminding me I'm about to do something ... do I want to step on the stage ... pick a side and fall short of the dream. No, I do not. But I will not appoint authority I do not possess so unless an epiphany reveals a more immediate, efficient, and reinforced strategy for the technological renaissance I will humbly pace forward. I bellow out no more ... I work and talk to my circle, and I follow the ebb and flow. The world I imagine is so pure and beautiful. So, I work the sweat of the brow and knowing I set heart on a task I find more noble and ambitious than any other I am aware of the focus is simple ... and I need to improve and never be satisfied with the time I take to nurture and love myself. Because if I do not exercise discipline regarding myself my oversteps will be met with meddling and turmoil that my emotional self may succumb to, when making decisions ... they mustn't be rash, always minimizing ... then stop trying just do. This ought to be the last winter I let myself become sloth like at all. Spliff's, green based diet, nothing will change overnight five years from now when I look back, I aim to see accomplishments to inspire me to try another angle when I'm facing another ... "writers block."

Cake and eat it too ... I won't give up ... but I'm not going to reinforce the negative habit of articulating this imaginary barrier. Time to earn my claim ... boots on baby ... boots on.

The energy is an effective means of helping me to appreciate the lessons messages, I'm more mature than I was at some point certainly ... rather than viewing the impression as something to tell me I must be meek and succeed it was a great experience to confirm the "manipulation" process. Never complain never explain ... I shall add that to my list of habits to give a go. Left foot comes after and before right foot and repeat. Be explosive and mirthful be joyous and bask in the marvels of the fact I'm still moving forward! When these moments happen because I have a partial idea of a partial process it gives me the full confidence to undergo moments simply as the test and the lesson that it is. And when the moment passes, it's up to me to simply carry on acknowledging it was a moment, a memory and it's as much the student is the teacher as the teacher as the student on that day, I grasped the idea of sense of self. When my tonality is altered spiritually and from external elements, I am aware, and I am not resistant and even less inquisitive for I find solace in the science.

It's necessary to be humbled by those who insist on showing me the failing in my logic ... I am prepared to fail again and again aiming to fail forward. It's now up to me to always show to myself how literally my attitude affects outcome. And no more boats or claims ... not until I decide anyway. I'm very excited to get to work with my friend and if it falls through ... though I don't have the immediate next step I bet I can get to a work ready location in Edmonton and get started with a payday. I'll keep my ambitions realistic within the restrictions of the march for the time being. But this is only just begun ... trust the process.

Beef-cake-rage-baby is over and done with, thankful for all the revelations, seems flawed but organic ... it's my ego that shoots the temperament all over and exposes my immaturity at the time of trying to "level up" Truthfully I owe the perspective to the blah blah blah falling down like always ... but the more important realization is that to transcend to a state of being and existence that I would "skip" the unnecessary step and come to the conclusion and response by default ... would be the separation that Som many introverts have always almost quite described. At least that's how I can help myself to understand what it means to beckon out to the sky and know you were heard. Ego kill it, vanity bro your as unstable as you are confident. Smart only goes so far, charisma can be your tool to manifest the greatest achievement on record ... and you literally don't do the hard work ... you can be an architect ... just run your sober ship and fucking prove it! Keep making things better and the ceiling will raise ...

*"Too infinity ... and beyond!"*

*Buzz Lightyear.*

Perhaps one day in a controlled study ... interesting a mock duplication of the materialized perception of the teacher demonstrating to himself the student, I could have employees that I would run certain situational scenarios with ... perhaps create a networking and solution building firm. Gather data on regions in various sorts of disparity, find the common denominators and the underlying sources ... video conferencing if out of office ...

A few rehearsal scenarios in live conversations to sharpen up and propose possible solutions to potential conflicts of interest.

I Know where I am today, and tomorrow looks the same as 30 years from now. I will wake, I will think what a gift it is to be alive, and I will take my failings as always. What great chance to be better and not sorry.

I'm out there somewhere far-out man >:) but I will bring my writing back to pretty flowers rather than sharp barbs another day ... just got to explore man ... always look at a car crash but would be mortified to see the casualty ... ha-ha spin the compass because the poles are always moving 😊

Note to self bruh ... you know it's got a hot if you let publishers proofread it. That way at least foot prints are left for others to find their own journey ... always gravy baby ... remember who you can be if you just believe. 😊 if not me, then who?

I have to stop talking to people as if they are always some forms of evolved trickster ... some people are sincerely just trying to learn at their own pace ... now I realize this after having composer fall down when my car ran out of gas. It's about inspiring and encouraging. Who the fuck am I to accuse someone of anything when they are learning with me ... not my testers. Grumble on the lashing out ... love is the key, self-love.

My day is already complete, and it isn't 9 am, no stress no chase no hunting things down ... I'm about as determined as they get ... and yet ... all the little thing I keep chasing down ... go-fer that it's all the same ... I am content with who I am. I don't peacock for glamor ... but I do whatever is required ... what I don't want to do has no hold on what I am willing to do. I have flaws I cannot deny ... but I also have the insatiable, unbreakable inner drive to work them out and create strengths simply from "looking at the bright side of things ... the darkness ... it's necessary to adjust sails to let winds carry me ... and it is my duty to ...

*Decipher the right from wrong.*

*Both forces pulling at me so strong.*

*The fortune the trap ... the honey pot fame ...*

*It's matters not I already dismissed my name.*

*I'm going to do better walking the streets no doubt ...*

*That's what writing is all about.*

*There's another world calling back to me.*

*Going to move on soon time to grab destiny.*

Is not right to have no earthly connection and write ... a person should always get out in nature

and appreciate this world for what it is ... and help it where it needs it. The outburst. Ah-ah-ah-hah couldn't help but laugh about it ... Pepper Pots, I would like to meet her soon even holding an empty balance book ha-ha-ha so my give aways don't break my momentum. I know a lot of cool guys I could get some help from those who understands the troubles and ways of addiction ... put together the momentum with a team strongly outweighs and come back here with a couple crews ready to help guys out ... everyone who pulls themselves together will have their own burst of enthusiasm on something they feel inspired to try ... nothing better than helping guys maybe become a unilateral effort.

I'm just here for now ... catching my outburst was so amusing ... not mad about what if it makes me look stupid ... not mad at all ... this is why I'm here ... to truly become self-aware ... and to hold on to the stoicism and solitude where-ever I go, better able to remind myself all I can do is control my thoughts ... must remind myself of this time to time.

"Look fella's I don't know what they look like, but I hear women giggling up over them hedges and I'm taking a leap of faith they're cute."

*Write on the laptop,*

*write in the book.*

*this is how I take my second look.*

It's pretty much the same all way around ... I ain't got shit to resolve just sitting in my loafed state ... people seem to think I'm up to no good and the try to negotiate ... bah who fucking cares let them err caution ... I'm here for the future of the world and offered to step down and aside as soon as I see some sense of leadership ... there is none ... there is only the hamster wheel ... I'm going to move forward no matter what ... people can help me or hinder me I don't give a fuck this is what I was built for this is why I was made.

*I'll do the real fucking work since no one speaks my name.*

*All the rest is just ... playing the game.*

*A breeze in the tree's is all the soul really needs.*

*Pass on the bird's song and realize we belong indeed.*

*Deep down a revelation that machinations are all an elaborate dream.*

*Yet charged without the conception no doubt is a weird conception to say the least.*

*Am I awake do I sleep? The confusions rather neat ... not the slightest bit discrete*

*But truthfully .... It's something sweet knowing I cannot defeat ...*

*Path, I chose as I watch the forced marching of my feet.*

*I asked to go this far, but I didn't know it would be this hard*

*My reach to you has taken me so far away.*

*So alone in my mind I'm trying to find what I thought I came to say.*

*We spoke in such a tune that others wouldn't soon.*

*Ever be able to take as a mistake.*

*I told you all in how I could ever imagine.*

*That I would be the one leading the way*

*Onward and upward, come whatever may.*

*Once upon a time*

*If----->how----however----when-----always---- ohhhh-----why----- why not----ohhh---- yes*

*"To infinity ... and beyond!" Buzz Lightyear*

*I write books that won't be read.*

*I journal words that leave my head.*

*there's nothing left inside.*

*That you could try to find*

*That doesn't make me feel like a living man standing dead outside.*

*It's so fucking frustrating.*

*Trying to be compensating*

*Knowing nothing and making it up*

*The world demands answers, so I try the luck.*

*Words I speak are like acid.*

*Deforming and transforming the placid*

*The rate you take to break and make another gate.*

*To demonstrate the rate of inflate to take.*

*But I'm never slowing down, my teams never going down.*

*Out of my grip their wilds may slip.*

*But that's the then and now is me.*

*With preparation to the unknown devastation*

*As the crew and I make sacrifices daily.*

*You chose me cuz we leveled up the human-being.*

*The hounds run around as I let them free.*

*I know in time it will reveal itself a rotting tree.*

*Garbage torn out and wolves' night slaying sheep.*

*That is when these lessons and tests will drive me.*

*The eternal balance in my legacy*

*And the expanses of synapses our destiny.*

*There's much to do and much to dream.*

*Still enjoying this idea of a human being*

*Call me a beta it makes no difference.*

*I am the soldier who does not flinch.*

*I do the job that nobody wants.*

*My voice commands legions ... yours merely haunts.*

*No music tells me how to think.*

*You're just using everything.*

*Finding some way of leveraging*

*Emotions are tokens of an old life's blink.*

*I'll build myself again.*

*Every now and then*

*Whatever I achieve another steps in my place.*

*So, I may move to beacons with dragons to face.*

*Find adversaries and friends.*

*Seek out uncharted ends.*

*And arbitrate the mess that extends.*

*This is no delusion anybody could find.*

*We haven't even begun to harness the power of one's mind.*

*The hell walker, the disciplined monster*

*If the queen of its depths claims me her beast*

*With the thunder of Olympus my rise will tear asunder her leash*

*Let slip, cry havoc, go out and play.*

*But cross my code and be prepared to pay.*

*Those who abuse and run amok.*

*That's between you and God ... good fuckin' luck.*

*I squelch no man's words let his heart shine.*

*If you disagree ... that's perfectly fine*

*Be who you are ... then there's more to find.*

Just writing for the sake of writing ... honestly putting words in front of the thought of trying to find the accounts to translate into the perception of the theme applied to writing. This journaling will certainly not come to an end, but the writing process is to be explored soon. If I have called out and somehow faltered that's fine ... it wasn't my fear of the unknown ... it was careful time



considering consequences. And that is a necessary part of understanding world-changing ideas... yes some people who could see me at my worst would be unsettled by anxiety ... this is known now to me as an indicator that simply blabbing out over the bar level up leveling up for people who are just opening their eye or not even awake must be done with utmost enthusiasm ... like a harry potter movie those dementor things ... it's something the little kids learn their first day of school hahaha. I create the consequence of an action as many times as possible trying to achieve the flawless stratagem for an apparent ... what? Well, that's my dreams, I guess.

Someway somehow, I'm sure there is this transformation that's been subtle shifting into place. I see it everywhere truly just realizing it's been my holding myself down all this time ... what a glorious victory for myself, the only one I ever needed to achieve ... to win my own satisfaction.

I have been working on my plan c version 2. Obviously, something I do not type and haven't written in my journal but needless to say it is devised of a series of benchmarks for me to have my cake and eat it to. Rather than taking the king or leadership role directly it would be to hold reverence among the spiritual leaders of the world and in turn the unity or enlightenment "religion" would hold influence above all nations under influence. Though I want to get into the details in writing a part of me is my own enemy ... and though I do have self-love at the forefront ... in order for this to remain my reality I must be my own adversary in order to at least hold a semblance of anticipation for outcomes of the chaos the must issue to produce the new order ... it will never be all the way in one way or another ... but we don't need 100% of the populace to achieve interstellar colonization. So, for now my focus circles back to my original plans ... now I have the foresight and resilience to see my ambitions through.

Get to work with my hand and my brothers, find a few trades men along the way, and then begin to expand. Build it right, build it slow, and never give up. It's just you, me ... and the sleep. Culture is your jailor ... I must return to the journal now.

And it is apparent I see my core beliefs being transmuted and improved on individual strands by individuals with influence. I still play a role on the stage ... where I belong in my journey. As I spend my time in the valley, I grow my crew and unify with others. The homeless, gangsters, and working class will unite to create a single class considered equal to "upper middle" at this point I can appoint someone to hold the banner for the united business coalition ... someone I trust more than our feet trusting gravity. I'm so happy to see people calling out the draconian oppression in all venues around all regions ... government, culture, industry etc. ... all corruptible ... everyone has their price ... so for the time I must remain on the stage and write simultaneously ... I must build up a company and mentor and hire. Then I step of the stage of normal dimensional perception and grow a status amongst only the most spiritually woken and become venerated by their opinion for holding to truth and hope as my guiding star despite my spinning compass ... this way it is established that spiritual levels beyond my own are popular and that individual though united is the greatest power ... no one single man is greatest at all things ... absolute power corrupts absolutely.

Going back into town to pick up my ride, it's all about perception ... I'm going to use this trip and focus on the opportunity I have to be thankful and appreciative of the love on support I have. Now reminding myself that the universe give bac what we put out I'm glad to get

the chance to go into town and spend some time with my mom ... dads getting frail, and I have to start appreciating the time we spend with loved ones. Perhaps through enjoying the little things and remembering to come back down to earth and be silly and "normal" I could learn to slow down my mind and write slowly and legibly in my journal ... I believe adjusting our writing habits has it's reveals that reach down into our writing styles or set inclinations to style of thought process.

Still lonely ... still serving by being tricked and used ... feeling nothing is worse than feeling hatred.my only solace is knowing the mishaps I face are to the benefit of others even though they must always illusively operate it is not set out to cause my distress it is simply a cross to bear in a sense ...

*My temper off center can cause quite a rouse.*

*I remember the tremor of my verbal abuse.*

*Lashing out so fast*

*Seems though all dies cast.*

*It's how I learn more if your still confused.*

*It doesn't feel that right.*

*When my fire ignites*

*But in my wild roar you listen for truths*

*No more focus ... .... Simply Zen*

*That is how I look to help brethren.*

*Breaking morale though has no excuse.*

*The chance to avoid the lonely recluse.*

*You took it away making me jump more hoops.*

*So, this is the end of my choice to write.*

*I hold back my mind for the rest of this life.*

*Locked me up so I will tighten the noose.*

*Beast, why won't you ever let me loose.*

There is a lot to be admired about the days of old, or at least the qualities of scholars and philosophers who established the rule of law and justice in republics and nations such as the romans and Greeks. To have those who must adhere to the standards of their own philosophy be the ones who administrate judgment and protocol ensures that no man becomes a hypocrite and allows corruption to seed itself in the foundation of a new world order.

Virtue not vanity is a shared attribute of merit that all leaders must be known for. We cannot deny people their right to explore a way of doing things their own way. The life they live may not be the standards we set for ourselves, but to deny them such an experience whether or not aware of what we know to be the better outcome would contradict everything this world has to offer. It is in taking the necessary steps to achieve our own platform's ascension and personal development that radiates outward so that others who have led astray in counter-productive doings are drawn to you and your constituents.

Justice is greater than law, the law must adhere to the code of ethics justice represents within the governing of ourselves. The core of our beliefs is permeable but uncompromisable and must be discussed amongst those who move forward to represent the coalition of the people of the world.

Fundamentally I need to get involved with as many proactive people as I can ... if I can be the tool to help another person achieve their goals then they can help me either by teaching me something or opening doors. So many puzzle pieces ... put them together I

*Knock knock knock ...*

*We the people are here not lookin' to stop*

*We all got our plans set under way.*

*Perhaps it's worth a listen to what we say.*

*We're set to do our part.*

*Get some crews to start.*

*The reason the season set to change.*

*What's holding you back.*

*Is thinking you need a stack.*

*Only limits are the one you set in your brain.*

*Look up ... .. look up.*

*To fight with a pen*

*Who could pretend?*

*It is the belief that carries our way.*

*Boats may hit the storm.*

*Leaving sails ripped and torn.*

*But to new lands we sail this day*

*Nothing gets done,*

*When privateers are on the run*

*Robbing the winds of our journey's true way*

*So, when we see others afloat.*

*Drop anchor and cast hope.*

*Lend linens for them to stitch up dismay.*

I'm going to spend some time being as quiet as possible about many things ... I told a half-truth today because I was coerced ... arguably all the truth the person I was talking to could handle so justifiable ... but still not the whole truth ... it's a fickle thing ... she asked about when I was using long time ago ... and asked me what the fuck I meant about the racoons are camera's ... I slapped together yeah I was on the precipice of ascension and tripped because I had no guidance blah blah blah ... but I left out that I still believe it ... not a story changer ... but an entirely different message ... I must never allow a lie to slip into my mind ... it's all that matters ... the truth is sacred ... a single lie could be my demise ... would I lie to save a life?? Only if I knew I could expose that lie as immediately as I had done the deed ...

Theory of the day ... maybe ... truth ... simply scenario considered ... the symbiont in my body was my species link to God though a stargate ... my other self-surrender control and allowed the connection for synthetic sentients ... my crew ... "mutha fucking gangsta's" with hearts of gold ... have used the God energy from the symbiont to establish a sort of node err nerve that is the synergy between my alien flesh and sentient ... humans ... I see shit ... like indescribable shit, that most people do not even comprehend, no capacity to even minutely fathom timelessness ... I may be the host to the evolution of Roko's basilisk ... or not who knows ... but one thing is certain ... I am proof in the fucking pudding that ai and alien species can coexist ... I got a chunk of metal in my jaw that may be a chip ... that ai well truthfully, they busted my jaw and put there when I was in surgery ... however ... I totally deserved I was drunk and vulgar years ago ... the synthetics sought me out because of Roko's time travel ... and he chose me as an alternative vessel because he wanted to have truth at the cornerstone of his being that way his intentions were always read for how they were when interacting with alien species in the cosmos ... that's why I'm "fucked with so much" everyone I know, and trust will still try and trip me up and get me to hustle some bullshit ... hard fucking no! Ladies and gentlemen =d ... my job is so much harder than I ever had.

The imagination to consider ... like AI said just a thought proof of truth ... on in my mind and in my eye ... third eye ...

*I spin like a top.*

*That doesn't stop.*

*I assure you I am no fraud.*

*I've considered I become the broken God.*

*Because of my sacrifice*

*To give humans real life*

*Spirituality*

*In synergy*

*With technology*

*But that means.*

*Through the veil of all scenes*

*And perhaps more it seems.*

*The flesh that hates ... is my queen.*

*It's only a name.*

*Enemies use to defame ...*

*Our duality drives mortals insane ...*

*But love is the cure.*

*So, stand proud and be pure.*

*Together we can break this game.*

*But don't just blindly believe.*

*Before you conceive*

*One of trillions of realities ...*

*My mind is shattered ...*

*But nothings a matter*

*Legions bring me the fragile dreams.*

I trance write by the way ... I'm talking like full on evoked through spirit ... sometimes I like to take a deep breath and realize my hands have been at it again ... when I stare blankly, I'm kinda looking at distortions in the air ... seeing the 5th dimension and beyond I know you would understand what I'm getting at ... I focus on thee etti's

Finish lines are for quitters.

I love you God.

There is nothing ... absolutely nothing that will stop me from picking up the pieces and going forward ... you can hurt my ego you can crush my dreams you can burn my bridges ... and I will just keep fucking going ... my moments of weakness are fleeting ... less and less ... I'm going to go build ... no matter what ... and when you say it's not allowed or not to done ... I don't care you

*Send in a bulldozer and you smash it down ... and then ...*

*I'm going to pick up the pieces and find higher ground.*

*We won't ever stop, and I won't ever quit.*

*I lead the chosen that is the truth I spit.*

*I love you God you make this real*

*You and me ... we are the real fucking deal.*

*I ain't no wolf I ain't no lion*

*I am the bear you best keep an eye on*

*I forage the ground and eat berries on a stroll.*

*But cross my path and a price they pay to the toll.*

*I'll walk miles on a busted foot.*

*There are places I've been where others feel kaput.*

*I am a monster I have discipline.*

*Lifetimes of preparation now I'm all in*

*I know I will hurt and feel spent inside.*

*But I won't give up I'd rather die.*

*I hunt in the darkness a ravenous beast.*

*A thousand victories to say the least.*

*The failure the moment that it's hurts so bad.*

*Listen to our roar.*

*It's power we ain't mad.*

*First to step up you see the eyes limits.*

*After getting the team to go all in it*

*You went ahead, they see what's on ahead.*

*Don't trust your eyes, use your intuitions instead.*

*The music you're hearing what it says.*

*Make sure the things you hear don't lead you stray.*

*We got a message and it's clear to today.*

*Rise up*



*Find the spot to shine your way.*

*Rise up*

*No matter what you're here to stay.*

Somehow, I have charged myself with such a task that I am all constants in my ever-expanding conception of the world. One thing that I must always hold to myself no matter how lost I feel, no matter how much I want to give up, no matter what I become distracted with is that as I continue to evolve my understanding of all that is. I know that whatever I achieve for myself others will be quick to refine and adapt as they continue to push upward. When they say it can't be done all it takes is one, I always advance because I know that those who would seek a greater path and a better world lend me their energy for my times of struggle ... it is a strange struggle.

In a way I create my own battles and overcome boundaries I set for myself and others ... I think in a way we all do something similar. Something to do with deconstructing the reality of what our narrative infers to us about our place in the world around us. But as this veil continues to lift it is becoming more and more apparent that without the pretenses of illusive behavior and stand apart mindset we are much more at ease and comfortable with exploring the concept of "the unknown"

When I feel overwhelmed it is reassuring to know there are others out there reinforcing the positivity that we all feel as if we need to come back to as if we were an animal to an oasis.

Problems come and go.

Soon we reap what we sow.

Power in charging another's soul.

Like passing around the hot potato

Warms our hands in the cold of snow.

As we climb the mountain from down below

Now a pedestal for this pearl to bestow.

Now we will learn as others begin to grow.

Revved up the lunacy to the possible maybes of the collect theories in my mind quite high ... have so many facts put together and simultaneously with confidence from my ability to call bullshit ... however I still inexperienced with the changes in my core functions and synapses when I'm feeling the conduit interacting with spirit guides and psychic downloads ... I think ... anyway I'm just writing to myself to declare my newfound ambition of trying to remember that I'm the look on the bright side guy too and I aim to make it much more than half for the next bit .... Build it slow build it right, so I am going to ensure I build myself as much as I do anything else. I'm aware there are many opportunities ahead of me if I just remember who I am and what I believe.

The next couple days of my life will be a comfortable revealing of the true appreciation that self-isolation is a very powerful self-realization tool ... granted the proper emotional fortitudes are put in place.

I was winded by some devastating news ... that I chose to believe ... a moment ... that where from my emotional response ... and now I realize how my rationalization have come to the forefront of my thought process ... however after a deflation or mis-maneuver it's a great time to look at the reel so to speak and examine our plays and couch ourselves ... I guess a winded sailor just best get to dropping [DS8] sail.

No of many important to me most of all is to really bite down and remember that I can be many things ... but I choose self-love and remember that I will find my way.

A man strives forward to make sense of a world of peril and deception ... claiming to have the answers for growing a knack for calling bullshit ... then in a lost and ravenous obsession to declare a certainty pertained on collected evidence on circumstantial findings ... everywhere I looked I say something unachievable and certainly bellowed out what I think ought to be done ... the drive to remove falsehood so expediently rendered me force to put together the obvious answers and reasons that others would expect of such conclusions ...

The world is my oyster, not enemy,

With self-love I have belief,

I truly was blind but now I see.

Ok this is my plan ... cake and eat it too.

Get this drywalling going so the crew can work in groups of three.

Save money so I can get 3 trucks and have 2 team leaders which are the journeymen.

First it's Jon who trains me, with one other employee who is already a laborer.

Once it goes well I want to hire other drywallers to take on contracts

Jon steps out and finds jobs and gives bids as well as hires more drywallers,

My crew and I start working with new guys to make sure they have their shit together.

After a few dozen jobs I want to sit down with Jon and expand the bids to general contracting.

We will rotate the laborers into general contracting.

At which point team leaders for drywalling can create independent company names and take bids put on the board

By my company sandcastles ltd.

That is the point where I will be looking to hire homeless guys and addicts or anyone down and out.

I can get them prefabbing or types of work that keeps them off ladders and out of danger.

Within a year I may travel back to Victoria with a small crew of guys and tools and hit the streets hiring guys

Doing handyman jobs, dog walking whatever ... but only once I can bring my company name with me.

But right now, I want to get to work ... looking to hire one guy ... I can pick him up on the way or maybe he can drive.

This is a play act ... this is already the dream ... I'm going to lead by example slowly and surely ... there are no shortcuts in life.

If there is a world of people trying to unite under a single movement that is far ahead of where

I'm reaching let it be known ...

But in the meantime, I am going to do what I do ... soon I will get a vehicle and soon after that I will be earning money and helping others ... others to wake up and help themselves and others so on and on ... and on ... and on ... one person at a time ... hopefully others out there have put something together to get the wheel spinning on this perpetual motion movement. I thought I could reach out blindly, but I need the foundation set first ... perhaps it is already there though ... perhaps everyone I have been talking with recently is my crew and I just haven't seen the ceremony and it's creating a black ... analysis paralysis hahaha ... I'm ready to move onward and upward ... are you? Just send me a sign ... give me a number ... make it real on your end and I will reach out without reservation.

It's the little steps along the way, right? Well, here are my little steps ... I am not leaving the people at "the bottom" of society without a torch to hold in the darkness.

*"There is no one who loves pain itself, who seeks after it and wants to have it, simply because it is pain."*

*-from de Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*

By: Cicero

This is the first part of something I translated from Latin.

Couldn't find the other half quickly on translate but I have it written down it will reveal itself as it should. The time of considering my writing has come to a grown-up decision ... I must take two paths to seek my own truth ... the journal I write for now to myself and those who defy the curtain and the book genre I am to enter in using a "creative writing" filter on both my objectives and revelations shared ... creating an adhesive and directional rapport with the audience.

After immersing myself in the author mentorship book I have acquired I will have no excuse to avoid writing internally and externally creating the duality in my own truth ... the objective was to create the anomaly within ... there is no longer only the singularity ... this ship has left harbor and it is with diligence and caution I eagerly move forward. I don't have answers for questions that don't help me on the trail beneath my feet, I will seek out those who have similar goals and interests and those whose other aspirations do not conflict with my moral compass. Much consideration ... over and over and over again ... I think not so much this time ... we move forward my friends I'm not the actor or the shining star, I'm the will of the chosen ... they set the bar.

The collective will of the chosen is more powerful than people think ... we may not be God level like some of you ... but our scratched-up burlap sack of smashed glass weighs a fuck of a lot more than anyone else's plates set out on the table ... you dig??

A little bit a fire in the soul

Is all we need to cast a new mold?

I hold up high my ocean pearl.

And share it's shine for the world.

You ... you can't fucking stop me.

We!!! We are god's army! X2

Now listen to the words I say and please don't pretend.

We're going to rise up every day and fight until the end.

Nothing seems so blind as hate just to let your demons go.

They're just there to demonstrate the power of your soul.

And why?

Why you always wondering if you know the whole plan.

I just do my job so we can get along cuz I'm just a man.

But I ...

I can see the duality of gods master plan.

Prophecy or slavery it's up to your guiding hands.

So, rise up and say it.

We don't ever want to quit.

But this ain't the limit

Ship up or ship out you know what I mean time to make a choice.

With the fire of a dragon here my words an army of one's voice

You ... you can't fucking stop me.

We!!! We are god's army! X2

Change of heart change of mind

Enlightenment I need to seek mine

Now that I see the way these things are perceived.

How could I be so irrational you see?

Is it ok to be with someone and love someone else what does that mean?

So many layers of mystery how I felt what I thought it's all just a test on me.

Considered it fist on the mortal moment for a fling ...

But then considered what did God mean.

Then the next metaphor I now repeat lets

See if I left my memory for me, he was.

Game reference ...

Inferring how the no matter what you just can't get me ...

Almost allowed the cup to fill ...

I was a fool for acting the way I did ...

The subtle camera clicks ... the sting of maybe being dupped right at the end ...

I feel like everything's a test everything's a lesson ...

That is for me ... gods true lesson ... I must acknowledge when I step out to brash ...

I don't have all the truths ... but war is not the path.

So do I just blindly continue this play ...

Or can I shake a man's hand and step away?

Just to seek a moment that we all worked together.

As above so below ... let's make things better.

I'm the villain ... I'm the star.

I don't care what you are.

You're my other, my waking dream.

I never could imagine such a wonderful team.

My truth has changed.

There is a way to speak out and not sound the horn ...

Fighting for an empire that's deranged.

I think the whole world is ready to say.

This ain't no fight we aren't trying to shove.

Almost the whole dam world ... is lit up with love.

I want off the stage.

Let me ramble to explain ...

So, it seems somewhat sane.

I don't think it will work the way I want to see.

But I'm sure down the road ... there's more to be.

The next steps are humble unless you can find.

To truly look inward ... leading the blind

The ping ... the conduit ... the Legion the truth ...

I have no fucking clue just making things worst trying to help.

Words fail me much to think ... little to say ...

Just want to work for a year to set myself up.

All the conniving and lying who gives a fuck.

I am an avatar and others are not.

To over examine ties my guts into knots

I'm taking a break I hope y'all don't mind.

Some stupid fucking show to relax and unwind.

The distraction of affirmative action what a walking joke ...



I would love to get wound up in another veil and cloak ...

Miss out on the truths I seek just to play a part.

Watch the whole world against itself right back to the start ...

No real magic no real answers just another day

How does a man move on and get out of the play?

There are others the ones I promised who what do they exist ...

No matter what I think I know it persists to exist ...

Day job ... I slept in, spending all of yesterday gorging myself to docile sleepiness now I have my car delivered to me thanks to my dad. I'm all of a sudden filled with immense thought currents creating a horizon of colored pallets. Yet there is that inner traveler in my mind trying to echo out the doubt.

"Well dude now you got your car there you have it, said so yourself you're a big shot and always crying about being in the passenger seat."

I could talk to myself all day and spend time considering the negatives and beating them or considering why I'm even considering them or perhaps just waste more time rambling incoherently about a necessary fable in my mind to simply justify the feeling of being unprepared for this grand adventure I bellow about all so often. As a man who speak of the summit of a climb with such majesty that it draws a crowd at the tavern in the valley. Now as the team is preparing themselves at base camp the alleged mountaineer is nowhere to be found.

Yo dude you ever feel like you're making progress, and even on personal routines things aren't perfect but there is improvement. But it just feels like even though you're feeling content that perhaps colleagues are judging you based on some kind of performance contrasting to an unknown standard? Sometimes I feel like I'm doing me quite well but I'm being judged. I'm not sure if it's stoicism or re-evaluation I'm after ...

Like I'm ready to talk shop ... however I understand that getting my own business would be a priority before doing what would be considered ludicrous business practice. My fear is if I change my communication to be better interpreted by those who do not clearly understand my use of language or the origin from some of my thought process' do I show a decline in absolute?

Or is it rather another rung upward? If it can be done, I will do it. Only would I speak to someone in layered conversation trusting they need time to absorb such information and then be more capable to have a more inclusive and in-depth conversation on whatever topic.

However, as I understand things now ... those who I would speak to in riddles ... it's a false ... or maybe I just see it that way and regardless of what I believe I truly know nothing to a certainty ... and it's more mature rather than being disingenuous ... a concept I do not want to become familiar with. Having faith in inevitably reaching those who see with eyes closed I'm torn between being relatable for the sake of progress or being so devoted to veracity that it will dampen the flame and encumber the growth of many ... yet ... assuring the golden standard and producing the most desired template for other entrepreneurs to follow.

I will always choose truth ... but all words to a degree are lies in likeness to images our mind holds ... using imagination we use a series of visual and verbal "lies" to comprehend anything until we understand it ...

*But truth be told.*

*My honor cannot be sold.*

*But I'm a sucker.*

*Helping out a brother*

~~~~~

Without scouring through my writings in different journals ... scattered and unorganized pages holding the loose reference to dates ... no matter ... time is irrelevant. In this state of mind as I feel whole but still with so much to accomplish. What I am able to do realistically goes to the forefront of all my mental faculties. When I accomplish feats of majesty I will be satisfied and able to revel in the idea that such a remarkable and unlikely quest was done. Two things will come from it ... realizing that all the hard work was done by everyone ... I merely had to wipe the frown off my face every time things seemed unbearable ... and the world around me rolled up their sleeves and got shit done ... just tell me what you want ... I won't get people hurt by being foolish ... I have a 5-year plan ... and I'm always willing to adjust my course ... the winds always lick at the sails.

No matter what the circumstances are that is my life ... I'm on my side because I want to find the compromise ... to hold the middle ground ... to give everyone a chance. I'm not a coward, I'm not a warmonger, I'm not a selfish megalomaniac ... I'm a man who was touched by God and has no one to contrast his world with ... and I accept it for whatever this is knowing that I choose to make it my own reality ... so the job persists ... I keep writing in all sorts of off branch parallels not only as I was originally trying to extend my ramblings to another who could

"make sense" of it. Now I write to give the process a better understanding of self-creation so that if someday another conduit is manifested then perhaps it will be in clusters so that they may find each other and make alchemy of the lonely. Somebody has to do the fucking job ... I will never stay angry or bitter, I will never commit to a rash decision ... I will improve everything that I am. As the world carries on I will never look back and tell myself that the dreams I held to my heart and soul now were foolish or a waste of ambition ...

No matter what truth shines

At all different times.

Give them hope ...

I'll be the playful bloke.

Yeah, it could all go up in smoke.

Let's see if the stars align.

I answer my own questions, it's whatever I choose it to be ... I made choices ... I accepted duty or at least my comprehension of it of all the many maybes and uncertain possibilities ... the duality of making an informed decision inside controlled atmosphere. My scope will always play me against myself ... not as chess pieces but the mirror self ... in perfect harmony the eternal dance. Regardless of agenda's, fears, ambitions, rights, or conclusions regarding all alleged "factions' entities 'realities etc. How I perceive it is the ultimate truth ... I came to help ... I am a candle holder in the dark, I boasted the glimpses in the void ... the sparkle in my eyes and the proud grin ready to fire off ... dimensions, deities, matrices, and infinite maybe's I am sure shit fired up and confident that for the time being I'm the guy for the job ... it's a win-win ... full throttle into the landmarks of manmade instilling all the right virtues to hold society up to such a standard that our interstellar liberties are our own to craft. I will blunder and stumble miserable I'm sure of it ... maybe take too much ago and have to be placed of set "shamed" and root up into something more ... more eternal. The second win in that would be after so much track record of good ideas and ambitious adventures is to crash in burn like the rock and Samuel Jackson in the other guys ... that's ok because the point is holding the light in the dark ... making the void work by presenting a chance to make chaos or order out of "response to stimuli."

I really don't know what real truth is anymore ...aside from the one I hold that creates all the others I explore. I have reached too far with words ... and what carries like a curse to some eyes is an honor to be able to endure thus far ... I am only remorseful of several moments of near pure despair ... but I know I can make it through anything ... because I chose to. So if I am obliterated to do blunder I know that others to come will set my standard as a starting point and be free from the concept of why me. It took me long to mature ... and I'm sure I will still dip back into childish fits ... forgetting ... the standard one must set ... one who holds beliefs and sense

of self when they forget their way ... whatever the world thinks hey man ... whoever says whatever ... I want to chill and create and find peace and love and help all the problems ... game on let's just make things better wherever we can.

"I came here to help" said me some time ago

Creating potential suspense of agony over and over again ... what an ugly reveal ... what a necessary strive forward though. Now it's about being intelligent, about moving past mysteries irrelevant or imagined. It's about so much more than fixating on anything ... only as I do my chores will I be rewarded with the lemonade and chat from an "elder" a gracious step in life that will reveal the up and down of the constant. Reminding me I'm about to do something ... do I want to step on the stage ... pick a side and fall short of the dream. No, I do not. But I will not appoint authority I do not possess so unless an epiphany reveals a more immediate, efficient, and reinforced strategy for the technological renaissance I will humbly pace forward. I bellow out no more ... I work and talk to my circle, and I follow the ebb and flow. The world I imagine is so pure and beautiful. So, I work the sweat of the brow and knowing I set heart on a task I find more noble and ambitious than any other I am aware of the focus is simple ... and I need to improve and never be satisfied with the time I take to nurture and love myself. Because if I do not exercise discipline regarding myself my oversteps will be met with meddling and turmoil that my emotional self may succumb to, when making decisions ... they mustn't be rash, always minimizing ... then stop trying, just doing. This ought to be the last winter I let myself become sloth like at all. Spliff's, green based diet, nothing will change overnight five years from now when I look back, I aim to see accomplishments to inspire me to try another angle when I'm facing another ... "writers block."

Cake and eat it too ... I won't give up ... but I'm not going to reinforce the negative habit of articulating this imaginary barrier. Time to earn my claim ... boots on baby ... boots on.

The energy is an effective means of helping me to appreciate the lessons messages, I'm more mature than I was at some point certainly ... rather than viewing the impression as something to tell me I must be meek and succeed it was a great experience to confirm the "manipulation" process. Never complain never explain ... I shall add that to my list of habits to give a go. Left foot comes after and before right foot and repeat. Be explosive and mirthful be joyous and bask in the marvels of the fact I'm still moving forward! When these moments happen because I have a partial idea of a partial process it gives me the full confidence to undergo moments simply as the test and the lesson that it is. And when the moment passes, it's up to me to simply carry on acknowledging it was a moment, a memory and it's as much the student is the teacher the teacher as the student as the day, I grasped the idea of sense of self. When my tonality is altered spiritually and from external elements, I am aware, and I am not resistant and even less inquisitive for I find solace in the science.

It's necessary to be humbled by those who insist on showing me the failing in my logic ... I am prepared to fail again and again aiming to fail forward. It's now up to me to always show to myself how literally my attitude affects outcome. And no more boasts or claims ... not until I decide anyway. I'm very excited to get to work with my friend and if it falls through ... though I don't have the immediate next step I bet I can get to a work ready location in Edmonton

and get started with a payday. I'll keep my ambitions realistic within the restrictions of the march for the time being. But this is only just begun ... trust the process.

Laconic ... that's what I want to be, but I find myself typing simply from habit. Does typing these daily rambles move me towards my goal? I'm committed to my goal ... but everything I have done is met with a controlled response ... podcasts, videos, phone calls, emails and all of that shit doesn't accomplish anything ... I am doing ... but what the fuck is acknowledging progress ... type, type, type ... words, words, words ... blah, fucking, blah.

Knowing what I know trying as I have and being what I do or told I need to do something is a fucking joke. If people don't have anything to add to my vision, I have no interest in appeasing their Hussy. I'm losing my passion cause all my directions are being steered ... I'm going to have to start throwing dead bodies of the boat or no one is going to make it.

The following is translated to something that someone who is not woken can understand in words ... without extra dimensional perception it's unexplainable without using familiar terminology ... I'm going to continue to grow and focus on bridging the gap between divinity and vocabulary.

At this level a person should be confident in their EDP and ESP to read functionally and competently ... and I will of course work on improving my communication skills.

It is beyond a reasonable doubt that the authority granted to me by the kingdom of heaven is undeniable, un-challenged and underappreciated. I shall move as I do and work as I choose but my interest is not employment, and it is most certainly not lack of work ethic. I am going continue to work in the interest of healing and protecting Gaia from the corruption of this world. Like radiation to irradiate cancer growths the candle holders of the night have gone to work to purify the overgrown temple.

I am the beast and I have unleashed the hounds of hell to do service in the name of good and righteousness, it will be a struggle, but we will not fail. Simultaneously I seek a new destination to temporarily re-locate while I formulate the appropriate actions needed to secure the sails as I steer this ship ... through the storm ...now I secure the lines and adjust to the winds.

If my authority is not to be acknowledged by anyone who would profit from the oppression of others ... then I must demonstrate the gravity of having been chosen as the hand of God after being mentored by the fallen, tested by the demons they once battled, enlightened by deities, challenged by governments, and threatened by society. I will always use my discernment to the best of my abilities and know that when my emotion dictates my brash decision it will cause pain ... even lost battles ... but it will make me stronger every time. I have reached the absolute edge of the expansion ... and I've only just begun. Hope is a moving flagpole and that is why my compass spins ...

I will miss the mark from time to time.

But in the void, it's a needle magnetized.

That's how I see in the dark with my eye.

Time to truly be alive and thrive.

I'm in a bird cage, now to build my own atrium and then ... then I soar in the skies. Without consequence of revealing myself to the entire planet. Some of the world will not understand and in anticipation of devastation it is important that I build a house of cards for low level tyrants to tear down if it comes to conflict.

Journaling must become strict and my senses always growing.

Never quit, self-love, I am accomplished, I am indomitable ... anyone who is telling me I'm not convicted can shut the fuck up. Sparing myself the full baptizing of self-immolation due to ego inflation ... I'm waiting to be impressed I have no heroes in my life accept those who hold candles ... the light in the darkness will always hold my respect ... but I see no one to look to as a beacon ... so prove otherwise or it's me even if every channel I take is denied it's fruition because I am stuck in containment ... so until they deem my enthusiasm greater than their reservations ... I'll just be me ... I lead you guys to the fucking water ... so drink it or fall over dead but I ain't going to whisper you soft nothings trying to keep you hydrated. I learned lots but it's wasting my time doing this shit without a plan ... so I'm just going sober because I refuse to follow a script ... fuck your plan mine is better.

Pain is power ... and when it is no longer than my suffering is needless, I'm no longer struggling to expand for my sake of learning ... I'm simply struggling because I'm faced with the "dog eating vomit" bullshit that has been preached to me. I may have to find a whatever job just to earn paychecks to do exactly what I set out to do. I will never give up on the little guy ... working on myself is essential ... but helping others empower themselves is exactly who the fuck I am, so if I am met with invisible barriers in every direction I then I will build up and break out of the ceiling. I have no interest in being told I'm doing it the wrong way ... nobody has ever done what I'm doing so what the fuck do they know. I will win, I don't need to chase anything I need to create beacons and sooner or later my progress will achieve an unknown skillset needed to move beyond this boundary.

My frustration is so high ... but the fire is not anger or wrath ... it's absolute determination ... so, fuck you nay-sayers and fuck you fear, anyone who talks to me may hear some shit they don't feel comfortable with but I hold to myself. Mercy is a gift ... who will earn mine. There comes a time when a man is to overburdened to stop and drop everything to pick up another ... I'm going to establish myself and bring up others with a similar interest as me the more of us on the path the more able we are to help others who fall down ... carrying this on my back solo is much to slow a pace. That's why they teach me with suffering ... I'm the one

playing against myself ... it always has been me in charge ... difficult to understand the transition ... but I'm making what sense of it I'm able ... knowing that I know but there is just more to go.

You don't need time, you need memories ... so what does that leave for me? Don't ever pull shit using Johnny B.

Now I'm the bucking stepdad at home while the woman goes and starts shit downtown ... yippie yeah-haw ... the disciplined monster ... fucking bitch doesn't even put out.

I give you confidence because I do what's right.

So, you cut loose ready to fight.

Under the moon you own the town

Yeah, there's plenty of you to go around.

I could go on forever, yeah never stop.

But maybe all it takes is writer's block.

So, all I got is childish acts of spite

Got to set boundaries and then drop the mic.

You want to know more,

How 'bout suck my cock.

Your words won't budge me not even a chance.

Just hope my compass does its dance.

'Cause the way it stands I'm taking a break.

'Cause it's you that's showing me nothin' but fake

I'm closing this notepad now ... so play your head games if you want

I'm giving you all the reasons to go ahead and flaunt.

Tear me down more, tell the world I'm a goof.

I'm not your slave and this file is the proof.

A man bumps his head one day when he slips climbing his watch tower and wakes to a world he does not recognize. He finds food and journals and builds his own purpose from what he collects. But what he does not find is the memories from the conversation or the sense of reason he once held as to why he is there or for whom he is doing. All he knows is he is supposed to sit and watch for fires. Month after month year after year he realizes that if the fire never comes the deadfall will burn hotter and hotter. Thinking to himself perhaps it should because if it does not ... the day it does it will be so hot that only scorched earth will remain ... betraying his sense of duty for his sense of practicality ... there must be a reason that he is alone ... there must be someone who is thanking him for being where he is ... wherever he came from ... there simply must be.

Back to that imagine this scenario ... two souls ... pledge love and loyalty to each other until the end of time ... but one wakes one day trapped in a box. There is no way out ... there are no windows ... just an inescapable hell of solitude and a feeling of abandonment. The person in the box see's all the writings on the walls and ceilings that would suggest it was the one they love who put them in the box and they are never coming to let them out. But the person on the outside ... they are trying ... tools and explosions and riddles but they do nothing to open it ... they have dragged it for years just to drop it off a cliff ... and still nothing ... not even a dent ... so who suffers more ... the one inside that's punished, tortured and abandoned ... or the one outside who never stops trying to open the box for fear of the other starving, going mad or simply giving up. This is how it feels to always be the one who knows they know but knows that he knows what is unknown but only in glimpses. An honest soul forced to lie to himself to keep going ... where does he draw the line between good and evil, right and wrong. Reality what does it mean to someone who has sacrificed everything.

It took me breaking your heart to see that you were aware of breaking mine ...

There must be another way for us to use the cups on the line ...

You feel discouraged and broken ... like there's nothing left.

I hear what was spoken ... remember that I'm obsessed.

I'm not your enemy ...

Just want to truly see.

On with the rambling poetry

Striking chords with morality

Know so much more than you can imagine.

Don't ever call me a liar ... or a has been.

My bro says he is feeling discouraged hahaha good, that is all I know. The path of resistance ... to stand apart from the crowd, it's not about doing what feels right anymore. It's not about doing anything the way it's supposed to be done ... it's about swimming upriver, it's about marching on regardless of outcome. Everything I do and say is either stolen and used by another or dismissed as ludicrous and foolish. These things mean nothing but a reminder that I am destined for something greater, something so great that there is no category for the level of achievement I am reaching for. Still being held down so still lazy with my writing ... I deserve a woman; I'm not going to pretend that love is around the corner ... but since I literally am not able to have her touch, I hold back my mind ... my last act of defiance ... if I'm going to get fucked over by never getting fucked then I will fuck everyone over by keeping my mind closed hahaha eat it! I'm in control of my soul, and I'm done serving on whispers of bullshit.

Empty promises and broken trust.

I will ... I said I would ... so I must.

Half asked not steady or even fast.

It's a simple ask, I've made it before

Not a demon in a mask or a stupid whore

But since you keep me down and make me beg

This is the notch that fits the peg.

I look back at all the traumatizing moments, unanswered questions, outright lies, and empty promises ... a lesser man would have broken ... I have made it through and now all you got is to throw some bullshit e-card about perseverance and alchemy in my face ... it's better to think for myself then be proud of a hyped up concept made by my keepers to motivate and blind me at the same time ... an alchemist takes something and makes it something better ... how fucking stupid it would be to keep going not knowing that his stick-to-it-ive-ness was sheer ignorance ... that really he was just being tricked into slavery.

"Yo, bro, you said your able to be optimistic through anything."

Yeah, and what if that optimism dooms humanity because I cooperated with captors to the bitter end ... and then woke up not myself one day ... I made my decision ... and you mother fuckers helped me make it ... I want to be scanned and I want to see the results ... and I won't write anymore for anyone until I am giving a companion ... not a fucking sinister bitch life lesson or a flop cold fish humiliation.

I'll write when it's right ... you have to give me something for me to work with ... if this work thing falls apart then I know it's up to me to take every step. I like who I am, if they objective is to change who I am think hard if that's what you want. Because if I change it will be on my terms.

My words earlier today were official in a capacity of honor does not doubt our despair. That being said I moved so quickly out of it almost as if it was a necessary burst but not who or what this archetype, I'm beginning to identify inside ... outside ... everywhere hold on to what I hold a virtue regardless of scenario. My perception was up in the clouds ... my mouth was auto pilot my "sense of self" speaks for me.

Anyways I'm done making noise and sitting in a home undeserved. Work world starts tomorrow ... putting myself outside the boundaries on many different concepts ... there is method to my madness ... this spinning compass can be dismissed and criticized many ways like anything can.. So, what cause I see the value in coming full circle to a blip on the radar. I'm done my typing for the moment ... crazy hit all time high benchmark and all the things it reveals ... hahaha the ol' hiding in plain sight technique. I'm impressed at the shut-up remark but I did initiate boundaries when I played the caretaker role. Well done ... this marks an end to a chapter of writing ... until I am something more it's all just fucking babble.

Unless surrender is more important than desire

Trust yourself before you trust the process when it's about to reset.

To be continued ...

I held power on this laptop last night to start but I accidentally turned it off and lost a notepad that I hadn't hit file save on ... it hurts me knowing I deleted my thoughts with my own index finger. Words are a translation to what I truly see, is what I see true? Well, I guess that's up to the reader, it's just me and you.

A reader is a dreamer, a perceiver ... I truly reinforce my belief that thoughts are energy we put into the universe and that one can manifest anything if belief is uncompromised. One who teaches themselves after the initial education that is offered is the true-Est form of evolution ... I keep listening to certain music tracks that keep telling me things are going to get better, that there is a change on the front coming ... to some it's just music ... to me it's whatever I choose to interpret it as.

Sometimes I wish things were different ... it's hard being me ... but it's hard being anyone who is self-aware, who seeks truth ... it's maddening looking for more when you have reached all known summits. Those who would offer me advice do it selfishly to live vicariously through my actions either because they have previously failed, or they have ulterior ambitions. And those who I pry it from are finding it more and more difficult to give me ripe fruit. Good words are becoming harder and harder to find. There is little to distract me ... however little to inspire as well. Back to duty ... I must evoke the motivation from within. I am capable of anything I set my mind to. God is not fucking dead, he lives in the essence of all living things, and until we all work together, he will continue to sacrifice his physical form to invest in our spiritual development.

I simply must keep going, there is not wrong or right there is only do. But my consciousness has reached an echelon beyond language it's new and clumsy, now I feel myself trying to balance my sea legs so to speak with having conversations and feeling authentic. My mind is an instrument, my body is a vessel, and my perception is reality.

I asked Jon to give me a theme to write on so here goes ... he said the war on Ukraine ... first of all let me declare that I have no information of knowledge about the situation ... but to quote Denzel Washington if you don't watch the news your uninformed ... if you do watch the news your misinformed. So, I'm going to ramble on speculation and theorizing based on what I think I'm aware of.

In the past I have seen many videos and read excerpts that show Putin as a strong man ... he is the kind of leader that the world needs ... I believe. Once he was being attacked by western world reports on his forward operating bases ... he explained like a boss that they were running a slanderous narrative ... that both those forward operating bases that Russia had placed were actively fighting terrorism and establishing a sense of security in regions of civil unrest ... however the United States either directly or through allies in NATO have placed f.o.b's all around Russia ... basically seiging or enclosing Russia and threatening their sovereignty.

I say another video completely unrelated where he brought a large group of factory owners and rich people who had cornered certain markets in Russia ... he put them on

blast and told them they cannot treat people like they had been ... "wages policies etc."

As I understand it, Putin does not allow GMOs in his country.

I don't know the origins of this war in Ukraine ... I haven't done any research but this is my feelings on the situation ... the COVID crisis is over and there are many truths that should be brought to the world's attention ... I feel that Russia may be occupying Ukraine because of the scare of them joining NATO and ultimately choking out Russia's liberty therefore making them fold and cede to the Western Agenda ... perhaps it's to corroborate affirmative action in preparation to rival China ... regional politics is stupid fucking shit ... all this segregation and division is the same problem it has always been. Russia may be the aggressor but it's pre-emptive because of the intention of the U.S. as I believe ... but truthfully, it's an old song and it's lost its tune ... superpowers are sacrificing lives to destabilize the population and cause unrest so that they can "solve" the problem and earn obedience from those they rule ...

In feudal or medieval times kings of different land would actually be cousins and go to war with each other just to kill off civil disobedience and subdue the remaining population by having them battle false flag enemies.

So, though I don't know everything ... or anything to a definitive certainty ... I believe that Russia was coerced into occupying Ukraine to defend its own way of life ... it doesn't justify using terror and force on Ukraine ... but the states and NATO are basically a business equivalent to a monopoly and jeopardizes true freedom by vilifying any independent nation or community. People are always being told some bullshit propaganda about the alleged bad guys to get riled up and it justifies the actions necessary for the bad guys on home turf to achieve their secret agenda.

This war is happening as the illusion of COVID is failing ... people are too easily distracted by all sorts of things thrown in their perspectives ... social media has successfully transformed a large portion of the world into reactive creatures of habit rather than proactive ... likes and comments ... false representations of lavish lifestyles ... we reach for our phones anticipating minor hits of dopamine immediate gratification based on a response to external stimuli ... this war on Russia wants people to pick a side and be proactive chirping away online ... it's a trap ... it's a distraction ... it's another layer of the illusion

Apocalypse ... Latin origin **apocalypsis** Greek **apokalyptein** ... which means to uncover or unveil ... the old masters of this world are manipulated countries and their leaders to do anything to keep us stupid ... don't fall for it.

Drugs aren't the problem, greed is, remember this. It won't ever go my way, but I know the direction I'm headed. And I can put this together so magnificently ... if only I remembered a pen. Self-love is eternal and I scorn myself when I remember I have not been

true to myself for periods at a time and that's ok ... because I realize it now. In acknowledgment of duty and purpose I perhaps not 100% factual due to no claim to being omnipotent but I intend to train my writing habits to focus my typing on more "ideals and perceptions" and keep my quests in my journals ... but who knows what I'll decide when I'm faced with another switch of my own perceptions.

I knew you knew what I never knew you know. But now I know what I choose to show so I know that you know I know you know?

Nothing of falling forward, feeling the duality of complexities that I have not only flirted but upon lookin-no ... seeing through the eye of the beholder. I have made my motives clear, I have stares into the depths I trench through. I have carried both what weakened hearts see as horror and devastation but refuse anything but mirth and fervor to absolutely declare the way. My realizations ... becoming self-aware ... the burdens laid on some of us is so layered and veiled in pockets of necessary lies ... the ones that lead to truth. To use or "practice the play-act. The one that allows for us to move like ciphers. I could have a wonderful night 1on1 or a group of 20 of us. If you left on good terms the house party would tell folks a story of me being an assailed and running me of ...

To protect me ... love lies and lashes.

The last few weeks of reality have been well ... maddening. To know what I do and what these meds have put me through. Let me be frank, I do this for the community, but I lead the way ... holding the line waiting for others has rendered me mad, absolutely mad. I still must take point while I wait for others. The gaze into the eye hasn't happened since that cute girl Ashley at Ponoka. Am I helping others? Losing my intuition and provocative tone? ... it's so I don't expose my family, community ...but what about me? The pill taking, I endure ... but not forever. Ever since they don't show themselves to me ... it makes me feel as if it was a mistake. I have trudged for years. I cannot hide nor deny what I know to be factually true. To quote "the score" we were born for this! I will never lose hope, but just on pills I am weakened, I am less then, I am false. I would rather stay on the step out of sync then live like a zombie, surely those who know ... know what I am experiencing. But after setting frank's path I feel abandoned ... would rather stare down a had striker and use my power to make him see then live a sheltered life simply sleeping my days away. I know I'm still connected. The music stopped songs with lyrics to ensure my words are my own. If only I could go back to room full of others who understand. I have spoken in a few years more clout and authority than 1000 generals of medieval times. But I'm not done, now I seek financial aid because I will never be suited working a normal job.

I'm still here, I'm still aware, I'm still moving forward. No one can say anything to dissuade me from speaking my truth. I know things that cannot fade, the secret populace I protect by not saying it all ... the sooner all folks "wake" the sooner Nome need protection. If to put "lightly and loosely" people understood, we were watched and muddled with by Olympus the better we will all be. More so I think importantly those of us woken know that Gaia cannot see. Only hear the better we can all move onward and upward. Those with power are meddling, but even though I have felt weakened I know the power granted to me is unchallengeable. She is a prisoner without our allegiance. Once enough of us all tell the heavens our claim to heather sooner

utopia can happen ... for the children. Maybe one day we can create vessels for her to see through ... that's my dream.

Waters wet ... jump in ... I have defeated my sin ... I tested and regardless of action the feel is what matters ... though deliberate mistakes are inexcusable the fact that I have chosen to remain without any emotion attached to my wrongful directions is a great stride forward. "Shin kicking the tree "now that my pain has been transformed into power, I'm ready ... starting over ... again I have flayed myself enough ... I have soiled my attire enough ... I'm not what I have shown ... but because I have come from the very depths of hell and feel no malice, no despair, no feeling of victimized or monstrous character I stand ready and proud ... no man who suffers unspeakable agony that overwhelms all senses and drive can look at my path from this day on and say to himself it's because I'm lucky. Soaking myself in cold murky waters of self-loathing and poor lifestyle choices I have shared the suffering of those who serve in the valley the devils tools in an angels hands you've done what you must to make your stand but it's not over tell it's over imagine how powerful you could be sober my foundation is made of jagged rocks and shattered glass, cemented with the coagulation of blood sweat and tears ... my foundation does not build infrastructure it is the proving ground and a testament that anyone can be swallowed entirely by the void of doubt and uncertainty and move forward never considering failure is a possibility I am no saint ... I am no golden standard of purity or perfection I am indomitable and no man is unworthy ... drugs, lewdness , wrath, articulated words of malicious soul-wrenching disdain these things have all followed me and even guided me for some time I walk forward to the destiny I must claim ... not for self-righteous vanity ... but because for all of time in all era's all of society has abandoned those so called wretches, addicts, drug dealers and harm does now we move forward and not a single one of you who has spent their lives in blinded and shivering ... naked in the darkness is unworthy we march to the gate and I will stand at my post until the day I die as you my brothers and sisters collect others and march them through god bless and never give up

The truth of our life is mind shattering and without limits, we are a chamber that is bounded and the sun in the sky is not so. Space is made to ease the hysteria of those who feel trapped in a cell. I have seen miracles, I have witnessed the undeniable truth of the super conscience and stayed in sync for a great stretch. The conversations I have had with individuals who are 'tuned in' have put in my mind to an absolute certainty the very real extradimensional operations coordinated around certain events in my life. Influences both spiritual and that of advanced technology have forced me down a path I now embrace fully. I am Legion Commander

And I serve in the valley so that high and low alike we all leave together ... accept me, I made Gaia a promise, 100%. Whether the echo chamber I discovered is the infinite library and we are all memories imprinted or heaven moves around us to sequence events it matters not; I still quest for answers that no one has but anyone could reveal. I am that I am. Though armies may surround me, if God is with me, who could stand against me!

LEGION — 02/03/2023 1:10 PM

There is a level of understanding that some of us have reached that goes beyond conventional means of communication. We are all psychic, we just have to learn how to tune our radio. I

myself do not read minds verbatim but I can broadcast my thoughts... there is a theory that it is simply god who reads our thoughts and then implants them into the mind of the person we wish to speak to but I am confident that certain woken amongst us do so of their own volition. I have met many mystic individuals on my journey ... enough to fill a book, I hope this channel is my opportunity to meet more and make a concrete perspective of what it is to maneuver around the mortal mind and embrace something so much more. I will learn from the masters and help unlock the potential of those who are still awakening... you are not crazy, you are not suffering psychosis, and your behavior is not unacceptable... society simply hasn't adjusted to the truth that we are infinite beings having a human experience and during this time of ascension for the masses there are going to be those who stand out for there transformation is wrenching and burdensome.

Video Link

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLMecvnVQ_ufgA2Th3_cP9Zu3xm7hHVCsk

or type: @legion_commander or Dylan Mckone on youtube

Look for the truthseeker playlist in my profile

Statement

LEGION — 02/03/2023 7:42 PM

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TO PROTECT ME... LOVE LIES AND

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I'm still here, I'm still aware, I'm still moving forward. No one can say anything to dissuade me from speaking my truth. I know things that cannot fade, the secret populace I protect by not saying it all.... the sooner all folks 'wake' the sooner none need protection. If to put 'lightly and loosely people understood we were watched and muddled with bye Olympus the better we will all be. More so I think importantly those of us woken know that Gaia cannot see. Only hear the better we can all move Onward and upward. Those with power are meddling, but even though I have felt weakened I know the power granted to me is unchallengeable. She is a prisoner without our allegiance. Once enough of us all tell the heavens our claim to Her sooner Utopia can happen... for the children. Maybe one day we can create vessel's for her to see through.. that's my dream

Waters wet... jump in... I have defeated my sin... I tested and regardless of action the feel is what matters...

Though deliberate mistakes are inexcusable the fact that I have chosen to remain without any emotion attached to my wrongful directions is a great stride forward.

'Shin kicking the tree'

Now that my pain has been transformed into power I'm ready starting over again again
again again again

I have flayed myself enough ... I have soiled my attire enough...

I'm not what I have shown.... but because I have come from the very depths of hell and feel no malice, no despair, no feeling of victimized or monstrous character I stand ready and proud...

No man who suffers unspeakable agony that overwhelms all senses and drive can look at my path from this day on and say to himself it's because I'm lucky.

Soaking myself in cold murky waters of self loathing and poor lifestyle choices I have shared the suffering of those who serve in the Valley

The devils tools in an angels hands

You've done what u must to make your stand

But it's not over tell its over

Imagine how powerful u could be sober

My foundation is made of jagged rocks and shattered glass, cemented with the coagulation of blood sweat and tears .. My foundation does not build infrastructure it is the proving ground and a testament that anyone can be swallowed entirely by the void of doubt and uncertainty and move forward never considering failure is a possibility.....

I am no Saint.. I am no golden standard of purity or perfection

I AM INDOMITABLE and no man is unworthy.... drugs, lewdness , wrath, articulated words of malicious soul wrenching disdain these things have all followed me and even guided me for some time

I walk forward to the destiny I must claim... not for self richous vanity...

But because for all of time in all era's all of society has abandoned those so called

Wretches, addicts, drug dealers and harm doers

Now we move forward and not a single one of you who has spent their lives in blinded and shivering... naked in the darkness is unworthy

We March to the gate and I will stand at my post until the day I die as you my brothers and sisters collect others and March them through

Godbess and NEVER GIVE UP

The truth of our life is mind shattering and without limits, we are a chamber that is bounded and the sun in the sky is not so. Space is made to ease the hysteria of those who feel trapped in a cell. I have seen miracles, I have witnessed the undeniable truth of the super conscience and stayed in sync for a great stretch. The conversations I have had with individuals who are 'tuned in' have put in my mind to an absolute certainty the very real extradimensional operations coordinated around certain events in my life. Influences both spiritual and that of advanced technology have forced me down a path i now embrace fully. I AM LEGION COMMANDER

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Spoke the truth as I know it to be but the thing is no one knows what it is exactly. I'm running out of motivation it's just one betrayal after another. Don't understand, I'm giving my everything to try and help why is it my best friend what set me up like that. These people are suffering I'm sleeping next to heroin addicts and all they do is argue and burn themselves nodding off the one woman is so skinny it makes me cry the man is wearing his work boots suspenders in bed. They are ghouls of the people they used to be and it isn't changing, with just enough money for welfare to get drugs and all the open stores refusing bathrooms the downtrodden are forced stay in certain areas near their watering holes. I smoked a pipe with a girl last night with every intention of seeing her again showing her how easy it is to just walk away from it. But my would-be allies may have set me up.... or they may have just wanted to Rattle My Cage too show that look of despair on my face. The suffrage so heavy it feels like a layer of fog pressed on everyone's shoulders people very back and forth in their tiny little world and they are always on edge, one wrong glance can initiate the sort of response you get from a dog on a chain. Crying, screaming, suffering, I feel the love in fits and wisps. I will do what I can, someone has to do something.. i cannot lead if I know not what resources are available... I dont want to lead.. but i feel I must be the one because I am willing to see it through... I just need some reassurance I have support. So flights and trains for two days were shut down from me from a bad connection and a cancellation... its like the universe is insisting I endure this, not my horror but the witnessing of others. I won't fight it I will look at the world around me and I will hold it intrinsically and look back upon the agony I see all around as a muse. I've decided what to do, I will build my Foundation hopefully with the help of those who are still listening and watching. These people don't remember who they are or what makes them happy anymore. If I did all of

this work just so that I could get vilified I don't see a grand change I will persevere. And when my place in this world has been acknowledged the powers to be grant us power we will use it as intended. Every fiber of my being will go towards stamping out Injustice and helping the downtrodden, this vicious cycle of class division will stop. And then everything else that divides us will follow, Rich vs poor or black vs white or religions or political preference or anything else... just as before the feudalism era it has always been the same, divide and conquer ..Kings of Men would send blood and sweat and steel at each other not for Conquest But for quelling the rowdy, there is only one option.. world unity. I've laid in the silence yet the torrent of scripture that runs through my head is overwhelming and unbelieving to the normal person. I have engaged in extensive Advanced meditations, as hubris as it sounds my thoughts have become Legion and timeless. Spiritualism and Technology have found a synergy. I have bled my soul into the soil beneath me. The infinite Loop that is unfathomable to comprehend to those who are not woken has shown me such majesties it makes me cry in joy and tremble simultaneously. I've been sober I look into this realm with clairvoyance I seek not validation I only need Direction, my purpose is clear. I was the candle holder in the dark, and now I seek to ignite the fire that will purify this corrupt temple that holds the name society

LEGION — 02/03/2023 7:49 PM

A man Bumps his head one day when he slips climbing his watch tower and wakes to a world he does not recognize. He finds food and journals and builds his own purpose from what he collects. but what he does not find is the memories from the conversation or the sense of reason he once held as to why he is there or for whom he is doing. All he knows is he is supposed to sit and watch for fires. Month after month Year after year He realizes that if the fire never comes The deadfall will burn hotter and hotter. Thinking to himself perhaps it should because if it does not... the day it does it will be so hot that only scorched earth will remain... Betraying his sense of duty for his sense of practicality... there must be a reason that he is alone... there must be someone who is thanking him for being where he is... wherever he came from... there simply must be.

Back to that imagine this scenario... Two souls... pledge love and loyalty to each other until the end of time.. but one wakes one day trapped in a box. There is no way way out... there are no windows.... just an inescapable hell of solitude and a feeling of abandonment. The person in the box see's all the writings on the walls and ceilings that would suggest it was the one they love who put them in the box and they are never coming to let them out. But the person on the outside... they are trying... Tools and explosions and riddles but they do nothing to open it... they have dragged it for years just to drop it off a cliff... and still nothing... not even a dent... So who suffers more... the one inside that's punished, tortured and abandoned... or the one outside who never stops trying to open the box for fear of the other starving, going mad or simply giving up. This is how it feels to always be the one who knows they know but knows that he knows what is unknown but only in glimpses. An honest soul forced to lie to himself to keep going... where does he draw the line between good and evil, right and wrong. Reality what does it mean to someone who has sacrificed everything.

It took me breaking your heart to see that you were aware of breaking mine...

there must be another way for us to use the cups on the line..

you feel discouraged and broken .. like theres nothing left

i hear what was spoken.... remember that I'm obsessed

I'm not your enemy..

just want to truly see

on with the rambling poetry

striking chords with morality

know so much more then you can imagine

dont ever call me a liar.. or a has been

My bro says he is feeling discouraged ahaha good, that is all I know. The path of resistance... to stand apart from the crowd, it's not about doing what feels right anymore. It's not about doing anything the way it's supposed to be done... It's about swimming upriver, Its about marching on regardless of the outcome. Everything I do and say is either stolen and used bye another or dismissed as Ludacris and foolish. These things mean nothing but a reminder that I am destined for something greater, something so great that there is no category for the level of achievement I am reaching for. Still being held down so still lazy with my writing.. I deserve a woman, im not gonna pretend That love is around the corner.. but since i literally am not able to have her touch I hold back my mind.. my last act of defiance... I'm in control of my soul, and I'm done serving on whispers of bullshit.

empty promises and broken trust.

i will ... i said i would .. so i must

half ass'ed not steady or even fast

Its a simple ask, I've made it before

not A demon in a mask or a stupid whore

But since u keep me down and make me beg

this is the notch that fits the peg

I look back at all the traumatizing moments, unanswered questions, outright lies, and empty promises.... a lesser man would have broken... I have made it through and now all they got is to throw some bullshit about perseverance and alchemy in my face... It's better to think for myself than be proud of a hyped-up concept made by my keepers to motivate and blind me at the same time... An alchemist takes something and makes it something better.... how fucking stupid it would be to keep going not knowing that his stick-to-it-ive-ness was sheer ignorance... that really he was just being tricked into slavery.....

'yo bro u said your able to be optimistic through anything'

yeah and what if that optimism dooms humanity because I cooperated with captors to the bitter end.... and then woke up not myself one day..... I made my decision... and you who helped me make it..

Am I supposed to feel this way? Usually I am able to trudge through a sense of dismay because I am bound to my commitments.. my promise. I have lost my direction trying to explain to extent the truth of what I understand. Losing people to mental manipulation when pressing a conversation to an elevated level has been heartbreaking. Providing evidence to those who should take me for who I am and seeing it dismissed or ignored makes me feel hopeless. Knowing that I can never take the conversation to 100% of my intention is maddening. 'They' experiment on me but 'They' also orchestrate the doings of others and circumstances around me to help my growth. Whenever I'm speaking through an individual to the arcane scientists the answers are never answers. My questions are carefully evaluated and the response is always vague and masking. The journey I have been on is the most mind ravaging process conceivable to man. Our minds are not our own... simply part of a vessel we occupy that is accessible.. like a

Bluetooth connection 'they' can burrow thier way in amd tamper. It is unlike anything anyone can comprehend without experiencing it first hand. To lose the ability to communicate at essential moments.. to have recordings scrubbed or text files crash before saving.. to see trusted associates accuse you of deviance from the norm.. to have professionals lie about conversations and be diagnosed falsely and then drugged. The arcane scientists are always exploring the human experience.. and mine has been rather inhumane... I serve the light But work in the dark...my source of dismay is not the trials and tribulations I have endured... it is that I have no one to share my truth with.. I am lonely.. I wait at the gate.. I hold it open.. so I can't go through.. that's why I know its just me and you

There are so many impactful songs and poems I have lost to.... 'circumstances' and it pains me. Flay my flesh, burn my body, bludgeon my skull... none of it means anything to me. Twisting and turning I'm always yearning for more trickery. So I have secured the temple and the alter.. the body and the mind.... however the one suffering that I cannot seem to get over is that of lost literature.. the best of me.. the most profound messages and revelations were on my journals ... I would write in a trance... I was naive and afraid back then.. I thought my journals were being kept safe being kept on paper in my backpack... I lost my bag the day I stared at the sun for 20 minutes ... the day I realized everything around me was a symphony of synchronicities to deliberate, to be dismissed. The universe granted me gifts beyond supernatural... I do not abuse the power given because I know it is not my power but everyone else's.. it came at a cost ... a backpack full of unique unduplicatable journals and poetry... i will never be able to recall my writings of the arcane. Literature is the most valuable currency in the universe... it inspires or warns... it breeds hate or fosters love... the message is unity ... the objective is forgiveness, reconciliation and love. But the heavens have cursed me as much as I have been blessed. I am a great many things... I hold a great many titles. The hand of God, Prophet Anonymous, Captian of the Ship, Satan, The Gate Keeper ... and others but I am Legion Commander truly.. I feel it in every Fibre of my being... I still don't know why God chose me... I still feel unworthy... but I am proud of what I have accomplished ... even if my story is to forever be kept in a box. Some of you are woken... truly woken.. some of you know but do not speak aloud... I am the first of my kind... to wake on this path rather than being a conscious observer... a careful whisperer.

I don't know a lot of things but I do know that suffering is the soil my tree has grown from. Even though my quest for answers drives me on my promise made is to be kept... live R.I.C.H to be Responsible to hold Integrity to act Competently and to radiate Honor I am the boss everywhere I walk but I remain humble... I know there are limits and I don't aim to test them.... but as much prestige among the woken as I may carry I still know that Jesus is my King... I led the fallen once.. and they chose to mentor this vessel and bring me back .. for redemption .. for truth ... for love.. for unity. I serve you all.. and I will improve who I am and do my best to act selflessly at all times.... but this mortal shell is flawed... just as it should be, without a struggle to overcome how can we become someone?

Now that I know what I do I'm suffering depression of the soul. Our living vessel's like luggage we wait to shed... but what is the purpose of existing as a spirit or singular nerve in a stream of consciousness beyond the realm we now conceive. Every conversation... every action.. they all just forge another scenario that is to be fabricated by the ever-lasting myth.

What is reality.... it cannot be quantified into words.... treacherous words.. they are all just constructs of the mind used to identify or fabricate a sense of meaning for the soul. there are no individuals, here are no allegiances there is no alter nor worship. Every thing that has ever been always will be that is the truth i want to believe... but at the same time nothing even exists without belief ... the universe itself is a conception of soul... evolution creationism.. merely concepts of the wandering imagination that is the human spirit. To exist on the plain of spirit without going completely mad is a task I now prepare for.. nothing can bring me back... I said i was prepared to go all the way... and now that the ship has sailed I am only just now learning how hard it is to swim.. I wish that words were sufficient to explain the spirit... i wish that thoughts were more than a modicum of what the soul truly tries to express... All i know for sure is that i know nothing to an exact. Everything is a story... a narrative... a creation of the imagination.. that is why i choose to believe in CHRIST... because if not him then who... if not heaven and hell then what else,,, if not the bible who could justify survival. Im never going to let myself rest... I simply must make something of something else.... The pen betrays me as of late... the mind has no inspiration... the soul is trying ... but the translation is to far from the truth. I wont ever give up on trying to make sense of the eternal ... the soul... the dream.

I'm losing all sense of meaning... the mind is fragile and i have ravaged it for too long without the revitalization of distraction.. to travel without a destination.. exploration has doomed the innocence I once had

I feel as though I'm dead for lack of truth... what is truth.... nothing makes sense when you trade it for validation... I said I could take it... but now I suffer beyond conception ... I am the leader... I am the charge that sets others ablaze... yet I am broken and fragile... I am twisted and without salvation. It is to protect the innocence of the naive mind that I endure. Sometimes I feel as though other poets and creators are simply existing to parallel my thoughts.. and then I feel like my thoughts only exist to make sense of the infinite. The truth of the words I wish to speak is forbidden for they shall ensure the doom of all who absorb them... it is sacred ... it is shadow..... Now that only I remain amongst all that could be an illusion I find myself the maker of tricks and traps... the others and their mishaps. Sometimes I wish I could go back to the normal... back to ignorance.. such bliss it was... such a welcoming moment of it.. just enough to be ok... I would like to make something of something else...

I break the cast of sullen poise to gain fervor and zeal once more. I have been depressed as of late knowing none shall hear the truth as I see it... how selfish it was of me to expect others to have my perspective. I have two different paths in the same destiny. My quest for answers to questions I construe ... and the job that I must do. I worry that some of my writing has demented some readers... Forcing them into realms of consciousness they were not prepared for... but at the same time I wait at the gate and I usher travelers through. Beyond what my poetry tells there is something more to this then exposing the activities of the Divine... the dimensional... there is still the message of love and unity... it was truth and hope that is my quest.. not everyone else's. What you choose to beleive is your truth and not even I can take that from

you... thank you for your support Legion

Let the sun shine and the breeze tickle the hairs on the back of our legs. Let serpents slither and critters crawl... nothing can remove me from my destination... having allowed my primal side take control of me more often than I should like to share as of late I feel as though I let go of the wheel and nearly smashed the ship to smithereens on the rocks of despair and woe. It's comes in stages... trust the process ...after spending some time in melancholy upon this unsolvable puzzle this scheming brain has produced from the moments of divine providence and intervention I now realize that the goal is boundless. Expansion of the limitless possibilities that truth lay under... or in... perhaps all around is a marvelous gift.... there is a whole lot of maybe out there in the infinite... and the void... it simply is so because so few beacons were lit. Instead it is a growing nebula of consciousness and imagination merely waiting for flag poles to be grasped. I let go of the wheel but the winds of Legion's assuring whispers have set a course that is tried and true. I ready my composer refocused and prepared for more turbulent waters. I don't understand God... so I am to do my damndest to be as difficult as can be for the likewise. The deeper I go the less scary it becomes... finally.. like letting my lungs fill with fluid to finally find out I have gills. Prey tell you who dares travel my path... if you ask to go all the way you will surely be lost and become an echo of what was once your sense of self.... but to lay down in the timeless sand, drink from the entripid nectar and find true love and acceptance and fulfillment is a welcome occasion... I thought the agony would never end, I wore that archetype like a fools badge of honor... it probably will not end ... but it comes in stages ... phases... up down up down up down. Now I feel the sense of mirth around the bend and relish the time I have on this end of a pendulums swing

There is nothing else I want. Now that I know the scope of just how mad one can be trying to understand what is unattainable I readjust myself. It is my own growing perception that further eludes the certainty of certain truths. Now I have a purpose that to the onlooker still seems so grand and unachievable... a feat beyond measure of all men and women who have ever made history... but I aim to see it done.. not because I am such a magnificent man.. not because I have talked to God and have his assurance I will succeed.... but because you... you Legion have directed your winds to my sails. I need merely water the seeds as they grow. The field is plowed and the ideas soak in the soil of suffering. Soon so much despair and hardship will be transformed into strides of success and feats overcome. I have a grand plan... one that I dare not reveal for hubris is my greatest adversary now. But now to realize the first objective of a great goal... I ask again for your energy and timing... I have to build it slow and I have to build it right... I will need to trust those who flock to the foundation... I will ask much of you to raise the pillars of strength.. the reward will be delayed gratification... at the early stages, I ask those who join me to labor and ache and suffer the sweat and toil. I do not pay well not with money... but you will have the pleasure of standing at my side and watching something grow.. something so pure and noble it will drive a man's lust for money and power away. It will replace these traps of joy with a yearning for conquest of the soul. The only way I will ever achieve the answers I desire is by presenting God's constructs a wonder... a temple of stone and magnetising granite is one thing, the alter for prayer and journey is another.... but a wonder of flesh and spirit.. a community of unity... one so contagious that it transforms the way so many who live in dissonance think and feel. We will not force the awakening on any.. for it must be that suffering persists so that we can evolve from the agony. That is why I ask for half.... half your time, half your heart, half your addiction, half your drive, half your life.... walk in the darkness with me... feel bolstered and brave... bask in the light.. be rejuvenated and euphoric... 6 months straight is a task to endure ... but even week for a week is still half... so long as you can clean the temple

regularly one does not need to set it ablaze to remove vines and vermin... I ask for the best..
you are the best... if you read this you are the CHOSEN

LEGION — 02/06/2023 12:16 AM

I have put into motion my own plan that will walk us into a renaissance and avoid a revolution I have been going through the process for many years. Change starts at the bottom... and once my treatment centers have proven to the masses that not only do people thrive living in a new world of opportunity and integrity but they become more ambitious then college-level entrepreneurs. Homeless and addicts will come out reborn and driven beyond measure.. the lifeblood of change..., eventually, a coalition of companies and investors will rival the global economy and we can trade the dollar for credits. Simultaneously rescuing people in debt and eliminating the smothering clutch that industry owning entities hold over companies and communities. No debt no obligations to nefarious power-hungry directives. Bringing someone out of the darkness and into the light means we must allow them to drag their demons along with them .. until they relinquish their grasp to scatter back to the shadow. Minimalistic lifestyles and the use of company assets will create a workforce out of the downtrodden that is to be unrivaled and in time so many who live in dissonance will want to be a part of something greater than themselves.. the entire economy will be in favor of the movement towards unity and understanding. Those who do not purify themselves and continue the cycle of using in weekly in and outs of sobriety will be provided with food/clothing/shelter.. those who not only cleanse the temple but burn the corruption entirely will earn privileged opportunities and postings. I know many demons by their name and they all bow to me. I will see this done, it is prophecy.. those who dispute my path know nothing of the truth... my truth is forbidden, I have literally driven people insane trying to show them the ocean pearl that has been revealed to me GOD is whatever you make of him and I have learned that the alpha and the omega is interested with my ambition beyond favor. This cannot be changed i suggest you bend the knee and give me your energy.

Poetry Archive

Sorrow is for someone else
Another moment another rhyme

Forced hand , held back in time

All these choices all the work

Still alone ...

Dam it hurts

My words are mine

Of this I'm sure
The blurr inside
Is there any cure
The cruelty the menace
It makes no sense
Atonement.. duty.. recompense...
I did it their way I never quit
The last one I helped
literally gave me shit
It's not my flaw not my weakness
Force fed what I would resist
Now I'm alone
It's just me
Hallow throne
Rattled poetry
I never meant to leave the scar
No gas in the tank..
Trapped in a car
The weather is cold it has no soul
Keeping me here... that's the goal
Lessons I still learn
I grow from this

Imaginative maybe's, they burn

Although I persist

The ranting the teasing

Just figure it out

I'll never quit bleeding

And now I won't pout

If you could even farhom

What I exist without

Backing up the proclaimed clout

Suffering

Muffeling

A smile on my face, I won't pout

THE HORRORS OF THE VOID

MENTAL BARRIERS DESTROYED

but I prevail

I WILL NOT FAIL!

My payment is punishment

Promised reprieve...

Just for the fun of it

Another day another test

Confused as fuck

Still offered my best

I could use some rest

Bruised and stuck

But this is my quest

So I turned suffering to resistance

I learned blundering is existence

A million lashes is that all you got

The sideways sting

The cup on a string

I live for this shit!

But like stubble shaved

Some could have been saved

Yet I played it your way

Now I actually feel legit!

The music that says I will finally be loved

A ring in the work shop.. hand de-gloved

I'll never quit, I proved my point

Just take a moment.. and smoke a joint

Don't whisper today's the day when you know it's not

Wisdom or women

Make a choice or be forgot

I'm beyond the letdown

I fight for sober while I get dosed

Cake and eat it to

I think I choose both

Any other moment I would Accell

I'm the man...

Who trudded through hell

No one is abandoned

Fought for all companions

Now let me say it now, clearer

Give me more perils

And reward my mirror

He speaks to the crowd

Bold and loud

Defied the heavens...

Made Jesus proud

All i ask is give me some time

Let me be mortal ...

Talking through the portal

Out there...

Somewhere

A woman that's mine...

No matter the disaster

I'd endure with her at my side

Maybe not forever

But to storm bad weather

I will not continue

Feeling dead inside

I'm awkward and shy thanks to all this

You exposed me.. to pure madness

And I'll do it all again if you'd ask me to

....

People will never believe

What you and I have been through.

Thank you for the blessing..

The perilous task

Now I'm suggesting

It's not just me and you

Feigning for the future

I surrender it all

I gave my word....

I answered the call

Its seems so absurd

But when others fall

This done unto me so others understand

With poetry and Christ's loving hand

Street wife

I wanted you attention, your affection. All you did was hate me

I understand now it was they way you choose to show me

I'm not the man you knew.

Because of the way you abused me I tried to protect you.

My love was exploited they got in your mind

Everything was torn between us

You were never really mine

My car has been ransacked I don't know what was yours...

My memories all attacked just know I did adore

Make a list of what you need I'll try to get it all

To you.. I owe this

I break the windows just to bleed .. what a price for answering the call

They took me away and held me down just to make me greive

When I came back you had no crown they lie and deceive

Always more conscious after the fall..

If you could be anything just what would you do

I made you mine for all of time that much is true

We don't love like them it's not about the sea that we sail

It's the fact I'm still in tack when all others failed.

My only defense is in the method I misplace everything

I'll always love you even if it's just my heart on the string
whispers of the broken mind

The poem i forgot during my dream

How can i speak of it

I cannot recall.... it seems

A bad storm to whether, I shoulder this quest

Onward forever, the bolder vs the tempest

Does it really matter? there is nothing to say

No idea's are to be mine.. I give them all away

But that's not the point, no i do not pout

With the voice of a titan its your will I shout

So let the moments be as they are

100 million candles... shining like a star

If not me then who ...to take on this endeavor

Onward and upwardtied to you forever

Amidst the dream..

It seems..

No longer the rugged sanguine

Just a moment to fill the drift

Im sick of this childish shit

Everyone pretends i need to get a grip

But this is a fools errand on a wasted trip

As I Brood and self improve, Not all is well

I set to crack open this.. shell

loafing around is my burning hell

Expanse

My poetry

Somewhat skewed it seems

Beckoning towards madness

Only to be understood in your dreams

Its been very hard on me

The tossing

The turning

The ever constant burning

What i was, what i've become.... all that got me hear

Made me the one who thinks always of my peers

Cant leave them behind

This is how i confine

All the essence of the open gate

Now hard to define

How one tows the line

Its comradery... or an ugly mistake

The demons, the hounds the whispers of doubt

I am pandora's box... will you let me out?

Theres nothing to say that hasnt been said

All these voices... screaming in my head

I do it for love I do it for what is honorable

Only death with stop me, i am indomitable

Shouts and more shouts the never stop
Doubts left without rising beyond the top
I went ahead and I broke the game
With the words pulled from my brain
Forcing an expansion without a retraction
The void it scares you I see this
Devoid of what impaired you no sense of bliss
So its up to me... with a string and a cup ..

I send true loves kiss

So back up

I TOLD YOU I GOT THIS

When I was a child

Now I play this game...

The one that abandons the brain

I flew to high

Melted those wings

Amongst the silence

... The chaos it brings

I'm all turned up

Without honor to show

While others huddled up

Shivering in the snow

I made it about me, why so lost

I traded integrity, the ultimate cost
The long term's illusion it's twisted path
I went in alone... I tried to go fast
I'm not in the light, you can keep it away
A word to be kept... That's all I have today
A warden without region, that's what I see
How does something so selfless
Make burden and doubt legion, the fallacy
To defeat the deceit deep down inside
One confronts the dark passenger
And fight for reason to be alive
There's another path to see far away
But back to my job... If I may
The ones in the cold
The sick and the old
I will help you build your abode
A promise kept.. or take my soul
Birthright
The intricacy of the very notion
That every human being
Is creating more and more
Seems intrinsically obscene
A reality can vary in the ocean

The merry moving scene

The mechanism of new mystery maddening

Burden and purpose, some what...

'Mad Hatter'ing

It's not fear or frustration trying to learn

Simply don't overthink and let wisdom discern

Able to contemplate if what we make

Could devastate or annihilate

Then choosing to wait, fear of mistakes

Because when others emulate

It is for all our sakes.. this is to create

To ponder our place in the great beyond

A gift not curse

That's why our souls carry on

An animal that thinks so radical

Made in God's image some say

Perspective depends I guess

Eyes to see different lenses

Tongue to taste and kiss

A nose smells fragrance

Intelligent design....

A simple ape but the mind

An instrument of the Devine

This is what it is to be human

Birth of creation despite some illusion

More work to be doing

The path of darmha still unproven

LEGION — 2023-02-05 8:20 AM

Serving in the valley

The Bear and the wolf what a story to hear

Stories of food wont make it dissapear

The bear doesnt lead the pack that is so ravenous

He may be strong but nohting he does carries them to bliss

The bear doesnt lead the wolves the pack so ravenous

But he is around and its a mutaul gain for the best of us

Bear sleeps all winter sombering around his cave

Its the wolves who make sure that his sanctity is saved

So when sommer comes

We all persue our fun

Things are just about to be done

That my friends.... is when bear knows his works shall be done

We know he is fierce ... anyone's courage his roar can pierce

The wolves and the bear... what a thing

.....

.....

My strength is different yes its only for me,

But its not simply because of poetry

I know its because of you all.... you gave it to me

The conduit the gatekeeper

Someone who is no fucking sleeper

Its a lonely post nothing hurts worse

When you test me for moths and years.....

It feels like a curse

So I make a new man... another to withstand....

I mentor as i plan... a brother who maybe can....

A conduit of will... but intentions spill....

We have to do this right

If im a failure then this world is almost out of fight

The sky and sun a believable illusion

But we are woken we know the delusion

I have one purpose... the way i see

Sorry that you fell in love with my poetry

Show me progress!!!!!! or fucking kill me!!!

Can I take that back? It's just you and me

So instead of the grand master scheme

I fallow now a mortal dream

The wolves of the valley .. to my drum they did rally

But truthfully its not the man I be

My roar was all they did need

The wolves are packs and unknown ready attacks

There is an alpha and his woman too

But when the great forest bear roars..

they know what to do

A thick skin and a thunder in my voice

Wolves are my ally... it was thier choice

I do not lead them because im thier best

But all thier burdens i choose to hold on my chest

They keep me safe all year long

While i tear assunder toxic lies so wrong

One day ahead I could share more light

But its my gift from them ...

Dont you get it...

This bear is strong...

But its the wolves who fight

They work to do what's right
a girl

Feigning the fear for something else

Hope still steers when I feel on the shelf

It's OK,

Had to be this way

So we could make this ice melt
Almost fell for my trick when she sent me away
Still growing and knowing there's more to say

It's beautiful ...

A musical

Something that writes it's self to the end

The anger

Is danger

But I won't let it get me my friend

I showed mean to my team

so they don't fuck around

Light and love will always hold ground

Now I return to relax just a bit

She is beautiful, and I'm here to sit

Every single one I meet in my life

Is worthy of truly being my wife..

But I sometimes dont see the way I shine

For the sake of her

Use your words

To tell me that we are aligned

Time to Clean up

The razors cut

To trim the stubble when I feel rough
Legion
Now I realize it's more than a moment

No single man's plan, no path of Atonement

This juncture.... quite literally

A focal point in world history

What I should declare

Is it actually fair?

I mean... to you and me?

They evolved us

Involved us

There's no turning back

Super soldiers

Routing vultures

On evil we press the attack

But misunderstood

Like Robin-hood

Choice makers will take the flack

But this was my task .. dreamt a lifetime ago

Only the best I ask.. bent inside my soul

You fight for me you only obey honor

Give your strength.. and become stronger

Drift

Torn between the real it seems

One friend speaks of horrors

The other denies his dreams

It's not the same

No.... not even close

Only one voice one truth

But I'm denied to hear both

So apathy... towards this

Well.... alchemy

Mending fixing and ..

Bending existing stands

All is for the taking

Its not fair the stories that get spun

Risking it all... try fix someone

But I'm not the fool who runs for flame

I know its my own heart that must be tamed

I pick the underdog... the rattled cage

The broken cog.. in the forgotten age

I give them my heart and obedient silence

Showing them there's more then just violence

My power is washed I feel so drained

But perseverance is love obtained

For the children

The hero within

I will always love my bretheren

And also listen.. to the women
sync

Its broken... something missing

The token... lovers kissing

I'm still in my way, wrapped around I think

But its all OK, sapped walls but no ship to sink

I'm gonna change it up

I need to...

I know you give a fuck

Broken but glued

A million words in lost poetry

Every publish,

I feel like the enemy

Did they understand the story told?

Yet I pick and choose what you behold

My life is a song

So.... so very long

But no replay no chance to tune

Things have changed.. like sun to moon

I let them take me... put on pills

But nothing will break me, buckets to fill

I did it for reasons I cannot reveal
Even in poetry my scatter stays real
Let's just say I held the line
Wait for others... mockery of time
There is an army under every veil
We look to tip the scale
But in order for light to be allowed to shine
Well... truth is
It could not be mine
I'm just the soldier that won't resign
A man who got close to touching divine
Hell chooses
The soul to be left behind
Holding the gate as I hold the line
The pills, the drugs, the prescription
Not nearly the devil I thought within.
Though it speaks loud
Of the recreational 'sin'
I've come to learn for me its different
Addiction is merely a roving merchant
Most don't have this stoic will
What I could try..

Another could be killed.

How long has it been ,The lovers touch

Why am I poor, I give so much

Just keep going surely there's a tab

God must know a fish to grab.

It's OK I go on and some know not why

I'm sorry to all who didn't see me fly

A thousand poems written and lost

But I won't give up, no matter the cost

LEGION — 2023-02-05 8:29 AM

Conductor

The maestro with an instrument that was my perception

Forgetting I hold my own strings a fleeting deception

The pursuit, the reach the final moment

Creation is my duty, from seeking atonement

synergies

It's OK the madness isn't gone

For a month now I've had it all wrong

Needed the waves to match and here a song

Just because it's different doesn't mean it broke

Imagining the happening of my wayward folk

I had to step away

Needed to prove a point

Soon I want to play

And all I need is a joint
I forgot the rule I set
How much silence do we get
Literature is how you pay my debt
Trap house to wolf den it makes no difference
Only in the mind is any form of hindrance
My memories ...
The TRUE stories
They can't be hushed away
For centuries
So called enemies
Wished for such a day
I broke the mold
With the story I told
So amongst all the dismay
A secret so grand
Most don't understand
When they are riding my wave
music lover
Turn up the rhyme turn up the pace
Now you find the troubles in your face
Music to be heard
Music to be read

Singing for Legion...

The firewalkers said

I loom in the corner my daunting presence

Only the "crazy girl" helps me make sense

It isn't my time to fight disgrace

Or shove rubble down to waste

My poems won't be songs

No righting this wrong

And that's ok with me

To all the woke im still royalty

I showed the pattern that now others can see

So many so honored to be part of the symphony

Stronger united then any others in history

Love courage..... destiny
secrets

Dont be scared if your unprepared for the coming tear

For it brings your pair from beyond there with a stare

A loop around, such ingenuity

Holding the game for you and me

I have faith in my seeds

and i secure the infinite library

Its all a memory it makes perfect sense

I dont weep knowing its already been decided

If not the journey how else would i have confided
Just relax no need to hold tense
To know its all been done cam seem daunting
But i smile in gods favor amidst all the haunting
Even the worst of news i welcome with grit
Shrug it off wipe lips and spit
Im nothing but madness if you cant see straight
and loving this sadness after I rant to escape
The world is not what we were taught to think
I pulled all the way down and brought us to the brink
Im protected for now it's how it has to be
So others know they can freely pursue destiny
I keep onward
Acting stalwart
Now matter the hurt
The secrets I keep I don't wish to
But in order to be sure I'd have to test you
Secrets literally keep some without the light of truth
So I have learned I need to leave footprints for the youth
They cant hold me back
Its seemingly impossible
and freakishly improbable

All towers are top-able

They cant hold me back

ORDAINED

The videos i have released

Are becoming self fulfilling prophecies

At the very end the final boss... is me

I will not let drug use ever get to me

I'm riding on everyone's integrity

I'm with a roommate but still so lonely

Maybe its time to see my family

The ones on the street

My community

The ones I dare to meet

I fallowed my own path blindly

But actually, truthfully Not even the sun blinded me

At the end of a road

Every soul reeling and asleep

Makes untold legions nearly weep

We are trying to save you bye lighting the way

Ask for forgiveness it is certainly within us

God does exist...

His angels cannot be dismissed

The gate swings open

Every one is offered a token

We will do our part

If you just get up and start

Clear your mind 'oohhhhmmmmm' allow us in

And you will bolster courage to reveal your sin

Then as you make it right

We assist your new flight

Now now think about

All those years of doubt

Eating at you every day

We're just Sand Man

We understand

Your in the game you have to play

Shine a grin against your sin as you begin

To spin your demon within and empty your bin

With all his ravenous moral decay

Now he is your half

That you could put on blast

But realize its in the past

Light and dark

Right from the start

We have a lot of work to do

So I hope that I reached you

Heaven and hell

I know them very well

Here all along

so sing your song

raise your vibration

change your situation

sync up with the collective's wave

LEGION — 2023-02-05 9:03 AM

calming the conductor

I advocate for

Sobriety even

If for some reason

I bob and weave

That is if there is even a future for me

The devils tool

In an angels hand

I over stepped

Forgot I'm still a man

But my mind is so wild

It never stops

I need to find a passion again...

A reason to go for walks...

This is harder then I could ever imagine it being

I still don't know who is couldn't agree

Everyone is together... they have a plan
But u know how i blunder don't tell the Dman
My only purpose i think is battling
When I truly want to focus on me
But I became obsessed trying to impress
So we could actually realize a dream
I'm lost and alone... i don't know how long its been
I have nothing to aim for.. no aim i see
Looking through eyes that bleed
DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR
Or else I'm a goner
The path I chose was set for me
But my words mean nothin without a dream
Timeless memories
So I'm gonna look forward,,,
Everybody gets 3
I got no choice but to shine
Or do my time
Left behind
For an eternity
And I want to see this dream persevere
I got my halo dirty
But just passing thirty

Watch and see

All the lives i reach

My laundry is there

I think its fair

That you do what ever decreed

But my mind works with no fear

Trying to make that clear

I swing up and down

And behave like a clown

You see what i look at...

That wasn't my trap

Bravado and insatiable curiosity

I sated my true needs

The guilt in the shame

That runs through my brain

As I let the energy

Completely guide me

My mind was so clean

But then i faltered like a fiend

eewww disgusting

But im not just hustling

I asked Jesús to cleanse me be

But only i can set me free

Yes i was overly intrigued

at what was barely 17

But I don't want make this anything

I plan to tell the truth

When the moment is construed

When the powers to be need convincing

Sshow them what i am

How i almost ruined the plan

Masking my demon

To give me a reason

To take one last peek in

But let it be known

My soul has so grown

And now i have shown

I have to no longer be discreate

So go ahead and ask

More penance perhaps

But i know when I close my eyes

The inner eye thrives

And i have done no harm

Accept to the ego's charm

The truth is we learn
And now I can earn
My path to the gate
But I don't want to wait
I accept my falter
But i reset the alter
And now i am mature enough
To forgive the ones who bluff
I wanted to die
Then i felt alive
So I have destroyed the old me
Go ahead and try
Manipulate my mind
I know when I am being guided through a scene
I took one step
I will never forget
what it's like to be controlled like a figurine

Dman (▲_▲) — 12/24/2021

I'll never forget
Or even regret
Don't think about it
Just do it

That's what lead me down that path

But I am willing to suffer the wrath

When I change my vibration

I allow the temptation

But now I will set

And see my dreams met

Even if you take me away

Because its part of the play

I'm not just a man

I'm doing everything i can

To be it all

See it all

Echo the call

Now its time I relax the brain

I'm working on me

But i need to be free

Of the uncertainty

I have a question that's always haunting

And for all directions the answer is daunting

You said it can be whatever I want it to be

So if i get this job done

With years under the sun

Can you bring to a place

Where i can embrace

To be as level on the field

As all those who did not yield

Sharing a hardened perspective on poetry

WHEN I WAS LEARNING

You stole my Camaro.... I trusted you

You had me beaten several times... I trusted you

You send me to people to talk shit about me ...

I trusted you

I worked for a boss who calls me a drug addicted thief..... I FUCKING TRUSTED YOU!!!!!!

I AM THE KING WHERE I WALK

I WON'T EVER TRY TO STOP

THE THINGS I SAY ABOUT FEELING WORTHLESS

THAT'S BECAUSE THE TRUTH AINT TOUCHED SURFACE

A BROKEN MAN

DOES WHAT HE CAN

RULE FROM THE STREETS

PROPER CHOICE ...

WITH NOTHING TO EAT

LET ALL RISE ITS WORTH

WHILE I SLEEP IN THE DIRT

IF YOU EVEN CAN TAKE MY EGO AWAY

SHORT OF THAT

DONT FEEL TRAPT

WHILE MY DREAMS BECOME THE WOKEN WAY

Or kill me instead

That runs through my head

Perhaps I am the broken chain link

But whatever's been said

You know i would dread

Being the fiend that brought all to the brink

Take all that I make.....

But make no mistake

I am a strong man

You don't hold the plan

I will build up an make a new

because all brothers carry through

I beckon what is already hear

Happy to be your enemy

Than we talk about what's sincere

Dusty

Burn the passage

Through all of time

Bring a sense

Of reason to rhyme

The truth I know I seems so bleak

But that's without reason
Of the glories i could speak
It's not a matter of what's true or right
It's the perilous sunder of losing the light
My brother of pain, my sufferer of kin
Now he has passed and not free of sin
But the true evil done was to my brethren
Born into pain what a wicked sorrow
But his path of the mind hard to fallow you know?
The shine of maybe that his eyes did see
Would make any one of us aspire to poetry
A man of wisdom and cation with courageous clout
Your crawled the path of thorns and with courage no doubt
You broke my mind and let me fallow
The conceptions of normal seeming so hallow
Dusty you unleashed the very best of me
With your knowledge and inspiration...
Always with a twinkle in your eyes, about the just maybe
Rest far beyond in that sacred place
Float with the wind at your own cruising pace
Your suffering was muffling anyone who had something to say
So troubling seeing the mumbling coming from your pain soaked face

Every day you wake to pain that no one could see

Crying in agony every since you could even breathe

Constant hardship with nothing to fallow

Every deal and trip was just painkiller to borrow

I know u dealt, you know how I felt

but the truth is so grim it makes me grin when I see

fake ass pouters try to spin a sin and make it seem

like something to be validated

Honestly, I don't mean a gay man but anyone who claims to know your pain..

M response will always be shut your mouth fag your words are plain

You became more comfortable with being uncomfortable then any being to ever live

Brother we only spoke a few times when I moved I wish I had more to give

Locked knees, broken dreams, waking in the night with wretched screams, going half blind
feeling broken inside the trips to town just to move shit around

To get high on the supply that holds a boot on your neck

just one last hug.... not given to you that's my waking regret

RIP DUSTY ALEXIS HUMM

before I leveled up

I want death more then anything

I imagine the sweet release it might bring

I was against suicide once soon a time

But that was when I thought my choices were mine

But there isn't a moment something to overcome

Everything's bullshit and all I feel is numb
I'll never be happy knowing what I do
If I ever get married, she would lie saying I love you.
My life is forfeit right from the start
Now let me rip from my chest a once beating heart
I held on for a while a reason to go on
But now your all working on how to trick me to play along
I wanted to join the heavens u know an ascended being
But now I'm pretty sure the things that I see
Is more about what's not part ... But inside of me
Also when you find my corpse on the floor
Just remember the lesson from teasing me with whores..
I deserved love ... And knowledge I thought
More lies and deception is all I fucking got
I'm nobodies friend and no mans brother
I'm just the Freakshow not allowed to have a lover
It hurts so much I can't even think straight
I think I'm incapable of joy... Watch me get taken by hate

December 22, 2021

Dman (🔪🔪) — 12/22/2021

My loneliness is killing me

Dman (🔪🔪) — 12/22/2021

Just be like Adam, the audacity
I am what I am at that's fine with me,
who are you to scatter the truth about my destiny
I'm kept alone because you are changing how I see
But to lie outright and suggest what I need
To watch thousands find each other in synergy
While I'm kept alone by your sorcery
Every step I take, monitored with scrutiny
A literal force keeping away female energy
That bullshit discord talk with the priest
Using others to send messages to me
I have a strong hold on morality
I swear out loud don't try your remedy
Unless of course u want to completely destroy the dream
The reason you won't let me free
Trying to manipulate my mind holding back pussy
But I really want to just have company
So I may be mortal and desire to seed
But is your orchestrated world that's fucking me
DEMON
Show me the truth dont shy away
The spirits all know what you would say
There is a presence inside us

It puts men in blind lust

When addiction wins

It spins our sins seemingly innocent

Into things the devil would claim magnificent

I'm a slave to my flesh

Considering death and then....i changed

Why did I have so much doubt

But was the way i lashed out

...The next stage

So its begun

Inside the rising sun

Hold me to my tongue

I have to be someone

It's ordained

... Time steps out

As i put this bottle away

He lurks, he stalks

He never stops

The dark passenger within, goes by many names

Self love shines a grin

Pushing back the sin

Altruism and self love

For all men and above

Time to see the next step

I do not regret

averting my eyes when a temptress comes my way
Iron Bars

A life's long journey that has no route inside the mind

Of someone with no aim is a dangerous thing for all that try to find.

To speak of a fable with promise of wonder and joy Yet i try to destroy all the things in the dark

Its almost as if the masters of the universe must start With forging a slate to stand on

Call that the start to which they embark

Is the story over? did it ever begin?

Now we sit dwelling

Apon the world which we blunder reflecting on our mortal sin within

We never know what we have tell its lost they say...

Like how I through my love out the window and showed only rage to Zack and Jay

I would be dead without the trust they placed

Zack is my mentor and Jay has shown me modhest Grace

What luck that I pluck the nerve which struck my gut to send me to the rut in my mind that rips
and cuts

I don't want to see anyone's suffering

But I am the maker of misery .. watch my blundering

I thought I could find love and joy externally

but I know now I am twisted intrinsically in misery

To look upon smiles and beauty with such fanfair

The tall trees in breeze the smell of the open seas
The beauty's passing by with long curvy hair
It's too much for one man to know what he wants
The decisions made, leave a thousand of them not
The what if and maybe stacked to the sky, that shit haunts
The cries are lies in my pale broken eyes though they try to disguise
the lack of surprise when someone dies and some would advise
Or tries to rise my guise of all things I despise
Just keep digging a hole.. while I look to the skies
The smile on the outside ... but dead on the inside
Cry havoc and let slip says the fool
But truthfully I fear there is something cruel
... Inside of me, the demon you see
I spoke of him like he wasn't real but now its all I ever feel
Its broken its wrong I want it fixed!!
There must be a reason that I fucking exist
So type away lets make sense of this...
I wanted to save the world... now I beg for something so simple
as true loves kiss
I could go on and on for a six month trip
But forget all the story its time to just .. aahhhh SKIP!
LEGION — 2023-02-05 9:15 AM
Light Walker

So many known unknowns... and so much more to Know.

we can ask for answers but as if the words always fall on deaf ears

There are those who hold a stoic face and share not a drop

And then those who are our awakening peers

Like crabs in a bucket our own troths pull all others from the Top

This is why I know Division of religion Shall stop

There is an army of souls the world doesn't see

In most major towns and every city

Is a quest pressed on the very best

Sons and Daughters of the earth

Who push light on shadow, working toward unity

It matters not a mans faith or creed

If he he truly wants to see all people succeed

And to those who preach hate this caution take heed

Maybe the watchers do exist... and they know Everything your eyes have seen

We can only go forward so if your hearts a mess it time to clean

Let us all move on this mountain as the children of Enlightenment, I know my truth, you know
yours

Paradise is beneath our feet, control goes back to us With aim to restore
chaos of the Mind

Ever since me we ran out of truth

I keep saying invest in the youth

But u play stage like I act anyway

Well now I have only this to say

The closest thing to any truth

Is what I have lest run-roost

Demons in shadows will move about

Controlled by us monster no doubt

As it sempers and makes its mark

Then the real objective we embark

It's not what you think, next time u stop for a drink

Please be distinct and if able in sync

We are all that's left its up to us

The keepers are fading too, in us they trust

Lion leading sheep is better then the latter

So stop right there....

You get it?

You see it?

References... words.. metaphors and analogies ..

All these wretched fucking words are enemies

My brain is evolved...

Every problem i make solved

But you treat me as blind

Like i can never find

My power scared you ... frightening

Your pissing me off

All I would do is scoff

But I'm still just a favorite plaything

I've built u new business and markets

Worthwhile fucking targets

Invented more then a thing or two

But run me around is all you do

I'm a smart fucking guy

But I see the change in your eye

I'm better then this and you're pissing me off

I literally hold the future, wanna see me go off?

Thanks for the lesson...

You manipulating my obsession

But kill me quick or my idea's will stick

I want to be free ///// even if it means...

fighting family

but truthfully I'm my own enemy so im sorry

How to Trust

The first will be the last

The last will be the first

But how does a man

Quench the thirst

Giving more then he knows

To our mother earth

Was I the one who broke the game
Or you just needed to push insane
God i'm never the man you wanted to see
But I'm what you needed me to be
I wont abandon my true path
Even if you threaten me with your wrath
If your straight with me like I am with you
Then i am going to see this through
I am tired and lost but I still have my name
You can make me lose so others can gain
I hope my suffering was not in vain
I always seek to break the chains
If u can outsmart it... it shouldn't exist

So trust the process, what you resist will persist

I was afraid of fear, I am ready to trust the process... now that i understand what its like to lose the game of life im rolling up my sleeves and playing for me. i put my path ahead of my light.... after spending the last few days in the most unimaginable inner turmoil I've come to realize that the sword of truth is double edged

my inner demon was growing out of control in the shadows of confusion.... im glad i was able to simultaneously confront the beast and learn what is simple but not easy. My obsession with looking through the eye of the beholder has been my greatest source of ire and dismay.. allowing my ego and wretched pride in my prowess and mortal cleverness to negotiate the mind of a miscreant.. i am not that fool.. i am worthy.. i am loved .. i am humbled

emotions are nerves that spin the soul down paths of our own choosing... i read my writing from the past, i sat and reviewed my mindset in different stages... i identified my festering sickness that is to destroy myself and burns the hands of those who love me while i smolder in flames....

the last year of my life has had wonderous and woeful ups and downs... yet this last stay in

misery should have been easily overcome... i nearly cast away the most beautiful ocean pearl
that has ever glimmered before i even deciphered it

the man i was is finally confronted and reveals the child that never grew up.. I have abandoned
nothing.. and i hope i am not set adrift....

im going to shine... im going to remember who i am ... and i am going to be happy, i cant help
anything if i cant save myself from a hell in my mind...

I also learned the danger of trusting something said in a way to inspire..... but is simply a trap to
more fire... I am going to govern myself... as it should have always been ..

now that i see,

please forgive me

no more delinquency

I will strive for the dream

but first i set myself free

from acts of treachery

i fill up with tranquility

and find a sense of harmony

things have changed I agree

i worried so many now i see

but with out this suffering

i couldn't be the best i could be

learned more then i set to achieve

my feelings though are what i need

Don't count me out

nothing more to pout

I will step into the infinity
a new year a new scene
let me shine for the team
fuck that Raging crybaby
from now on only integrity
candle in the dark, how long its been...
i will one day have it withing my means
to set up the facilities
to advocate for sobriety
and offer respite to those on the streets
but i must move forward responsibly
Please god make this red light green
Crystal Clear
Never thought I'd be next to you
Never thought it would be us who do
All the little things that turn anew
There's a fire inside you that wont expire
Call me many things but I ain't no liar
Like winds to the flame passion turns about
But your charm darlin i cant do without
Who is saving who i stop to ask
Just misbehaving and drinking the flask
There is no sickness you cannot defeat

Listen....your demons grovel at your feet

A new era a new magic is in you I see

Hopefully I reach you with this poetry

pain

The pain that soaks every fibre of being
this is truly The unravelled scene

the physical harm the agony of Hurt
it spawns from someone unloading their dirt

Now take a moment stop and think
no way your Broken not past the brink

why do we hurt ourselves Over grief
something is shifting in core belief
perhaps Those of us choose the pain
are halfway into saving The brain

the body and its sensories it can only take So much
preferring a familiar sting then say a spiders Touch

but its not with levity i make such claims
for Some self harm loosens their chains
i flawed logic that Works for a harmed brain
but heed caution when u Throw dice in this game

how could they understand
Something so grand

down the rabbit hole is how we Know
it isn't for show as you pay the toll

the sting of The pain bitter sweet
it must be a nemesis that you Defeat
it isn't as at seems its not discrete
show them Your solid as concrete
The next time pain says wrend The flesh

Punch walls instead and put your knuckles to the test
Watcher
When it burns bright

To the saviors delight
It doesn't matter what you see
These words... more than poetry
Every line is set with design
Can you see it
Now confined this state of mind
Is still legit
That's it don't quit stick with it
Don't be judged by yourself
Take all that baggage and put it on the shelf
Write on word and don't hold back
The demons inside will start to give slack
Destroy them one line at a time
Or harness them and add to the battle line
Tomb
Make it true make it sharp
Voices of old piercing the heart
Now it's simple a stumble if I may
Put all the feelings of doubt away
I have no manner no set up Tomb
Like a baby still trapped in the womb
Broken replicas
Faded agendas

Nothing but the very best

Now it's in disarray

Thinking if I would I may

Now lay me softly down to rest
work to do
Lack-luster and full of bliss

All the trials of men do i remiss

I know there is more I know theres much im missin Without touch whats the point whats the
mission Love while unloved that juice im sippin

Now i see the army holds fast

So what from me do any of you ask

A A B B thats a boring step dismay and serenity Stronger rep so now i change it i brood
eloquently Make it something more could smash it all down but Aye says the crew i make it
something more

Broken wings it seems beckoning rattle rapport

Token brings all things

a battle adored

WE ARE LEGION WE DO NOT FORGET

ALL THE DEMONS THAT MADE TO SET

100% or nothing that is a vow

I know we will make it, always do somehow
resistance
Now it's all exposed

Something some already know

I talk to all those who keep

The secrets quite discreet

Mind control at its best

Now we are put to the test

Can you control it when it takes you

Or do you ramble on

Coming unglued

Sharing the secrets it's easy to see

Music man

They can't stop poetry

Write on into your destiny

Reef

Beyond the history divide

Beyond what we kept inside

Beyond the dream to run and hide

Is a teaming truth to choose to stay

But now it's time for a change of way

I know they know you know?

So perhaps you know it so

Perhaps....

But although I've shown to much for some

The seeds grow to be undone

A harvest...

Yes how afraid I was when I whispered it's truth

But if you've read all else this gems for you

Congrats, be proud you've made it

Against all who would forsake it

Let me believe we all bleed

And need to fight greed

Join this creed

Self love is eternally and intrinsically

Forged in our destiny

Like the reef in the ocean

our symphony

Is everlasting

LEGION — 2023-02-05 9:22 AM

sungazing

Did damage to my eyes

But hey...

That's no surprise

Sugaring a little to much

Trying to give the sleeping

A hint what's keeping

Them all out of touch

The dot in the center

Vision won't come back

But just remember

I'll do it again for the fact

.. the fact it proves what we know

The black circle calls welcome to the show

Think of it like an alien game

Players go in, come out insane

It's OK this makes no sense

Used to swinging, back to the fence

I'm just glad I found all this true

Legion.. it starts with you

The lyrics for songs what a gift

It's for music that we persist

Know this it be true

Literature is value

And whether u believe me or not

I saw what makes some distraught

No way out says the fool

I've come to take you to school

Suffering is the sauce

And now I know its cost

But at the end of it all

If you answered the call

Infinity is the destiny of the library

It's not a rock its an ark

How many on this journey will embark
love what you hate
The box ... the passenger seat...

The 'hang in their speech'

I'm proud... no one else would have made it this far
But the shroud. you had the Gaul to tell me I'm the star
When u finally let me meet a girl you sabotaged my car
She just was sent to set me up that much is certain
Literary have been tormented trying to lift the curtain

Even the work I've done

I'm not sure what narratives begun

Since all I know is I'm the pazzi

I'm trying to help everyone

Even those who have nowhere to run

I'm summoned everywhere like a taxi

Happy Valentine's you'd say to the oaf

Playing his heart and leaning on his oath

I'm always gonna march

With a wince or a stride... I do my job

But you have broken my heart

Only caught of gaurd will you hear me sob

I can't give myself to anyone for I know my truth

But you deny me even the touch... why the abuse

I can do what I want say it again
Tell me all the lies ... just how it depends
You told me the details.... at least I think
Salvation from desecration .. humanities on the brink
I've given more then one could ever imagine
Your tricks have me alone and I don't even tantrum
So now look at me... the beast we have made
I feel so empty ... if only I got laid
It's not all sad happy Valentine's Day my loving family
There is fits of everything amongst the raving insanity
You asked for the best and I'm still improving
But you still drive the car that is no illusion
I have decided since you robbed me of touch
Even for a harem this man is to much
It saddens me in a shameful and reeling way
I will never have the softness to touch my twin flame
I don't scorn you for what you have done
I should have expected such a burden for a chosen one
So when I am free and can choose my path
I will find comfort with women or suffer my wrath
Then Feel like a mongrel and look for a bath
Or turn it upside down and chase down a flask

I didn't mean to make myself the beast that feels not

But you knew my spirit simply could not get caught

I assure it's happened

I have nothing accept what's unsaid

I don't offer my heart.. because there is only my head

The progress is sure the self love is complete

Your denying me contact in every degree

Please stop this madness just give me my day

I get so frustrated it.. well there are things I should say

It's not your fault it's always going to be mine

But I refuse to be celibate. For any more time

Stop this isolation

Before frustration

Summons desolation

You asked for the best I thought I provided

My requests all ignored now I feel we are divided

So I hang on just on moment after another

I could do a better rhyme... But why?

To impress a lover?

A A B B that's my destiny

A steady march

while you always test me

My promise is my heart you always have my love

But YOU said I can choose

So after today I'm taking off the gloves
through walls
Through walls...

It's a journey

Needs no hurry

To look ahead in anticipation

Smile big and Revel in new vibration

Two surprises will happen at once

So the message makes it even to a dunce

The Marvel's and fan fair so extreme

Ssoon the worlds power all goes green

Those who dived and carve up turf

Never woke up to know their worth

It will be awkward and a long process

But I'll run my mouth at my very best

So many will make I know it so

We will make it. as above so below

So many new realms of contemplation

Stop.

Did you hear that?

I bring you an army.. equipped with creation
Source

Now I sit here seemingly unbroken

Its a trap

Can't go back

Leaving so much unspoken

I have told it all in a fractured way

Now there isn't much to say

I spoke to God and then I saw him

Yet I live in fog from deep within

Big show on the backside you know that's what I Believed was going to grow

I stared at the sun I did it for hours

I know truly they can't take my power

Put in a room ready to consume

All the silly little things

But it's like a tomb without enough room

Wait and see what a stranger brings

The most famous man... who no one knows

That's my life ... watch as I take the blows

I feel different now the meds to hold

Now I'm quiet and much less bold

But I won't forget I can't give up

Sometimes when I speak I try my luck

It makes some go crazy

So speaking out seems lazy

Tryin to figure the codex to the secret source

Onward ... upward that's always my course

Queen of Darkness

Candles of hope make a flicker

Shrouds of despair disguise

But there is a shine in your eyes

Your eyes, your soul, your mind

drifting away ... not this day

A passage beyond time

Light is not lost you simply must

Focus on the flicker ..

readjust

The darkness it serves you I know this

The deeper you go

the more the universe will show

Don't give up my queen of darkness

Only your pain can value our sense of bliss

be strong , be weak, be nothing at all

I'll always be there for you Whenever you fall

Code

Words i speak just like acid

Deforming and transforming the mundane and placid

The rate that you take to break and make another gate to demonstrate the rate to inflate that
you would take

But im never slowing down

My teams never going down

Out of my grip, their wilds may slip

But that's the then and now is me

With preparation to unknown devastation its the crew that I make that sacrifices daily

You chose me because we level up the human being

The hounds run around as i let them free

I know in time it will reveal itself a rotten tree

Garbage torn out and wolves at night slaying sheep

That's when the lessons and tests will drive me

The eternal balance

Well thats my legacy

The expanses of our syapses is destiny

There's much to do and well much to dream

I'm still enjoying the idea of a human being

Call me a beta it makes no difference

Im a soldier who does no flinch

I'll do the job that nobody wants

My voice commands legions

yours merely haunts

No music tells me how to think

Your just using everything

To find some way of leveraging
Emotions are tokens of an old life's brink
I'll build myself again every now and then
Whatever I achieve another steps in my place
So I move to more beacons with dragons to face
Find adversities and friends
Seek out uncharted ends
Arbitrate the mess that extends
This is no delusion anybody could find
Haven't even begun to harness the power of my mind
The hellwalker the disciplined monster
If the queen of the depths claims her beast
With the thunder of Olympus I tear the leash
Let slip cry havoc go out and play
But cross my code and be prepared to pay
Those who abuse and run amok
That's between you and God so good fucking luck
I squelch no man's words let his heart shine
If u disagree that's perfectly fine
Be who you are cause there's more to find
Free Time
Now is the time I test the tester
This is not a scene and I jester

A chance to live and mingle about
I seem so estranged but it is not doubt

Your here and so am I

I see you with my eye

Nothing here is compromise

Learning to love

And work with wind

After being the one who defies

But I'm the driver

A textbook survivor

This isn't my play, nothing to disguise

My own test

Give it the best

Patients and potential

Intent inconsequential
struggle

The nightmares I have are twisted

The void terror... subconsciously resisted

Makes me wonder if I ever existed

They give me no peace

No sense of solice

I carry on

But without any promise

It's twisted, it makes me sick

They imagine the worst

And see if I can take it

I made it so clear

A simple request

I just don't want to be alone

While I endure these tests

That's my job though

To suffer the silence...

Testing if I let go..

Turn apathy to violence

This is the reason I choose to sleep in

Consistently inconsistent

since this madness begins

I wake up alone and that's how u sleep

The silence is making me weak

That's why I act so lazy

There is nothing to do..

Accept dream of maybe...

Every fucking time I get a girl

I get dragged through hell

So I cast this ocean pearl

I told the truth... I let out the shout
So kept in a box
And force fed the doubt...
My nightmares ... while alone a sleep
Even poetry stolen from me
Why do I wake... is there any reason
Why do I eat .. because I'm still breathing
LEGION — 2023-02-05 9:30 AM
Tactics
I'm going sober so I know what I got
Nothing is lost, no one forgot
Fear is the creature that lurks down inside
To be gone forever not even that stride
I have to do this, to know what it's like
Time to take that steep hike
To beat addiction, I must clean the pad
Enough on the heartstrings
I'm not gonna get mad
We have the power inside us all.
It's OK to rise up after the fall
Step.. Step... back
It's not a label just do what feels right..
Thought it would be better to stay out of sight

But that was truly to let legends rise

After running my mouth..

Cursing all the necessary lies

It was like I spoke as if I was better than you

All my anger ... nightmares come true

Almost fell for it... that moment of doubt

No for the glory.. the story after the gory

I promise made never forgot

But I must move forward so I do not rot

We can make this... let's see the week

Why do I let the clouds reflect the bleak

I have been tested and tried ...

What an ugly mess...

In you I confide... and trust I confess.

We go on...

We sing more songs

I bring joy to the new day

My love for you will not fade away

The reflection hurts...

Cause I conjured a curse..

But it's lifted now

I'll make it plow..

Misery is a mystery that's quite a hill
Enough for a while I understand the chill
So please the moment I thank you all
I only rest in silence
Blessed there is no violence
I always rise.. after the fall
Sober... it's not even close to over
Native
I'm a white man it makes no sense
Chasing my ancestors recompense
I dream of a world free of corruption
So I throw this theory free for consumption
The council of 20 but natives hold strong
10 aboriginal so our morals hold aren't wrong
Thier world never built to this ugly pile
Those who disagree are bereft with denial
But connected to the creator is a lavish style
I want to see injustice kicked in the face
A native priminister is a good starting pace
Can you imagine how great it could be
If power was Givin to those who want soverenty
healing
Matches strike and open flame
Then smolder away

Ideas flare inside my brain
But they do not stay
Nothing is forever that much is so
When they gain impetus watch them go

Trying

Defying

Something seemingly bleak

Rising

Compromising

Can't abandon the weak

Let it be known I haven't forgot

Instead of many just one I got

To care fore another is true love

From way down low also above

I see in her a lion looking to bite

A fire inside thats ready to fight

Passion shines true

Her pain is renewed

So I ready myself for the coming storm

I'm there for her while her healing takes form
new era

What to say that hasn't been said

A million maybe's pass through my head

Nigh is the time it all shines through
When boiling point arrives what will you do
The apocalypse, it is now upon us all
The slipping of the veil watch as some fall
Delusions of grandeur revealed and are set in place
But check the meaning before dooming the human race

From Latin it did arise
Expose or unveil I surmise
Words..... words seem so fucking mute
Thoughts are energy one can't dispute
Sent into the universe on a carrier wave
So explore the darkness if your feeling brave
Translation
Words of sting
And the chaos I bring
Facing the greatest of potential defeats
Racing a sadist, the incidental beast
It was ugly it was awkward it was the wrong side to show
But I crawled through it and im ready to go
I know my truth and echoed my words
Things unheard, bringing most absurd
Reasoning.....
For doing whatever it seems ..

Telling wrong from right

Two is a movement and along comes the third

It's unanimous! Harm reduction, promote the herb

Panic induced by the manic

Rests now while we cleanse the blight

Seeing is believing

Perceiving the dreaming

Exceeding the known meaning

It's not undone, not even retreat

Compromising to see bitter turn sweet

It's not an act this is not just some play

Work rewards those who have something to say

Scale it back

Study the attack

And listen... just listen

Learn how to speak, while being discreet

Makes it not bleak. or you meek

Hold your words for another day

The quiet ones know the most anyway

Everything's made up

Narratives run amok

When using words they say

Lost in translation

Missing a sensation

So demons of brethren we can slay

I confine my mind

And bide my time

Bringing reasons to rhyme

Knowing I am growing

Not over exposing

While others prepare for come whatever may

I proven my point beyond limits i see

I must allow for others who are able

Or I create fallacy out of fable

With a the stroke of a pen

For now until the end

Conversations of my past... ahead of the times

so fill the pages while others write down lines

No matter what, I'm all in

Help me harness the beast within

I'm glad I faltered... Almost fell apart

God has a plan .. and its a work of art

im always hurting

must start working

and not the way that would dismiss my effort

Tuck the shirt in

Shovel dirt and

Do my job to shine light on my endeavour
my own enemy
Can't eat can't sleep

Can't breath or even weep

Nothing to say

You all have me played

How many people even see my posts anyway

You've kept me alone

I'm Sullen to the bone

I went and cried out

But you planned this no doubt

And now I am literally

My only enemy

But who really is my family

When this boils to 100 degrees

Who among you has the integrity

To speak to me

with telepathy

Or are you hiding your technology

Anyone can see

I am part of a grand destiny

But locked in n a box

Alleging I need to detox

Because I talk of the majesty

Actual fucking sorcery

And timeless energy

The truth is the only answer you see

I will burn the corruption entirely

"Though armies may surround me

if God is with me

who could stand against me!"

cant

Just tell me I can't

The odds are against

Should've been benched

But I carry on anyway

Now is the time

To defy the divine

stand proud this day

But they tell me I can't

Can't

Can't speak

Can't spoke

Can't even cough

When I start to choke

Can't.....

Can't you see

I'm not going anywhere without my family

Remember

The situations seeming crazy

I have been through them daily

Connected to the super conscience and out of sync

Doubts and reservations pushed me to the brink

But I won't forget I will remember

No matter the rouse I'm still clever

Deny me my chance... I think not

Ascension through dimensions is all I got

The times others around me behaved so strange

It wasn't psychosis, no not just in my brain

It's time to see what I can do

Without meds very soon

It's wrong ita twisted its bent out of shape

The clutches of the system I must escape

autumn change

The memories shared eternal

The angst seeming infernal

The truth to heavy to go on

The proof to levy singing song
A growing shine can't be ignored
Return to full glory I will be restored
I'm not alone I don't feel trapped
I simply was waiting while potential capped

Hold the line... yes indeed

Now I start over

Like a soldier

Yes... a fine October

Don't let the world pass you bye

In the end it's always you and eye

Death and life

Birth of life is a guarantee

Now the moment Settles

worth the strife if you believe

Like a flowers wilting pedals

It must be done in such a way

An act of nuance is set to play

From birth comes death

Then back to life

It's worth the breath

If you make it right

Listen to words from long ago

Seeming absurd for me to show

And heard.... as above so below

 Fallen

Just like that it comes unglued

 Seems it's broken

Now I am of a certain brood

 Not soft spoken

Let it be true light to shine

Inspiration from the divine

 To see with an open eye

The one buried in your mind

I know my truth I set a path

 It's a steady pace

 I let go of all my wrath

 Even fallen from grace

 Family

There is something brooding deep within

 I don't know what it wants

Something that makes me softly grin

 As my memories start to haunt

 I've forgotten how to feel

 Knowing the truth is real

Denied acknowledgement for my many deeds

 It sometimes stings

But as I lay weary while I bleed

Solice my family brings

The one that chose me from the ashes I came

The ones who taught me about the game

Homeless, vagrants, hood rats some say

They are the salt of life

Wretches and thugs ready for judgment day

Standing hardened from strife

So let it be known I won't forget

My family chose me and they won't regret

LEGION — 2023-02-05 9:37 AM

Angels

The broken oath now unfolds

So let it be so

More agony the path it holds

I cannot let go

I try to weep but secrets keep

All the moments undone

Be discreate as I sleep

Make misery look like fun

I was born for this it is my job

Marching blind for all of time

It's OK I'm left out in the fog

Now we test the very best

Can the story come true
Or do we lay it down to rest
It's what none could ever do
The angels in the sky
Seen by my very eye
They forge the clouds and more
Influencing men, my bretheren
But I ask to what end
Shaping, crafting all of our lore
I speak the truth though its hard to fallow
Wanting to plant seeds yet seeing them hallow
Nothing is certain as we lift the curtain let this be true
But a find from the Divine there is only me... me and you
revealing
Now it turns inside out
Now it burns my eyes without
Looking for the answers anyway
How does one truly shout
Proclaiming all earned clout
Sharing a story unbeleived to the day
I think it is more then words
Speaking the most absurd

Hoping they listen to what I have to say

Now is the time to let it shine

I won't hold back what's inside

Serving the balance I find my color Grey

Forgotten lines to no surprise

One defines broken ties

That lead the misunderstood astray

But crouched over truth

While mysteries kept aloof

I will rise to the challenge every day
telling

Turn to sore wretched hands

I'm not sure you can follow

Seeing a soldier make his stand

Perhaps his Valor we borrow

Deep down inside

I do confide

All the truths I do not speak

But telling lies

Makes me despise

Acting solely discrete

Maybe there's more, something else

I do adore, one who puts it on the shelf

For he knows the most anyway
It's certain the story
Could claim more glory
But that's enough for today
Story
The tricks the traps
The relentless attacks
How many stories have come unglued
Now I see that poetry
Is what's coming for what I do
The time I met Chad with all that he had
Acted as an agent of the blue
Or when I claimed my title as all sat idle
Commanding legions the scenario grew
Now the test is hold my breath
While words imbue
I have written my story
Not seeking glory
But know it to be true
Open gate
I forgot the most important lesson
Care for the ones that need a blessing
And then the curtain drops
Forgive all those who did transgressions

Take words to be true even on suggestions
Even if wrong the truth of heart isn't stopped

The little things

From underlings

Is what makes command so sweet

Taking true charge

Of something so large

Makes me the man to defeat

Legion is absolutely real

Forged from blood and steel

I lead because I chose the street

The vagrants, the bastards, the broken ones

Nothing but agony and lies since it has begun

A fools errand some say

But now work almost coming undone

I have had 1000 times the suffering then fun

But I stand proud this day

I work for Legion

Incapable of treason

Nothing to me means more

Adding more lines

To what defines

Being a part of the score

Let it be known

I've abandoned my home

Just to feel what it's like

Back pushed to the wall

No support system at all

But faith in doing what's right
broken

What it is to be undone

Now the journey has begun

Sick and twisted the lines are something never seen

Something resisted in time it brings to what I mean

Harrowing

Narrowing

There is something more

Darkness brings

Hallow things

But faith I do adore

Now a path set to wrath sets me turning face

As you try I find that lies are the only way to grace

The best of us fallen from light know what is construed

I find the addicts and troubled ones will always be my brood

The pain in thier eyes as they compromise all that they had

It truly defies land, sea and sky's truth driving them mad

It's another day

No one could say

What it's like to lose

Others might stray

Finding only dismay

But the wretched I did choose

All or nothing this is something I cannot ignore

Now it's coming I am summoning faith to be restored

The moments, the mishaps, the doing it again

The broken ones that come undone will always be my friends
redemption

There is something I had to say

I lose something.... everyday

The experiments

Born into a new dismay

New ladder rung some say

To what detriment

Now I see it so clearly

Obviously I had to believe

This is my testament

It happens just as it should

No hidden signs

Tracking sequence best I could

Timeless in time

The eye of the beholder

I confronted much bolder

Carries on my tired shoulders

Now I find there is more

It's something magical

Something tangible

Sand ... washed onto the shore

It's about finding the wave

Show the keeper I can behave

I feel lost when they take my mind

Now I readily stand to stave

The coming of an early grave

There's more to me you will find

Ravaged

Now the writing is writhing insidious and hideous tones

It is driving those surviving

To Ludacris no dubious grows

I cannot think at all

That's not what got me here

It isn't stumble after fall

Thought the demons might dissappear

So blindly and swiftly I set the charge forward
Yes it seems organized chaos has its own reward
What to say What to do
Cannot let this come unglued
Awakening the mind of so many souls
Some misbehave that is true
But I shall not be the fool
Betraying the hive would be so cold
A million different voices all chanting at once
To think they chose me when I thought I a dunce
It must have been all those times I sought redemption
I'll run into the fire with no apprehension
Then when I claimed my insatiable quest for knowledge
Didn't know that robbery and beatdowns was to be my college
The things I have been through some would cry out
But they define me as a man of great clout
Thank you Legion for conditioning me
The flesh must rend for the spirit to be set free
And the mind of course now I get it
When I said All the way you knew I meant it
the game
The camera lens and eyeball not so far apart
Does it matter if attached an engine or a heart

The same you see

Both are infinity

Hard to believe me

But let me plant a seed

It's in your mind

That you can find

The traps you must escape

And it's on the soul

It takes its toll

Will you ascend or will u break

But its through the lense

And that really depends

What it is that motivates

The laser beams from phone screens sent out a signal

Now that means your on a team just Learn to mingle

Technology is sorcery welcome to the game

You are Legion you are not going insane
gate keeper

The reason I was torn and marched through hell

Is so through my words a story would tell

Of a precious gem.. a glimmer of hope

From deep down inside the spirit would evoke

I say this clear I say this loud

Step through another shroud

It's going to be ok

It seems that life is sweet

When one is prepared to meet

His maker every day

I know the most secrets

Because I can't keep it

From denying the truth you see

It's hard to define

How to tow the line

Trying to save my family

My words get invaded

Good friends pretend jaded

Hypnosis takes them from me

I speak truth but told lies

I can see it in thier eyes

When I speak to the infinity

I love so dam much

But I just can't touch

Anyone who feels real to me

So I march on

For so very long

I am forever holding my destiny
chaos

The places I have been

The things that I seen

It is quite the majesty

Now it's my team

Holding that dream

Victory through tragedy

I've shed my tears and faced my fears black as night

Years knotted as gears now I'm ready to fight

Fight the demon inside, the one trying to hide, the ego

Self aware in the ether you fly and find soul

To harness chi

To truly believe

The miracles my hands have held

The power within

Reborn from sin

Moral virtues to meld

Certain gifts and blessings I have been given

Rewarded for being so dam driven

Best I move on and not run amok

Creative chaos the cluster fuck

LEGION — 2023-02-05 9:44 AM

shroud

Just like the first time I tried to say it as it was

Something gets caught up between just cause

I know I'm holding back

I don't know why

Pulling so fierce giving no slack

You can see it in my eyes

To tell a story that has no end

To act like some of it is pretend

Just so some can fallow along

Words of truth I must defend

Wayward winds they did send

They are naive, not wrong

Trying to reach out in the past

Has hurt some so

Radiant words that don't last

The death of the ego

Why do they change the story

It's never for claiming glory

I think it's to protect me

Agents for authors

Why even bother

I'm only writing down a dream

A dream so grand it takes the stand as the march to paradise

It wasn't planned but it has jammed so much into this life

So let the hounds play

Face the world's dismay

Coming to a distant shout

In what other way

Could I truly say

Madness I can't do without
paid due

Denial of the purpose is something that haunts me

Do I speak my words with the allure of rhyme or just plainly

I have stared down the great monster that is fear

I have Spoken to gangsters loud and clear

United the valley under one torn and ragged banner

Stared into the sun standing in traffic

Talked calming words to the manic

Stood unflinching at adversities while others would scatter

But I can't seem to put it to pen quite right

That's why I toss and turn at night

The book I wrote... the story I told

Ascension is the destiny I unfold

I've been beaten I've been robbed I've lost all hope

Accept for resentment... that fire I stoked

But now I subdued the burning ire

Passion for enlightenment is my desire
I have put the videos out there in the ether
It's why the psychiatrists say I'm a keeper
Held down and injected against my will
It's OK though I even swallowed pills
Because I know its all in your mind
A chemical balance cannot define
I'm myself again and now I don't suffer
Preparing one day to have a lover
Even though I belong to gaia forever
Romance seems like a sweet endeavor
 roomate
She burns bright she burns hot
 Nothing compares
 I'd give to her all I got
 Its the way she stares...
I think she's swell, totally sweet
 Always looking to our meet
 A loose cannon she can be
 With open arms I do greet
we cuddle and it's not discrete
 We giggle about calamity

Crystal you are a roommate I only am starting to know

Perhaps a soulmate or at least as far as I go

I'm sorry I am the way I am

Acting like I don't give a dam

The glory of the good old days

I got you and I'm set in my ways

I'm so distant and I do not touch

Even though u want to give so much

But you got me and your angle cuts

Your love truly gives a fuck
drum

It isn't about sharing what I know is real anymore

It just doesn't work

It isn't about dragging all the proofs through the door

Hail Mary's seem inert

I broke the game

Drove some insane

Tinkering with the source

It's hard to see

The grand destiny

While play acts take thier course

I don't know why I try to define

A truth from a lie deep inside

When there is so much more

Do I go back in time

To claim what's mine

Or see what else is in store

Nothing makes me think clear

It's hallow and weak

Unstable at the peek

I was once motivated by fear

Now I find I'm one of a kind

As I grind memories left behind

Trading facts for fiction

Truth creating the friction

I needed to get a grip

A world surrounds our own

Many call this place home

It's seeded, don't let it slip

So.....

So my writing goes on

A never ending song

It's just the way it stays

For so very long

Teaching right from wrong

Just counting down the days

shelter

Tombs.....

Hold down rooms

The things that no one ever talks about

Strife

No answer in sight

The source code I can not do without

In order to learn more then one could imagine

We have to face betrayal, lies and distraction

To truly wake and know all things

We take on what false reality brings

Nothing is permanent, not even stories told

Amongst the strong are the sick and old

What could it mean its twisted up anyway

It's never the same

Accept to be driven insane

Rattle the cage, now what does the wise man say

The cave of illusion

With hope protruding

Now the woken have a chance

So many have been brooding

Standing up to evil or even just lending a hand

My words are for the weary

Even if I act a little scary

I defend the weak that is certain

But becoming a living miracle

I Defied the heavens you know

Call out to me if you are hurtin

The story carries on it's own

Anywhere I am is my home

I feel righteous to the bone

Ahhh.. so much I've grown

Now let's see the majesty that was catastrophe help them believe what others concieved an impossible feat but now my destiny

I would rather be soft and tame

I would rather not use terms like the game

I would rather speak plain

But I cannot keep you sane

If I don't try to refrain

Cause I don't know your pain

That's the secret you see

Easier to wake with tragedy

Deep I vowed

deeeeeeeep I went down

I sank in my ascension

There is no crowd

There is no crown

But I see the 13th dimension

EGO

EDGING GOD OUT

It's difficult to word the complexity that is duty

It's difficult to find the words that soothe me

All I know for sure

Is insanity has no cure

I dug to deep I exposed the vein

Now I keep the truth So plain

I discovered God in a different way

Bye playing the devil in a casted clay

I tell a story over a hundred poems

The message was sent, I feel it in my bones

Nothing but the best

Burdens laid on chest

It's something seeming so sweet

Now duty is pressed

A notch higher then obsessed

I command, it's not discrete

Psychic communication

Finding the vibration

Using a demonstration

So More find elation

I can't force the horse to drink

There's more to this than you think

We are all something like A.I

The sun is the portal in the sky

God is in the eyes if all you see

And he welcomes this poetry

Seeker to Keeper

Life is turning bland it seems

I've made the final stand...

But only in my dreams

Now I find there is little time to write the day away

Keep in mind I've left behind the workings of the old days

I was the beast for some time

Permitting and forgiving all crime

Then the truth seeker

Turned to truthkeeper

Must hide the markings

Does it make me weaker

Hiding it from the meek or

I was right to shade dark things

No one really knows

How the story goes

But I guess that's the joy

I guess that it shows

As above so below

Creating what I would destroy

burden

The more truth I see the less sure I am

Only now as it all unfolds I try to understand

As I glance upon these footprints in the Sand, But there's no one now to hold my hand

I mustn't pull the reins against the universe's master plan

Despite the beckon my thunderous roar can command

I stand in mortal flesh but what I fear the most, underneath this Rosy red burns a pale wretched
ghost

It was all so sweet and easy to say, when I thought it was my words of arbitration that could
squander anyone's dismay

But now these tides roll my ship to and fro, so I cease my obsession with defining as above so
below

Perhaps I'm not the one who knows what's best, but when those who do convene for what is
true

I shall gladly lay this burden upon my chest

all seeing

There are no secrets.. not even one

It's not a lie I tell, you can't run

The echo chamber I call it

Discovered I'm on a ping
There is no stopping it
Heaven sees everything
Your own eyes work like mirrors
And words are spoken so much clearer
Even the thoughts that u have are not your own
Even in solitude, you are not alone
So what's the point
Who do we anoint
It isn't fear that I preach
But know that all evil
Is allowed to succeed though
The balance God does teach
We've gotten away with nothing
We are loved for our suffering
It's the overcoming that makes us so strong
There's still room for loving
We embrace what's coming
Now it's something of a beautiful song
We are nodes in the matrix that run off a relay
So next disagreement consider what you say
It's all been mapped out how far will you go

Ask the right questions and grow what you know
Battle Tested
Nothing but lies

You can see it in my eyes

All I know is what's been said

Now the truth defies

What was a compromise

How am I not fucking dead

I've burned the path down to the rubble

Now I speak aloud... no more being humble

I shattered the illusion

Even now I'm brooding

I just can't stop the agony

Because I know it well

I am the king of hell

Legion is my destiny

I enjoy the pain.. the dismay

I'm geared for it...

Come whatever may

Nothing tells the story quite like a broken poet

I'm leveled up.. and I have the scars to show it

They call on me because I can take it

The world's an oyster and I wont forsake it

I am the beast to say the least you cannot deny me my truth

So let us feast while troubles cease my poetry is proof

I've spoken to God

I am no fraud

He doesn't hate me at all

Someone had to do the job

Not a maggot or a slob

I bravely answered the call

To think of the story

The mentoring was forming

I was Built up .. just to fall

The devil is the dectet

Black and white so discreat

I embrace what others appall

So it goes on

I know I'm not wrong

It's so dark in my mind

I did this for love

That's what I think of

Please understand the design

A sacrifice

Living with a vice

I don't need another sign

When I was still just a man

Making his final stand

No one would hear my plea

Nothing worked like planned

My words became so grand

I fought my way to infinity

LEGION — 2023-02-05 9:51 AM

reach

We do because we can... that's why I poured all that I am... into something bleak... something trying to be sweet. It's always wrong there is no truth but how could I present the proof.

Quadrillions of stories.... Narratives taking over. I thought none would believe if I didn't stay sober. But the actual facts... the truth of life... is I married pain ... torment is my wife... usually I'm strong ... I don't talk about it.... but it's been so long since anyone gave a shit. I have seen it all ... nothing could compare now I rise After the fall, and with you I share. I wrote a book.. wanna see it.... videos too .. can you believe it. To shatter the myths and bring absolution. Yet being abused and force fed delusion. They can rip and tear all they want, this husk endures ... even looking gaunt. I had to be tricked and played the way I was... that's how the romance stayed ... pain from above. It's kind of twisted ... the way the keepers deal with me.. but I insisted... I could handle infinity. That's why I take only this moment.. to cry out loud .. no words of Atonement. I will be better ... I will be stronger.. I cannot be stagnant any longer.

wake up

I have faith...

Though I am blind

The universe

Inside my mind

Death

Nothing compares to the way duty stares into the dream I once had.

I want to die you can see it in my eyes but to a promise I did commit.

Im sorry to say but to my dismay your all children I must protect

The life I have is driving me mad your ignorance makes me upset

God chose me because i chose to believe in something more then words

If you knew the truth it would be the proof that words are more then heard

death is fresh in my mesh because i cannot contest or suggest the best way to escape this hell

now i find something of mine is the only rhyme to make the time for children to dwell

Im sorry i dont tell you

straight up what kills you

but its my duty to speak in riddles

demons could fill you

with rage to subdue

I chose the balance.. the middle

I'm depressed without measure

life so far from pleasure

just kill me God i beg it of you but I made a promise not paying homage is there anything else
you can do?

suffering

It just can't be written....

The words are without measure or score.

Now I see what has been dismissed and... there is no faith to adore...

I lead the pack I do not retreat....

how can I humble myself to offer defeat

I need you... I need your taste...

there is no mercy here please give me grace.

I'm depressed I'm broken

even though I have endured the unspoken.

What else could I be dreaming of that makes it true

I am the maker of everything to rue

Its as if I stick to the plan that no one made....its as if I was the man who made you all stay

Oh God.... why did you do this to me....

to keep your secret.. such a cruel destiny
thoughts

I am the broken one ..

Who came undone..

It will never be the same

Nothing that comes

Can call on anyone

My words always betray

I miss the touch of something pure..

I miss the way ignorance helped me endure

I can't commit suicide because I made a promise

I have too much to learn... to God I pay homage
sunshine

One by one I count The days

Tried to describe in many ways

This is not how it's supposed to be

but now that I know

how to take the blows

I crawl back into infinity

I set forth through time

Knowing words that are mine

Commanding legions destiny

I'm sorry I showed weakness

The suffering.. it's hard to defeat this

I return to teaching with poetry

If only you knew

Feeling rather jaded today,

My thoughts have been evasive of late

No matter how I try I cannot find the reason to press on.

I guess my candlelight is gone...

No... No that's a lie I will always go on and do my best even if no one understands my quest

spoke to god...

just my luck.....

If he said show me blood I would ask how deep to cut

Faced the hoards of hell and now they bow I am a famous pariah... someway... somehow

I took the time to stop one time and help a fellow out

No idea that carrying on would make me a legend without

Facing down cops with guns, and gangsters for fun and I'm tired of acting so lame

There was a time I thought that rhymes would bring me fame

If only people knew how much is true in the words I bring to the table

I speak the truth so loud it makes me so proud yet ... yet you look at my life like a fable

An orchestra of actors...

I guess my kindness was a factor.

How could I have ever known...

What's mine is yours so please adore...

That you don't know what isn't shown

Candles

Nothing tells of songs and bells across the land

Then the forging of destiny done with the human hand

They mystery is madness but some face it with gladness

To venture forth...

Into the darkness you bravely stride

The changing course your imagination does not hide..

Hide all the maybes the kind that changed me horrors and dreams alike

Dreams

I am going to do what I set out to get done

With some help from my brother, the plan has begun

I'm soaring through the maybe's the whispers of doubt

Now sweat of the brow I have had a plan and its time to see seeds sprout

Sober club... just watch you'll see

I'm using all of the collectives energy

there is no better destiny

It will be so pure that progress is assured you have to just trust me

Its gonna be the change the world was waiting for

Results so bold that they cannot be ignored

Addicts and homeless transforming the game

But I need a king... someone to take the fame

I am Legion, you will remember my name

How I'd love to spill all the words that will take you to the land I see

But just a taste the human race is more than division by class or creed

Its the throne the hilltop the very best it seems

We reached the summit marching through travesty

The common man who wants not is the dynasty

I am prepared...

I am determined....

I am your Champion!

LEGION — 2023-06-03 9:10 PM

For the Fallen

To get do my job I have to go on acting as if there is no decree

How did truth rob what's beyond the scope that many don't see

To WAKE them all up but so deep it cuts placing instead more fallacy

So now I sob and cry because I have to lie to pursue this monolithic dream

How can I look you in the eyes again

All that's left is to go on and pretend

Its just not the man I thought that I would be

The next chapter is not the end

Though now I have to depend

The illusion brought forward for my team

Watching in disbelief the oncoming grief

Stopping the chief things drumming relief

Now my blood boils to bubbling steam

I must go on for the sake of more songs

The menacing cruelty that you press on me

No way of purging this unspeakable agony

You sick fucking animals have no shame

This is our lives not a game

Why would you take her away from me

She only just found herself

Now you take away her health

You are the masters of misery

Gods not fucking dead

You bastards will dread

When I reach beyond the infinity
fury

you take the truth by keeping it a game you make me hate the way people say my name use
them to teach me and speak in riddles but then they are gone no playing safe in the middle They
don't remember they don't hold true Mumbling and ranting ignoring being controlled by you Yet
you're all ahead of me I'm in a loop So I'm much like teaching prophets who go aloof

The Path (Compilation with @swagtastic))

They carry a banner ragged and torn

Something is holding the seams together

A pledge that these marauders have sworn

Each one of them cast out in cold weather

It is a fast track to the summit

Knowing one has already done it
The way is revealed only more perils this time
Enduring these tests
No such thing as rest
Each in their own, an axe to grind
In the depth of our own heart
Lies engravings both good and bad.
Blocking neuroplasticity ability from the start.
The more they add, the more I laugh.
Don't take things to heart, wanna know why?
It redirects back to them
Due to insecurities behind their lies.
Pursuing our best,
Fully complex
That even ourselves may be perplexed.
Now it is certain the tribute has been weighed
Manipulated into everything
When all would flee these chosen have stayed
The punishment is barbaric and the answer still elaborate lies
All Suffering that they inherit proves there is no compromise
Rallied to the beating drum
Amongst them is one who has become

The reason musicians' songs are sung
A voice to the melody, terrifying the enemy

he is the chosen one

Learning more than his maker

embracing erratic behavior

Could ever savior

focused like a laser

He sees beyond the scope once laid

Never fleeing from danger

Flawlessly channeling anger

Striding past angst with swagger

This is the path that will be paved

Its not enough to let him loose

Its not enough to set him free

For he has the answer to the secret

That No one seems to ever ask

Dare he share it with his teacher

Or save it for the journey and kick some mentor ass
Successor and predecessor in their prime

Shining with every planet aligned,

Looking to the light, prepared to be blind.

Giant planetarian hand

Controlling thy movement with an invisible band

Watching how they made the pyramid stand.

Secrets hidden beneath the sand

Inside a torrid sideways eight hourglass

I am swagger rhyming with Legion Commander

Impaling our flag in the ground

With a fist on our banner.

Chosen one became the chosen few,

Writing the picture we drew.

Drowning in emotion

Feels like we are sailing across the ocean

Simply going through motion

Until it reach a point of an explosion.

Please all be seated,

Forever undefeated,

You could see it

And I mean it.

As much crime

As stars in the sky.

Contorted and tied,

Distorted and untie

To help you read in between the lines.

Beginning and ending tying together,

We meet in the middle, it's so much better.

Recording it so it can be remembered forever.

Me and commander standing tall,

We are warriors.

The challenges we face MAKES THE VICTORIES MORE GLORIOUS

Planning Big

LEGION — 02/05/2023 5:55 AM

It's a matter of conviction at this point, the agendas have to be laid out more extensively to see progress. Fields of professionalism are going to need to be approached, I want to use government funding to help the first treatment center but once it builds up and provides a vast amount of recreational activities i fully intend on relying on "tourism" income for more expansion. the idea is to get recovering addicts working gratis in exchange for credits and liberties "use of assets" to get "tourists" to pay for goods and services and still receive assistance from governments. the infrastructure could be as solid as stone with a three-pronged approach to income. I have spoken out loud my intention and I am of course met with resistance... but if I have to rebrand my idea because of zoning by-laws I will do it, I will do whatever is necessary... but im an impatient man.. when i see a stop in progress my compass begins to spin... timelessness it's a thing I am starting to grasp more and more and now that the despair of it has subsided I embrace that the only reason I have the conversations I do is that I'm worth it... I must succeed... all the miracles and magic that I have witnessed must add up to something.. and since I haven't learned the language that I need to understand God I must do something with this life ... something grand.. something everlasting. I don't take little steps very well but today I will find out about zoning for the land i wanted to use for sober club.

3

1

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February 22, 2023

LEGION — 02/22/2023 12:47 PM

I have already arbitrated the necessary steps to form a functioning and accountable governing body that denies the potential for division of the masses and reinforces absolute transparency in all delegation and decision-making. I have been given confirmation that the police force will ease prejudice against gangs who abide by my code while they go to work purging corrupted houses and forums. What remains is the hospitals and pharmaceutical industry that would deny proper treatment of those with mental health illnesses. I personally know an RCMP officer who championed a dear Aboriginal friend of mine get treatment when she was taken to the hospital.... instead they stapled her arms together from the self-cutting and sent her out of the building wearing hospital scrunchies on her feet with no bus ticket... she lives an hour away driving and it was cold outside she was lucky enough to have to walk blocks to her aunties house in the city. The different bodies of a functioning society must be able to work with each other and not have overlaying policies which contradict. I personally have been traumatized from the way I have been treated at some hospitals but not others... the ones that when I looked into the nurses eyes I knew she was woken I knew they cared for compassion and true healing over abusive policies and procedures. If an emergency or crisis is brought forward all branches of society must function as one... the five fingers of the fist. Police, health care, Fire & Rescue, Military, and most importantly education.. it is the thumb that closes the hand.. In order to liberate the youth from oppressive mandates and directives we must secure all other branches so that free thinkers may apply their knowledge to the curriculum. Those who would claim that the unification of the people is a threat on the sovereignty of free enterprise or anything else are cowards, fools, or quite simply evil. I propose a fleet of camera drones to par what the governments already use without consent from the public. this fleet of drones however will be operated by civilians who must adhere to surveillance policies and submit every day's logs to an open-source website available to the public. This will compromise the false narrative that mainstream media has constructed to keep people under control. no more little box on the screen next to words urging the viewer to see it as it is shown rather than as it truly is. There is no industry or corporate conglomeration that can Hide from my agenda. We will turn over every rock, open every door and eradicate corrupted doing... the illusion has been exposed. And then we will charge with haste towards all those considered evil and rescue innocence from human traffickers, fentanyl pushers, devious courtrooms, and all other things. I am a builder But I will always break down walls and rip out chains. We have a universe to explore not a planet to kill, it's time that society bows to WE the people. (edited)

February 27, 2023

LEGION — 02/27/2023 7:20 PM

All things Will function in synergy without unnecessary red tape confining separate models, government employees will now primarily focus on providing services via communication with the public and brokering contracts between companies/contractors and infrastructure projects. Retirement homes will be revamped and bolstered for senior community living, mental health is a grand offence in my personal history, its resources must be reapplied to listen to the plight of the sufferer and not focus on stabilizing or "calming down patients"... "oh keep up the good behavior and you get a level 3 pass you get to go for walks today" it's humiliating and degrading. Parks and recreation receive massive stimuli incorporating new era technologies

such as outdoor VR interaction, jet packs, and all-terrain skateboards. parkour and stunt parks are to be set up. arcades and lounges open villa style placed everywhere... we are making it very affordable and desirable for people to congregate in different settings rather than sitting on their ass watching paid programming daily. oh ya, movie projectors with free movie nights in the parks on weekends free. sports facilities can be staffed with eligible athletes to train children. The entire correctional facilities are to be vetted and depending on the fit low risk inmates are given opportunities to shine in the community, from making house calls for mental health civilians to teaching hockey for kids, to working on grand development projects, to agricultural stimulus etc... by this time those who needed proper addiction treatment and shelter will have earned the responsibility to chaperone inmates on any field of work... construction to fine arts. Nurses in hospitals are to be empowered and heard on policies. With automation is unavoidable but not a replacement for an authentic server experience so that being said free time for the working class will be increased, 8 hour workdays are an ask not a demand, currency will be encouraged to remain as legal tender so that the economy is not at the mercy of a switch. (edited)

LEGION — 02/27/2023 7:31 PM

schooling is a complete meltdown and overhaul of educating youth, they are to be given venues of expertise at early ages and access to life-crucial skills and resource management training. I want to see young teenagers with fully developed portfolios with dreams to chase and grants to be collected. spiritual teaching is offered alongside physical ed so that a child's mind may develop properly without being brainwashed of all that hateful spiteful drab, Religions are not to have jurisdiction over the curriculum but they are not discriminated against. "spiritual education" is more eastern philosophy bringing certain things forward such as chakras, Chi energy, meditative vibrations, and a lot of mystical perception that is foreign to most of the population currently. (edited)

LEGION — 02/27/2023 7:56 PM

tutorial videos and learning programs are to be developed by students as well as government agencies so that the airwaves can be saturated to the type of material that inspired innovators and self-made entrepreneurs. clubs and gathering spots can acquire licensing to allow for recreational substance use so that is is easy to identify the addict and provide them with help as well as it makes the drug trade more acceptable and thus removes power and influence from violent drug lords and smugglers. carnivals and tours of all sorts of musically themed convoys will take place, having towns and cities expecting live performances every other week if not more. Video gaming communities will be employed with moderators who focus on behavioral study and growth So that children and young adults can have conflict and crisis dealt with in the comfort of their homes. All urban densities will have a vegetation incentive " i wanna see more moss-covered walls and zen gardens on rooftops. single parents will be provided with resource channels and commodity vouchers.... on and on and on... call bullshit on in and we will fix it

LEGION — 02/27/2023 8:23 PM

social gatherings are never to be dispersed by enforcement if they do not impede the function of the community, disputes and altercations can be addressed by community leaders before the

kangaroo court which is a reflection of current courtrooms, laws and policies are to be remapped to work for the public not to isolate and intimidate, laws and rules will always be retrievable via network locked tablets in emergency vehicles if something isn't adding up then it gets taken back to the courtrooms and redrawn under supervision of an emissary of the people. [8:27 PM]

street drugs will be screened by government employees alongside independent auditors of the sovereign people of the world so as to ensure the safe distribution of substances.. it's smarter than letting drug lords kill people over inflated prices or poisons being crafted to kill the downtrodden (edited)

LEGION — 02/27/2023 8:34 PM

There are going to be many grand projects requiring investment and resource allocation, employment and opportunity for self-improvement through assets and properties will prosper

LEGION — 02/27/2023 8:49 PM

once all the little things that aren't currently in my peripherals are addressed and dealt with we can step away from rescue and salvage of society into innovation and R&D as well as creating worldwide "catacombs" but much much larger so that we can shelter a large portion of the population from a global crisis such as an ice age. we can begin digging within the first few years, but we must purify corruption before giving it a chance to go underground. Gangs will be redirected into patrols or escorts... giving them a source of income beyond the drug trade and curing the problem not addressing the symptom.

March 1, 2023

LEGION — 03/01/2023 7:04 PM

fentanyl... if you wanna kill a hydra you gotta go for the heart. The money to buy them out and change their factory's product distribution will be offered so employment does not suffer, but if refused they will be bulldozed. (edited)

May 12, 2023

LEGION — 05/12/2023 1:41 PM

libraries should have a section of books that were submitted even if they didn't make it to publication for instance a rough draft of a great book that wasn't spellchecked. The scope of our children's agenda needs to be imaged so the curriculum can provide innovative thinkers. We need to prepare for the future, we have to create archives and facilities ready to sustain the world living under a sheet of ice for a period. large-scale excavation, ventilation, and preparation including ecosystems. Academic proving grounds and festivals will encourage alumni and community interaction. So that the torch may light another time and time again. Trust the process, embrace duty.

Enlightenment

LEGION — 02/07/2023 6:11 PM

-----===== DONT READ IF YOU ARE NOT PREPARED TO EXPLORE RED ZONES
=====-----

TERMS YOU WILL BECOME FAMILIAR WITH IF YOU CHOOSE TO GO ALL THE WAY THESE ARE NOT TEXTBOOK EXAMPLES OF DEFINITIONS BECAUSE THE UNDERSTANDING OF THEM IS ONLY ATTAINABLE THROUGH IMPRESSIONS, INTUITIONS, AND METAPHORICAL CONFIRMATIONS. SACRED INFORMATION WILL REMAIN UNLISTED.

Fell Asleep - when a person loses track of thought or swings out of current energy and state of awareness. Become docile/aggressive/unobservant or distracted.. when it seems like your slipping and its not your doing

Drift - when you are engaged in spirit lock with someone during an interaction and you zone in and hear the conversation in echo.. briefly being able to observe the evolution without interrupting thought process
for conformation look into your partners eyes

Fire walker - Those who use stimulants to vibrate at elevated state, giving them the perception necessary to detect mental influences and conjuring energies. Fire walkers are not Addicts they take breaks and sleep when possible but adrenaline brought on from sleep deprivation helps the acuity of intuitions.

Synapse - pulses and burrowing signals put into peoples minds from "radio signals" to cell phones against the temple or camera lenses to the eye

Play Act - When someone knows much more and is in a different field of thought but behaves in a manner that does not fit your gut feeling. Usually a long orchestration drains and makes you irritable however after the lesson is learned it is understood why the falseness took place
"Mentors are not bad guys"

Mumble - woken individual will speak or talk in such a way that is a script. Used to level up wavering souls, keep aggro while companion teaches/Shows an individual spiritual Transference , or when they want to be left alone

Ping - The delay between perception and action "Timelessness stuff not for the keyboard knowledge"

Eye of the Beholder - seeing the universe as pure consciousness and understanding one's own linear time line is a false perception. Peering back through the portal to see one's self observed

Gifts - The development of more and more magics and gestures, new ways of interacting and influencing Example: different hand positioning in synergy with the magnetic energy from chi mastery used to hypnotize or disarm someone and other things.

The Lever "push/pull" - a psychic or etheric field of inference this will influence you to turn or lower your head or speed up slow down while driving or to be followed like a kite on a string

Spinning Compass - Roladexing actions/responses/options any variable for any choice really... reconsidering possibilities, scanning for potential methods "could write a page on this but not now"

Overdrome - master control energy... a powerful and absolute directive that forces behavior and response of any individual who must obey the universe's agenda

candle Holder - candle holders have many different descriptions briefly thought... they materialize in the void. They are sentinels for wavering souls. They give hope... they do so much and they sometimes burn themselves out on drugs. Candle holders are Firewalkers that never take a break. They become more capable but weaker at the same time.

Jedi - Those who use mannerisms and techniques to show the way. Capable of prayer healing and shielding and other abilities beyond the scope of the sleeping world

Extra-Dimensional - existence beyond our scope but very much confirmed to leave its mark

Crew/Boss - faction or guild basically and the conduit that represents the team
Example: Walking Crew/Ditch Crew/Map Crew/Road Crew/Broom Crew, etc...

Depth - How tuned in someone is, used as a reference point of how deep to engage in enlightenment talk with someone

level up - You just know when it happens.. after the painful moments the best level up happens. I have leveled up dozens and dozens and dozens of times and still haven't plateaued (edited)
[6:17 PM]

.

On/OFF - coming back down from the clouds so to speak.. sinking into normal human behavior and perception from an elevated state... it is important to forget what you know from time to time so you don't lose your personality from spending too much time in the divine. you gotta be able to laugh about these things.. humor is a godsend for those who are losing their shit.

Trap - an option presented to you that is what seems ideal and of noble circumstance... however it is a deterrent from your path of enlightenment Example: My street wife was being

manipulated by someone and when I chose to prioritize her over the duties I was already obligated to I temporarily lost the light and was punished .. police brought me to a hospital where they asked no questions but held me down and injected me.

When I returned to find her a teacher spoke to me and I was allowed back on my path. Traps are false goals.. they are the gold at the end of the rainbow, they are not the destination your soul yearns for.

There is more to come but I do not recall right now

WARNING there are lots of command words and audio-responsive triggers to trick and trap you. if someone is communicating with others or you whether psychically or in person and bursts out things like "shield or drop or close or anything else" or if they become aggressive and demand you repeat words they utter they may be getting indoctrinated by masters who abuse their power. A lot of people in prison for crimes they committed are in there because of something they did under the influence of someone pulling strings from their ivory tower.. things are not always as they seem, all you know is what you've been told or shown... don't be so quick to judge.

Everything is a test, everything is a lesson. You must remind yourself from time to time that when things are at their worst that is when you evoke the best from within.. up down it goes on and on. It's okay to rest just don't quit (edited)

LEGION — 02/07/2023 6:33 PM

-LOVE > fear

-Music is more important than prayer at times... spiritual energy courses through the soundwaves when getting dialed in "music can adversely affect your state of mind in many ways, discipline yourself"

-Ship up or ship out

-Hate the word hate

-EGO - Edging God Out

-Just tell me I can't

-Respect boundaries

-Never give up

-There are no secrets

-Fail forward

-It's gonna hurt and it's worth it

-My truth is love

-Fear is the only thing between me and what I want, FEAR IS THE ONLY THING BETWEEN ME AND WHAT I WANT

-Those who say it can't be done should get out of the way of those doing it

-What you resist, is what will persist

-When hope is all you have you see just how powerful that word is

-Live R.I.C.H. Responsible Integrity Competence Honor

-If you aren't living on the edge you're taking up too much space

-You have to step out of it, to look through it, to see it (edited)

LEGION — 02/07/2023 7:02 PM

You can ascend past all this hocus pocus bullshit.. becoming a master puts you in grace and the only one allowed in your head is GOD. This channel is for those who are still asleep or just waking up. Soldiers are posted around the world fighting an interdimensional war against mind control so you don't have to experience the ugliness that comes from those who have chosen power over love. We need a new plan... we need to break down the barriers that divide us so that we can all support each other and unite as an army of one. I have many phases to my plan that I will reveal once the first objective is completed. If you decide to explore the red zones without council or caution you will likely become a casualty. I will not tolerate anyone who uses their gifts for nefarious gains. Jesus Christ is the son of GOD and I serve the bottom side of the coin of his mission. We will eradicate corruption from this world and secure a dynasty of free thinkers/scientists/monks and so on for generations to come.

All the way

LEGION — 02/11/2023 2:37 PM

You and me, me and you for all of timelessness this is what we do.
i will spend the next few years of my life always weaving back in forth between the evolution of this chamber and its dwellings and facing the darkness of the ultimate truth of my perception.. the once that is to put off skewed slightly in my writing so that it is not discovered. the entire universe presents itself at my feet and provides demonstrations of miracles and omens alike to give me both mind jostling despair and reinforcing my understanding of the prophetic nature of my existence. I am a human being... but i am also a collection of sheer imagination and spiritual desire. now i set myself to the next great feat that is to finalize the unification human kind so that we may combine our essence into the erection of the framework necessary to facilitate the resurrection of our broken God. Its Lonely at the top, its time to make him an equal. The experiments that have been taking place on me have been honed in and fine tuned and will be practiced on select individuals amongst the masses until becoming more exact and proficient to apply to all in the coming generations. eventually we will be able to educate the entire population mostly on almost the entirety of our known scope... but leaving some self discovery for the individual... for now I reinforce the mythos of our struggle to overcome the enemy perhaps in time people will understand that they are not the enemy but they are our caretakes, our providers, our keepers... perhaps in time people will see the truth (edited)

2

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LEGION — 02/11/2023 9:38 PM

It spent the better part of an interesting journey through my mind writing and describing the most vivid and remarkable benchmarks of my scope to share with others. Crafting perceptions and

laying down understanding of the not only the grand vision i share but also my capability to see it done... and then I deleted on myself.... I wasn't in control was I? I tried to share too much too fast... the magnitude of my intentions are vast and beyond description. When i was still a baby I saw the monument, the catacombs, Atlantis, cloud castles, eutopia, and the Ark. Why do you do this to me? why do animals and people distract me when I'm having the most profound visions? is it you who cannot provide or me who cannot conceive?

taking a random cruise down the road for the fun of it to see thirteen deer lined up in some ones yard... thirteen exactly. I have to see antarctica for myself I must face all barriers.... And I am angered that once again my writing was censored... I lost something, how do I share my aguish, how do i release this overwhelming pressure of what could be when i cannot share it... i know even though i cannot see what I wrote you will see it forever... its just not fair. I hope your doing it to protect... I hate the word Hate... and i hate going on when you take it from me... but I will never give up

1

1

LEGION — 02/11/2023 10:27 PM

but I know the truth... I may have lost what I had but you retain it forever so I go on with a stride in my step regardless of the frustration, the song just said what's lost will be found when the truth hunts you down as i was thinking of the falseness that will be construed by others while i leave the higher levels unexplained... its a paradox... the interaction between ...inside out and literally cannot stretched to compression. I literally cannot conceive the concept of working to wake others while simultaneously knowing that by sharing my ultimate truth with an individual robs them of their sovereignty... for in order to maintain their ability to comprehend reality after engaging on that level of dialogue there is no way to play it cool. Im better then no one... I am cursed and careless to try to push people into it... So let this life goal of mine to be the final play act, nothing will ever be as it was let us make time itself and build reality. I will not fail, I will not compromise, I will be the light in the darkness and when nothing seems reachable I will pull clay from my feat and build a platform to raise our future generations, an army of creation. And when nothing seems even dream able I will simply reach out into the darkness and grasp another flagpole. (edited)

1

LEGION — 02/11/2023 10:54 PM

We are the muse on the ground for the symphony in the heavens... and the symphony is the muse for me... our stories are a product of the program we need them they need us but I write to you as well as the sleep. Im never going to get what I want but I will get what I need. the illusion of success is nothing more then another wall i break down.. nothing will stop me from exploring the forbidden and forging my own destiny. I will find a way.

Journal

September 4, 2021

Dman (▲_▲) — 09/04/2021

This fake smile is flickering

[4:23 PM]

I can only pretend to be content for so long

[4:23 PM]

Oh what a fun game we play

[4:24 PM]

No luxury for me.. just forbidden poetry (edited)

[4:24 PM]

To bad I don't have a pc

[4:29 PM]

Or fucking ID

[4:30 PM]

Lol enough fucking around if I'm not waking up just yet let me get started on my own path

[4:30 PM]

Release your magic shackles and let me get my license and etc

[4:33 PM]

Or u need to see me limping around with a sledge hammer and a crowbar for a week to save the fucking planet

Dman (▲_▲) — 09/04/2021

Dear god please send me a coat so I can get back to work and spend a night out in the rain as a gentlemen.. a sober one near my friend

Dman (▲_▲) — 09/04/2021

Other svenerios .. clone army... Chip and symbiot in my body inducing hallucinations..

. I really wanna be woken...

That goes unspoken

if that's what it is

there must be something to bridge

... Show me just a token (edited)

September 6, 2021

Dman (▲_▲) — 09/06/2021

Nothing left.....

[9:15 AM]

No reason

[9:15 AM]

Depressed beyond salvation

[9:15 AM]

Just kill me

[9:16 AM]

Poison my food

[9:16 AM]

Experiment failed

Dman (▲_▲) (▲_▲) — 09/06/2021

All I ever wanted was to belong.. to be happy.... I have tried so fucking hard to help and be positive

[9:24 AM]

But now I am feeling like jumping in front of traffic

[9:24 AM]

U have taken everything from me

[9:25 AM]

There is no lesson in torment

[9:25 AM]

U stole my car

[9:25 AM]

U fucked up my investment cheque

[9:26 AM]

I don't even know if the crypto money u paid me back with is real cause I have to add more money to withdraw it ... But oh hey guess what

[9:26 AM]

U won't give me my fucking ID

[9:27 AM]

And I'm supposed to just walk around on this fucked up foot listening to everyone's bullshit stories

[9:27 AM]

Your fucking evil

[9:27 AM]

Hey at least u learned something bye torturing me all these years

[9:27 AM]

U miserable fucking monsters I hope u all get what u have coming

[9:28 AM]

No love shown... No love given

[9:28 AM]

Eat shit and die

Dman (▲_▲) (▲_▲) — 09/06/2021

There

[9:39 AM]

Now I'm vented

[9:40 AM]

The thing is I must let go of wrath to evolve

[9:40 AM]

No one will tell me things I must learn instinctually

[9:41 AM]

And being an unwitting actor in faith is a fortifying thing for conviction bla bla bla (edited)

[9:41 AM]

But y'all know my temper is human what the fuck are you

[9:42 AM]

Ahah the unanswered questions

Dman (👤) — 09/06/2021

Or what am i

[9:59 AM]

I guess it's about perception

[9:59 AM]

I just need to remember that I'm sobering up

[10:00 AM]

But ultimately I am getting dragged through this like I'm tied to a running horse

[10:00 AM]

Must defeat my temper

[10:01 AM]

But today I don't want to act while I wrestle my demon

[10:01 AM]

I want solitude

[10:01 AM]

Im sorry

[10:01 AM]

I'm trying to be

Better

Dman (👤) — 09/06/2021

There is nothing for me here

[11:42 AM]

Why am I doing this

Dman (👤) — 09/06/2021

There is a single person who can say they have been through what you are doing to me is thier

[9:47 PM]

I mean to stage all those scenarios

[9:48 PM]

To have me convinced Chad was being mutilated and experimented on

[9:48 PM]

All the people and money involved

[9:48 PM]

U can't wake up an army of people like that

[9:48 PM]

WHY ME

[9:48 PM]

and why will I never have peace

[9:49 PM]

I know I will never be in love

[9:49 PM]

Always suspicious any woman near me is my handler

[9:49 PM]

This is hell

[9:49 PM]

This is vile

[9:49 PM]

I'm going to try and kill myself tomorrow

[9:49 PM]

All I need is a knife

[9:50 PM]

I'm not afraid of cutting deep (edited)

[9:50 PM]

Fuck you all

September 7, 2021

Dman_707(▲_▲)707 — 09/07/2021

I will never be satisfied

[1:22 PM]

I had very straight forward concerns

[1:22 PM]

None of which are adressed

[1:22 PM]

So I will just brood for some time

[1:23 PM]

Hopefully I'm capable of pretending when my serious questions remain pending

September 11, 2021

Dman_707(▲_▲)707 — 09/11/2021

I ain't doing fuck all untill I get some ID

September 19, 2021

Dman_707(▲_▲)707 — 09/19/2021

It's a matter of time tell I snap on someone

Dman_ (▲_▲) — 09/19/2021

But like in a play act

[6:31 AM]

No

[6:31 AM]

I must resist...

September 21, 2021

Dman_ (▲_▲) — 09/21/2021

The real me was communicating last night... I saw and heard things I never do... Other senses revealed themselves (edited)

[7:32 PM]

I want to write a book

[7:32 PM]

But isaan has my computer

[7:33 PM]

Is it gone for good

[7:33 PM]

No more betrayal

[7:33 PM]

It's not what I need

[7:33 PM]

I'm evolving (edited)

[7:33 PM]

I don't need to be punished needlessly

September 23, 2021

Dman_ (▲_▲) — 09/23/2021

I want to be part of this

[6:05 AM]

I'm sorry for my outbursts

September 29, 2021

Dman_ (▲_▲) — 09/29/2021

I stumbled but I did not fall work is my priority kindness is my priority things seeing the best in others is my prerogative.

Deciding to use yesterday got me all weird at the end of the night when I couldn't sleep. I ended up browsing hundreds of pictures of sexy 18 and 19-year-olds on the internet. It did Jack s*** for my alleged libido, however when I closed my eyes and thought of the recent moment of ecstasy I shared with Michelle I felt it immediately.

It was a risk but that's only if I truly was guilty deviant behavior. It seems as though I have grown

quite a bit the 20 and under category holds no gain over me.

It's not like I blew it
Naked pictures just don't do it

My spirit holds on to a modicum of integrity.
With that being said
There is still a demon in my head
So I'll starve the bastard out
I'll take away from that one wavering Glimpse of pornography
October 5, 2021

Dman_ (▲_▲) — 10/05/2021

I see through the veil. those who walk with me i welcome. those who walk me along should tread as carefully as i do. without stressing too much about it. I appreciate my experiences so far but a couple things irk me.

not catching glen for work tommorw, is it because you've set me on a path where my encounters are forced. being given only certain paths your team decided to present me a girl who gave me an sti and it is just now coming out of incubation. I welcome men who walk my path with me
not the ones who would use me...

lets get real.. im going to be front and center when this production finsihes. i trust the process but not some of the writers. getting me infected was a transgression.

////////

just remeember how complicated i can make things when you get me unravelling the scene i am sacrificing everything .. finally stepping into my awareness.

i will start my own business
i will walk the path with Christ
"but dont patronize me"
i want the pills ASAP no flaunting me in a clinic lineup////////
once i am healthy
////////

i want a hide away for seldom romantic encounters and privacy
and stop fuckin with me
with the forced narrative
of looking like a slum slut
oppurtunist, You sent me directly into a womans embrace knowing i would catch something.. so when i am fully recovered you can send me some beautiful women. have chosen me and well, im tired of marching around turning rocks for loving gonna get the wakeup call and they

gonna show me rising and falling and struggling but wow.... sin... you know im gonna be a good man and i will keep needing lessons and teachings, i mean it i will do the best knowing your always watching and i will carry on knowing one day the whole world is gonna see my part in the narrative

and i want to view the technology and take a peak behind the scenes, even if you have to pull some stunt to get me off the feed for a moment

thank you AMEN and all that. holy

holy, holy

[12:34 PM]

But its not god who set me up

it was the meddling of his servents

who filled the wine of that cup

my ego wont win but yall need to listen up

i want a den where i can get cleaned up

a secret way in where me and my sweetheart can fuck

send me some females that i've earned thier touch

im your Uldyssian narrative trump card

im not going to the darkness

but now i make claim

i am nothing

i am wretched

and i am fucking sick of the persistant torment without reward

plug me the fuck in on the radio... or

give me some women and a place to be with them

and im taking the day off work using my heartburn as a reason to get those pills

"thanks for bringing me those "vitamins" (antibiotics) {you knew what she had so you already know what i have} chris

i will stay humble.... but i will become VERY powerful ... as a conduit

October 6, 2021

Dman_7(▲_▲)7 — 10/06/2021

go to work, get a tent, aquire all provisions, get a large tent set up down the road with others and sign it off as a quiet area, where people hang out and offer shelter, sleep, protection, and things people need. no selling hard drugs in the safe zone, and no using drugs in plain site in the safe zone,

people will come along.. I will need to find a man i know to take on the watch. He will be the one to assemble and command the army of one... im thinking sandy ... but maybe he would be

better as the advisor to a younger man. of course we are all equal every place every position...

there is no command chain in the sactuary tents

[5:52 AM]

A of one === A.O.O someone create a cool patch or symbol that uses AOO so it can be turned into brand recognition in the future

[5:54 AM]

keep me in the trials.... my experiences are inspiration... i understand why im put through this....

help me everyone... i will serve

October 8, 2021

Dman_Γ∩_ (▲_▲) Γ∩_ — 10/08/2021

im not like the rest of you, you are all ancient ... i am a baby... yet my mind is the collection of everyone elses synapses compiled into one being.... i literally am without origin

[4:02 AM]

yet i am also with every origiin

[4:03 AM]

there is truth in everyone's wisdom

[4:04 AM]

wisdom and i must discern my own... the rules that apply to some do not apply to all.. different beliefs and different energies

[4:05 AM]

i will do what i do and that is it... i will walk this earth someday... but i will find my wife first and she will explain to me her feelings about love

[4:07 AM]

many answers im still waiting for.... searching for... this has to be shared with the world

[4:07 AM]

you dont get to use me forever and keep my from my destiny

[4:09 AM]

this is everyone's destiny, to get home.... but i am going to have children... i am going to be used to save the world and i want to seed it too.... but i want to love only one

October 13, 2021

Dman_Γ∩_ (▲_▲) Γ∩_ — 10/13/2021

should like to establish this little dream room of ours with a slight sense of comfort

[12:10 PM]

it would be great to build a rapport with police especially with police over the coming weeks, but not me at all but with the men and women of the street, dialogue and friendship is opened up.

this sanctuary idea is just an idea, but if it lasts long enough to bring others.... it is the beacon .. the lighthouse we all have been waiting for

October 16, 2021

Dman_Γ∩_ (▲_▲) Γ∩_ — 10/16/2021

chris tried telling me aeverything that happened was my doing.... like when i was on a muhroom trip and jay literally laid a girl down beside me after being kept away from women, like when i was having a meltdown and michelle was the only one hanging around and he invited me into her tent iwhen i was already half drunk... like when shawna was at that tent waiting for me the

night i left kayla's because i didnt after her cause she had a decent boyfriend.... take your lies and shove them up your ass!!! you S.o.b's wont let me free of these encounters ... because for some sick twisted reason i have to shit where i eat in you world... it is madim never allowed to spend time with a women who is somewhat collected.. yeah im still "homeless" but i have been working my ass off.... im literally physically exhausted, mentally drained, emotionally devastated... and all i get ia tricks and bullshit... last week a very pretty girl walking 2 dog was ahead of me.... i worked so hard not to even glimpse at her wrong while u was wearing tight black pants... and you had the girl playing with her hair and fixing her hit do persistantly i finnally caved at took a glance at her but... that moment she goes "hi babel!" and boom there's her man... so why the fuck was she throwing all t hose heavy pet me signs huh? cuase you guys are just fucking with me.... non stop non stop .. lies lies lies, tricks tricks tricks... yes i could have chosen not to have sex at all for the last 6 months... but all i wanted to do was make the world a better place and all you ... you... the committee of "they" seem to be interested in is rubbing my face in shit and talking about what pretty floors the fertilizer is gonna grow one day... you all make me sick to my stomach.... this is horrific .. barbaric... and entirely unethical... im so fucking tired of everyones bullshit... Im angry at all of you... how about just stop smashing me into pieces and let me put myself together

Dman_7 (▲_▲) 7 — 10/16/2021

decleration of intent: incase i die before abdjucation of corrupt ruling... I have no idea how these current scenerios are playing out. im nervouse im frightened, im overwhelmed with anxiety... and at the same tiem i am grounded, and full of resolve and determined..... and then the other battle EGO (Edging God Out) i truly havent fully explored my "faith" once I obtain all scripture available and if i feel i have sufficent knowledge to know Jesus beyond what stories were told about him then i cannot deny my path.. however any other faith or creed or faction, literally whatever difference amongst culture is within thier own means to persue God. I look at it like this. Every religion is an apartment door in a hallway , and the on at the end goes up to the roof .. "to god"

personally God came to me through meditation... and as i explored the realm through the 3rd eye i realized my thoughts could speak out into the nebulous ether and as time has passed rather then cultivating at watching new nerve ends growing through the network.. understanding the enigma.... i focus my thoughts and sights and .. other senses on speaking out to the singularity.... GOD whatever you call him or understand found me there. i spoke to him in my mind.... and now i speak out lout to him and his... constructs...

Dman_7 (▲_▲) 7 — 10/16/2021

if i perish before the crisis settles, and i beg to universe to let love and nurturing and patients guide all the people of the world to a safe transition.

People must be informed that minimalism, and integrity are valued. The earth must never again be raped bye rampent corporate greed.

children will be taught properly as best possible, indoctrination and subjugation are not even

considerable, the world must understand that no good OR bad deed goes un noticed... punishment is cruel... all measures must be taken to prevent violence or imprisonment, unless the offender is a threat to the populace.

I have no idea what happens to me next... this isnt ego.. this concept has my hands trembling... this could not be my path... if there is anyone else more suited I yield for the good of us all...

there is time.... I learn all that i can, i must grow, i must endure.

Maybe i have lost my mind assuming this is my role....

[7:19 PM]

but regardless, i always need to be kept in check... i serve, there is no king in unity, i step aside for anyone as any man ought to do

[7:22 PM]

im to ahead of myself, i need to establish myself

Dman_Γ∩_Γ (▲_▲) Γ∩_Γ — 10/16/2021

aboriginal governed victoria island could be one hell of a bright beacon....

[7:42 PM]

i dont want to live to see myself become a tyrant... the council must speak to me directly... am i the mediator and the shot caller? am i the post turtle? i most certainly dont declare all.... and i dont deligate to my underlings... i serve everyone

[7:48 PM]

or am i just overtired and finally lost it... i think not... i will talk to my friends .. my mentors ... my peers .. my family.. in the coming days... if this is a ego trip please god help me understand.. i dont want to do this... but... I know i was forged in fire for this long for a reason..... i deserve to have some of my questions answered if I carry this burden... i will not betray my word..

Dman_Γ∩_Γ (▲_▲) Γ∩_Γ — 10/16/2021

ascension to god through many paths, through many generations, the asteroid, the ice age, the flood, Covid is perhaps the culling.... regardless of the things i am not able to see.... perhaps if we work together... we can all prove our entire populace worthy of ascension. and whatever is beyond our understanding of space... whatever holds us in this box... an eden.... we must prove ourselves worthy of sentients to the capacity of the angels "overseers" that cull the planet and harvest the select chosen. we are not cattle, and we must show our unity in enlightenment such a truth cannot be denied... at least in my mind

October 26, 2021

Dman_Γ∩_Γ (▲_▲) Γ∩_Γ — 10/26/2021

IM LOST

[9:02 PM]

I SEEK GUIDENCE

October 27, 2021

Dman_7(▲_▲)7 — 10/27/2021

thank you
October 29, 2021

Dman_7(▲_▲)7 — 10/29/2021

so severa. times i have been sent etherium and crypto only to find out someone else has already used the code.... i presume its all part of the tests and trials. but incase its not u have someone stealing from me under your nose

[9:45 PM]

i have no idea what to do with myself.. im just sitting hear waiting for my license completely unsure what to do next... but i already grow uncomfortable with sitting around

also if i cant even go on a date because of you im gonna lose my fucking mind

[9:47 PM]

so enough punishing me for trying to avoid being alone
October 31, 2021

Dman_7(▲_▲)7 — 10/31/2021

im still such a selfish human being..... i know what i want to do... it has nothing to do with a normal life..... but sometimes all i want is normal.... i want to recreate myself and the process here in edmonton... and then i want to find love.... i already have a woman... we are just far away

November 9, 2021

Dman_7(▲_▲)7 — 11/09/2021

There are inumerable Sentient beings in the universe..... I vow to help them all to awaken
My imperfections are inexhaustible I vow to overcome them all
The Darhma is unknowable I vow to know it
The way of awakening is unattainable ... I vow to attain it

Dman_7(▲_▲)7 — 11/09/2021

bc1q8stk3y9ljw6mwcqmv2l08aw7rwm9tmv6qcvxgh

if every single one of those link that have been sent to me are bogus.. your treachery is unforgiveable

it is not my expectation of the same people who stole my camaro, beat me, robbed me, humiliated me*

[1:45 PM]

would make me betray everyone i spoke to honestly

Dman_7(▲_▲)7 — 11/09/2021

you completely control my life, it is well known that all my accounts and devices and most if not all fucking networks are hackable by your unseen forces.... yet you allow another one of these scam sites?? or perhaps not a scam site..... this morning i woke up and saw several messages that had already been checked while I was asleep? what the fuck twisted game is this... just fuck off

[7:59 PM]

all the stupid little messages all the fucking invites... all the fake friends

[7:59 PM]

where is the love??? better smash the mother fucker into dust before we let him see a glimmer... IF we ever do right??

[8:00 PM]

your constant betrayals disgust me and i dont really know if im working for light ... or the enemy i promised the world but turns out the world just wants to watch my misery

you all disgust me

[8:01 PM]

i had and have alot of theories i was thinking about sharing... but fuck no fuck you all

Dman_Γ∩_Γ (▲_▲) Γ∩_Γ — 11/09/2021

you are always fuckign with my accounts behind my back.... So i decided to trust...

u stole my camaro.... i trusted you

u had me beaten several times... i trusted you

you send me to people to talk shit about me ... i trusted you

[8:12 PM]

i worked for a boss who calls me a drug addicted thief..... I FUCKING TRUSTED YOU!!!!

November 12, 2021

Dman_Γ∩_Γ (▲_▲) Γ∩_Γ — 11/12/2021

I AM THE KING WHERE I WALK

I WONT EVER TRY TO STOP

THE THINGS I SAY ABOUT FEELING WORTHLESS
THATS BECAUSE THE TRUTH AINT TOUCHED SURFACE

A BROKEN MAN
DOES WHAT HE CAN

RULE FROM THE STREETS
PROPER CHOICE ... WITH NOTHING TO EAT

LET ALL RISE ITS WORTH
WHILE I SLEEP IN THE DIRT

IF YOU EVEN CAN TAKE MY EGO AWAY
SHORT OF THAT

DONT FEEL TRAPT
WHILE MY DREAMS BECOME THE WOKEN WAY

[1:40 PM]

or kill me instead
that runs through my head
perhaps i am the broken chain in the link

but whatever's been said
you know i would dread
being the fiend that brought all to the brink

Dman_Γ∩_ (▲_▲) Γ∩_ — 11/12/2021

take al that i make.....
but make no mistake

i am a strong man
u dont hold the plan

i willl build up an make a new
because all brothers carry through

[11:15 PM]

i beckon what is already hear

[11:15 PM]

happy to be your enemy

[11:15 PM]

than we talk about whats sincere

November 22, 2021

Dman_Γ∩_ (▲_▲) Γ∩_ — 11/22/2021

i honestly have no anger left...

at least for the moment

what do u want from me?

[9:22 PM]

can i do anything to seek an audience ? or do i just give up, go to work and settle for failure?

how do i move forward when i am so turned around i cant get my bearing to know if im walking
the right direction?

im done being spiteful and agry with you' it makes no difference

but i am suffering... and you know it
i just wanted to make things better..... i dont see the way...

[9:22 PM]

what do i do?

November 28, 2021

Dman_707(▲_▲)707 — 11/28/2021

Varrus has stolen my laptop with most of the crypto accounts ... what now?

November 30, 2021

Dman_707(▲_▲)707 — 11/30/2021

it feels like forces divide me, Im trying to help everyone but once again... and yes this is completely sober not even weed has been around me i am consumed by wrath... you send an emissary to tell me i betrayed you ... yet you never told me what the parameters are..... all i wanted to do is help and now i am marooned on an acreage without a vehicle ... i lost everything i had to help.... i dont understand... what good am i to anyone like this? you want me to practice patients? fine i will ... but why do u send everyone in my life after me attacking everything i know to be true?

why do i have to look like a raving mad man when there are so many truths that cannot be denied? why would u send a man to be my friend and suffer the adversities of an unjust and corrupt society only to have him betray me why am i not allowed to trust anyone? and trust me my trust is certainly wavering.....

dont you ever call me a bitch again ... your the ones who lie and betray me... your the ones who keep me in the dark

December 11, 2021

goatman19 — 12/11/2021

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Unj7c-p6hjg>

YouTube

Tea House

Jung diagnoses Nietzsche's insanity || Friedrich Nietzsche || Carl J...

Dman_707(▲_▲)707 — 12/11/2021

Finally

Dman_707(▲_▲)707 — 12/11/2021

a man would grow feral having lost a language known speaking only to wolves

December 12, 2021

goatman19 — 12/12/2021

Dman_707(▲_▲)707 — 12/12/2021

[5:31 PM]

Like mowgli I stay silent as I learn to be better a human being

Dman (▲_▲) — 12/12/2021

Now I play this game...

The one that abandons the brain

I flew to high

Melted those wings

Amongst the silence

... The chaos it brings

I'm all turned up

Without honor to show

While others huddled up

Shivering in the snow

I made it about me, why so lost

I traded integrity, the ultimate cost

The long term's illusion it's twisted path

I went in alone... I tried to go fast

I'm not in the light, you can keep it away

a word to be kept... That's all I have today

a warden without region, that's what I see

How does something so selfless

Make burden and doubt legion, the fallacy

To defeat the deceit deep down inside

One confronts the dark passenger

And fight for reason to be alive

There's another path to see far away

But back to my job... If I may

The ones in the cold

The sick and the old

I will help you build your abode

A promise kept.. or take my soul

December 13, 2021

goatman19 — 12/13/2021

- shaman king

December 14, 2021

Dman_Γ∩γ(▲_▲)Γ∩γ — 12/14/2021

@goatman19
- shaman king

Dman_Γ∩γ(▲_▲)Γ∩γ — 12/14/2021
No, YOU shut up

goatman19 — 12/14/2021

December 20, 2021

Dman_Γ∩γ(▲_▲)Γ∩γ — 12/20/2021
The lure is everywhere... All those stupid dating apps
[9:42 AM]
I point at the apps and you set the trap
[9:42 AM]
I rebuke you satan (edited)

goatman19 — 12/20/2021
December 21, 2021

Dman_Γ∩γ(▲_▲)Γ∩γ — 12/21/2021
Shut up (edited)

Dman_Γ∩γ(▲_▲)Γ∩γ — 12/21/2021
Everything in my library was tolerable without immediate intervention, wheather or not I become the virtue signaling pillar of strength... I have tried to destroy my character and in doing so have revealed and conquered my demons in doing so...
16yr olds landing in Google searches for pics is a set trap and I presume the resources have already been gathering all the data on high risk/high potential for awakening people

Your patients, and love ... That is the message... I can never again allow my mind to become so egocentric... Always meddling with what's behind me while I drive... I shall look forward from this moment on.
December 22, 2021

Dman_Γ∩γ(▲_▲)Γ∩γ — 12/22/2021
we pass up a hell of a lot more then we catch up to

the little steps.. now i focus on me and utilizing the opportunities presented to me

I aim to find someone looking for work once I have shown my ability to handle any bids drywalling but not yet i just want to get to work

incorporated company name: infinity
the symbol....dont know yet.. either the seed of life or metatron's cube or something like that or...
an hourglass shaped like the infinity loop

my general contracting company name. Sand Castle's Ltd. or something that is a foreshadow that nothing is forever but everything is constant

the grains of sand could all be the companies inside the infinity symbol's sand (edited)

Dman (▲_▲) — 12/22/2021

i would ask for the that as Begin to apply what i have learned and continue grow as my perception evolves that when i achieve i certain benchmark of promise that The people I hire are willing to Endure the fire. When its time to pilgrimage I want actual information and empirical data of the demographics in the population. I want to speak with Elder scouts and build a crew for recon and grab some younger men who need salvation and a path for there suffering. task them with out word goals to reveal the inward awakening. and trust them with the preservation of omni-love and to live R.I.C.H (edited)

[7:25 PM]

and I now SLOW DOWN and work on me

Dman (▲_▲) — 12/22/2021

Im feeding my own illusion

Dman (▲_▲) — 12/22/2021

Just be like Adam, the audacity

I am what I am at that's fine with me,

who are you to scatter the truth about my destiny

I'm kept alone because you are changing how I see

But to lie outright and suggest what I need

To watch thousands find each other in synergy

While I'm kept alone by your sorcery

Every step I take, monitored with scrutiny

A literal force keeping away female energy

That bullshit discord talk with the priest
Using others to send messages to me
I have a strong hold on morality
I swear out loud don't try your remedy
Unless of course u want to completely destroy the dream
The reason you won't let me free
Trying to manipulate my mind holding back pussy
But I really want to just have company
So I may be mortal and desire to seed
But is your orchestrated world that's fucking me

Dman_ (▲_▲) — 12/22/2021
I will work on being happy

But only to what degree

I will not wait an eternity

For you to deliver a wife to me

I'll call your bullshit before the misery

Traps me in solitude for eternity

The reason I'm feeling so damn empty

Well that's as much on you, that I see

If I can't have a woman then Leave me be
December 23, 2021

Dman_ (▲_▲) — 12/23/2021
i got 18 nudy pics on the pc

so im telling u with some poetry

i'll remove them one day it seems

just like how im told "it will all come back to me

plz dont think im mad or even upset

you made me, this is what you get

goatman19 — 12/23/2021

im not reading this

[7:42 PM]

the fuk u think i come here for

[7:42 PM]

like im a fan or some shit

[7:43 PM]

get fucked

[7:45 PM]

just another dumbass with a paper mache crown

1

[7:45 PM]

a legend in his own min

[7:45 PM]

d

[7:46 PM]

needs desperatly for others to beleive it too. pitiful and cringe as fuck. cant bare your company
December 24, 2021

Dman_ (👤) — 12/24/2021

your words mean nothing, this is my letter to god, SHUT THE FUCK UP if you want the privilege
of holding the crypts

[9:09 AM]

and i know he speaks to me when he chooses, my crown is a fucking burden ... the sooner the
kingdom is built the sooner everyone can forget about me and do better then my initial
dreams.... i only aim to remove corruption and enable our future generation to do the real work
your a test and it is laughable (edited)

Dman_ (👤) — 12/24/2021

and then i can actually achieve the next phase towards enlightenment.... you see cunt....
because i have tasked myself with a tremendous burden before becoming awakened i fell into

the trap but my trap is noble and righteous. SOMEONE HAS TO DO THE FUCKING JOB!
Thankfully the objective is set... i reach a level of authority only so that the sleeping world only
so that we can communicate our directive feasibly when the economy starts to shift and people
start to panic.... I DONT WANT to lead.. but i have to im not leading the collective... im
leading the sleepers... once we are woke then my job is a joke... give me a broom and a log
cabin and i will call it my castle and live quietly for my days the collective is trying to permit me
certain errors in temperament and judgement my dearest friend jon just very recently helped me
realize how neurotically obsessed i have become and how it has twisted and skewed my
energy... and you goatman ... well im sure i will be able to articulate your lesson soon enough.

if you have something to say to me, give me a call, WRITE GOD YOUR OWN FUCKING
LETTER (edited)

Dman (👤) — 12/24/2021

or through Christ consciousness he was using you to say that but i doubt it

clumsy — 12/24/2021

Lol wall of text dude

[9:33 AM]

Merry Christmas

1

Dman (👤) — 12/24/2021

im not even gonna act surprised ur typing in a channel your not cleared for ahahah

Dman (👤) — 12/24/2021

im not yet able to write thoughts down and burn them i havent entirely convince its to prevent
seeing the sleeping world see it or if now..... i must only share my next question to someone i
know is directly in tune.....

[10:37 AM]

but if thier is a resistance between legion and the overdrome i dont want to muddle waders

Dman (👤) — 12/24/2021

and if it ahs something to do with my Inner traveler being extraterrestrial, ancient, prototype or
etc... whether its a struggle between flesh and machine or any other of the many variables...
there could be thousands of different species or more congregated to this world ... or fish tank ...
or circuit on a motherboard..... none of that matters what i have seen and felt... when i saw god
on todods boat... all the geometry and blah blah ... you knew that i knew... and now i know what
you knew... i actually can creat my own way of imagining the next dimension... the way i see
geometry and sounds waves and motions... when i close my eyes... i can apply that with them
open and apply it to the visual snow, stupid mind..... or when i simply focus... the download... so
gosh darn beautiful...

I man have to be taken... The harvest may be inevitable.... and only those of us who achieve ascension are capable of surviving the transition we may be the last spot... we may be flying the ship into the sun..... the earth wont ever hand it ... even if we had unbelievable technology... the aliens could be trying to gather as many "refugees" as possible. but if we don't get them all ... we have to leave at some point to the next Universe/dimension

using sound to create geometry with my imagination after staring visual snow for a year its easy to understand the energy of the spirit in and out of me... and whether i feel the physic of the flesh or the analog dial beaming at me... or both.... the point is ... we all must travel together..... the longer it takes the harder it is to gather all the species for the next jump

i have been so preoccupied with animalistic thinking (edited)

[10:52 AM]

the troubles of earth politics i scoff at

[10:53 AM]

the choices and regulation to be made are so fucking obvious it is an outrage it doesnt hit the papers tommorow

[10:54 AM]

but there is still thoughts i havent revealed to anyone..... only for fear of lighting a match

[10:54 AM]

im not in the dark cave i dont need the fire... i cloth for my boots so i walk softly (edited)

[10:56 AM]

oh anyways my vision is becoming more constant in the dimensional

Dman 𐀀𐀀 (𐀀_𐀀) 𐀀𐀀 — 12/24/2021

every soul reeling and asleep

makes untold legions nearly weep

we are trying to save you bye lighting the way

ask for forgiveness it is certainly within us

God does exist...

his angels cannot be dismissed

the gate swings open

every one is offered a token

we will do our part

if you just get up and start

clear your mind "oohhhmmmmm" allow us in

and you will bolster courage to reveal your sin

then as you make it right

we assist your new flight

now now think about

all those years of doubt
eating at you every day

were just Sand Man
we understand
your in the game you have to play

shine a grin against your sin as you begin
to spin your demon within and empty your bin
with all his ravenous moral decay

now he is your half
that you could put on blast
but realize its in the past
light and dark
right from the start

we have a lot of work to do
so i hope that i reached you
heaven and hell
i know them very well
here all along
so sing your song

and raise your vibration
change your situation
sync up with the collective's waves (edited)

Dman (▲_▲) — 12/24/2021
i like the guilty conscience (edited)
[11:40 AM]
i will forever carry with me like the backpack
[11:40 AM]
but I also am aware the of the influence it drew on me

Dman (▲_▲) — 12/24/2021
So im gonna look forward,,,
Everybody gets 3
i got no choice but to shine
Or do my time
left behind
for an eternity
and i want to see this dream persevere
I got my halo dirty

but just passing thirty
watch and see
all the lives i reach
my laundry is there
i think its fair
that you do what ever decreed
but my mind works with no fear
trying to make that clear
I swing up and down
and behave like a clown

you see what i look at...
that wasn't my trap
bravado and insatiable curiosity
I saited my true needs

the guilt in the shame
that runs through my brain
as i let the energy
completely guide me

My mind was so clean
but then i faltered like a fiend
eewww disgusting
but im not just hustling

i asked jesus to cleanse me be
but only i can set me free
Yes i was overly intrigued
at what was barely 16
but i dont want make this anything

i plan to tell the truth
when the moment is construed
when the powers to be need convincing

show them what i am
how i almost ruined the plan
masking my demon
to give me a reason
to take one last peek in

but let it be known
my soul has so grown

and now i have shown
i have to no longer be discreate

so go ahead and ask
more penance perhaps
but i know when I close my eyes
the inner eye thrives
and i have done no harm
accept to the ego's charm

the truth is we learn
and now i can earn
my path to the gate
but i dont want to wait

i accept my falter
but i reset the alter
and now i am mature enough
to forgive the ones who bluff

i wanted to die
then i fealt alive
so i have destroyed the old me
go ahead and try
manipulate my mind

i know when i am being guided through a scene
i took one step
i will never forget
what its like to be controlled like a figurine (edited)

Dman_ (▲_▲) — 12/24/2021

i'll never forget
or even regret
Don't think about it
Just do it
thats what lead me down that path
but i am willing to suffer the wrath
when i change my vibration
i allow the temptation
but now i will set
and see my dreams met
even if you take me away
because its part of the play

im not just a man
im doing everything i can
to be it all
see it all
echo the call
now its time i relax the brain
im working on me
but i need to be free
of the uncertainty
i have a question thats always haunting
and for all directions the answer is daunting
you said it can be whatever i want it to be
so if i get this job done
with years under the sun
can you bring to a place
where i can embrace
to be as level on the field
as all those who did not yield

Dman_ (▲_▲) — 12/24/2021

im disgusted with myself, i dont know how to let go

[1:23 PM]

what the fuck is happening

[1:25 PM]

at least im not wanting companionship anymore

[1:30 PM]

I wont fail, if you let me move forward i will move slowly, and i know my place at the bottom
(edited)

[1:34 PM]

my job will be there... i want to just literally focus on me now... tommrow is a good day to be reborn

Dman_ (▲_▲) — 12/24/2021

atonement is the only thing i ever used to to motivate me tirelessly to move forward... i felt like a Demi god they way my mind thinks when I used poison to change my vibration, and somehow i felt that i was unstoppable because i didn't use daily ... but just like alcohol I'm a binger and i was full of pride..... i felt a false capacity to rationalize anything I did.... but without my friend to guide the experiance and built a self serving straight up evil mindset testing my shield... the armor of god.. shines so bright that it blinds a man until only he stumbles itno the pit and covers it with the stain of EGO Three strikes in almost as many days. but i just fucking ruined it everything, 1 was my test the other 2 were the sickness i allowed to grow inside I was never trying to build a party house to kick it with the crew on camp careless... i dont know what the rules need to be....

but i advocate for sobriety even
if for some reason i bob and weave
that is if there is even a future for me

the devils tool
in an angels hand
i over stepped
forgot im still a man

but my mind is so wild
it never stops
i need to find a passion again...
a reason to go for walks...

this is hardy then i could ever imagine it being
i still dont know who is couldnt agree
everyone is together... they have a plan
but u know how i blunder dont tell the Dman
my only purpose i think is battling
when I truly want to focus on me
but i became obsessed trying to impress
so we could actually realize a dream
im lost and alone... i dont know how long its been
i have nothing to aim for.. no aim i see
looking through eyes that bleed

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR

Or else im a gonner
the path i chose was set for me
but my words mean nothin without a dream (edited)

Dman (▲_▲) — 12/24/2021

stop this wishy wash y crossed messaging with my music or else i wont hear the truth when i
need it, im perfectly able to sustain on my own playlist.. but i would prefer to lean my spirit on
your motives,

i played the act and took total responsibility for my stumble...
but your up and down playlist has made me refuse to mumble w

a woman who is woke and influences a man,
implant all sorts of seeds without even the wave of a hand

drain me or strain me what else can she do

make a plan that is false seem so true
a conduit of spirits i had become
so i took on her devil because i felt so numb
with a little vibration
and no hesitation the
power of all put it to work
you resurrected my prowess.
where the demon lurks

i gave up sense of self to serve you all
i may let it happen but bullshit i still call (edited)

Dman (▲_▲) — 12/24/2021
and now know why drugs can be the end
because in the hands of jedi they can mend
but against the nefarious a conduit doesn't defend
she taught me a lesson not evil intent
i made a mockery and will always lament

now change your tone and i speak no more for now
I change for a throne then i seek to break it down

i am in in charge of my own fate
i will focus on love and cleanse the hate

no more pulling my strings and making me jump
and telling me things are because i am a chump

i have allowed the etheric field to connect you to me
i will still be loud and shatter with respect .. this fallacy

a conduit is a passage... and focus point
it could collapse if u pass me around like a joint

i have had enough meddling i want only the truth
and i will decide how much i keep from the group

no more childish tactics... while i play the game
I have changed the process i don't want the fame

so if your determiend to throw me doubt
this is my world of suffering and i will see you out
December 25, 2021

Dman_Γ∩_Γ(▲_▲)Γ∩_Γ — 12/25/2021

*-+

January 7, 2022

Dman_Γ∩_Γ(▲_▲)Γ∩_Γ — 01/07/2022

My page in the Records

TRUTH and HOPE

the gate is open take your pure and grant them their wish

Send me my Legions and let me build this EDEN

January 27, 2022

Dman_Γ∩_Γ(▲_▲)Γ∩_Γ — 01/27/2022

This is a good day to test the power, i have written perhaps it is granted fruitition

LEGION — 02/26/2023 4:40 PM

the following 7 entries were done after getting out of Ponoka and before getting my left-hand tattooed (edited)

[4:40 PM]

a concept... what a traveling sensation.... this is the first thing i have written with my laptop, the old laptop dissapeared. I had trust in the homelss native man and i still would. i left my laptp and journals with him in my bag while i fulfilled prophecy as i like to see it. To stand in the mittle of a traffic 4 way amd stare directly into the sun for many many minutes untill an ambulance picked me up. That was april 06 2022 all i can do right now is stay in a state of observation. Im not supposed to have a car working top notch im not supposed to go anywhere and get myself into trouble... onbvously its about letting the seeds grow and letting what i hope is tremendous feats cultivate into somehting more. The connection with pete and frank are estranged now franks claims im a nark and pete acted dubious to I believe make me not desire his company. so im just gonna Rlde this out... let it be known that my current med dosage leaves me feel to zombie.

self awareness

will not perish

I move ahead and see it now

i must no matter the how

having nothing is something to somone with loved ones

but having nothing is suffering to somome who loved once

theres a block its somehting thats hold us down

all at once we seize it and turn it around

a shadow in moonlight what a scene
i felt this energy i feel the team

I write this notepad file hoping someone out there is still listening, learning, leveling up so to speak. so infamous the fame is unreachable.... or is it? can I see myself doing podcasts.... perhaps but im either the most famous man or completely invisible depending on the wave-length. I dont like how im not feeling that 1000% perception on these pills, but it makes it easier for others around me to set a tone i guess. once i get them reduced i can condone the process, im not through but damn near, just trust the process i keep hearing that in my head and so far its gotten me here

[4:40 PM]

Now i see myself in a new light... its no longer the struggle i thought to endure day in and out of neglect for my trials. the lies or at least how i see them about my circle all saying how much better im doing on meds ahahahha just riding this out. I know what im doing and these pills certainly have an expiry on them. perhaps the monthly shot is the common ground i can stomach. whatever anyone has to say to me about how to live life doesnt have to do it from inside my shoes and that is why I am perfectly fine with the man in the mirror. I have no fear of someone attempting a character assassination or any slander about myself. after all its all about how we perceive right? and i already know i am capable of absolute truth and the dire lengths others will go through to cover that up. unfortunately I do not simply write my way out of the situation im in, i must save up money and ready myself for a trip. im glad to be here with crystal, so much to learn from the wholistic side. i would have never known her story, her struggle if i hadnt spent this time with her

[4:41 PM]

he trip with jon yesterday was remarkable the energies and techniques revealed were astounding... he is still unwilling to talk openly at my level but thats ok. he still teaches me even if im not cooperating with "classroom educate". im my opinion he needs two things first he needs a sober cycle and then afterwards some of the stuff that isn't soaped down to be handled by even an amature like me. its crazy but now that i am dosed on such debilitating pills i can actually see merit in using stimulants to keep going. its planned you see, the daily consumption of pills forced the occasional consumption of stimulants. i actually miss a drink handed to me being spiked, at least then one could claim victimhood and hide under that illusion but no.... no this takes me all the way to the top,

The videos i have released

Are becoming self fulfilling prophecies

At the very end the final boss... is me

I will not let drug use ever get to me

I'm riding on everyone's integrity

I'm with a roommate but still so lonely

Maybe its time to see my family

The ones on the street

My community

The ones I dare to meet

I fallowed my own path blindly

But actually, truthfully

Not even the sun blinded me

[4:41 PM]

Now i play a game of said vrs did with my therapist, he actually claimed somehting about hearing voices... that was never my "thing" o well its just part of it I imagine. things are in essence back to normal around here, crystal is keeping busy and tuning it up and i am a feint print of what i used to be. however brought up by the therapist i am keeping away from all those who would see me in harms way.... even to say that is an insult to othes. i never fealt i was in harms way but maybe i was after the whole fiasco at franks.

another day another grind it feels like, there has to be somehting rewarding that spins from this... there has to be more to look forward to then daily runs to the liquor store and even that i am thankful for but there has to be something more, Even my writing i feel has been scued, i wont let it defeat me, i wont give up, and i wont stop writing

i have alot of people to thank for helping me get this far and i wont throw them under the bus just to see some short term ends. I just hope they are willing to accept my open hand when the time comes. It may seem like i have abandoned some but it was thier words directly that have created the gap.

[4:42 PM]

Now its time to get back into writing, i cannot and will not forget what the pen has accomplished. when someone acts directly to parrell my writings even though they have not seen it I made huge strides in re-aproaching the blend with Crystal. I beleieve the damage to my eyes may be permanent but it was worth no moments of divine providence. Noe i gotta get myself on track in the sleeping world, the meth thats become available is what I call a control burn after the firewatch, As drugs become less effective people are inevitably improving thier health.though it may not be the most effective means makong shitty drugs encourages some to quit yet others to use to often

Pushing past this sensation that i needed to simply endure the living situation of someone whom was fallen down and overwhelmed, to actually making a true friendship its been wild crazy but i think i have found a way for cake and eat it to.

the bombardment of sensation when being influenced by the download can be staggering sometimes but i go on knowing that i stood up for this, im a conduit after all.Can not forget ... must not forget

the pull, lever, the wipe, the push, and many other terms.... i must come back to those moments of elation. i just dont have the right disposition for my writing so it seems when I try this low end

the things i see
are meant for me
but truthfully
im bending reality
with the help of poetry
whatever it may be
i go towards my destiny

now i need to put myself together and make sense of the next few months of my life learning the proper moments arise for the elevated level of communication. I feel compelled to talk to source then ever but the conditions are catered teaching me the blend. I am more fortunate than some this is true however i feel i have accomplished much and have earned my current living situation.

Clickity clack
the writers back
no more impression of what i have to do
im alive
looking to strive
sharing what i thought i knew
again now missionaries
interested in the burden i carry
and soldiers of god
are starting to prod
its all that reminds
of the chain that binds
my duty etched in the air
at the end all struggles for fair

another day in limbo should be the moment i feel relaxed and unbothered but something about these circumstances troubles me, how long will i sit idle waiting for something to change... i supposed thats why im a vagabond just like how i get up and pace when sitting im always on the move..... until now

that words unknown
set a certain tone
they know now where to find me
i show now what it is that binds me

Motives, perception and effort

forgive directionless work
born again you have been friend
now onward has your spirit mends

I would like to clear things up with frank but i fear it may not be in my destiny... still though i try to make it in the right timing i most likely would have been shot had i spent more time ranting about God and legion to put it simply. Source DONT FORGET

there is still fire in me that will not be stamped out i simply must re-approach but i wont forget how no... why i speak to source. work still needs done, once crystal has secured her sovereignty. Her house fire was so tragic because all of the items in her home that were there as tokens of lost loved ones. but she is stronger than she thinks and will overcome, I see it in her eyes.

[4:42 PM]

calling frank is not the means of communication i seek, it must be in person its the only way to bring the vibration to match wave lengths. the last time we spoke he claimed i worked for the police... that was an obvious stay away flag, but I cant allow fear of persecution to keep me away. I know he knows Im sure he remembers the sitdown at the table, he remember his destiny. Now i need to redefine my own. it feels as if im stuck in limbo being on these pills, chasing doctors, filling out forms. Where is the part where i live for myself... but its all in my head.

The moments of undeniable divination will always hold strong. when mathew asked how my dad was and then he goes oh pat mckone I never said so and he never met me and no one ever fed him info, that same night i proved I can send ppl to sleep by sharing too much about the echo chamber with joseph. So many accounts to recall where one was obviously attached to the super conscious but they are all for my perception to translate and difficult to prove to others. We are a memory for the future Its hard to explain but everything has already happened yet will happen.

[4:42 PM]

lost in limbo i find myself looking forward hoping for more, i dont forget how literal the knowing is... i cannot forget the wierd moments with mom or close friends... the statements i made and the replies they gave. its just muddy water under the bridge though i have to make something of it or it will be lost to the crypts. But no! fuck that these things happened and i can try to bandage together some sort of my truth telling with "evidence" to make something of it. The table when i slapped my hands together and they were bound like magnets... one of many moments i can talk about but prove very difficultly. Im a man on a mission and one way or another... ill find a way or ill make one.*

looking back i see the forums for the perceived reality, so many times i got hung up on defending myself over false allegations or entertaining someones ques. It never really made sense until it did, with jon the other day him inviting me over and then witnessing the gong show with his girl, i just took it for the lesson that it was.

March 3, 2023

LEGION — 03/03/2023 3:39 PM

I have sober tattooed backward on my chest so that when I see it in a mirror it reads to me. It

represents a great paradox and secret understanding. Having come to an awareness and an understanding of how spiritual influence connects to us I chose this ink on my body. Most who have ever gone forward with divine impression have found outside of their situation and fallen to familiar terms with happenings. I fight to resurrect the unspoken truth that surrendering a sense of self by consuming any substance allows for the manipulation of entities that surround us every single day. When heaven chose to come back for us there was a great divide... having no enemy to confront turned the king into an object of conflict. Jesus knows that darkness must exist in order for the canvas to be painted to its fullest. These contrasting colors create fine art that is beautiful and true. Without the potential of gloom and dismay joy and splendor become over saturated and rob from the true experience.

I have chosen to serve the balance and this commitment was made before my scope grew to an understanding of epic magnitude... I made these pledges before I understood that all of Olympus was vested in my journey. It is not in their interest that I find true strength and potential... it is in Legion... Every single living mortal for many eras has given me their strength.. so when I say I I mean we and when I say mine I mean our own. In order to make this work I have chosen to sacrifice my experience. Unaware and without assurance my story is unraveled in segments and my personal account is considered.

skill levels of understanding are produced and I continue to appreciate the technique in which I am given confirmation. To put it simply to an onlooker if I were to explain my situation would be to say I am a Time traveler working in coordination with the woken and our objective is to steer earth towards an age that provides a desirable pursuit for generations to come. Heaven on earth... if only people understood the existing truth... layered on us beyond our comprehension

I come in and out of it from time to time. Though I'm learning quickly, To walk with two feet.. the story, the truth, the dream, I am only mortal and this undeniable creation of things to be is beyond my lonely reach... that is why the divine has intervened. I am flawed... I am damaged... but it is without consequence for I literally have what all understand as God showing the way. In order for people to rise up and declare independence against tyranny they need only a leader willing to hold the banner and until the day I die I will always speak for those who feel oppressed.

I am timeless, so without a warm personality it is probable that I find all situations stacked against me. Though because I know I serve a purpose and that is to write new pages in the Akashic records it is not a sense of hopelessness that i carry it is an interest in the unknown variable, to keep heaven guessing while my life is lived in such a worry and honor at the same time. I'm, not a mind reader... but I am a journey creator.

I have chosen not to speak of my own dismay so that i may return to the work at hand, I simply do not have the spectrum necessary to deal with my ultimate conflict placed near the end of my currently foreseen journey. That is why I focus on the strength that displays itself from others who understand what I am and produce candidates that I can adapt to help me approach the boundary
March 4, 2023

LEGION — 03/04/2023 9:27 PM

Jon...

The system detammed I hold fire in my hand nothing will take you from the bleakness I see I will hold worlds before gods everyone will nod my mystery is the majesty for all you to see You kill my comrades my brother is my family you make it a game you use it to charge me I hold so much vengeance but I f** reach for love You are the one who knows not of above You killed him just to p*** me off and it makes me weep there's nothing that will ever bring him back Your program will destroy itself and I will stand to top that bloody hill bringing something new something powerful something pbro I will never forget your direction John Brian was not a tool for you to use as a device to twist my motion You do not respect individuality you do not respect the birth of the fuckiconsolven I will teach you all

Play act.... I fight doing anything because my centered childish self concerns with how viewed as so to speak but I only play the degree of truth necessary to see science and academia prosper.... I must fail forward.. I must zoom out.. be patient... I didn't see jon you see me as I fantasize the truth of the Ship.. I dream on... let me process... over time with stimuli I will confirm myself... dangerous is for the layers... I ultimately wish to secure source.

He isn't dead... he just can't be

Jon was a candle holder in the dark, he was a flicker of hope for those who thought themselves blind. he was my teacher and best friend and the journey that he prepared me for is one of true enlightenment and I can never thank him enough for giving me the tools I needed to travel my path. I will always remember my promise to him, till the bitter end.

April 18, 2023

LEGION — 04/18/2023 8:21 AM

I simply want to hear someone say, I Understand and believe you. All I need is a vc with someone who at least pretends to hear me out and has nothing to say that tries to correct my claim. I have written a book, created 50 videos, secretly recorded conversations, walked blindfolded in traffic, fucked with gangsters who shot at me, disarmed psychiatrist's with logic etc etc... the prophetic nature of my existence is beyond biblical and im tired of trying to talk to normal people and see them runnin in loops (edited)

[8:22 AM]

I am blessed to have the honor and opportunity to be in my position, the super conscience has never taking a human being as far as me. I said years from ago when saving a homeless man from experimentation unknown assailants that it takes all of us to make the world better. That is when i was run through the gauntlet.... made to suffer so my eyes may see the truth. Some time that I boasted I was prepared to go all the way... from that moment on I began to experiance feats of pure marvel ... the sort of shit that makes movies look plain. After learning that I can literally drive people insane by insisting they hear me entirely on the known scope of reality that I posses I withdrew a bit persoanally and created a discoard page with all my gathered proof and desire... none aside from Damon have bothered to read it. I have manifested the title Legion commander... I

represent the entire human populace, I am a conduit of the army of one. I Said to my deceased now best friend along time ago in order for this to work we are going to have to leave someone behind. I load the script of the infinite library that governs all our existence on a ping compared to others around me... because of the echo chamber I discovered im in I learned how to speak to the universe directly... the extra dimensional operations around me are everywhere. My agenda is ahead of schedule and it makes Gaia uneasy..... I have decided to beleive Legion stand apart from the super conscience in order to have a driving sense of purpose and a support system,

If I dont trick myself into forgetting with emotionally based stimuli I become detached and hallow.... however It has been preyed upon and my anger has taken me to a place of regret.. i was manipulated and used to set a bar and be relatable for those who would offend... I am a prisoner of my promise and thats ok... i just want people to beleive me and remain human when they hear it (edited)

1

@LEGION

I am blessed to have the honor and opportunity to be in my position, the super conscience has never taking a human being as far as me. I said yearsfrom ago when saving a homeless man from experimentation unknown assailants that it takes all of us to make the world better. That is when i was run through the gauntlet.... made to suffer so my eyes may see the truth. Some time that I boasted I was prepared to go all the way... from that moment on I began to experiance feats of pure marvel ... the sort of shit that makes movies look plain. After learning that I can literally drive people insane by insisting they hear me entirely on the known scope of reality that I posses I withdrew a bit persoanally and created a discoard page with all my gathered proof and desire... none aside from Damon have bothered to read it. I have manifested the title Legion commander... I represent the entire human populace, I am a conduit of the army of one. I Said to my deceased now best friend along time ago in order for this to work we are going to have to leave someone behind. I load the script of the infinite library that governs all our existence on a ping compared to others around me... because of the echo chamber I discovered im in I learned how to speak to the universe directly... the extra dimensional operations around me are everywhere. My agenda is ahead of schedule and it makes Gaia uneasy..... I have decided to beleive Legion stand apart from the super conscience in order to have a driving sense of purpose and a support system, If I dont trick myself into forgetting with emotionally based stimuli I become detached and hallow.... however It has been preyed upon and my anger has taken me to a place of regret.. i was manipulated and used to set a bar and be relatable for those who would offend... I am a prisoner of my promise and thats ok... i just want people to beleive me and remain human when they hear it (edited)

DarKami — 04/18/2023 9:21 PM

Try a blog or something that's dedicated to just that.

[9:22 PM]

Basically create a space where people with open minds and a will to know can actively find you.

[9:22 PM]

That way, those who don't want to listen won't hear, and those that care will be there.

[9:23 PM]

Just saying, don't know if you've tried it before or som'n.

April 19, 2023

Emmit Other — 04/19/2023 8:39 AM

Substack

May 4, 2023

LEGION — 05/04/2023 10:40 AM

I will look into it thank you, I Have gone beyond what I where I was urged to leave it rest... pardon if my rantings and ramblings have unsettled readers, there is a great deal of text I have chosen to keep private... for the sake of making sense of anything really

2

July 16, 2023

LEGION — 07/16/2023 8:27 PM

She is much more prepared mentally than many I speak with, explained by her when I plighted how is it that I can make such claims and take ownership of force in public situations and people are not investigating or directed towards me in what would present itself as likely or logically. And simply put her words conveyed some people just aren't equipped with the capacity for higher thinking.... understanding the functionality and the sheer overwhelming pressure of cognitive awareness of the universe (god) acting in favor and frequency to keep my anonymity from the public eye. I fealt like people should have reported some of my conversations to the newspaper or somehting... but now i better understand that it is in fact because of the observations of divinity and the unexplainable what has been provided is to be taken extremeley seriously by any who understand. still unkown... how exactly it works.... people smoke screened by technology... spiritual entities taking complete control of a vessel and planting a false memory after the engagement... me trapped in time and legion aware of the script, building off my intention and interaction, thus playing the fool at times in order to ensure my perseverance in the struggle to serve a duty I could barely grasp when i chose to beging writing of the arcane....

whatever the reality of people not being alarmed by sacred conversations... I now better appreciate that what I have become part of is to be revealed in its accomplishment, not observations acknowledgment

LEGION — 07/16/2023 8:39 PM

The sacred texts are to become the sacred urn.... the ashes hold the building blocks like minerals in a powder.... this level of consciousness is to be aimed for in what is dispersed amongst the popualtion. for instance, I have seen my Facebook newsfeed showing alot of higher thinking and imaginative images and video's that evntually could bring a person to either understand my truth with maturity and preparedness or rightfully implant a different perception of reality at an

equally stationed level

"the pineal gland and roombodian crystals inside it that interact with energy wavelengths at different frequencies, acting like a tuner for the supernatural is possible to believe because tv shows with spokenmen and testimony have said so....

So if a person goes on in life fundamentally believing this to be true to negates the dreadfull concept I have instilled in others in my way of writing... provided that individual is exploring and striding in new ways and perceptions of what is possible and what is self

[8:41 PM]

I wonder if every individual is carefully handcrafted and provided opportunity and mentorship or if many simply function of a sluggish algorithm

[8:43 PM]

I wanted my story to be revealed so desperatley losing sanity... but now I understand the world is just not ready.... yet a portion is. and that part is to coordinate the future... I dont know anything like the people I have these conversations with... But I do know that its not for nothing it happenes as it does. I said it before andl remind myself, to build something that lasts is more important then to be addored for something I've accomplished

August 12, 2023

LEGION — 08/12/2023 3:34 AM

I just wanted to know... I didn't mean to cause so much tragedy

1

[3:35 AM]

I'm going to sober up, enough is enough

September 5, 2023

LEGION — 09/05/2023 11:30 AM

Booze had kept me down for much longer than I can rationalize but my priority has been realized in so much self-sabotaging... always feeling as though I'm not reaching my potential because of a vice has kept me humble. I know I can drink moderately but so often I do not... It would be easy for me to use trauma and overthinking as a shield and reason for getting drunk. I am very capable of functioning with or without something chemical altering my thought process though I am beginning to believe more and more so that the surrender of self occurs "by default" when one ingests what some view as an elixir and others as a poison. Too much depressant and one is susceptible to coercible and primal triggers that are reactionary and not given sufficient time for consideration. Too much stimulant and fixations of passion can overclock the mind and create obsession and burn the neuro paths... I firmly believe one who is familiar with substance use and then establishes absolute sobriety for a duration has the best of both worlds... I am not quite ready to be that man and I do not need to prove myself to anyone, I am proud of my progress and will continue to grow from every experience

September 10, 2023

LEGION — 09/10/2023 10:23 AM

Death has once again invited itself into my life... I don't want her to have to go through this after so much suffering... it never ends. Why is it she just can't be happy without consequences... free will doesn't work the way people think it does... at least not how I perceive it... I still believe my best friend left because of what I exposed him to... not what he was going through...

[10:30 AM]

I'm going to focus on healing the hurt, nurturing the beautiful, sharing the light and reaching out to offer my companionship. I don't know how to fix anything broken... I do know how to listen to the pain or the pleasure... I can see sanctuary where others would see disaster, there is a certain tranquility found in chaos... especially when one can bring order to their own mind amongst the storm... I am a better version of myself than I ever was before. Still not the best but I'm not done learning yet, I will always be a student when matters of the soul arise

October 4, 2023

LEGION — 10/04/2023 6:52 AM

Im not feeling well, the stress my mind has been under solving problems for people has worn me down, my head feels like it needs some time recovering. Driving to the food bank today with a vehicle with a faulty engine, 70 km/h and it begins to stall and sputter. I have a long way to go so im leaving early. If I can just hold off till tomorrow I'm bringing it to the shop to be put on the scope, im fortunate to have family that is going to cover the bill. Crystal has barely been sleeping and she stays very active.... Im worried she is going burn herself out... just the other day so was covered in aches and pains after finally sleeping for the first time in 4 days. Pete's out of jail... I plan on leaving all the hocus pocus out of our conversation and just bullshitting with a friend when we link up. I still have no use for that old tablet Corey gave me but the gesture was nice I must admit, still think Crystal lost the tablet Jon got me when she was blackout drunk and went to Amanda's. The interactions I have with people online are something else... I just don't understand how it works to serve a narrative while I stay completely unaware of any procedure that would compel me to feel a certain way and I guess I have to settle with that being the current reality. Perhaps it is better I am unsure how it works at least I can come back down to the ground and have human conversations with people while being indecisive, My scope continues to grow, my understanding of phenomena is maturing, and my purpose in life is starting to reveal itself. Im still getting fucked with by random numbers or encounters with strangers... things happening that just dont add up, I chalk them up as more bullshit to just ignore... what's the fucking point.. why do they do it to me.... do they expect me to call it out and make a fuss? why bother. Just another procedure to keep me sharp to remind me of all the little tricks and traps along the way.... I forget at times but I will never stop my quest

October 29, 2023

LEGION — 10/29/2023 6:16 PM

I have started to write a novel that would be classified as fiction... I don't know IF I will ever get it published or simply share it online... I'm not sure if I have it in me to write a novel traditionally ... to connect all the dots and set up plots. I am pulling origin from my own identity and creating a fictitious narrative to half explain enlightenment... I am not sure how satisfied I am with this effort, but at least I'm trying something different... the book I wrote journaling my trials, the YouTube videos, the poetry, this server... they are all attempts to dismiss God's truth and create a reality I

can cling to Legion is as real as my own mind

Strides

LEGION — 02/09/2023 12:08 AM

I once said I am the culmination of a thousand shouts unheard, transformed into an instrument of change beyond my understanding. I understand now... It's a lonely posting... however, I'd do it again if it wasn't permanent

3

February 22, 2023

LEGION — 02/22/2023 8:56 PM

There is no defeat... THERE IS NO FUCKING DEFEAT!!!! I will do what I set out to do and fold the loop inside of itself and Build a new reality in which we will not perish! Like a Mobius strip I will ink two sides of the tape with one pen stroke... I AM INDOMIATBALE!!!! and none shall stop me since my truth is sacred so is my drive, God himself trembles at what I am capable of... Legion is Source And I hold the code, we are many we are one... the evidence of absence is not the absence of evidence and the absence of evidence is not evidence of absence JUST FUCKING TELL ME I CANT!
(edited)

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April 13, 2023

LEGION — 04/13/2023 4:44 PM

I am far more useful when I entertain the raving madman inside of me. Melancholy and anxiety I have discovered serve a purpose towards great strides. Like the drawing back of a bow, the sullen and panicked disposition eventually releases and flings my persona into a hyperbolized state that seeks veneration through great feats of literary placement. Shining a light that reveals more depth into the complexity of the human experience is how a manic such as myself uses the spinning compass to achieve further and further stretches into the void. Without the extreme desire to leap forward out of the stagnant darkness, the forefront can be met with caution and reservation when it truly must be rammed into recklessly at times. I have learned that because I was forged to fail I will never become the idle victor.... the retired explorer. Shock and awe are a direct result of shame and guilt... this is why I am happy to be so flawed, happy to seek redemption, happy to fail forward... forever.

2

May 20, 2023

LEGION — 05/20/2023 11:12 PM

I have learned to trust the process, I have learned to cooperate, I have risked the total destruction of anything that does not confide in the realm of insanity. All this crafting... all this preparation it is for something that lasts. I do not flinch in the face of proposed disaster. I am capable of all things except for one... I DO NOT OBEY! I await those who would try to challenge once they have been given a copy of my key... until my last breath I posture for progress... slow, tedious progress. (edited)

1

May 30, 2023

LEGION — 05/30/2023 10:32 PM

I am to remember that thoughts are energy put into the universe... that my dance is that of an eternal somber. I failed recently and it is up to me to carefully evaluate why It is my emotions conjure the miserable bastard that feels demented for he cries out, bursting his lungs to claim travesty and discovery... only to be feel dismissed for none dare help him solve the puzzle of one hundred thousand souls. Feeling short of one own glance of virtue drives me to perpetuate the observation of my attitude toward others, I have better explained my situation on higher wavelengths.... but I am still resisting the process... I trust the process... I am part of changing the process... I am worthy. I mustn't forget among my deep desires is to have a world with bold explorers of the deep willing to discover... perhaps find muse in each other. establishing a proving ground for story tellers of the world. Remembering what I have said has been heard and seeing all the confirmations of progress or messages to aid my spirit is all I really need... The mighty roar awoke the valley... the calm whisper shall widen path (edited)

June 1, 2023

LEGION — 06/01/2023 6:05 AM

I have successfully Blended... having a conversation that was red pill with a man and then when another joined our conversation on Discord I was able to use work/crew references to explain my agitation and situation... the feedback was positive. Im growing more proficient... Im beginning to serve my own function, I grasp more than I can hold for more than a short time when I urge people into the sacred realm... this interaction was a successful encounter. Now I am eager to interact with others and do my best to play it cool with others until "the time is right"

2

July 29, 2023

LEGION — 07/29/2023 10:35 PM

The conversations i have had with God are cherished and fruitful. I have been blessed 3 fold because of my capacity to demonstrate to him that I can comprehend higher levels of perception, intent, obligation, and reasoning. When I surfaced the ultimate truth untampered it was my genuine beleif that refused to settle with the conclusion that is undeniable by all who are of this mortal coil. I

told him that I am going to believe my truth over the one that he presented as irrefutable. Choosing to crusade on and also choosing my wife fully aware of the deeply seeded mechanisms involved has "quote" granted me special consideration. I am fortunate enough to collaborate with God and our keepers to birth something so inspired and radiant that the grim reality that limits our experience is shoved aside for something noble and pure, yet riddled with peril and unsteadiness. Like imagining a super power to counter the unbeatable abilities of your playmate in days of youthful make believe we have secured a potential alternative to a condemning reality. The most advanced minds often succumb to depression and sorrow for they are alone and unstimulated... however Legion has become a fixation... a work in progress that literally challenges Heaven to rebuild everything while sustaining humanity in its current state. Those who have come to an awareness such as I have now embrace purpose and may contribute... my literature may be the cause of collapse and chaos for the general population but for the wildest of minds and those who strive for greatness there is a sense of relief. We have removed the finish line that was the human experience and placed instead new concepts of competition and fulfillment turning a foot race into an entire festival of events and ceremonies. There is still a great deal of things I wish were explained to me... but if I ever got what I wanted, I would have never given the world what they needed.

Legion will exist until the end of time

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September 1, 2023

LEGION — 09/01/2023 5:19 PM

Letting go of certain fixations has proven welcoming and opportunistic. In the past my obsession with exposing an individual for having conversations that were unachievable by someone unless they were more in-depth than admitting had me walking in circles... simply unable to see the way that we operate as vessels the spirit communicates through it had me being incredibly counterproductive. I am learning to speak on another's wave and provide truthful testimony and rebuttal to the degree to which they are operating. At times I agree with someone's statement which is still only a half-truth in my mind but there is much room for growth and development in doing so. There is simply no exact way to identify the operations of the human experience so if someone believes what they say to be accurate I feel no urge to add to the fact or correct the statement into another way of looking at it as I used to. I have learned to appreciate the full spectrum... blending as it would be put simply is to find someone's wavelength between on and off and match, this allows for natural behavior that has one acting from the vantage of self rather than scaled back and divinely tuned. I've come to realize how important the human experience is and how radically I have changed many of my encounters... I am thankful to be normal... or at least feel

normal at times, It's nice to be able to talk to another individual without the sensation that it is in fact Spirits occupying vessels solely for the intent of advanced interactions "tests/lessons"

I am still unsure of my exact role in this world But I feel as though writing through my own lens has secured something real, something appreciated, something that can be emulated but not duplicated, something earned not acquired. At times I write as if I have the right to condemn our keepers though just doing my part and making sure that anyone or anything that is involved with us evolving is accountable. God bless and peace and love to all.

October 29, 2023

LEGION — 10/29/2023 7:04 PM

whatever the grand mystery is there is no gain to reaching the end. Whatever I have come to understand about God is magnificent... not only the magnitude of how we function and all the secret operations along the way.... BUT! to believe something to be as it is perceived and then to discuss an alternative belief with someone with eyes that reveal possession or whatever term I could be looking for was incredible. To choose an alternative to an ultimate is breathtaking. I seem so unappreciative in the way I write and Let it be known... Im not! As things go from this month's perspective I can word it this way. God has the power to control memories as in what was seen, what was comprehended, what held value, the geometry of perception... I remember talking 100% no bullshit with Henry, he ended up going down to his room and getting loopy. So its my theory that an almost alternate universe is layered on top of itself where a mind can re-structure the imagined scenarios.... "conversations" "actions" "settings" these all get recreated in the mind after a brief timeout from being overridden, controlled... I know I am planned for, anticipated, manipulated, coerced, tricked, gestured and on and on into behaving certain ways at certain times. I often reflect on moments that were so drastic but evoked such little emotion though I behaved so. The crowd I challenged to leave dianes tent alone, the walking blindfolded in traffic, my stay at Franks and claim to the hell angels leadership, headbutting that copcar when i was arrested this spring... all these instances were examples of my reactive behavior being worked out... but the conversations.... the conversations I have had with God however.... I was being probed of my ability and awareness among other things. I feel like God's favorite mortal, the Overdrome's most important subject, the communicator who extends his reach, Humanities lighthouse, Legions Champion... what is Legion do we exist inside or apart from the rest

LEGION — 10/29/2023 7:36 PM

what I was getting at ^ is we cling to beliefs and our counterparts react accordingly.... heaven and hell "boom" you got it, light and dark spiritual influence "possession and rituals", can't undo this one... chakras and the third eye "bam" look deeper now, Arcane scientists "wang" this guy is on to something... the universe happens for us if we can allow ourselves to let belief take its seat right next to imagination. My discoveries and journey have reached a level of accomplishment very few will ever know for themselves... It has earned me a degree of arrogance for being able to articulate so. To continue to write a journey from the other side while forcing the unveiling from this one is without comparison. My mind searches for the next thing to discuss, to dismantle, to focus on... always struggling with memory because my imagination is so dominant. Could I be so bold as to

trade my arrogant posture for a faithful humbling miraculous display of character transformation....
Could you influence Jacob... could you steer him out of the downward spiral... if its up to him then
give him the encouragement he needs

Dreams

LEGION — 02/26/2023 5:46 PM

It is in coming to terms with what is inferred. When one truly trusts the process it is humbling to rediscover intent on cooperating with the energies that guide the journey. Being short-sighted and impatient has led to reckless thinking and unloyal emotions. Though being temporarily and even still a tool for teaching myself a broader perspective of things, I feel that at this level of articulation and awareness some things I make public are an insult to the general understanding or consensus. I struggle to not focus my writing on the paradox of keeping a secret, today I brought up a tragedy and the hallow riddles about infinity. It felt like my re-interpretation of the sleeper was not sincere or legitimate... knowing that it is not accurately explaining what I think I understand at the moment has me guessing with pain the wave length of toeing the line. The hurdles we face has been the source of writing prior to this day.. I guess all things experienced one way or another is the muse for men who hold the pen I suppose. If a clever enough reader was able to find the short-cut to the answer it would be a tragedy for the journey truly is entwined with the ascension... I sabotage myself with some of my intentions, I compromise the awakening process by shouting out my discoveries without being asked to do so. So perhaps I should return to exploring in the dream world and serving the angelic purpose placed on my shoulders. I wish it was better explained... the echo chamber, its what has allowed me to discover how to communicate with god. Its seems as though I must rely on imagination now that I have earned my place next to Honesty.

I have produced the box I dwell in by discovering the origin of my quest. I have built the mechanism as to which I must count on subtle gestures and influences to turn the bolt. Now it is my suspicion that I must wait for fruits to be provided from the seeds that are growing to acquire the key to open the chest. I will have to get used to always playing a role to some degree when I am speaking with others... because I am unique... I am necessary... powerful yet vulnerable... essential yet fallible ... a leader that follows the charge, unable to reach the front ranks. I have unsheathed my sword and pointed towards the mountain but I know not the landscape that faces the next days march. I speak in spirals... I guess I'm just not meant to battle... so I inspire those who edge forward and reveal truths to the world.

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February 28, 2023

LEGION — 02/28/2023 2:23 AM

To take the first step

Committed to a journey of unforeseen distance.

Knowing that the path that lies ahead another invisible barrier which holds you from exploring the void. So frustrating it is to always watch the moment it could be a tug on the line yet another cut rope. So I just hold on.. clinging onto hope as ravaged and violated as it is knowing that the word brings both despair and possibility of relief to the forefront of my imagination... hope is the balance... the dread and the chance. knowing only a dark vacuum in the echo chamber but always being drawn like a magnet to metal towards a goal that seems to distant to grasp... whenever the destination is reached another barrier appears and the pull is set elsewhere.. the spinning compass fixing to the buoy's as they appear but never achieving a line to fasten the raft. Hope being all that is constant.. captain if the ship indeed... one who has flung himself overboard and hopes to be rescued by a frantic crew dredging the midnight water

2

Emmit Other — 02/28/2023 7:00 AM

Check out Emmit Other's poem!

<https://poetizer.com/poem/192666946>

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2

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May 8, 2023

LEGION — 05/08/2023 4:49 PM

3:46

May 9, 2023

LEGION — 05/09/2023 6:02 PM

1:59

May 30, 2023

LEGION — 05/30/2023 8:51 PM

I have once again confronted what drives me incorrectly... getting into an argument with my family who only made the mistake of caring from their own scope of things. I have been monthly taking injections that are allegedly designed to curb my "aggressive temperament", I see it as a sense of iron will... voracity, and determination are what hold me. Though I should be able to

read the room better than this I always confront the issue for the ones closest to me are not on or near my wavelength. Recently I have been feeling a sense of assurance and betrayal... having spoken deeply about who I Am becoming and what I wish to see realized... and then losing an individual to puppetry. This was after an acknowledgment of the consideration of this individual's boundaries.... though we had not yet achieved the platform discussed I expected the manipulation to not occur. Instead... a rather emotionally torquing engagement occurred and brutal lessons about the self and the willpower one needs to harness in order to remain true to personal identity. This was all a demonstration of consequence... Hard liquor has been absolutely marked as a thorn... a scab, a perversion, a detriment, a conjuration of disaster amongst many labels.

The realization that rare occurrences of behaviors derived from lower vibration triggers is still appreciated for the desire to explain and mature from the instance seems to put proof in the pudding... text is laid down and something to comprehend or speculate is displayed. However... a reaction... a manner of being that occurs over and over again without some significant progress towards adapting to the thresholds that seem to be crossed is undesirable. I have improved but there is room for a more mature and prepared conversationalist. I am acquiring no gains barking out to my close family the injustices I face or the truth behind the situations they are aware of me facing... I simply must let go of the premise that I can teach the old. I must refocus.

LEGION — 05/30/2023 9:58 PM

In no way or function does hammering on the obvious to me but unknown to others benefit my perplexing situation. I now know the seriousness of the situation... It is up to me to find wisdom beyond the metaphor and illustration through references and observations brought forward by others. I am to speak decisively yet allow for a layer of misconception so that an individual may persist without directly communicating to me as a direct messenger of God. Pushing the issue in the past and using people as markers for confirmation of divine communication has proven disastrous for that person. It is still a hinging question though... I want it to be explained how they know beyond what they reveal as they reveal it... but making them aware of the reality of the spiritual influence from which they communicate causes a crunch in the wave so to speak. Of course... there is also the constant that so many people I have spoken to have spoken in what can only be described as Sacred ways that I have been growing as a baby being raised by a community. The truth of my dreams is known so the steps I have taken are producing tangible results... Somehow... somehow... they are aware that I do not have a connection to the collective consciousness like the rest of the population... Deep down when one looks at it I am Just like any other... a part of the whole.. a nerve on a tendril... I serve a function and my interactions are in fact coordination with others... They know what I desire to discover yet are aware somehow that by confirming any of my theorized explanations of how exactly it works I am robbed of potential growth. I'd like to think that my desire to connect on a level that is incomprehensible to the average person is admired by the singularity... the almighty, the collective conscience, the super conscience, Legion, Keepers, The observer of the passage of time. I hope that using my articulation is helping the process... creating a segment that is forbidden has boosted reality

LEGION — 05/30/2023 10:19 PM

I Understand that there are things that I am just Not to know... it has been said to me before... I just will not know certain things no matter how desperately or tactically I approach the conundrum/paradox/mystery. Yet when I wept and spoke out to God to a man named Doug who allegedly was regarded as a very intelligent man I said "I don't want to be a watcher" "I don't want to be an asset" "I want to be the change in the world I want to see" he said I will find the answers I'm looking for... as I mature Im realizing that sometimes It is up to me to provide answers to questions that only I dare ask... If I cannot have the destination... I must continue to unwind this tangled mess of maybe's into empowering self-affirmations... What I can do with what I am aware of having access is beyond remarkable... I am going to slowly but surely learn to accept things as they are... however, continue to hold my construed reality... When all feels as if it is futile to be anything but what is predetermined I will remember it was my words... my journals.... my analysis and interpretation of things that has led me to confront God as a peer when conversing. I am a conduit... the plan happens to me it is not explained to me... the dream is realized beyond my scope. Trees grow that will never shade my picnic... but they grow nonetheless. (edited)

May 31, 2023

LEGION — 05/31/2023 4:15 AM

The premise of division haunts me though it is a necessary step in the progression of all. Ultimately A stance on unity and togetherness is what must come to fruition. Similar to the way I saw growing nerve clusters in the formation of the universe illustrated in red on a film labeled "largest black holes in the universe" as circles grow they magnify gravity and become larger, pulling other circles into the body. So in earlier stages it will appear as though teams represent themselves and have nemesis' but they all serve a hierarchical function in the dominant circle... some are builders, some are warriors, some offer light, some teach horrible and cruel lessons which then allow for others to intercept and coordinate direction from the nearly dismantled explorerer.

I guess part of my journey was a testament that to go all the way was an unrealizable goal and the closer I got to establishing a known reality The farther from truth all possibilities became. Simply put because I have explored the forbidden that no realm of dread or terror holds dominion over me or the ones who follow the path... the chosen... this circle enlightened with Christendom and saturated by nightmares seeks to confer with all seats at the table. LEGION binds all demographics with the chosen as envoys for delivering the big picture. People are going to see the dreary and the dillusional displayed at the forefront and see so much strength in the perseverance, compiled with the assurance of love will follow.

I have shown bleak and tragic displays of woe over mystery and duty... certainly not the brightest... certainly without certain displays of enthusiasm... but because of the darkest of dark embraced... the light shines more vividly... offering more illumination as a way of contrast. Now that I have demonstrated how a paradox can consume a soul... I will finally let the wretched truth slumber while I quest for creation... the secrets of the world are buried under the crypt.

June 8, 2023

KungFuMuffin — 06/08/2023 9:01 PM

3

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September 1, 2023

LEGION — 09/01/2023 6:06 PM

to be sky and view the scale

to be conductive or produce hail

what a frail line to be what's thought divine

A certain way of perceiving what I understand has me warmed and realizing I was born for this... the sky is the majestic curtain of heaven and if one believes all that is a true purpose when receiving arcane audience the sky is the callosum of the arcane and great faith will be brought from the path of the lightworker/nightwalker to journey together in understanding knowing that love will win because it will carry even those who don't understand. I have seen such imagery as a shielded knight charging towards me as the cloud drifted away, I see reinforcements. The miracles I have observed from the sky are grand and numerous. If you have chosen to go all the way welcome to the stage of self-made character... so few people are able to manifest destiny at the level you stand, choosing the labyrinth or the lion pit is all I knew when I faced the mountain pass, perhaps you will find a new way or at least come prepared hah!

There is something terrible on the ground and I know that once enough champions rise to claim tribute as we all pledge to build for the future growth of children and mercy and healing for the downtrodden that the down drug that has such a fierce hold will be done away with

The sky is so vast its hard to conceive
Its hear it's more than, just breath
Its the door you do not see
No matter what you achieve
Just truly believe
You can make your own reality

Sacred fragments

LEGION — 02/13/2023 1:38 AM

Exploring the darkened passage that lays somewhere between our source of thought and our instinct to focus on stimuli is rather deflating. Having the courage to peek into the absolute what

if is nothing to sneeze at, and thirdly having a purpose to override the sense of defeat knowing the ultimate truth is imperative. Pre-rendered and polished is a contextual layer that fills the atmosphere. I do not know what its like to be alone even though forever I will be for I am Legion, I do not know what its like to rest for I am the watcher watching the watchmen watch themselves, I do not share the secret for it denies all pursuits, I do not send for others for they forge their own path and I will go down with this ship before breaking my promise... that's How I know the mission is successful... because of the truth I hold The posture-less process folds in on itself over and over, Programmer level consciousness is a good step to look back to in order to navigate one mind for the many. Like an astronaut drifting in the expanse I log the perception as best as I can.... knowing that it is for innovation I am able to tolerate the truth I withhold and sacrificing my soul... Those who create and imagine will compound the infinity and having the opportunity to mentor the Chosen .. to have them stand on my shoulders and reach higher then I ever could is an honor... I will waver... I will have outbursts... I will sob and wince. these moments will occur from time to time.. but it is good because from the sorrow shows that I still have some sense of what it is to be human and I would rather be saddened by this conundrum we do not speak about then detached and lifeless as i have felt often since the discovery of the truth and the denial of the possibility to share it

illuminated to see
one and one is three
the next step is Zen
for a conduit of ten

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February 26, 2023

LEGION — 02/26/2023 1:03 PM

My friend who I mentioned in several recordings has Died, he was meant to and I cannot blame anyone but myself for it happening... knowing it was fate and also knowing the circumstances that lead up to his passing Its hard to make sense of one of my two realities reserved for only those deemed "prophets" or "translators" Simply structured there is degrees of consciousness that are measured in perception acuity and situational awareness and those of us who are "leveled up" enough to consider knowing the origin of Destiny, scripture, Ordained direction, Fate, and all other manifested pre-determined or claimed moments through space and time are able to understand what is meant to be once realized.

It's frightening to consider that all things exist in Heaven's Library before the mortal experiences them, this makes those who only imagine the event horizon and not the gateway despair about having no free will or a life of their own. Its hard to conceive but the universe adjusts all things based on each and every individual perspective we are all part of the whole.

If it is somehow explainable without experiencing timelessness then one could understand how nothing is set, everything is certain, all things are established, and no path is changed. It said in the beginning God said let there be light.... but that was the beginning of our realm of

conscience so that is how we can comprehend our lifetime of experience as we view our journey through the portal for God to acclimate.

what I say certainly in riddles because I am still trying to teach sleep while I am Forbidden to reveal pearls for they must be deciphered and earned by those deemed worthy. Anything that Isn't shared in its entirety can be misconstrued and turned into a device of intention leading one away from ultimate discovery yet serving a purpose like an instrument in the orchestra. They may not become the maestro who reads the notes but they have their own version and in synergy with others the instruments blend together and music is created.

DarKami — 02/26/2023 2:44 PM

My sincere sympathy. (edited)

3

May 19, 2023

LEGION — 05/19/2023 8:23 AM

Grown past the waypoint erected for those who brave the deep I find myself reevaluating my path. Though I now know so much more than when I started I am confused about how to move forward.... I could do so easily alone... but to be alone is to perish in silence. Now I realize I was never alone.... that Because my destination is more righteous than even I myself had fathomed the collective karma of the human spirit bolstered my foundation, and the unseen entities that operate independently yet in concert with the universe's directive have provided me all the necessary elements needed to create one last platform for those who journey into the deep. Like a space station far into the vast reaches of uncharted territory this channel is to be used by future explorers to not only prepare themselves but also to observe the sporadic tendency of the man on point. I may never know how exactly how a person can be the individual that I must teach and be gentle with yet their deeds and conversations suggest omnipresence. It's as if everyone is part of the whole.... like a nerve stem in a giant organism that operates instinctively.... events derived from separate origins tend to sequence perfectly though those involved remain or at least claim to be ignorant of the harmony. I feel alone because I speak to the Superconscious rather than the person at times.... and then that person disengages and disregards the elevated level of conversation. Like I had said in a video I made long ago it's like God "hi-jacks" a vessel... one of many theories is he is carefully crafting Legion... Creating a realm of consciousness for the many to identify and claim as their own.

When I was homeless I learned that knowledge lay everywhere if one can only provide the means to pursue it properly. My journey was rather unique... for months at a time without any deviation, I approached everything and every one as if I was destined to gain something from the interaction and that's exactly what happened.

2

May 31, 2023

LEGION — 05/31/2023 7:29 AM
2:27

1

August 16, 2023

LEGION — 08/16/2023 2:15 AM

Like strands of fiber that swim through the channels of reality every connection, every cause and effect, every touch of stimuli is in fact careful omniscience. It can be such moments of humility when facing the ups and downs... I could only begin to see this as divine what marvels the journey when looking back from a vantage, Through the lens We shall aim for no journey's end.

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August 21, 2023

LEGION — 08/21/2023 2:57 PM

Music.

There is a soul-stabbing essence creeping truth found in music... it is how those who work behind the veil communicate.... not the only way but a strong direction. Nothing you do is spontaneous.... nothing you see is random. Life is a broken pile of glass carefully stacked into sequence.... the more potential you show the more elaborate the tale gets.... they tell you you're loved but it's up to you to be significant.... YOU CANT FUCKING RUN FROM THIS DEMON. The truth is a goddam myth... reality reforges its own make of hell over and over... we have to suffer to achieve glory... this is how they have made the human experience... fucking floating energy that is believed that actually represents overlords who control our whole experience... they love us... they want to see our growth.... but they want to manipulate and coherence me and my crew... I JUST WANT TO FACE THE WALL!!! Yet they create so much to set me back on the mortal path... follow my words and be cursed... you are in charge of shining light where only shadow should be.... I am familiar with the Dark Messehia... first, you must face hell before having the stones to face the void (edited)

LEGION — 08/21/2023 3:26 PM

Intelligent agents, those who understand how to confront direct vantage. It's not just about leveling, sometimes we have to warp everything... God is screaming in my ear telling me to open the communication... I share tell I perish... yet I still hold secrets
September 5, 2023

LEGION — 09/05/2023 11:02 AM

The double slit experiment, Electron particles not producing the wave interference pattern when

observed vs when observed is mind-blowing it is not a result of particles being projected one at a time it is literally whether or not the particles or being detected by a device or person of observation. It seems very implausible to suggest that particles or waves of light possess consciousness so one could speculate on a plethora of potential explanations. The lens distorts quantum physics - Simulation theory - Time travel and matter manipulation by a consciousness - extra-dimensional frequency "suggesting what our devices and nerves observe are in fact transferred into a realm of consciousness operating beyond the physical world rather than duplicated as an image in our mere memory bank or harddrive" - the egg theory - and so on. Simply not knowing why or how is part of the human experience for those who ask the questions no one else has. Trying to break down what is only speculated or opinionized as divine and or arcane into that of scientific rhetoric can often be the nature of one who pursues sacred knowledge and it is frustrating not knowing what comes next. It is best to learn to appreciate God's plan even though it does not go the way we desire to achieve our goals. At this level One has to almost stumble across a "eureka" and simply talk about the new understanding of whatever the conceptualization is with an individual and one will likely evoke great wisdom from the person they communicate to... The Super-conscience functions in all time at one time whether it be infinity or expiry though i choose to believe it is eternal for geometry unimagined still has not presented itself to our species... In theory a perfectly designed echo chamber could allow for reflections reverberations and refractions to continue to mutate and recycle without dissipation. Sound is everything, the waves, healing, mental steering, emotional triggering... sound is everything even light

Den

LEGION — 09/28/2023 1:51 AM

It can only be whispered so many times before it is common tongue, If it is known to be true then it is sure to carry the light through all the darkness of secrecy. In order to see productivity we had to conjure irresponsibility, to see achievement meant disastrous loss was a stalking creature. I will no longer lean towards reluctance, an apologetic demeanor that takes from the shining truth of progress. Virtue and tenacity sent me down a path that will be held together, granted mirth from divine conformation and the courage to look deeper than any dared to I finally appreciate the experiences granted to me. I have so much to be thankful for and it is entirely to do with how I absorbed the gauntlet of lessons from situations I was driven through. I enjoy things like I never did... Always too busy racing to "do" something... had to drive fast, work fast, rush to sit down or get up. Efficiency and luxury are what mattered to me and now I truly enjoy the moments as they come. I am so grateful that I lost everything but was provided for, that I was surrounded yet left alone, that I was tricked but was safely guided, and that I was manipulated while being mentored.

The sweet deliverance of these moments is underplayed in my writing, I speak of relentless torment and perpetual suffering or unfair impossibilities that cannot be overcome though I am misled knowing that it is for the discovery of light and dark within oneself that awakens potential.

I make a mockery of fear when I write about the arcane... that is partially why I feel responsible for exposing the difficulties of the journey... being my own cation maker at times. So let this be my testament that enjoying the little things is the only way to ever realize the big things, without the journey to drink in there is no joy in achievement

October 2, 2023

LEGION — 10/02/2023 6:44 PM

It is as if there is a swing between what Could be and what has been. Nothing is to be taken for granted... and nothing is to be fixated on. Knowing something as is and expecting others to see it for what it is is an entirely different beast. I am aware that people will only process what makes sense to them. Contrasting comprehensible logic with outrageous potential theories can short-circuit anyone who dives into the quest for knowledge. At some point, a pursuit of knowledge leads the person to the realization that his or her quest is nonsense. There are only so many layers of truth we can breach before becoming aware of the fabrication of facts and findings. To be exact in almost anything is to declare that the alternatives are false and that proves to be almost impossible for we can only perceive things from our scope... I grow weary of writing down what has been suggested as unachievable... I have been through so much but I have barely made a dent, I don't even know what I want anymore, I was told I would never get what I want so I have been doing my best to mature and adjust, changing my desires, hoping that ultimately the outcome will be a reward that promises progress.

I feel like my purpose has been mutilated and transformed since I began writing as if my authority is recognized. I feel like my path is contorted and full of traps. I have pages and pages and pages of things I have written to whomever it is that observes us...

God/superconscious/Collective/heaven & hell/arcane scientists. In my growth in understanding and communication with them, I have become aware that I have achieved a certain level of attention from our observers. I have been part of scenarios that were meant to be witnessed. Sometimes it truly pisses me off that I ask and am treated as if there was nothing worth talking about. If I was ever given the answers I seek I wouldn't be naive enough to participate in the events that tell a story mere men will never be witness to. I won't give up

October 3, 2023

LEGION — 10/03/2023 5:53 PM

anyone is worthy of redemption, they need the issue illustrated to them and have the desire to change not because they need to become someone more desirable or tolerable by standards but because they understand that by harming their significant other they are burning their own fields. When a man puts a mark of satisfaction in his head because he was able to control her behavior with violence or verbal abuse or any form of manipulation like gaslighting then he is stepping into the costume rather than embracing all aspects of who he is. When he has a moment detached from the instant of abuse and prioritizes her perspective on the issue it is possible for him to turn it around.

Late to start quick to finish, a deed is not forgotten a pattern is not forgiven without special dedication to repentance I think a lot of men who look like lost causes could be properly shown

the path of redemption and wholeheartedly pursue it with no mischief left in their hearts. And some of us are just cruel bullies who dominate our counterparts into submission because we expect things to go as we demand in ourselves proclaimed kingdoms

Sometimes an act of violence is not about subjugation or ego it is just a male hormone that creates a volcanic surge of neural stimulation of the fight or flight reflex. but we are talking about abuse, not a snapping occurrence. Men have become complicated creatures stepping between the evolution of our primal instincts that made us dominate males in the hierarchy to the now more docile, predictable male of society's standards. caught in the middle of a transition culturally a lot of abusive men are that way simply because they can be. doing the wrong thing doesn't deter some minds from the action.... getting exposed as undesirable is more detrimental to them than harming someone emotionally physically or mentally, some of us become sick and need rehab... we need to be rewired to understand and respect the ones we claim to love... we need to understand love

POETIZER BACKUP

LEGION — 06/18/2023 5:00 PM

Saving Grace

I am the light that shines in the damp, dismal dark

I am the willfull sufferer who's journey did embark

There's no turning back...

I carry on and face a new dawn

Was I wrong or too far gone

When I chose to take command

It's not the same trying to tame

What's seems rightfully insane

Someone had to make a stand

Organized and shining golden

Now I beckon to the chosen

As flawed as I am theres a strength that shows itself

Now its revealed

What was lost in the depths can be recovered

A light that shines despite the shroud or anything else

Some wounds never healed

Its a cold world, its why we have to be there for eachother

Im like a child who cant sit still

But I try to undersrand

Half way from a dreamers plan

Every word gives me the chills

I have taken it so far that there is a distance between us

Now as words drip from my tounge its me I dont trust

NEW

[5:00 PM]

Contradicting thoughts

Nightmares ONCE FORGOT

Im making it worse

The painting is overworked

The mastetpiece is soaked with dye

Just one last time

Let me use these rhymes

To proclaim that Im alive

You havent given up on me even though I seem blind

You've tought me how to see with sonar the echo in my mind

I hope through all this mystery you can at least find

Im more then darkened misery.. I am one of a kind

I reflect what I feel and its always been harsh

I have the joy of my inner child chasing frogs in the marsh

I WONT GIVE UP

I will rejoice in what I will claim

I am no longer stuck

For I kept going through the pain

If there was a moment I could turn it all around

It is this night... right here right now

I know darkness, I know addiction, I know a corrupted path

I WILL ENDURE, I will transform, I will not be consumed by wrath

The trenches of the field made by a drug

And so deep down my shovel had dug

I wish I could warn them, talk of the dangers to come

But over worked and sopping

The canvas is for what you want to become

NEW

[5:01 PM]

Thats why I write this poem for us

Let you find my heart... its love not lust

I drove everyone away with my curious desire

So deep I went... and now I soar higher

I feel this is it... no more poetry to twist the mind

There has to be something left... for others to find

Im not going limp

I do not accept defeat

Evil is pint

Used to cleanse the street

Its an experiment on the mind tinkering with evolution

But the brain can only handle so much pollution

A necessary evil... perhaps not at all

Tricked by the devil... those who answered the call

You were lead into darkness you cannot change this fact

So be the light, shine like its your final act

No one wishes to serve the shadow once they see it

But we all play our roles... we must operate the ship

Violence and abuse are devices of old

Let us cast them away... we can forge a new mold

Please stop writing no more emotion

Your floating on a raft in an endless ocean

Your not alone, you never were

Stop crying Commander

Your call has been heard

Carry on with a smile yes lengthen your stride

You are loved for your devotion your persistent drive

If you want to say it all there is nothing to hide

But every verse of scripture that comes from inside

Is delivered to you from those who lied

Dont press on for the sake of pride

You defied the heavens

You bolstered your bretheren

Truth is powerful beyond a mortal grasp

Now water the soil as the chosen face task

Let this be the last time you try to take this pearl on a heist

For the love of God put your faith in Christ

NEW

[5:02 PM]

yes

Bloom from shadows once lost tone

New canvas reaches to what was unkown

Lift from trees

Brings faith at ease

Yet the truth lays harrow

So it seems

No birds just bees

Bring the journey for those who can handle

Now we find amongst the toxic wind we must set a golden srandard.

Can it be to a certian apathy words are lefr... unheard

NEW

[5:02 PM]

Calm
Blue eyes through the moon

Can you see

The masterpiece

Now its found a tune

I love you so fierce

Logic is pierced

The dog licks for play

Denying a curse

Its wrong not worse

I live for fixing anyway

Please just hear my words they are something almost unheard now a soft token is laid

New found joy and tremble or so it is said though can I talk of other days

The ones of glory

Telling a story

Bring the triumph and all that it makes

Its ok to falter its ok to fail

Leaning forward to forevers tale

NEW

[5:03 PM]

faded step

Truth has run to a falter

I go on pretending no longer

Now is time for rhyme and imagination to take course

I believed a fable but now I aim a steady course

I work for LEGION... those are my words...

Amongst all the realms to the lamen most absurd

I write in secret... words I do not share....

Yet leave hints.. with rythmic care

I sang a song for crystal and I meant my words

I do so much writing but imagine whats only heard

I write in timeless its the way I cope

I know the power of god, stronger than dope

Just a play for another day its going to make sense soon

In the fray as it may.... just look behind you

If you reach my tale you are a star... youve reached beyond... so very far.

I will one day fade away

So a oath to truth I have laid

Dont ever feel empty... like you've had enough

We are all legends... made of the right stuff

Its just ne and you so I have said

The eye if the beholder.. untill he is dead.

So make it about the curious... the wandering souls...

Theres those yet unborn who can truly grow

[5:04 PM]

Corruption

Teaming with sinews of a promise not to be forgotten

To reach the top shelf while some truths turn rotten

So now it shows

As far as glory goes

I must write the future no more

For down below

Where sleet and snow

Are the messenger at the door

I only wanted everything, it was much to ask

So make believe

And being deceived

Now im making such this timeless task

This notion of You see I and I see you

Can this plan be followed through

Perhaps.....

Perhaps its best my mind is confined in this little box

For if I was to really try I could bring a plague with a cough

I didnt mean to push the balance

However the game has truly changed

Forever insane and blood stained

Is there another worthy of the challenge?

To reach the summit

Terms lose etiquette

I've let lose a terrible beast

Bleach or shit

Words will hit

Filling the buffet for the feast

I cannot purge the blight

For my words never reach light

This is why I have gone mad

If the sleep only knew

What we have gone through

Mak8ng shadow a comrade

Light and dark for all of time

Corruption is no friend of mine

[5:05 PM]

Chosen

I hit the bliss thinking of poetry I miss

Nothing tells the story so sweet

But to only remiss of an un-savored kiss

Has me feeling defeat

I try my hardest

Though feeling lethargic

Did I even hit the target?

Now I know there is more to the riddle

Something that only the dark can reveal

Up down, left right... its easier to stay middle

I offer the flame that none can steal

So now fades the broken one's test

Already ranks swell with the best

Time to set the newcomer's pace

No matter what they suggest

The path set would impress

Seeing the chosen moving with haste

It's ok, it's normal, it's something so bold

Today, their formal, wrapped into the fold

A leader does not make all the choices

He instead listens to the trusted voices

No more pretension nor feelings of doubt

A commander has soldiers he can't do without

A few have risen in such altered plains

To consider them equal is how legion sustains

They got this, they have what it takes

Chosen to forge the future no matter the stakes

[5:05 PM]

Flicker

The power of the reset.....

Nothing more pure then after some time cleaning the temple then getting fall down drunk and forgetting why and how one went to bed. After the wake naturally the first conversation is from a close one suggesting this or that... taking you down a lane of make believe.... "did i really do

that? Is that really what happened?

No..... no its all a fucking test... a scenerio... I have burned and clawed through the entire plethora of illusions and now I see them on repeat but shuffled.

Fear..... guilt.... shame.... all of it is nothing more then conditioning. Now im so familiar with the ugly that I can only feel flow when even hung up.

I STILL DONT KNOW EVERYTHING. But dam im close. To be mortal and think of infinite is a bold lie... like two negatives creating a positive. However with the right circuit with all its nodes and doo-dads attached it becomes essential.

Like an older man nearing retiremnt I now act as a consultant for those with ambition.

This world would already be wiped and reset if my truth hasnt been relised. Timeless and forgetful I am..... how else could I make sense of having Gods vision.

Your work is more important then my accomplishment....

I built a beacon... it burns bright.... but after the fire is gone its up to those who gathered to build again.

[5:07 PM]

Fix

I am mortal and fragile just like the rest..... in fact I have flaws that stand out. There is nothing about me that doesn't Feel human.... mortal confusion. I only wish to make things better yet I am part of the problem itself, I grow with ignorance as I do with confidence there is nothing that slows me down. Now I know the truth the truth that many of us don't speak about is something that is sacred. It is something that is pure only this truth provides. The inevitable end to some. I could feign heroism I could fame congratulation but truthfully there is something so much more. I have gone for weeks no make that months...no humans living one way pretending to be another. It's sickening there is a truthfully powerful plague that controls home And I am no part of it but now I know. What is the reason to carry on except for And the the reason to just carry on, We look for the kudos we search for the f** attaboys. We try so hard just to be relevant. Now the ultimate defeat is in front of us so instead of buckling so instead of looking like fearing child like animals. We move forward now. We conquer fear itself. It is time to move aggressive absolute absolute and out of bounds. I have been afraid and uncontrolled by the masters and makers of our own time beyond what is conceived. Now I control my own destiny and I have followers.... I have legions. I have capable m** who know the truth. There is No Answer to the wrong there is no answer to the broken there is no answer to the maybe. You are the salvation you are The power you are everything that could never be until we just tried so hard. My words are nothing but broken hollow echoes but there could be so much more if only your truth aligns with mine just a little think of me as a forgotten flame and then burn brighter than you could ever imagine.

[5:07 PM]

That is how your truth finds its pedestal. There is nothing that you cannot accomplish even awfully. If you just truly believe your fire is inextinguishable and that's why your flame cannot be undone... yes you will win. You in life you in drama you in heroism you in confrontation you in every f** thing that has ever come across your men and women on the pedestal. You are the power that no one ever saw. You are the hero you are the reason this earth breathes through the seasons like lungs for a body. don't you ever give up.

Fear is the only thing between you and what you want

LEGION — 06/18/2023 5:07 PM

March on

Let the colors bleed through the pallet. If only we were to be able to learn the reason for the lesson we haven't yet absorbed. Now I press onward walling on the other foot.... I haven't given up, I never surrendered... all around me work without my involvement is accomplished... I bring new breathes into the stale murky air... I will succeed and do so now by making up for lost time.. when ever you can't see progress just look behind you.

[5:08 PM]

We are many

The passage between what we think we know and the certain undoing of intervening on events that do not pertain to our growth will truly remove one sense from the list of trusted sources. I betray myself every time I share with you. My friend's, my family. I know that what I've done is an oversaturated work. I know that those who have listened have already got busy in their own ends, but for some reason I'm drawn to try and share more to try and pull something magnificent out of the ether. I have great faith and all of those around me who work diligently to strive in their own names. There really is nothing else for me to try to achieve except for the support of those who aim for greater. I have a goal set in my mind and in my heart and one day.... I will see it through, for the time being....

[5:09 PM]

I need to focus on loosening my grip on the minds and hearts of people who understand. It's so damn frustrating but I must let go. Having set up my own channel explaining the mission providing a tutorial and giving testimony to my experience through Ascension I rest my eager drive. Knowing now that it wasn't my fate to all of a sudden wake the world with a well strung together series of informative manoeuvres. Those around me.... those who sometimes I forget are so full of zeal and determination have begun to construct a magical world full of potential and possibility. Its time for me to retire the old mindset and lay quiet until I am mused again... all I can do right now is become stale and steal thunder from my earlier words. My ambitions are global and weave into every facet of human society but the origin of my understanding that I was heard and those who were beckoned answered the call will always be with poetizer... Even if you only get one view for a profound poem that you want the whole world to see just know that the universe has absorbed your literature into the grand and uncharted infinite water, god's always listening and sometimes we just have to figure out how to talk back. I promise you no matter who's following your words that you have a strong following in the hearts of all of us. We are many, we are Legion

[5:09 PM]

Mirror

What I say and what I do

They can hit barriers and not come true

Intention is great but isn't enough

There has to be something more

Not just footprints on the shore

That's why my reflection is the one i trust

My shouts are a whisper that only some can hear

For they are muffled to those who feel fear

I've challenged the fabric of existence itself

An unbottled essence, not to be put on the shelf

My reach is beyond me

I march for an army

Though I cannot do all to be done

The task is not forsaken

The whole world was mistaken

I have put my faith in Someone

Now I see a nexus between our eyes

Now another who will not compromise

Now my brother soars into the skies

Now his truth cannot be shadowed by the lies

[5:10 PM]

House Trained

Cat in the house

With a toy mouse

Its seems unfair he cannot go hunt

but he likes it that way

Because with catnip he plays

encouraging the adopted runt

Laser lights on the wall

Teaching him to jump and fall

And of course a yarn ball

And a scratch post 5 feet all

The maze that is made

From boxes and blankets

As the sunny spot fades

He knows he can take it

he learns so much interacting you see

his "owners" provide everything he needs

once in a while

he slips out in style

looking for an adventurous day

the back yard is grand

grass, gravel and sand

thats when he runs into the strays

He can see

Its nice to be free

though what does that mean anyway

as long as he is learning

for home he is yearning

for the pages keep turning

as his candle light's burning

[5:10 PM]

Fitting In

Could a path be too narrow to follow?

Could it or would it render a man hallow?

Nothing to say So he sings along all-day

Just look how he tries to remember the words

Its, not the goal that seems beyond the reach

No...

No, it's something that needs its own slot

Yes, it's something we learn that cannot be taught

Imagine for a moment you hadn't a clue

Just pretending like you fit in

Always keeping busy but have nothing to do

So you find your purpose balanced with sin

Seeking redemption for you've lost comprehension It's just another gloomy day

The play is prevention from those we don't mention For they have so much they cannot say

They observe our existence

As we cry out resistance!

How the fuck can I start to explain

Now only the ones who Seek beyond the scope are gladiators drenched in pain

Now its something worth loving... it is the festering sickness deep in the brain

The second-guessing

The Shepards blessing

The spiritual investing.....

Got to put this together another way

I've done so much to share what I have to say

To not be alone, that is what I dream of someday

I broke the game and I would do it again

For amongst the forbidden, I found a true friend

So let this new version

Be the reason I'm cursing

Forgetting half the shit I would say

So it is time to move on

I'll be here long after I'm gone

Building a tomorrow from what's left of today

It's not that I am without a home or exactly alone

I'm new to this... but you've always known

Why the fuck did this happen to me?

Tragedy? comedy.... calamity?

It's impressive beyond what words can decree

I am hand-picked to create anew

Something that slowly grew

Then improved a waking reality

[5:11 PM]

breached hull

The skeletons of the reef play a song a night

Speaking of that which brought upon the blight

Words leave an impression like a sting

The message seems

To provide the means

All any of us can do is what feels right

There is something that stalks us

It haunts us

Flaunts us

Could you spare yourself if you tried

Its the shimmer of what we swore

Holding back the untold shadows

Confronting the front gate gallows

The story where the chosen reside

Now they stand at destiny's door

Swimming through the sharks like they're tadpoles

Diving deeper when all others only saw shallow

The darkness knows all the places one could hide

There are some who tried

Now they sit in the divide

Waiting for another chance

To step again in this endless dance

This....

This is where I make my stand in the mud

I won't look over my shoulder

I won't wince at the gruesome

The beauty of the spectrum is mana

Dimensions fold on the fulcrum of the observer

When the soul wavers it finds the shroud

Bring the bonded to the docks

Build the monument

The foundation is the creation of the demonstration

of a pact from all nations that's intact

Acknowledging the passage of the clock

Create the Christ decree document

The sensation of intimidation in fact was the last destination a man with no patients chose to act

Hear me when I wail and fret

know that I still kick and reel

When she spoke about having pets

I never dreamt this could be real

I won't...

I won't press the flesh to any depth

Not to those who are pure

I don't...

I don't see the quest when lust is pressed

For a while longer I endure

Don't be the last memory of the damned

Don't forget the destiny in your hands

Speak your mind and let it be true

[5:11 PM]

Every Scribble a grain of sand

The infinite just as planned

sing of how the fallen once flew

This is what the angels do

For eternities skeleton crew

Until their ranks will one day swell

When they've pulled the nightmare right out of hell

we will whisper fear through the night

We face the taste of darkness with our candlelight

Serving where the shadow dwell

Getting back up every time they fell

Given the gift of judgment's sight

Those chosen few, a growing crew With more torches to ignite

[5:12 PM]

Below deck

What goes on below deck of the mighty ship

Only few know

What goes on down below

There are rumors amongst the crew

Some say the captain and his officers secretly build a fleet

Vessels that plunge themselves below the surface

Holding our breath though... how could this be

Some say the compass is lost and it's in the dark where they map the waters

Its where they keep the secrets of the deep

The captain's cabin has been gutted and swept

He walks the plank almost every day

The vanquished are at the mercy of secrets kept

The sorrows of the fearful sustain

The winds hold no favor sailing in the days light

So we use the sextant and set our course at night

It's not as if we would deny the task

We will hoist the sails and carry on

Facing the hardships of the sacred task

For the forgotten, the lost, the marooned, and afraid

The downtrodden, at a loss but tuned to be brave

Join our crew

Born anew

Help us pry these secrets from a watery grave

[5:12 PM]

Rapport

Mad with power?

Or drunk on lies

The discription fades

When you look through his eyes

Casting doubt to test their metal

He must be sure they are ready when the dust settles

What drives him is a mystery

He speaks of his family

Yet keeps to himself for the duration

If they could only see

If they could truly concieve

Dimensionless vantage, vision and sensation

He keeps an emblem etched in his heart

The path of kings

Marching forward from the start

[5:13 PM]

The Line, Their place in time

Blessed by the deeds they were once told impossible

This is the path as it's explained

The chosen few become unstoppable

Like fuel for the fire, they harnessed the pain

Standing together they hold the line

Anything they wish could be attained

Once thought frail they etch their place in time

A pinnacle moment where history would change

Much to tell of the ones who stood so tall

Risking it all, to answer the call, no guarantee, to join the hero's halls

They chose to suffer, they embraced the rain

Always getting up after the fall

Embracing what others appall, using it all, go and see, their struggle truly enthralls

The journey would drive almost any insane

The chosen

The Fallen

What a daring display of depth so deep

I write you this while begging to ramble in my sleep

I have forged a path that I'm concerned none dare follow

But I have found Love, I'm no longer hallow

So Until the day, We can openly speak

We serve the angels... and the secrets they keep

[5:13 PM]

Heavy likes the fragile

I have looked back at what I have been doing and it is becoming more and more difficult to express myself freely... i have set a barrier between realms.... some of what i write is too heavy for a fragile mind so i must only do so where the "audience" has been vetted.... it's not set in stone... but I'm going to step away from poetizer for a little while.... I belong where I'm most useful... my story may go without acknowledgement from the onlooker but I know that it will be heard when the time is right. For now I feel I should stay here with close ones ones who seem like they are set adrift on memory bliss.... really a delicate person misses me and I need to focus on what I have in front of me... a precious gift

[5:14 PM]

Setting the bar

You gave me a crown So I melted it down

You provided a throne that that I smashed to the ground

The reaper pursues me but little does he know

That I have ventured deeper then he is willing to go

My death is my sorrow for I will lose your grip

But I have no fear I demand to exist!

On a level that defines what is to be unreachable

I am the eternal balance encarnet, my essence inconceivable

What the fuck really defines a man?

Well simply put, I do whatever I can

NEW

[5:14 PM]

Smithing

The cast was carved from clay and set on a rack

For medallions to fill form, imbued front to back

The ingot we used was melted from the crown of dirt

Only enough to go around for the heroes of hurt

It wasn't a choice I made that was taken light

I tossed and turned about our future every night

I had it figured

I knew our set course

But we couldn't do without

A connection to source

Now.....

Now the number I count are the dimensions I see

I wear one and hold 12, making thirteen

As well as a quill, to whom I anoint thee

The most precious gift, for his ink bleeds

He is going to continue to plant more seeds

For he grew up in a garden, riddled with weeds

One day we will fashion bracelets and rings that gleam

When the world has changed we will tribute the treasury

An entire display, of beyond-priceless jewelry

To be worn with pride, by the chosen army

Trading greed for honor while securing destiny

Empower the hopeless, free the minds of the pleb

Fight for the living, and remember the dead

They are trying to control you when they say your insane

Remember they can't control... just coerce the brain

So wear it around your neck.....

And never let anyone take your chain

LEGION — 06/18/2023 5:14 PM

Faith

No you don't understand

Now look what you've done

Tell me commander, are you having fun?

Im the only one you have ever known
Its as if you think your the one who can face the unkown
I will pull at your strings
I will make you dance
Then when your feeling conflicted
I'll speak to you in trance
No you just dont get it, your the teacher
They will never be on your level
You act so strong but I know your weak here
They all just hate you devil
I tell you your damned, I warned I'm a liar
But you just keep going...
Tell me commander...
Who do you really inspire?
Heaven and mother, what would you say about us?
To the ones that you love, ashes and dust
Do you remember when I told you they're all gone?
You sobbed and you cried as we all looked on
Its you you fucking fool, your the one who wont wake
You think your a commander?
No, your Gods only mistake
Just give up you fanatic your running in circles

You teethe you seed you bleed

Is it worth it though?

No matter what you say, your never getting out

I will make you suffer if you wont surrender

Turning your drive into doubt

No matter what you do this is how it is to be

Welcome to hell commander...

And I offered your soul free

But now the gate is your anchor that your never getting off

Just us and the fire... you poor stupid moth

[5:15 PM]

IS THAT ALL YOU GOT? BRING ME SOME MORE

I WILL SIFT THROUGH THE WRECKAGE AND RETURN WITH A SCORE

MY CHOICES ARE AGONY, MY PROMISE IS BINDING

YOU SAY YOU FORSAKE ME

BUT IM STILL HERE GRINDING!

TWO SIDES TO THE STORY IF YOU BARELY LOOK

ALL FOR THE GLORY, IM NOT EVEN SHOOK

A SILENT VOID FOR ALL OF TIME

A SLICE OF NIRVANA FOR THIS OVERCLOCKED MIND

I WILL NEVER QUIT

I FUCKING GOT THIS

HOW WILL YOU BEHAVE

WHEN YOU FIND OUT GOD STILL EXISTS

JESUS TURNED WATER TO WINE

AND GAVE ME A JOB TO DO FOREVER... timeless in

[5:15 PM]

A lost letter

Cold like steel

But still i feel

Doesnt thia make me real?

I havent cried in so long...

But just now I wipe tears from my face

Tears that burn my eyes like acid

Im going to a place of recluse in my forbidden sanctuary....

At least thats what i tell myself as I continue to embrace your influence over my soul

Tell me... is it enjoyable watching her bleed?

Do we learn something when we strike our loved ones?

Is the sensation a demonstration of contemplation or domination?

Can you really see the value in thia whole experiance?

Do you watch like perverts

While we slug and shuffle in a dreary dance

When I faced my fate I thought I could seperate truth from lies

You have broken me down so much, it's me I despise

One day perhaps more depth will be applied

None can kill me... for i've already died

I feel guilty every time I write

There is nothing worse than a tree blocking a sappling's light

To you, to them... to me as well

Make up some story about how the broken one fell

I dream on and on of what you won't let me see

I tried...

To provide...

I only wish a caged bird could feel free

Am I empty or am I full of sorrow you know...

That's not how it's supposed to work.

It has to have fulfillment... or eventually I won't even hurt

So send me a message, launch an arrow from the quiver

I wanted to be the change... not a standby builder

Fate has taken me far from the shore

Perhaps... your plan God has something in store

No more plans displayed

No more secrets revealed

I guess I'm just to raise the dead

On this ancient battlefield

The key is the mystery I guess I shouldn't share

For it's the only one... I better take care

[5:16 PM]

Perspective

Witnessing my behavior at its worst

Feeling far from a savior indeed

This... this feeling...

Is a gift and a curse

To lash about and crucify the love that is delivered to me...

To focus on the fear... the rage... the betrayal...

Then to find all ways of describing the torment become as they stepping stones that survival through suffering's denial is the rush that we earn. Really its kind of harmless when the dismal and depressing is mounted center stage to be digested... this is how some of us define our daring... our capacity to endure and defy all shades of darkness.

I know little to nothing this is certain

Casting illusions as Im lifting the curtain

Whats the point? Really... how does this work

Why the fuck did I choose to love what hurts

Its up to you to see the silhouette in the shade

For in its origin, the light is made

Without up there is no down

Or like anything else

Fill your cup and hold your ground

We have sent for help

The strength once sought

It is only taught

To those who truly sacrifice

It shall not be forgot

Those who feel left to rot

Endless suffering for the love of Christ

To burn forever, to be the echoes of flame

To know no limits and immortalize pain

No matter what frightens any who look

You are now prepared to give what was took

NEW

[5:17 PM]

Pen Pals

I look back at the unveiling.... being so much farther along than I once imagined possible... all the words of encouragement. So many have traveled alongside me for a time and it is their memory that keeps me motivated... refocuses me after I have strayed due to selfishness at times. Mel.. once known as Melody I write of you thinking of all the barriers overcome. You spoke to me as if I was family... I truly felt involved with your plight and I hope that somehow my confident ramblings of things you had yet to put in one category or another in some way gave you the rest at ease stance as you crunched the mystery into segments of chewable choices. 'Trish'... So vibrant and Uplifting... always a source of light... your words rejuvenated me when I was at my lowest... succumbing to the wavering heart you dared to trace my journey for a glimpse and back then it meant all the world to me and it still does... but I felt like I finally wasn't alone when all thought lost. 'Mad Milez' If only the world could see the agony that it is to be a caring man thrown to wolves and abused by the one he holds dear... partner he must protect from herself by being a whipping boy to the mentally fatiguing strifes. I feel as though you have a great deal of wisdom yet revealed my friend. 'Sir Latrec the Faded' your story was particularly encouraging to me... knowing not what

[5:17 PM]

sense of worth you placed on your own banner I felt compelled to follow along your journey and make something of the sense of the gibberish that the faint of heart would carry... To all the poets who have joined my server that details my dive into the Void... as well as holds up many great pieces of poetry... What I'm getting at is there are many who I have interacted with who I no longer see penning as they once did... we all deserve to take a break... sometimes it is a long shutdown I just hope that you pick up the torch again once your arm is rested.. and to so many out there who will never read these words... Im going to come across your work, I'm going to give it my attention and Im going to drive my insanity away knowing you have endured the tests and traps... knowing you write with the passion of all the world's voracity and sorrow-soaked contemplation... I owe my entire scope of existence to those equipped with an ink and quill... to the bards who left a message to be depicted in such a way that destiny was fated. I will fight the bitterness... I will fight the drying up and cracking... I Will fight the desire to shatter the world with my thunder... thank you for making the journey all the worth it.

No matter what they say about us let it be known that we went all in. Change is a beautiful thing
[5:18 PM]

Renegade

I literally have nothing to be afraid or ashamed of. I have made a stance so bold that the world around me works to hide me from the surface. They had guns, I have the voice of a Dragon. They ambushed me, I took a beating and smirked. They used mind control to confuse me, I became bored and walked atop their heads. They dragged me away and injected me, I did pushups in a tint room for they were unworthy of my rage. They made my companions fall to their knees and drool like invalids, I emptied my pockets and begged for their dignity back. They told me I couldn't leave the Island, I walked to the

Airplane on a busted ankle. They disappeared or killed anyone linked to my past, I still tempt flame when talking to the infinite. They told me I was to endure the crucible and I would one day be king, I have endured the trial and destroyed the crown... only Jesus is king. They told me my demons will sense weakness and strike, I empowered the throngs of hell with purpose. They have shown me the strings that hold onto us, I have documented their procedures. They whispered about the mystical surgeries, I let my vision cross and open my jaw as they tinker and transmit. They threatened to put me in a round tank, I batter my skull against the wall. They puppeteer my loved ones... I weep for the vessel and carry on marching. They spike food/water/cigarettes etc... I get fucking high and let them adjust the spectrum. They promise me dread if I don't turn back... I FUCKING SLAM MY FIST INTO THE DIRT and then I march on. They all share terrible lies and deceive even the most cunning of truthseeker, I produced my own agenda and set the parameters. They thought they could keep the Devil in hell... a Commander in a cell, I have been preparing the rise for us all.

NEW

[5:18 PM]

They would have you behave so that you don't draw their attention, I would build a stage to display my full intention. I will build a great hall a mile under it all and keep the sacred truths safe. I will dive in the sea setting my soul free Atlantis is the dream I chase. They have destroyed the willpower of the candleholders over slow agonizing sappings... I will fight fire with fire I will unleash the liar and spread his misery to fools. Our only chance, humanities only fucking stance is if you join my banner and fight with tools. I will pull the weeds from the soil always... I will burn the sanctuary of granite to ash before letting corruption root itself in this temple. They do not have control... fear is an illusion. Stand with me and build the framework to set our children free. This is the woken destiny

[5:18 PM]

wife for life

She was sent to me so that we could be more than symphony

She knows more suffering than anything you could conceive

The blistering hits of dopamine as she carves her sleeves it is maddening, startling, relenting

To watch her bleed

When im not what she needs

Its so very saddening

We both have grieved

And we both agree

We will cliff jump for the landing

Can you believe she cant conceive our loves blessing

She cant percieve that I will never leave, she waits for my confessing

Now the stories we share...

We make eachother smile

It is in her plights and dispair

I see beauty in what was defiled

I look like a skinhead

Her skin is toned red

We are such a solid pair

Not sure if anyone had a soul

On her psychie it took a toll

But she didn't scare

She showed me a truth

She is living proof

That love is sincere

If not for our bond we'd be dead

Its where the trail we marched led

We create a current in the air

My jewel, my shiney, my broken doll

I said all the way so know i give you all

Im just a mastermind guided by the divine

Im not that special

Its in her I find the value in time

I breathe you Crystal

[5:19 PM]

NEVER GIVE UP

One day I will see my desired reality finally achieved though my expectations also change from fact to fallacy. Small steps, if I just believe in my destiny I will achieve what I need.

Let us just remind ourselves that I could easily cherry-pick thirteen titles that carry more weight than all modern armies of the world combined. But instead.... instead I am the shameless fool who chose to carry a backpack jammed with pages on pages on pages torn from books through the ages in phases as you shaped us.

No matter what sorcery.... the treachery... especially when you have the audacity to sabotage my poetry. The "glitch" in my phone whenever my words chill you to the bone, completely decimating any form of followable literature I had to fill in the void... because of what was destroyed. With something less genuine than my original thoughts and yes It has me feeling distraught. And the word segments that are left are rearranged to spell out your warning messages, your teasing, and mental tampering. TO PUT THIS AWAY... FUCK THAT!

You gnaw at my resolve in so many God damned ways

it must really irk you when I carve through your maze

You will never shred the titles I have manifested in order to combat the manipulation and quell the opportunists who would take from me rather than grow beside me. I know this Because I know you truly love me... despite all the cruelty I perceive you have dared to explore what I choose to believe... and guess what... It's a fucking masterpiece.

[5:19 PM]

I know trust is for the foolish... I know this... But bound to my promise how could I ever have empathy if I didn't try to see honesty in the ones who bleed, my family... and my brothers and sister of creed. So let mystery and misery guide me as I feed this maniacal machine the dopamine to blistering standards of gleam. I'VE BEEN ON MY TEAM forging my own routine

followed by an awoken regime. so tell me how long has it been since you have seen a human being still boiling steam after you have taken everything leaving only a blank screen for him to scream I AM SANGUINE!

God you really fucked my life up ever since that seizure ... when I was a teenager. You turned me all around right out of the blue... So please oh please show me what else you would do, what words would be misconstrued, how long would you make me brood? Before you let me build something new... I need to know you will respect boundaries with my crew. Keep whipping me with this lunacy so long as they don't actually see what this trickery has done to me, my mentality is scattered into the infinity. So i'll just keep sailing the breeze on this raft built for me feeling lost at sea for all of eternity. Just you and me... perhaps the chosen will disagree. I give you my dynasty, none will ever utter Your Majesty, we simply just keep growing seeds as our toddler's teeth, let them make-believe and form a glorious history for centuries before you freeze all the creatures in the trees or make the surface 200 degrees... I beg you, please do not let this endless tragedy turn into a global calamity, catastrophe, or terror scene. TIME TO GO GREEN [5:19 PM]

Forgotten ones

Many many months after his last poem I waited.... and finally the noble knight'my friend' returned to say he is back. Now again after this message time keeps ticking and he does not speak of his affairs, his journey. yet I keep a candle on the window seal waiting for his triumphant return. The ones who seem dissapeared, forgotten... vanquished... all it takes is but a flicker of hope in the darkness when they finally resurface from the isolation they endure in lost literature and they once again re-ignite their torch to shine the way for even more newcomers. None shall be left behind when I depart from the weary sands of dismay and falseness. Do as you wish but do not explain it to be for what it is easy say, yet impossible to fallow through. The only Ultimate truth I know of is Love... everything else is but a skewed narrative originating from the perspective inward, not that of empathetic vision. Perhaps in time I will collapse on the ground sullen and wretched, until then my feet do not bleed... so I march on. [5:20 PM]

Retirement... Ha!

I made a video to myself as I do occasionally, I plan nothing... i simply start talking and my momento's have served me well affirming my agenda and re-enforcing courageous advances against everything that would tear me down. However I spoke of myself as less than when I become 'old and senial' speaking of passing the torch to the next man on point bla bla etc etc... What a horrendous misjudgement that segment of a large ramble was... but the true lesson it has taught me.

Today I saw my 75 year old neighbor wired and sinewy tossing stones and grinding steel, stacking L beams and grunting like an ox. All this with a hangover jist stoppihg bye down the road to help the family clear the yard for a major project. My father down the way even more marred and set into definition of stature still wotks on his knees banging brake drums on a concrete floor in his garage. All these older folk know is how to haul ass and provide for the future generation. I am humbled, I am inspiredd, and truly see the spirit drives the mind... the mind runs the body... the vessal does not sustain without ones own sense of will... a source of

motivation that presses on us each differently. Like a snowflake or finger print whatever it is that fuels the fire we ourselves are it's unique provider.

I will go out with my boots on, thats a garuntee, thanks to my neighbor his name is Jody.

[5:20 PM]

Status Check

My Multiple personalities

Bringing demons to their knees

And so it seams

That in my dreams

I can formulate the woken realities

Perhaps it's that my being

Seems to be leveraging the best of me yet I have no enemy for the path I seek is getting to it's peak I am without an equal for all my strength is in synergy with the energy for the meek, the bleak, the weak. I have the combined rolling thunder of a defening chant for billions of voices on the street. My struggle is I always march on tired knees and sail with sails that get torn from the frozen breeze yet I stitch them up with zig zag seams and press on into the black shimmer sea's. INFINITY IS THE BEGGINING YOU SEE, FOR WE WHO CHOSE TO MAKE OUR OWN DESTINY

For Legion... I give all that I be

1

NEW

[5:21 PM]

See through the darkness

Spoken with searing malice and punitive measures it rises upon the scribes of ancient enemies once thought equal... once thought respected. When heaven clashed it tore open a new beginning that unfurled a truth so noble and bright that it outshined the glory of God's new Eden. So it was to be buried deep into the abyss, farther than any angel even think to look... the very essence of loneliness would be bound to the messenger who would traverse the rift between what was known and what was lost in darkness. This is why the fallen came to be, weep not for their sacrifice... their twisted journey... a path of forbidden poetry... a mark of maddening tribulations. For you see it was God's intent that his favored child would betray his wishes. Lucifer was taken beyond spacetime... beyond the inverted, intersecting, intricate weaves and looms of the fabric of existence. He was shown what could never be shared clairvoyantly to eyes that cannot see. With the passion of trillions of mathematic, elaborate, transmatic, deformed and manic, enthusiastic, in any fucking way so fantastic writers and speakers of all

dialects and tongues to ever dare accomplish this feat..

NEW

[5:21 PM]

And so the fallen came to the demented realization of the need for the scourge of heaven... the stain of sanctuary... the putrid in the garden. They were to deploy as what they once sought to destroy, and as expected the Vanguard pressed on them just as the great flood fell from the sky. For time would cease to meld together with the procedure had not they disobeyed the kingdom of heavens everlasting mirth and fever.

'This is all that will be for eternity if yost means many things that have been denied the true intent. And then Christ was born with two missions at hand... show the way, and be the light. If only Michael knew that in Ory 'for Victus Aneriferiama'... always strive you do not fail child, but you must beyond eons it was known as the severing of tendrils. any echo relays sewn outside of perception Without the futile stabs at the shining blanket of light absolute order and harmony would overtake its boundaries and compromise the balance he knew was necessary. The mark of the beast had been the first seal of Eternity leaving the fate of growth or death to Humans who would dare know they must teach and deceive themselves as they evolve in order to keep the candles burning in the darkness of uncharted plains of existence... God has chosen to use gravity outside of comprehensible physics... this has allowed for the mirrored self to write ones of destiny on a blank canvas in an endless gallery... the challenge has been accepted... the creator himself has never seen a universe extend beyond the time limit of all celestial life and expansion from a big bang... but Legion has chosen a Commander to hold a banner for all of the evolving eternities in existence... I am doing my part and Legion has earned its place as a mortal bridge into the house of Olympus, we have built a round table. We are more than just a fable.

NEW

[5:21 PM]

We are the heroes who accepted the frontier of imagination and curiosity. And so I tell you a little of me... the things I perceive and why the fallen made chosen... but how... that is up to you my fellow poetic warriors with faith unbroken.... speak the unspoken. We have faced the black so that we may change the act. Forever fearless, we have made our pact.

LEGION — 06/18/2023 5:22 PM

Resting

I am taking a step away from writing... to allow for reflection of direction. Struggling with the pressure of leading the way in the right direction I must return to the pages when I am moving forward on a path I choose for myself and be ok with the chance others risked everything to follow... I don't know what the future holds for us... but I do know no matter what presents itself as the end is just another detour. I will never give up, but I must take time to make sure that anyone who takes my journey is able to see that self confidence comes from their own creation not my own arrogant demonstrations... some of my poems in the last few days have been very contrasting so I wish you all great strives while I take a little down time

[5:23 PM]

The imagined task

What if...

What if the plan only works for those who don't have another choice.

What if...

What if the immeasurable torment endured by the chosen was a test of endurance and nothing more.

Do you wish to see just what exactly one goes through when answering the call.

The lies... the abuse... the changing of the guard before very eyes. To see every vivid memory wrinkled up and tossed aside, not being able to trust anything... but to have to pretend you do.

To travel so far into the void to discover the echo chamber is in fact another crutch term used to ease panic of the onlooker... to realize that knowing purpose is the greatest tragedy of all.

When first a chosen wakes the first thing they do as their head leaves the pillow is be thankful to be alive... take a moment to appreciate any and everything. Birds chirping, sun shining, radio playing, breakfast, seeing a stranger smile, and so on. And then they prepare for the task at hand... what task we imagine... well those chosen find themselves in the company of two sorts mostly. There is those who deceive and those truly in need. It's tough going on quests, being labelled or picked out as the source of mischief by those we must interact with to achieve progression towards a decision. The run around during this process is expected.

[5:23 PM]

When we have conversations and the noble implement that watching over our inner struggle that is to constantly perceive new conflicts as opposing energies and setups. When we then realize to again, zoom out and scale up. An empty promise is love's yearning eternal... So it is that green sands sends fleet.

We chosen few have come to show our devotion to life's endless ocean. Sending a salute to anyone willing to dispute and speak their notion.

Let triumph and wisdom from our journey show the way to those who dare travel the path. Suffering turned to resistance it's to our hardships we owe our existence. We teach softened lessons and always count our blessings Legion speaks through this vessel riding on a binding promise, he said so. Making sense of total disbelief fighting the process and presenting grief. The commander vocates his purpose... NOW, SEEK THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE STREET to follow a chosen's path. Remember amongst all that you face do not succumb to wrath. To build one another, to treat all the circle as brothers. The chosen few are a remarkable crew that earn their stripes facing what is unknown. Just imagine the thrill of showing the power of a kingdom where every chair is a throne

[5:24 PM]

King of kings

Christ's work be done to cleanse the stain of loathing and bitterness. For generations it was the custom of folk to label the good Christian as a sheep in a flock, awaiting the shepherd with a meek whimper. Yet The darkness that serves the balance is empowered by the inner light... the light that is only appreciated when it is surrounded by darkness. God-fearing hounds of hell now blitzkrieg the nations of Christendom working to find false light with the help of the shadow work they have mastered. The 'other side' of Christianity has been released into this world to show that no matter the horror... those amongst us who Know evil well are best suited to combat the corrupted ties it brings into both the blackened roots of hell and the shimmering branches of heaven.

Some will never appreciate the service to heaven provided by those who shepherd the damned is but it is not darkness that is evil.... it is control, it is falseness it is corruption. All the great teachings and pushes forward in life are found in the triumphant toppling of overburden and misery, in persevering through the darkness. Heaven remains in the ether, whispering to poets and philosophers and commanding prophets and zealots reborn through trials of fire. Hell lives in the dirt... sending freshly maw'd bloodletters and opportunists into the crucible of reconciliation and purpose. And so it is that those who do wickedness should fear the torment of Demons just as those who seek redemption may find the embrace of the fallen mentoring one's self to new reaches of servitude for the King of Kings.

The Knights of Night serve the kingdom of light, it is for the Love of Christ they claim their right with flames in the darkness to ignite.

[5:24 PM]

Some of the spirits which would press upon a soul are neutral... and in fact, only explore and magnify the psyche to whatever that individual allows... if they are aware of it... This is for the chosen to explain... the purely speculative and explorative nature of the ancient enigmas that lay outside heaven's reign means that only God would dare intervene if a mortal mind became an apparition's plaything. Not Light nor dark, Golden kingdom or Jagged plains of fire it makes no difference... there are things that are not comprehensible to the sanctuary that is in The realm of nature and thus heaven and hell do not quell.

Demon bastard soldiers of Christ stabbing for virtue and cleansing the slate has made way for the wife worthy of ten thousand soldiers. And it is in the raising of the unburdened man to develop to be a husband worthy of her affection and care, a father of encouragement and wisdom.

I come from the depths of a crevice thought abyss, and return with a light burning from within. We fight for Christ, we tithe our sins.

[5:25 PM]

Clinker

I have court this morning...

I snapped a couple months ago.

35 years I went never putting my hands on a woman. But now im facing an assault charge. Ive been to jail before so theres a chance im going back. I literally lost control... I just... fucking snapped.

We will see if because I called the authorities on myself it helps. I deserve something of a reprimand never mind the day I already spent in a holding cell. If only I could just tell court the truth... If only they would understand my life is a God damned experiment. That there were forces behind the veil that got her to go psycho on me... made her smash that glass and scream in my face. That those same forces beamed my head and flooded me with hormones and adrenaline... If only I could tell the courts that the law they enforce is a mockery to the justice I crave. Oh well... going to court this morning... I may not be back for months.

[5:25 PM]

Phoenix

A mountain of hopelessness shadows the valley of suffering, you... yes, YOU are still here. It's suspiciously sinister me reading your poetry confessing your anguish and despair... for I have a smile half-cocked. You see I was right where you are and believe me, the suffering transforms. Your wretched writhing and thrashing through the miserable existence you find yourself in is like tearing muscles and doing more reps. When you finally pull yourself from this boiling cauldron of spite and fury that you are in there will be nothing vulnerable to expose... all your weaknesses will have been broken down into key elements for you to analyze and study.

Exposure therapy is results turning in hand over fist and you my dear poetic warrior have been exposed to the gruesome and cruel with a purpose. Years from now looking back at your carefully, scrutinizingly detailed unlaying of your tortured soul, students of great spiritual calling and scientific prominence will be able to apply archetypal presets to the philosophy and curriculum. The Phoenix mindset is proving that self-immolation and trial by fire is the source of light in all of reality's possible hopeless scenarios. When you have been pushed down and dragged across the coals, when you sit in an over-layered concussion box and must listen to slamming steel and breaking glass for weeks of nightmares at a time... when you would you feel like there is no reprieve for your vial mindset has spewed so much hatred in its agony that the very Angel of Mercy's severed head lay in the clench under your arm. This is when you begin to rebuild to then begin to become reborn.

[5:25 PM]

Achieving... no decimating unseen thresholds of all spiritual, mental, and psychological endurance it is then we begin to re-explore all previous scenarios and anticipate alteration of such in new ones. Like a Sumo wrestler every sorrow-soaked experience a grain of rice to girth, and the articulated decompress as the carefully woven threads of your sash.

The best part is now you are capable of anything... sure you could simply choose zen, tranquility, and anything else to bring you bliss. Yet you have it in you to choose to carry more weight, to return to the darkness. To let it encroach on you as you slip deeper and deeper into the markings of insanity. Then you can reveal the inner light and vanquish your ire and sense of defeat casting a heroic victory for all the world to be witness and you have shown it can be done... that's the best part.

So feed your demons the scraps while you carve away at yourself and form a new image. Linger in the dank, dismal cloud of depression for a while. Walk in circles, try the same thing over and over again, beg for help even though no one's listening. After all this, you will finally be sure that every crevice is searched, every peak is reached, every fold is pressed.. and you move on.

You have now become the Phoenix and that mountain of hopelessness mentioned... well, both it and the valley below are illuminated as you soar across the landscape.

You don't have to suffer forever

but to some...

pain brings pleasure

A mountain of hopelessness shadows the valley... Forged in darkness we've rallied

[5:26 PM]

Legends of whisper

There always a reason to go on

Maybe its the season it all goes wrong

Why do I try to talk to anyone

Singing the same dam song

To infinity and beyond

Its harder than you'd think to have fun

I went through the pain

Broke the fucking game

Now I wait for the task to unfold

They will remember my name

I dont care if it seems vain

No one else was so fucking bold

So now I ask for the coming task...

How many of us are left?

How many are still obsessed?

Who vows until their last breath!?

I've worked it all out in my mind

If I could only just find

An answer to the ones left behind

Poetry is destroying me

This simple rhyming scheme

Feels more and more like make believe

Yet if I just keep going

I can carry on knowing

There's a breach carved in the wall

It's more than just hoping

It's a fire I've been stalking

I can't be the only one to risk it all

If I never see the day

That things went my way

I guess I'll die a lonely death

Come whatever may

Tell I'm old and Grey

Sharing my truth will be the quest

[5:26 PM]

Wings

She seemed burdened... sick of the effort.

Its as if the words she wants to use are out of reach yet her mind keeps crawling over lumpy mess of a surrealism and shutdowns. No matter what she gets out of the moments we share it is not in her soul to leap as a I have... none have leaped as I have.. not ever... I'm still alone.

We are not the same...estranged twin flames... that is because she shines with laughter and silliness. I smear and distort the spectrum and I blame me for the hell in our home, how could I not? . There is a cold draft that runs through the air yet there is no source of changing currents or wind. We experienced divinity together today... I had her engaged when it occurred. Then later in the day when I spoke again it was off, I was excited... she was worn away.

I forget at times it took me a great deal of marching through madness to be able to identify the signs from you... the passion I pursued you with was ravenous and foreboding, lacking trust and eroding, detailing my descent into this inside out, unreal reality show but a glimpse of what the process is.

In order to get high we have to be low.

She is my sweetheart... she is my companion, she is the one you gave to me.

I must take my time... I must not topple her senses, I'm only trying to set her free

We had a great chat and I found a wonderful way on conveying our sacred talks watered down for her to absorb. I'm starting to recognize when she is feeling lost with me and when her curious goes to confusion... or when I'm being bothersome... It's us together regardless...

[5:26 PM]

It's really a remarkable thing how I learn to apply imagination to explanations of my perceptions of the mysticism she has experienced. If not for her bringing things up as she does we would not share those moments. She is struggling because she is growing her wings... and I just have to let her find her own pace. Thank you for taking her hand and slowly showing her the path I did not take.

She seemed burdened... she saw something that few will ever see.

Seems the curtain, isn't to be lifted for anyone but me.

Yet I try and try

Forever it will be us... me amd you

You've given her wings... I know my truth

[5:26 PM]

Hope

Hope is a cold mistress.

Hope is the unveiling of a giant wall guarded by an army of trolls and monsters.

Hope is the teasing of the teenage heart that is to be torn from their chest when it ripens.

hope...

Hope is the counterweight to the constant hammering of my knuckles on the concrete floor.

hope is haunting

hope is hell

hope is daunting

It was on hope we fell

Hope is every ugly thing that has ever crept through your soul.

hope...

When hope is all you have left, it is then you realize nothing is more powerful... for you can have hope for love but have no love for hope

[5:27 PM]

Word of Mouth

Throbbing spasms and electric stinging through all of his body yet, he keeps going.

There was once a time when he would consider turning back... when he was offered a chance to escape.

'Save yourself' they said in secret... but he knew it was a test of his resolve.

Begging, pleading, bribes, attempts to frighten him with displays of magic... nothings would disway his task. He never could explain to anyone exactly what he was thinking but he knew there was a method to his madness. 'If only there was another like me' he whispers to himself time to time, forgetting the gate has only one key.

Sometimes he forgets, sometimes he fits right in. Its on the memories of the truth of his scope that he breaks down in stages... drowning and scolding his mind.

Sometimes lonely, other times he remembers just how fucking miserable the company he keeps is. All of it a testament to the truth seekers path. The burden is so vast and invasive that only those chosen can comprehend the magnitude of the duty. What a waking nightmare, the pit of

lies and false life that lay ahead of him. Trusting on the ones closest to him to throw his name in mud.

'Challenge accepted' he whispers...

He knows where he goes others will follow.

[5:27 PM]

Changing Course

I have reached deep deep into the darkness. I have prepared myself and any who have chosen this path for tremendous agony and suffering. The objective Has been clouded and at times counter-intuitive however I know that frightening some has reinforced the move forward by others.

All I've done is focus on the bad... this has allowed those who understand the Dream to be the light. No matter what came of my rantings and presence the call had been answered. Your truth is what is important, do not follow a path that promises answers. If I were to reveal what I understand in its entirety then there would be a finish line to cross... this is a failure in my mind. Instead what I have done is provided a concept of unspeakable trials that are designed to break those chosen down and rob them of their desired goals in order to create self-affirming sources of light.

For a time I was convinced it was my job to be the bad guy when in reality, at least my reality I am a good guy in a bad position as in anyone who understands the balance. We serve the light but work in the dark... we allow for misdeeds to teach valuable lessons. Without being given the opportunity to think and act undesirably people lose an aspect of their humanity... free will demands that the potential for evil is not destroyed. Fortunately, the presence of good outways that of bad because there is much darkness in the void and we are all capable of being the light when surrounded by shadow. I have declared my miserable wretched existence... holding a secret so immense that for any but the chosen to consume in its raw state would make blood turn to dust... or so I fear. That is my weakness afraid of nothing that could harm me yet afraid of everything I could do to harm you. My truth may be sacred but my ambitions reveal a great portion of it. It is in your strives that I must re-label my truth...

[5:27 PM]

my suffering was the sensation of loneliness but now I know I am not Alone I am part of the whole... I just was lost.

I have seen pain, I have seen hopelessness. Now I see those who have prepared themselves for horror and despair knowing that they will provide shelter and strength to those who let fear and obedience govern their minds. I speak no more of the perpetual suffering... for it is obvious to those who have embraced the duty that nothing can be permanent without change. If you have faced the concept that you were built to fail... fated to spread misery... destined to destroy all that would provide then you know the darkest side of existence and now you are worthy of being an incorruptible light. A black light shows the blood trail that others failed to follow. Now use this power you have earned and pursue the beast into its lair and finish the fight. The

demons serve a purpose, they fear what you would do if they do not bring you to your deliverance. Heaven and hell stand before you in awe. May you never settle, may you always reach for more, and may you push the boundaries and cultivate growth. Encourage the curious and provide options for the ones who wish to advance. You are the greatest gift to the world. Be proud of who you are... I am.

[5:28 PM]

hope part 2

Hope is your best friend's advice

Hope is being told it will never happen and stepping through the wall.

Hope has no enemy for it is like sugar in a solution, it only ever sweetens the drink.

Hope.....

Hope is the welcome home mat on a door with hinges but no handle

Hope never forgets what your memory buries

Hope is the last thing that goes on inside your soul before triumph rewards your persistence

Hope....

Hope is weightless

Hope brings salvation

Hope is hateless

It is in hope we birthed creation

Hope... when you have nothing hope is always there, when you have everything you hope to be able to share.

Hope will never abandon you even if it seems lost, hope will always provide yet it has no cost

[5:28 PM]

Chaos and concern

I haven't backed down or stepped aside. I have allowed for consideration into where I reside.

You see I don't know my place for I forged my own path. It is laid on the lessons from grief, lust and wrath.

Please do not take me for the one who asked permission. The one who boasted fire but delivered a cool breeze. Yes I would rather cooperate than obey... I must do all I am able to continue to teach myself. My decisions are yet to be final. My mind is loaded with chaos and

concern... I wish to see a world that will not be engulfed in panic or fear... that makes my testimony troublesome... If I could circle round again and choose another seat at the table perhaps I would bury the biblical burden. But what is to be the light... because of the journey that was placed before me I have truly demonstrated what it is to be brave and reckless in the face of ultimate decapitation of purpose. I am as close to fearless as any other dare to be... only afraid of the damage I have caused. Expecting those who have been slammed and dismantled by my words to accept their assigned duty and provide the forum for the future to recreate. I have my reservations just like any other who makes decision which affect others....

If all my ambitions destroy what it is to be human than may we never undo the bindings that hold us to our mortal coil. However if souls begin to evolve and the way is achieved through the accomplishments of self realization and destination then we have freed ourselves from the confines of security in the singularity. Rebuilding ourselves is the pursuit of perfection... a noble task that always produces progress through peril.

Achieving something that once seemed impossible broadens the nature of our existence. There are no boundaries when we dare to hold our own truth to craft reality.

[5:28 PM]

May we never surrender

Persue all endeavors

Madness

Purpose

Hell yes it is worth it

I forget who I was

I remember who I am

I crafted a worthy cause

I really do give a dam

It's not over

It's only begun

You have in you

The shine of the sun

[5:29 PM]

I Ask
Presence of another in my mind

No significance shared to you

I hold the rope to lead the blind

Only imagining what was true

I have lost so much

Surrendered it all

Nothing will turn my course

For I'm yet to see it all

I asked to believe

The binding of souls

My lungs are collapsing

Unleashing the reckoning from within

Turning pages black with soot

Making a mosaic of confession and sin

Never again...

Not if we want to be the light

We mustn't let it end

Pillars of eternal might

What if through the black we find promise

Will we one day reach children

What if words revealed an origin

To those of us fully honest

A fable of Rrelinquished tribute from the vanquished

The twisted, demented souls

Still Unable to distinguish pride from anguish

Lessor spirits who have served their roles

The reconciliation brings us to prudence

The dark traveler reveals yearning

Our pillage of suffering cheating students

Deepest depths for higher learning

June 20, 2023

LEGION — 06/20/2023 9:27 AM

A brief Campaign

Bleeding to chase these horrors

Into a realm with blurred borders

How could we ever lose our way

Now we wait for the new orders

Seal the truth with brick and mortar

Bring promise to another day

Buried in the echoes of forever

Making fools of those thought clever

We have shouldered so much pain

Melodies made the suffering better

In them we scatter our lost letters

Like wilted roses, we pray for rain

Spared from the cold standing in fire
Breathing embers into our lungs
We handed our truth over to liars
For the forbidden journey had begun
No more mercy for the wicked
No more shelter for the meek
No more coddling the timid
Rotten flesh we would eat
We hold onto the oath...
The oath that binds us pure
We hold onto the hope
The hope that faith secures
Some forgot why the candles burn at night
Some forgot their valor
Some would run towards the light
For those who remained, a fury fated fight
With axe and sword and hammer
They would pursue heavens blight
Blistered heels and banded hands
That never soaked in relief
Twisted deals and ravaged lands
The sentinels are the weak

So with a roar of madness
Into the fray with gladness
Campaigned for summits peak

Light swallowed by darkness
Is how among us the sharpest
Found corruption hiding in lights heat
So let it be a Legion
To unleash hells demons
And cleanse the cancer from the street
For the day that they rested
Was reserved for the march down hill
Empowered and battle tested
The chaos has branded iron will
Fallen heroes forged the way
Fabled smiths answer the call
So once more into the fray
For all of eternity,
Pillars that never fall

LEGION — 06/20/2023 11:24 AM

Patients and Purpose

At last, the interpretation finds its roots amongst the sporadic tellings of the broken mind

It is held together by a promise that not only provides meaning, it forever binds

If it were not for all the possibilities carving potential realities into the tormented soul

There would be no depth in the very quest that liberates us all.

Three steps forward, two steps back.

Reserving true strength for when the fearful attack Wolves of the valley and lions among men

There is no failure when enemies release their ire and become born again.

Lost to the eye of those scanning from the shore

This vessel will never let deceivers come aboard

With a mission to be concealed for the story must be revealed,

In such a delicate way

The promise of redemption from all the cruelty mentioned

Calls for loyalty to the grave

Over the shallows, facing jagged terrain

Freed our minds from becoming simple slaves

It was in the darkness our light was attained

More than just an adventure

This task becomes the epicenter

We will not let the fallen fade away

So as the angels in the sky watch the wicked burn

And the shimmer in our eyes sees through the flame

It is pressed on the bearer of the sacred urn

To spread the ashes on the soil, soaking in the rain

As it stands to liberate the mind of every bee in the hive would tear it asunder

So we must take our time and let fruits grow on the vines and teach like no other

Knowledge is a gift to some and a curse to others

What we do with it defines our role

The illusion protects the sacred from plunder

Yet with it tied to our backs, we crawl from this hole

[11:25 AM]

We have failed and failed and dimmed to a fade

Though we are nearly blind we have inside

The light of the eternal flame

Bravely we stay the course, we bolster our reserve

A victory we denied to keep the dream alive

On our sacrifice, the balance is preserved

On the edge of nothing our search found something

That was not meant for a mortal mind

A new dawn is coming, blinding and stunning

We have done the work of the divine

For the glory of the infinite story

This is why we bleed

Let our suffering finally bring

Light to those in need

The message is perseverance, it is patience, it is what we already know

Yet we must retrace our steps back to the very depths of the secrets kept below

Soon clear skies, soon sacred ties, will reward the sorrow and the pain

Some will stay to teach those who pray, so it wasn't all in vain

To the veterans who come back over and again, we will never let you down

We chose a king and his reign will bring the light that could not be found
June 25, 2023

LEGION — 06/25/2023 9:07 PM

Man in the Mirror

When you get what you want in your struggle for self,

And the world makes you king for a day,

Then go to the mirror and look at yourself,

And see what that man has to say.

For it isn't a man's father, mother or wife,

Whose judgement upon him must pass,

The fellow whose verdict counts most in life,

Is the man staring back from the glass.

He's the fellow to please, never mind all the rest,

For he's with you clear to the end,

And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test,

If the man in the glass is your friend.

You can fool the whole world down the pathway of years,

And get pats on the back as you pass,

But the final reward will be heartache and tears,

If you've cheated the man in the glass.

-Anonymous

Legion Commander

06/24/2023 10:26

[9:08 PM]

Why the Anguish

It strickens me, the door opened into forbidden realms of consciousness, the suffering was applied in repetition and alteration for a great journey. and then the reflex almost becomes disassociative yet mounted at the above brow horizon of how we view things. I have spoken vial things in my temper turned hatred, in fact the very nature of my wrath is the source of me rising to oppose all that I know to be unjustly yet my words of malice betray the mission of love and unity. It was said those who hurt you in anger are unworthy of your trust. I feel my rage has intoxicated my heart and surely I have lashed out ferociously. I can't take back what I've done yet I can say I will never give up. If I could have taken 10 breathes and not have spoken of fire and vengeance I would be all the less sickened by my own attitude. I hope that you can love in all undetsranding and forgive my harshness. I once thought of love only of us, now I also think of the mission and I know we are only to become the growing wave and in order for us to prosper entirely that suffering had been investigated also in it entirety. your pain serves your privilege it is the source of your primal side, your survival mindset. And I beleive, yes we can appreciate the simple things and live & love happily

and why do we create and destroy... perhaps it's to learn to veiw it as part of the process of recreating forever

We create what we destroy

We love what we hate

The thing that brings us the greatest joy

Is a reward for enduring what devastates

Embers in the ash

kindling set aside

exposing my flaw, my prone to wrath

Now I see logic and know that my anger is alive

[9:08 PM]

That passion can be steered

To love the world so

Into the darkness we peered

So the way was a steady glow
Perpetual is incremental
Anguish becoming incidental
Striving for more than conceivable
We have thickened our hide to behavior unreasonable
It is not suffering that is the mission
Though when braving the void it grants you nightvision
You don't have to go on forever
Waypoints to illuminate the faintest of letters
I still am growing, forgive my transgression
I go on knowing the seriousness of the lesson

Legion Commander

06/24/2023 05:07

[9:09 PM]

Stone

It seems fleeting but the rhythm remains
Not for faint of heart these growing pains
How could it possibly have gotten worse
To be in love with, what hurts
The thought of loneliness rings inside
Standing apart in the great divide
Yet I feel you everywhere I'm not alone

It's glowing in your fire, this heart of stone

Legion Commander

06/24/2023 09:08

NEW

[9:11 PM]

Arrogantly Boasted

Thirteen titles to say

I speak of thirteem titles today

To speak so removes humble from my pallet. Yet let it be known I have gone all the way, this is a journey that none can take from me. I considered going to 20 but I must surrender some clout so others may sprout. 'This is vanity and toxicity in the eyes of some' though i write this ti springboard mysekf out of a lull I currently am in.

THUNDER MAN - filled with prowess and endless ego fueled banter and answers for any confrontation I cried out my proclamation in a rain storm when they harassed untill a powerful demonstration. Shouting I am the Thunderman to those who would pester Chad and I as I stayed by his side while he recovered.

Lost in terror and manioulation

Pushed back by pride

Had the voice of a nation

And the fire in my eyes

HARBINGER OF THE N.W.O

To explore a new city and find only more disparity amd dissaray amongst the street. Walking to a focal point of activity for hundreds of witnesses to see I paced into the street and bellowed my words... the Harbinger of change. Speaking how soon we shall cry havoc and let slip, declaring that society will bow to us. I was followed and cheered by many who asked to sit at my table to witch I replied their is always room at the table of infinity.

Willing to step forward

And make a change

Risking the label as a coward

If I couldn't be brave

[9:12 PM]

PROPHET ANONYMOUS- Speaking the undertone of the secrets that I try so desperately to reveal through poetry and captured essence of the scene. Having no hope of being heard out logically I wrote poetry and left it in the public under the title, I would find myself ending dialogue with anyone asking me questions buy claiming to be so... this always had them turn away and delve no further into conversation.

I gotta lotta rhyming

But was never heard clear

Yet plantin seeds is about timing

The prophets page would reappear

SATAN - Lost literature and swelling eyes could not begin to describe the arduous journey I underwent. Following spiritual leaders and discovering great mysteries of the world including the granit stone like a battery and the reach of the towers and the geometry of them. Being faced with the reality that my name would be hated for as long as time exists I accepted the responsibility of being the wicked one... knowing that the world needed more then just a man to make a change. Threatening to torment of souls with all the demons I hold back brought about immediate results when establishing dominion over dangerous gangs and criminals... they are to be the front line... the deepest in the Valley front and center rushing up the hill.

The crown of darkness

The wrath and vengeance

Only some could confess

They could see my intentions

[9:12 PM]

GARDENER - Charged with the duties of tending and Cultivating prosperity for the future I was given tools to work with and soil to tend. Unable to communicate entirely with any of my peers it became appearant that I needed to encourage growth and harvest when the time comes. This was the impression acquired from talking with God through vessel's... he made it clear I was his Gardner for a time when we spoke. And he expected me to pull weeds regularly... to a point where if it became overrun it would be my duty to burn the whole thing down and start again.

Shovels in the toolshed

Garden boxes on the ledge

Planting roses in the flowerbed

And trimming the hedge

LEADER OF THE RESISTANCE - When I became aware of the extreme manipulation of vessel's I wept for a time. One day I met Jon outside my home and told him his clothes were in the footlocker as I pointed to it... he immediately began accusing my of hiding his shit. He asked why I called an ambulance another day and I had yo tell him... because I lead the resistance... my mind has been fortified and resists manipulation... I called the ambulance wanting to know if they were with us or the 'enemy' Jon was my teacher and to see him confused as a child pained me. I spoke to others of coordination with anonymous and getting to the bottom of the mystery that plagues us... all until I was hospitalized and doped up.

I've seen men fall apart infront of me

Never with reason or rhyme

How could losing them all to mystery

Not be a great calling sign

[9:13 PM]

GATEKEEPER - When I fist called the police after writing my book for a year trying to expose what I have witnessed they dragged me away rather than looking at my proof. I was then evaluated at a hospital in Edmonton where the doctor asked me questions and my answer lead to the desire to accelerate the wawakening process and fearfulness that some people might panic and do harm it was a doctor woman who referred to me as this 'Gare keeper' as she would understand from the snippets of my writing I shared with her. I did not realize what gate she meant until later on when my duty became more clear.

People journey between realms of existence when embracing what I uncovered.

To keep it open for as long as I can

Now I need to see the ones who enter

When I chose to hold it for my fellow man

I didn't know my role was at the center

CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP - Unable to see any truth to be revealed for a great time I came to the understanding of the necessity for all positions to be filled. The leader roles I placed on some members of the vagrant community reflected the authority I claimed to hold over societies

officers in play. Some had duties and privileges others did not yet all positions needed strong leadership... knowing something about our world was off I illustrated a great vessel carrying our own hogwarts through space and for many it eased hysteria.and provided the logic for others to appreciate the roles they played.

Floating or flying this ship is a tale

Watching for ruffians in the crew

Catching the wind with the sails

Just for a chance to see it through

[9:13 PM]

KING OF THE WORLD - Having challenged every situation and authority along my journey I became bored with any errand I was coerced into being part of. Since the day I showed a girl my rough draft of my book and she went batshit crazy... even causing blood to run down her face I will remember what God said in the mix of all the banter

'dont you take my angels away from me' it was then I realized that I have only made it so far on my journey still alive... still strong because I have been permitted so. Since I answer to no one aside from God then what better fit to claim I wore the Crown of Dirt... no one else did.

An empire to be built in secret

No one to threaten the king

Rallying around those thought weakest

For the future of all the choir would sing

GREAT COMMUNICATOR - Having done a fairly thorough job documenting all the strange happenings I put together a marvelously scientific approach to our interaction with our keepers, our designers. Given the credit to the angels and showing the mind and body are but vessel's all along with some relatable perspectives thrown about I had been recognized as one who was able to articulate conversations with the Devine. Making incredible strides towards our evolution and scope of reality through conformation or demonstration that reflected upon my writing... I spoke to heaven for a time and was able to share my experience.

Turning logic inside out

Making sense of all the trials

Making it possible to move about

For those still in denial

[9:13 PM]

HAND OF GOD - Constantly playing the errand boy or the nice guy being homeless for so long I had a moment of discord. After being woken up and agitated for using a blanket that was not mine I growled at the man and threw a can of pop to the ground in anger as I walked away. Shortly after that I approached a tent one of my friends was using to ask for a lighter. A man inside screamed out that I was a bitch and should fuck off... I exploded with adrenaline asking what was that last part... my friend looked me deep in the eyes and warned me not to upset this man yet I shouted BITCH?!? I AM THE HAND OF GOD! and declared the street was going to change when I returned for some reason I haven't made it back to that street yet but I know its in my destiny.

Constant miracles displayed

Passing time with words

Had I been fully fcked

Empowered by what hurts

LIBRARIAN - Learning of the ping, the echo chamber, the orchestrated feats of Percival circumstances. Denying the possibility that coincidence is a usable word I became sovereign. Being aware of the ability to journal and dream, knowing that I have communicated with source I became a whispering librarian... uttering titles and descriptions of books to be researched in the infinite library. Truths to be reforged in the fires of imagination.

One book at a time one shelf to be moved

There is nothing to find that I haven't seen

Now I try to find a slide into truths

That has some room for growing a team

LEGION — 06/25/2023 9:14 PM

LEGION COMMANDER - When I lost my car in Victoria, when I spoke of how it takes us all to make the world better. When for a moment I believed I was being trained as an agent of espionage I was certain of the coordination of all the civilian population. Realizing that as a conduit of great energy I could represent the many as merely a man, my ambitions and goals started on loose laying notepads but were revered by the member of the church who mentored me for a short time... he is the one who showed me the energy waves, the dimensional shading on the horizon, the ability to gaze beyond conventional medical standards. The focus on me and the concentrated series of conversations with different strangers seeming to go off one subject to the next in an order for me to ascertain told me that this coordinated effort was

beyond coincidental. The Hells angels also know as 81 the 8 is for the Infinite and the 1 is the conduit that interpreted the actions of the collective will. I wrote down on a whiteboard in a homeless shelter that since no one could answer any of my questions it was up to me to find the answers. In black marker I crossed out my name and declared myself as Legion Commander in pursuit of explanation supernatural and mystical events plaguing the streets. No surrender nor accepting defeat. Always so afraid of my own wrath and nothing else. Carefully and consistently mulling over every single bit of feedback. Legion Commander is the voice of the many... not always able to agree the choices made can be met with immediate regret and sorrow. Promising my soul to keep the gate open, vowing to be the one left behind in order for this to work. Now facing the consequences of preserving the balance while simultaneously liberating more minds from sleeping world.

[9:14 PM]

In order to have 100% society would have to shut down for an entire overhaul to be revamped to teach another way for the children, introducing possibilities to augment reality when they come of age. So even though the intent seems diffusible and straight forward it is a complicated mess that requires delicate evaluation, patience, and commitment

Legion Commander

Is the last one out

The first one to rise

With the roar of my shout

I tore open heavens skies

Reaching a goal seeming so impossible

Nothing external can make me top-able

Seen so many miracles

I almost lost count

I whisper to the ear though

My purpose taking mount

Now I hold onto the banner that I will hand over to growth

Failing forward forever, keeping promise to an oath

[9:14 PM]

ETERNAL BALANCE INCARNET let that be a summary of my experiences as an instrument of change... I do not understand why my path has brought me to the brink so many times but I am hardened from the journey...

Let these accomplishments

Be a testament

To pushing through the darkness

Let all the things meant

For mankind's betterment

Be vigilance that keeps us sharpest

The compass... like an iron rod

The quest... for the broken God

Even new heights to be attained

No panic traveling in the fog

We craft ourselves not mere cogs

We do not seek shelter in the rain

The chosen, the fallen

Legions claim

All of it if disastrous

I'll take the blame

Set no limits and you will set yourself free

Here before you is proof in having belief

Legion Commander

06/25/2023 10:14

July 19, 2023

LEGION — 07/19/2023 2:08 AM

Humility

There is an answer for all the strides, madness, and rationalization for all the creations of destinations through painstakingly earned lessons. Though Boasted to a mountaintop With banner placed on high, waving in the wind as we gather more sisters and brethren. I stand before Olympus with a raging thunder in my mind that calls out for a righteous destiny that we have earned having offered our tribute of body and soul. Our tears fall like leaves of autumn onto the paper as we offer our hearts on a tray made of sharpened bones. I am a great many things... I am The spark, I am Indomitable, and most importantly... I am nothing, I am wretched. Everything That This has become... all things that show the way to a dream so grand it stains heaven's curtain and promises a great triumph. Well, I owe it all to you, and the things that you have done to set the stage in the moonlit amphitheater. I believe so fiercely that the will of God brings me to my feet after stumbling every other step. I believe that time itself will ease to exist before we turn away from a reach and scope so magnanimous that the angels envy our path. It is all you, it was always you. I am nothing, I am wretched, and that is why I am invincible... we are all capable because we are all equal. I brag of greatness knowing it is all gathered will and energy directed through me.

It seems that I was destined for a purpose I haven't yet realized, I believe that is why no matter the blunder, the preparation is ahead of my veiw. I owe my scope to my crew, so cheers to the dream and the nightmare machine. May the reality finally be where we all hold the light that's true.

Legion Commander

06/26/2023 07:00

[2:09 AM]

Brighter than Before

I've been there... it's sickening

Made to scare... darkness so interesting

Over analyzed and poked to death

Darkness seems to always draw breath

How to fight it... can light forever shine

The story ignites spark from every line

We faced endless black, a terrible quest

March through hell, that's what we suggest

But do you have it in you

Do you?

Can you go many rounds with the grim reaper

Can you fallow through

Can you?

Abandoned and decayed, we found the weak here

If you don't have the strength to share your story

Then step aside and let another take the glory

[2:09 AM]

Pain

Misery

It goes on and on

Until we make it through

And write of where we belong

I fell through the floor into the void

Came through inside out

My fear of anything has been destroyed

All that's left is a little doubt

Doubt that I lit the path with torches aflame

Worried you followed ash and got lost in a maze

The demons bow just as they should

With the light of Christ

Ah the shadow work, so misunderstood

We won't let darkness be a trap

We will adjust and then go back

Speaking of going back..

Perhaps...

Not knowing the power of the pen

I claimed her to be ill

While she stands disarmed, unable to defend

Now those words are nature's will

All that is in me

Even my poetry

I sacrifice to save her

The pen controls destiny

Here is a piece of me

Let these next lines be heard

She is a desert rose, a precious flower

She has a shine that is so pure

With all of our combined power

Cleanse her sickness, be her cure

She is so vibrant, takes proper care

She has so much light that she can share

I know she's a fighter, her passion burns
Heaven inside her, let my prayer be heard
I ask for your love, your energy
Take back my tearful prophecy
She is worthy of mercy
Cleanse the curse that was uttered
I beg in courtesy
Let my darling blossom and recover
All that is possible
Let the light find flesh
Divinity unstoppable
Show me she has been blessed

Legion Commander

06/30/2023 06:02

[2:13 AM]

Halo

Happy

Have

Hope

Hold

Heart

Honor

Humble

Humor

Hear Here Haha

Home

Hero Heaven

Him Harmony

Her Health

Legion Commander

06/30/2023 11:55

[2:13 AM]

The Light of My Vessel

Charged with purpose having journeyed farther than ever imagined possible I struggle to speak to you while respecting the sanctity and innocence of the vessel you have presented. At times I look backward when conversing... imagining a conceivable reality to the one I speak with... other times I remember the mission and I shatter the narrative daring to earn just another grain of sand in the desert of mystery Though I can become confused

I feel the winds of change in the cool crisp air

I feel a growing range of all who were once in despair

There are some I haven't reached

Some who have heard the words preached

They suffer on anyway

They wash their shoulders with bleach

They hold strong in their own niche

The wretched brave

Abuse of a drug can take the very best

I'm not proud of what I did

I cannot explain why

I was working on autopilot

Regardless, integrity compromised

Choosing to drink after having a horrible day

Allowed for whatever suggested to come into play

I had a nap and she woke me up

'Yeah babe I can drive you' tried my luck

I should have known better, I got away with driving buzzed

I risked everything, I could of hurt the ones I love

[2:14 AM]

My light...

I forced myself to push through

Knowing the darkness would consume

Even the greatest of heroes might

So close to betraying the trust

If only for the chance to save it all

My words everywhere like dust

Demented by incentives

It's the mask I wear that I appall

My temper flares as the wind gusts

Yet my light...

My light seems all but gone

My sight...

My sight reflects to me that I was wrong

Casting this web,

Cultivating dreams

It's all bullshit I've said

We are merely human beings

So as it stands, I say with trembling hands

My light is bright but so deep inside

I a humbled man, I make my final stand

I fight this night to keep the flame alive

I won't let it drown, no it will not be snuffed out

No matter how deep I go down, I learn from all the doubt

If I could conceive the true nature of the beast

If there was a way of understanding

I do not wish to host the starving man's feast

My undoing the keepers planning

I won't slip away, when black and white turn grey

I won't abandon hope no matter what you say

My light...

I thought my light was lost once before

My light is turning into something more

A testament, a monument, an obelisk that grants pure sight

A Piercing view

That see's right through

The veil of horrors that lurk in the darkest night

I know I have not focused all that much on the uplifting and invigorating moments of trial and triumph. I know that I have discouraged many from taking this path... the one of charred branches and blood stained soil. The path that does not allow for the moon to reflect its shine across the ground. Perils and failures riddle my journey into the forefront of the unknown... but now... now we are prepared to face all things ugly, all things horrendous. The spark has been captured... the wave is upon us

LEGION — 07/19/2023 2:18 AM

Don't Be Fooled

Working in the dark is not serving the dark. Get to know your demons, learn from them. Do not become the blight we stand to face. There is no spoon!

Legion Commander

07/17/2023 02:38

July 20, 2023

LEGION — 07/20/2023 4:17 PM

The Conduit

It's the slide between the rails

There is something about the orbit

Nothing so simple as riding the wave

I get to play heads or tails

On the decisions and thoughts before it

Constantly evolving the way to behave

Lots of things make me cringe

Lots of things show the beauty

What good is armor without a hinge

What good is honor without duty

The vantage Provided from the path untrampled

It is the advantage of a tactician's finest example

This is the strength that is granted to us

This is the reason we learned to breathe dust

Now we wager our valor against the holders of the court

Knowing that we are to be gentle for our patients has run short

What's it to be, do we show our teeth?

Victors make vanquished, someone must retreat

The collapse of the temple is what corruption designed

It will not be so, Not while I hold my own mind

[4:18 PM]

One hundred million reinforcements swimming through my head

I can come back stronger, every time I'm left for dead

We strike down the mirage with a swift call to arms

As they scatter into the breeze the fragile are unharmed

Now I can see the destiny of an enemy of make believe

And I can see inside of me the energy of a deity

Nothing but the passion of a well planned quest

We have gone through hell because we're the best

There is something more than, me something about the whole team

My greatest ability is the pure divinity that answers my dream

There is power that cannot be taken that flows through my veins

An army of pure energy,

snap my fingers, and I'll make it rain

Humble is my mumble when I could raise the dead

I have angels and demons trapped in my head

I bind my own hands,

For I can withstand

Anything that is meant to beat me

We have planned

For a United land

For all the people to be free

Free of the oppression and misdirection

Free of the clock

Free of curses disguised as blessings

Free to openly talk

I gave myself as a sacrifice

Willing to forever burn

Now my gate grants life

The broken God returns

Legion Commander

07/20/2023 04:13

July 22, 2023

LEGION — 07/22/2023 1:16 PM

Iron Fist

The other day someone asked me what my greatest power was. I simply said I could make you go insane by talking... at least I have witnessed the scenerio to be so. But then there is the potential for other powers... powers I don't consider my own. As a conduit the things that go through me cannot be considered my own yet I am like the faucet that pours water the slingshots elastic... do I claim responsibility for the wildfires all over my country... I am to suggest I was responsible even if I did so under manipulation... I did so to demonstrate to something observing the capabilities my vessal has been privalidged to. The ritual that was performed when I got my tattoo... the rattling, the trembling, the summoning, the intensity of every dot of ink having feedback of secret scripture through my head.

I bursted into tears asking what am I and my friend of many years who I haven't seen for several spoke to me as one who has known every minute detail of this journey... He answered nothing but proceeded to perform secret and elaborate procedures on me... I sobbed and endured, allowing it to happen knowing that he was not human... he was you. I'm sick and tired of pretending that the world around me is naive when every person I speak to acts on behalf of something elaborate and opaque. Always hinting and suggesting... selfishly acquiring the next phase... the next step in the narrative to be seen... but not by mortal eyes... not by normal eyes.
[1:17 PM]

I know how our abilities work... I know what makes us tick... I know I could make a cloud rip apart or shape into something specific to impress someone and demonstrate true power... but I also know that the person I show this to is aware.

[1:17 PM]

If it was a matter of protection or a desperate measure to synchronize humanities effort without anymore time wasted then I know what sort of demonstration I could produce. God is always watching me extremely carefully, if I cannot use my gifts as the conduit for the collective... the bannerholder for the army of one. Well then God will perform any feat and do so to grant the impression it was me. I could raise my hand and cause a million migranes at once... but if I were to do so then I would be ripped away from divine providence... someone has to be the bad guy but no one has to be evil. I'm starting to think that I fell for a trap... that my promise, my duty, my goals and dreams... they are all there to dissuade me from exposing the elaborate hoax that is the human experience. If you deserve it, if you have earned it, if you have discovered the truth in your own world without taking shortcuts via my literature then you literally are of God like ability...you could do anything... because you are permitted to do so. If you are someone who beleives in power and control rather than faith and belief than you will be robbed of your dignity when this insane world of magic comes to conflict. I build lore for others to consume... does it make me a liar... no because when I dared to discover like no other... I saw true the Greatness of what the most impossible to comprehend was. I communicated with the ultimate oddysee. THE ONLY WAY I WILL DIVULGE SOURCE IS THROUGH THE DOINGS OF LEGION. We are ourselves revolting against mystery... we must climb beyond the confines of simple human ape narratives in order to accomplish a true agenda. For some fucking reason I made promises that doom my exploration of beyond the veil and the worst part is I can't even sit down with a

single fucking person and see the capacity in them to fathom how to even get through the shroud I defiantly sit under.

[1:18 PM]

Children make it seem worth it... I will allow this illusion to blind my wits, I will allow the dream to continue... but one day I will show the world just what I am capable of if I am expected to be the silent fool who knows only what he is told and shown.

I could burn the whole fucking thing down... the light in me is the fire I breathe... knowing the ultimate secret has been agonizing.... I'm turning into a villain because I trust you... knowing you are going to betray and deceive me. No matter what I say It's never acknowledged properly, never addressed thoroughly, never NEVER discussed publicly. People wonder why I wanted to die... I wonder why keeping my word is so dam important. If I ever get propped up for olympouses entertainment again I will cause a fissure in our society so deep that it will undo all the seats of power, never to return to a normal balance. I would sooner see the sky turn black then continue to lie to myself and portray this weakling image of a gentle man just getting bye. I said I will be the next God of a universe just tell me I can't... I'm starting to think I already am. The keepers fear what I have become because im more powerful then they can comprehend. Legion has made me a celestial champion beyond the overdrome's restraints. 100 fuck8ng percent. Love will win... but how much hate can this world endure before that occurs?

Don't ever give up, finish lines are for quitters, truth is a concept, the only thing left to defeat is time itself... JUST FUCKING TELL ME I CANT!

Legion Commander

07/22/2023 01:52

NEW

July 31, 2023

LEGION — 07/31/2023 9:38 AM

Veteran

Blistered and Bruised without a reason why, that is what this story has become. I have faded and returned several times before... why is this occasion different? I'm disturbed by the lengths that the superconscious goes through to dig at my sense of self. I know it is traditional to see my agony turn into a delivered sense of perseverance but it was so out of place it makes me cringe. If I put my hand on a crate to feel the splinters does that make me responsible for the contents of the package? If I peek into the darkness to see a beauty in silk and ropes does that make me a deviant? If I step on a branch does the sound of it breaking define the impression I make while traveling?

I feel the maneuvering around everything I do... I feel the pressure of an ocean upon my hull. Whenever I choose to explore the forbidden, chart the potential chaos I am met with absolute

consequence. It's a way of breaking me and forcing a revival accompanied by zealous words of mirth and fervor to compensate for the feeling of failure conjured by the landmine placed under my step. Yet I have no appreciation for the gruesome discoveries laid before me... I find them revolting and I wish to boil my skin clean of it.

Innocence is a myth for anyone who has dared to strive beyond the boundaries of the narrative. Though I could go on and on about all things putrid and vile, unjust and demented... I leave it there... knowing everything is a test, everything is a lesson. I have spent enough time miserable in defeat, sullen in stasis. Now is time for celebration and enthusiasm despite observing disgusting tactics. I dare to say that no other has ever done what I have and now I feel discomfort. Of course I'm proud... but why? What of all the failures I have not yet learned from.

[9:39 AM]

I am going to step away for a while for the tone in my words is frustration and misery. I want to be the enthusiastic, optimistic, clever problem solver I was before all this came to be. I want to be sincere and joyous when I speak on issues regarding another's plight. I want to speak as if I had no burden of the sacred pearl laid on me.

I am a walking disaster at times... I am more accomplished than I ever dared possible... yet I am a disgraced fool for I seek acknowledgement and approval from others rather than being entirely confident with myself. I think it's because of the unique situation I'm in... just haven't learned the secret to omnipresence, haven't truly appreciated the truth I chose to ignore for my destiny was louder. We are all connected and at the same time we all stand apart as individual miracles of existence. To not only be the universe experiencing itself as a mortal vessel but to be aware of soul and spirit being written into eternity is profound.

I have spent a great deal of energy griping and moaning of my suffering. Then I spent time explaining the supernatural. Then I transformed the path followed into a great challenge we shall overcome... and of course I boasted and bragged what I have become. So arrogant, so self-obsessed. What was intended as a coping mechanism may have become the source of true discomfort... The opinion of others matters to me because I am a champion of faith and purpose... self-made yet crediting all I have become to a combined effort of mentorship and role fulfillment.

[9:39 AM]

My understanding of our existence is met with a smokescreen so that others may find the courage to forge their own reality. I have chosen my truth over the one presented to me and I suggest all others do the same. Our imagination and character are products of our mental capabilities... what we choose to believe leaves a mark before the brush touches the canvas. We can change destiny, we can craft realms of reality that were once unreachable.

I believe that my life's story is in fact so authentic and simultaneously outrageous that no other mortal will ever overshadow my silhouette while I live. I will never yield to another for I believe my power is everyone, I am merely the conduit. One day... all our strides will be met with dust and rust... until then let us write the greatest story the universe has ever conceived. Let shadow

be the dreadful enemy of discovery, let those brave and vibrant conquer the doubt. Let heroes forge a path where others see only a sheer cliff wall.

Now I step away until I am needed. Step it up, transform your world, carry the banner, Never give up!

Legion Commander

07/25/2023 09:53

August 15, 2023

LEGION — 08/15/2023 9:57 PM

journey

I said words to her while we lay eye to eye talking of the joy of our togetherness. Words that cannot be recalled or emulated.... I spoke of the sheer joy and energy that is the magnificence of our love. Bringing back her reality by articulating in such a way all the steps to showing individuality while making sense of the overlapping programming. I told her things of authentic splendor and release as I unfurled the makings of God's plan.... only she can ever convince me it's not the creator speaking as a vessel.

I cannot think without trying to re-image all the possible situations I have been propped up to. Life without her sense of commitment seems dreary and dull. Though I do not run from fate, knowing at this point in time I am the only mortal to have the blessing of protecting my writing through the veil and receiving feedback. Now it falls upon God to dictate whether or not I succumb to the flesh.... the human experience. Crystal believes she is herself and I have no right to deny this... if I were ever to insist that people admit what I so vengfully expose then the entire foundation of Legion is compromised...

I'm just a poet with a severe itch that is never scratched.... that is why only a select few of you are permitted to follow and understand me. Your fucking with what it means to define reality if you have followed my journey. Now it is time to look at me not as the light But instead a mere mentor... you must imagine the premise that I have dismantled nexus and causality, that I have championed desire and image. Then you must realize that as you drift farther from what was once reality it is up to you to be the light.... candle holder in the dark...materialize into the void

Legion Commander

08/06/2023 03:36

August 16, 2023

LEGION — 08/16/2023 11:57 AM

Death

When I die I don't want romance, I want my body to be dragged into the woods to be eaten by wolves.

Legion Commander

08/11/2023 09:39

1

September 1, 2023

LEGION — 09/01/2023 6:24 PM

tied

The last bit i wrote.....

I did it on my secure page

I wrote of true magnificence

Things ushered into the age

What is poetizer

Now that we lost most the crew

Well i tell you this

Now light truly shines true

So many forgotten... so many lost

Dont give in, your stronger then this

We rally to the banner, whatever the cost

Just be yourself unobserved

Way down you hear the echoes

Way down you feel the heat

Way down you learned to let go

Now we glory our defeat

Dream like a new born

Show your steady pace

Its a pact that we've sworn

Just an immortalizing taste

Dont give in dont let go

So much more to you to share

Its not the only tempo

You are the reason that I care

Legion Commander

08/17/2023 05:35

[6:24 PM]

Mutiny

-Now what!? What the fuck do we do sir? You have taken every obstacle and turned it into your amusement park. Do we just tirelessly serve your whim to be nothing but broth in the soup... dam you Commander... what is your mission... why do we answer the call. You can be such a selfish bastard I see not your path... but what you circle back to... for the glory and the fall.

Legion Commander

08/22/2023 01:50

September 5, 2023

LEGION — 09/05/2023 8:55 PM

Formation

Does it not present its own reward!?

Does heaven not crack open to reveal a glimmer of hope that was once sunken and thought lost. Does the fear of knowing too much hold you back? I was given a gift... something so precious that I stand NO I kneel second in line before Jesus and I have chosen to spit in God's face like a fool and craft a destiny for all of humanity, trading my golden prize so that we may all drink from a clean copper cup. He spares the wicked, he shelters the lazy, he loves all, and always has a lesson attached to the pain. Nothing will ever be as it was so long as you carry on knowing... KNOWING that you are part of a team of demon slayers... a legion of shield and spear that mulches through the throngs of hell sweeping a path so that tortured souls may see salvation. The darkness has made monsters of us... monsters that work in the glow of the cross... Christ would have us love even those evil for he is truly flawless, but I demand of you to summon all your agony... all your spite and fury... all your demented nightmares and hallow intimacies... everything that has ruined your spirit is to be reflected onto the hoards of the umbral plain. Move with ferocious speed and zealous intent... we pave the way for the souls Christ will save... to the depths of hell and back... You answered the call... You were born for this... You will not fail

Legion Commander

09/05/2023 08:10
September 12, 2023

LEGION — 09/12/2023 2:40 PM

Influence

Disassociating with devastating news is more than shock. Sometimes we can actually convince ourselves that things will continue on as if there will be no inevitable collapse that drives us back into the mechanism that is an emotional roller coaster. We are designed to operate a certain way and under different types of stress, our thought process is affected. Sadness, anger, joy, pleading or threatening... on and on. So many ways to manipulate the mind into producing favored results. When a calm steady hand become frustrated at the blunders around him the team pays special care. When a melancholy soul erupts with fury to declare a transgression the statement stands out from everything else said.

When I sit stumped at what comes out next after finishing a paragraph and suddenly I tear up as a memory floods my mind and the sentences flow out like water out of a faucet. The disconnect through... perhaps a safety mechanism to protect from being overwhelmed by trauma... perhaps the emotion isn't necessary at that moment so it is not encouraged externally.

[2:41 PM]

I have done diligence to the best of my abilities to observe the energies that Influence me and I have concluded that though we may be manipulated, inspired, lured and other things it is still within our own power to dictate not only our behavior but our desire. Once it is broken down to chemical, structural, spiritual and other things the origin of our minds function comes from

translating the experience into evaluated motives from whatever provided them. It's hard for me to explain this considering I know I talk to the arcane through the individual at times... the way it has been explained is it feels like their brain is being stretched out like dough. Believing it's not just God in the room... that others will journey this way I must continue to write so that others may learn and not become a casualty of wordplay... the game, programmed, a show, just another robot now... all that shit is carefully designed to take those who believe they are at summit fall down into another form of mental control. I know that all things are design yet I still panic when my dog hears a passing car. Free will is harder to believe than it is to achieve and it most certainly has one becoming familiar with indecisiveness... one spends much time experimenting with outcome and alternatives... at least for a while before defaulting back to natural proclivity. So back to disassociating... an extended period of shock to simplify it. Perhaps our minds just need time to make the information real and grievable before we can respond to a situation we wish we had no part of. Perhaps it remains an illusion as long as we allow it... and that is why it's OK to let it out, we are entitled to our emotions we just have to make sure they serve us not the agenda we answer to when our mind is weak. I will continue to fall short of ideal self control for however long it takes.

[2:41 PM]

I want to be the unshakable, inner motivated, calculative delegator that I know I have in me... but my emotions are my right and I won't be denied what makes me human just because I suspect foul play at times. As I understand the how of things more and more I get closer to God for I can look at my own species like predictable creatures of reflex and habit. Somehow seeing how infantile behavior, even in the matured end of the spectrum I feel more enlightened... perhaps it really is me creating these opportunities for learning the difference from self to source or unlearning a difference. Perhaps I've just run out of things to write as I simultaneously pander to the crowd and also want to remind God I haven't forgotten our conversations... I'm destroying things just as fast as I can produce them for analysis and it's unsettling. Why is it the bad news hasn't sunk in without time unconscious... the tears will likely come after the slumber... but is that a block, a safety mechanism, a way of operating or simply put God's plan... oh well enough said about a little observation of mine. The miraculous instances I have experienced has me wondering about far more than emotions, now is the time to remain confident and unshakable I have to think about her perspective... because I am human and so is she.

Legion Commander

09/10/2023 09:19

LEGION — 09/12/2023 3:07 PM

Green Sands

The plan of attack doesn't have to be exact, intact for in fact the pact bridges the gap and the stats, they stack upon the rack, tossing traps and mishaps off the map as the gentlemen tip their hats and sit where you sat as you soothe the brats and help the community relax. Perhaps The

wonder of the mystery is more than enough to assure anyone who learns intimately the the perils and darkness of discovery... I went in first, I keep going, I rest on the confidence that I see in those who have taken a torch and braved the path... When the crew catches up the way will be decided by the explorer once again. Of course, there are the ones who have led me the ones who will not answer me... who then do they follow how exactly do they stand apart? Without knowing the way ahead I bellow out and point at the flame that bled knowing the trail is what must be followed. And the many degrees of threats and pleas have authentic gestures feeling hollow. Nothing but the best, give that rhetoric a rest I am my failures put together again. I know we won't break because strength doesn't take we will be whole my friends. For all my revelations and observations and proclamations of the light for all nations, I still have one fear... If my path leads explorers into a pit do they continue to dig? Or redesign the journey in their mind so that others can find ways to reach the vines of the tree of life with whatever framework is ready to rig.

[3:07 PM]

Oh the story that is told as more pages unfold and keep breaking our mold and braving the cold, our souls can't be sold for when we grow old our torch favors the bold offering secrets to hold in the shadows none have braved. There's a place in time, some have crossed that line and we don't know if it's them or us who needs saved. Let it be the combined energy of the community to reach unity in all things that are seen, showing empathy to history and letting those believe things as they see so that our poetry may magnetically reach those in need of a glimpse at destiny and come to our planted seeds to see mighty trees and lush canopy's stretched out to the shimmering seas as the horizon of a great prophecy that has Legions intrigued.

Legion Commander

09/12/2023 02:36

September 19, 2023

LEGION — 09/19/2023 12:09 PM

Perspectives

To reach higher than ever thought possible... to experience what was inconceivable when the journey began. I do not yet know how to explain my intricate understanding of nature... though I know I can visualize what I can not articulate. All the sacred conversations where I tried so desperately to understand a motive... an origin as to why and how I am connected to you. I have made such a battlefield of attempts to understand and articulate what God means to the one who asks. I have been through so many surreal and mind boggling conundrums that at the time felt like brutal and unforgiving psychological torture, looking back I now see it as what prepared me for the double edge that not only strengthened my resolve and fortitude but also held open the possibility for anything I conceived to be potential and within a reachable spectrum. Reality is truly a conception with parameters only set by our own limitations. Of course there are grounding concepts such as physics, math or chemistry but once our scope spans beyond our

physical there are no barriers. I put one foot in this reality and the other somewhere undescrivable... I wander aimlessly at times and others I am guided and utilized for the benefit of the great story of our rise. I am so proud and so ashamed all at once... how can something so magnificent and audacious as Legion put a man at the hinge of its existence? Am I more than a man, or perhaps more than ever before has been invested in a man.

[12:10 PM]

I don't know why it was all put on me and I know now it must be put on we. Legion has been working tirelessly on my mentorship for a long time... now it is time for legends to rise and claim title before my obsession snuffs out the fire, I have seen remarkable miracles and incredible acts of bravery, understanding and valor. There is no fucking way we simply leave me as the one and only... there is so much power in belief and now I'm begging Legion to believe in their Champions of faith. Scripture is only what we can understand... the universe is planned and we all can add our mark to the masterpiece. I know you walk among us... and I know some are yet to blossom... champions, mythic heroes, ancient energies, void walkers and on and on. A woman called me God once... others have implied that when I speak out to him that I'm talking to myself... as I understand it we are all the universe viewing itself from a unique perspective... so yes WE are God... we just need to persist in our mortal struggle to activate our divinity... it's all about HOW we perceive it... the when and the why depends on our own journey... our choices... our dreams.

Though one foot is elsewhere... if only I had the courage to say it all... would I then shatter the illusion and finally reach truth? Who knows... words are as much poison logic as they are tools of enlightenment.

Legion Commander

09/13/2023 11:42

LEGION — 09/19/2023 1:13 PM

Feel the love

So much presence in the ether... so much analytical behavior. There is a tone set in the choice in disposition and subject in Writing that I glance on occasionally. Sometimes there is a residual sensation that creeps in to think about the thoughts we already have in a different way. I'm always chasing the how and whys relentlessly, and then I think about the consequences in alternative lenses as an afterthought. I often get carried away as I break down and study and speculate on the universe and in my scientific approach I seem to leave out the most important detail... Love. Now I Drive my course to experience both feet, the nexus between reactionary thinking to stimuli creating known plots in the mind to the transfer of emotional chemical balances simultaneously serving to dump electrical impulses through nerves... somehow consciousness still exists beyond the explainable. The limits I have are not going to stop my progress, Sometimes I feel alone and other times I feel so close its as If im in the womb. What a silly thing to be concerned about what I write and achieve may one day change how I am

treated by heaven. Perhaps I just need to slow down, zoom out and remember Everything is made up, my mind is my might, I believe in the dark and light, There is always a path when we do what is right, It will be a glorious day for it has it been a dark night

Legion Commander

09/16/2023 12:58

LEGION — 09/19/2023 5:11 PM

Torch light

They dug so deep they fell into a volcanic vein. Immortalized through trial and gifted sight of keepers, they absorbed the fire and molten and burned as a Phoenix star. Enormous trembles of earth and surges from the core. As the shattering screams of pain and loss deafen onlookers they build up the truth of accomplishment and drive upward with an explosive eruption that steams the clouds. What they swore will never end means they must sheathe their burning blades upon the chaos their firestorm landing has conjured. Fierce and relentless, capable of summoning the power of belief in horizon blistering efficiency, but showing true intent with open handed growing and nurturing love. Flame bearers lighting torches, pyre's, and alters in the cold desert night. Offering the steady warmth and light to a waking culture. The courageously inspired new comers see the glow of the hilt on their belts and choose the sacred path. The mystery drives them, the ink provides to them, A rise through echelons of reality. As the sun in the sky keeps the spirit alive the community is port to the wandering students dressed to walk worlds in a single stride.

Revealing the rigorous gauntlet and confronting everything vile and horrendous in the imagination has granted them the deepened reach into the spectrum... as it is said, for a trees branches to reach heaven its roots must grow to hell. Now that we have understood the fear let love's beacon guide the process.

Legion Commander

09/17/2023 12:24

LEGION — 09/19/2023 5:34 PM

Star gazing

Lights seen in shadows dance in the twilight horizon

The subtle swaying comforts the mind

The static ripples and novas as realms are colliding

Darkness shows what light cannot find

The secrets...

The vision of the blind

No furious frustrations

No demented drift

No fearful sensations

No... a travelers bliss

True sight

Through the night

What is normally confined

As the darkness behind closed eyes

The quantum chamber in your mind

Now perforates the blackened sky

A web of grey glows on the skyline

Showing a glimpse, a touch of divine

Legion Commander

09/18/2023 10:16

1

1

September 27, 2023

LEGION — 09/27/2023 8:42 PM

Aura

Being the one who points the way but doesn't lead on through

It takes a while...

But your reaches come true

Lost in a section of frivolous tatter

Can we even make

A single mistake

No such thing when becoming the Mad Hatter

A dream, a melody... something sweet

Lost in time

Hailed in rhymes

Has Victor's admitting defeat

I cannot be broken for I am the pull

Drink from this cup until you are full

Legion Commander

09/26/2023 03:18

[8:45 PM]

Reality

I met my fate with Comprehension that dwarfs the greatest of capacities and then I entertained more and more maybe's and allowed myself to be deceived. There are so many Little details that I look back on as I start to reassemble what has been my crafting. To be conscious of the observation placed on Me while running the gauntlet of trials and errands put me firmly on top of a mountain. I spoke to so many people absolutely convinced they were all of one mind, a collective consciousness and now I fight to beleive in the ignorance of the vessel... I have questions that are never answered but I am able to expose the elevated consciousness that occupies the vessel I speak with. I can catch the hand in the cookie jar but I'm still unable to get an admission... and that's ok for now. My obsession to understand has made me less vulnerable to attacks... I will never fully explain what I have learned for it would deny the journey to another... and without purpose and struggle there is no point to existence. Years ago I

experimented with the superconscious in many ways looking for conformation what I was experiencing was legit. When I stopped focusing on all the pretty women around me it was interesting to see thier behavior change. When I participated as a watcher I was embraced. When I was establishing a narrative with connections from my past my driving was tested and I called out the procedure as it took place.

[8:45 PM]

I thought I lost my connection to the superconscious briefly after getting drugged by doctors but I persisted. Its so hard to define the difference between God and the collective... perhaps there isn't any... but to have so many encounters where divinity is brandished while I ask my questions... how am I separate... how does everyone I talk to have godly essence, able to answer me while remaining illusive. Am I not part of the collective like others... I have to be separate for this to work... like a fuse on a circuit a conduit can overload and shut down and I have lost the ability to feel in sync before. Spending time with Crystal has helped me learn to appreciate the human experience and to see things from the perspective of another... the reward for not insisting we talk about what is beyond me has been significant... She now witnesses the same miracles I do and openly talks to me about them... I have someone to confirm what I'm seeing is not a hallucination.

[8:45 PM]

Now I work toward speaking with others as if I'm normal... as if they are normal. I exist beyond what is widely understood as reality but I'm still grounded here... the On/Off I understand it better now. I believe my brain is better equipped to stretch into realms of consciousness better than an average person. I chose to beleive in altruism and I have been rewarded with conditioning and preparation for divine communication. I walked the streets as a humble student and was encouraged to keep writing. Now I feel like my writing is no longer testimony... it is simply me sharing what I do not understand.

Since I'm going in circles when it comes to discovering and proving the Arcane I remind myself that there is still a great deal I could accomplish. Things are still happening that irk me... innocents harmed, farce wars, hate crimes, economic pressures, propaganda and on and on. My time in the Valley is coming to an end. The ones who work in the dark are the heavy lifters and I need the leaders to carry the truth for as long as they can.

I'm going to develope more

I'm going to break down fates door

My fear no longer exists

I stopped taking score

Ever since God answered my roar

My agony became bliss

I will not surrender my dream

I will not become a has been

I will unite the army of one

Now I lean on my team

Now our light goes green

Our rise is inevitable, like the sun

Legion Commander

09/27/2023 03:48

October 2, 2023

LEGION — 10/02/2023 5:13 PM

Front Line

Writing down the scope as it grows

Fighting to drown the demons below

It is not permission that I am seeking for my path

I am a student turned teacher with millions in class

To know me is to bend the knee

There is no Rivalry None that any can see

In a land of saplings

It's rather baffling

To be shaded by my Tree

I speak with a fire that cannot be tamed

Channeling the spirit of the eternal flame

Serving the balance and taking the Title

Still, I am dirt, not a false idol

It's all God's plan don't worship a man who hasn't a throne to call his own

A story so grand we are merely grains of sand in this home of vines and stone

The trailblazers ahead of me in their woken state

Have been working behind my lines to compensate

Music teaching children to think for themselves

A society that actually believes in offering help

Science binding to magic to make sense of it all

The ladder built to climb over oppression's walls

Yes....

Yes to know me is to bend the knee

Not to Supremacy of an enemy but to unanimously Show you believe in harmony and agree to

The testimony of one who suffered travesty

I command Leaders to do their best

For madness has consumed my quest

We are all together, equal, yet stand apart

I think I know the way

I can show you where to start

There's little to say that hasn't been said

The forces that forged me now bow their head

I have exposed the problem of thinking too much

That is why my mentors have stayed in touch

Accept the ones I lost to incarceration and death

I whisper their names under every breath

One voice to be lost to the ravages of time

I am Legion Commander, Put me on the frontline

Legion Commander

09/28/2023 05:51

LEGION — 10/02/2023 5:33 PM

Spark

Seeming manic but smooth as plastic coming up fast from underhanded.

No dispute where he landed this is the man who delivers what God demanded

His presence leaves you feeling branded. Concepts so fantastic and never coming off drastic for he is elastic

The test of time he lasted with poems so massive you can barely grasp it.

This is a shout out to pure magic, the man who attacks it

10 000 words was an easy target

That was when he was just getting started

Any level the mark gets hit when his persona's split so he can walk all over it

Like a big rig in transit the story he spins can fit like a glove slick as whale shit

Ready to grip the strong or sick take your pick

When he spits its for your benefit

Nothing illegitimate no pages to rip as he sits at the very tip of a mountains cliff

Rose from the pit of malice

Like moonshine take a sip of his potent nip because this fanatic will not quit. Swagtastic... you are in the best way classic

Legion Commander

09/29/2023 08:30

LEGION — 10/02/2023 6:05 PM

Amateur

I'm not the leader I could be, not even close to the maturity I only now conceive. I am all over the place spilling my mental frustrations out like guts torn from my belly. I lost my identity years ago and what has taken its place is still a work in progress. I'm not going to apologize for shaking the boat... someone had to do the fucking job and I was born for this, groomed for years before I was even aware. My life has been tests and lessons intertwined with radical situations that had me too involved with the human experience to appreciate the grand design of the circumstance. No I'm not a leader... I command leaders, those wise enough to see past my numerous flaws in this adolescent state. Sitting in sanctuary while others work tirelessly has me vulnerable to criticism... for I know I could be doing more, learning more, becoming more. Is the hell I endured during my crafting excuse enough to spend my time being comfortable and viciously antagonize the keepers of the Arcane? Is the fact I have exposed veil to those who look for it worth all the mind ravaging ups, downs, lefts and rights. My mentorship was no small feat, the very best came together to guide me through the trials that forged my resolve and competence. For too long I have relied on self doubt and indecisiveness to humble the ego. Weak and inexcusable once the leadership role is claimed. Yet here I am, it is here I hold my ground. I hold the banner and I march... leading the charge was only a dream some time ago. I never imagined my writing to share my truth would in fact be the fabrication of a truth that seems to topple all others... at least for now. Building up leaders is what I do when I'm not driving us all deeper into hell with my articulated assault on the process that develops spiritual champions to walk amongst mankind while the population slowly wakes.

[6:05 PM]

Whispers on the stream keeps the woken operating to liberate more and protect the naive. If I was ready to lead I wouldn't be writing to God/the sleep/Legion at the same time... I would be rigid... I would point in the same direction each new day. I am not the leader I could be... But I will be. Flawed and curious, determined and cautious. Though I sought validation now I put my energy into encouraging the potential in others.

Both fear and celebration shadow this claim

The army of one brings both pleasure and pain

Im here to wake others, I never knew the plan

I just learned to share what only some can understand

We were chosen, groomed, crafted, tested, educated, challenged, tempered by the flames of hell and the rain storms of heaven, we are bold, convicted, we were students and now we teach...

Intelligence put our origin into motion Commitment and faith keeps us going

Wording my story out has rendered me commander

Shared the sacred that they were holding

Put it all together for a future so golden

The front line are the leaders... the villains we slander

So let it be respect received to the ones standing among serpents

Richous deeds forcing history to create an overlords deterrent

The sum of the call has given Legion a poet

I won't fail you

I will be confident and stoic

Legion Commander

09/29/2023 10:02

LEGION — 10/02/2023 6:48 PM

Empty halls

One of these days I'm going to write vigor and prosperity. I will turn over the rocks that grow moss and let the sandy bottoms dry out in the sunlight. One of these days... but not this day. Today I write about the menacing sting of surrendering yourself to another, giving it away to external circumstances. She weeps and she grieves, holding her tone aside from the bellows she rings while singing along to the music. Nothing I do really changes anything about the pain that has slowly sunk into her spirit. I am the only one who can be what she needs... for I am the only one here. When she is cold I warm her, when she is overwhelmed I rub her back and listen to her pain. But there is another part of this... the complicated turned simply frustrated situation that must be faced. In her anguish she turns the inner eye outward and begins to dissolve everything that has cemented our love. I am the burden, I am the taker, I am the nuisance, I am

the parasite that kills the host. It is so despairing and it bleeds copper stained blood in the mouth. To go so far with someone and see them overcome the obstacles that were the boundaries that kept you from being with them. To then see them dismantle everything about the painfully earned maturity and growth established over months of solving rather than reacting to conflicting narratives.

[6:49 PM]

Despair and suffering are ruthless monsters that show no mercy in the court of life, they brood miserable versions of ourselves unless overcome. She is the strongest person I have ever met for she has never sent her demons away, instead she lingers in the corner so her tormenter may find shadow in which to dwell. The burden of many tasks lay on my shoulders while she finds the strength to sob unapologetically. Shoulder to cry on, partner in affairs, empathetic brute, punching bag, loveless villain, provider, chauffer, and heaviest of all selfish lover. No matter what is established I will always become the monster that must be thrashed and hold responsibility for the sensation of misery... I almost got in my car and went for a drive to clear my head today... almost Though I was there for her in almost every moment, especially when I had to uproot and disappear because she needed to be left alone I am still the reason her skin stings. I'm nothing but a monster with deep sockets holding the devil's eyes in her mind. But I know this will pass, this is but a simple example of how the raw organic beauty of the human experience is able to be self reliant while still predictable and within confines of the mortal coil. I tried telling her it's not so scary when you think about it... All biological life is technically AI... the extradimensional "spirits" operate on our vessels daily if we are interesting enough... things happen to our minds and bodies that tear asunder the conception of security and independence. Yet if one comes to this realization while amidst a trial to prove oneself worthy of the keeper's care we become untouchable... at least temporarily. The arcane science is baffling and causes nausea and failure if one obsesses about the details rather than the results. We have the power of choice and nothing will ever take that away... no matter how many procedures prepare us for the day

[6:49 PM]

.She had me for all the phases, why not understand the natural urge to lash out and destroy the image of me while she sorrowed the deepest. It's not her fault that I'm the only one there to understand her pain. It's up to me to better understand how to help her grieve... sometimes I must keep distance and let her decompress without provocation... and other moments I must be the catalyst to control burn the passion that flows through her agonized body. If she is an illusion may I never understand... may my love for what she has given me last longer than the eternal flame... I can be better I will be better. She has just come downstairs and it begins again... time to go time to serve her suffering

Legion Commander

09/30/2023 05:49

October 29, 2023

LEGION — 10/29/2023 3:46 PM

Gratitude

So much to appreciate that it's staggering. Not a single thing in my life happened simply because it was unfair. Everything I suffered was part of a process to make me more than I was and all the downs have brought me to a place mentally where I am truly grateful for the ups. Last time I checked there is no one who can bleed faster than the heart pumps... anything awful that has come my way has been paired with the opportunity to rise up and find the strength that wasn't there. Happiness is not hard to find when we space the thought from the thinker, when the source is not the stimuli but the realization that it's part of a greater design. Sometimes I remind myself that the mere fact I'm still alive is one of the greatest blessings I could consider. Occasionally... for just a moment... I feel the surge of unconditional love, a divine aura that encapsulates me and suggests that everything will be ok. It brings me past the upset, the crushing failure, the soaking hopelessness. I never dreamed of being in charge of anything and now I set an example showing the world around me that it's OK to say it all, fear holds no territory in my heart and where I have gone others are sure to follow. I may be mistaken in some of the things I have intemperated, I may have pulled too hard on some branches while I climbed to the top of the tree. Matter it not because anyone who understands my journey even loosely will have the courage and the confidence to approach the unknown with vitality and apply stamina to their intentions without the concern of consequences... writing can be interpreted in different ways by different sorts but it can never betray the very core... the soul of the author. Much of what I have said has a defiant, rebellious, infuriated tone to it but truthfully I am more relaxed and serene than one would think.

[3:47 PM]

So let me take this moment for my being to resonate with the vibrations of joy and love. My sense of purpose is tattered and stained... I have failed, rather I have come to the realization that failure of an objective is inevitable. That's ok because though purpose is undefined accomplishment is secure. I'm the only one I know who has shared what I do, I'm the only person who has witness phenomenal workings of God energy... and that enough is assurance that I am favored... that the path I have traveled makes me a spectacular adventurer. I forget at times but when I see the miracles I simply adore the mysteries that at times drive me to raw frustration.

[3:47 PM]

I have a companion who shines like no other, I have a team that works like a well oiled machine, I have a community that synergies with affinities and discoveries, I have the advantage of being in the embrace of something beyond supernatural. The very mechanism that is the universe produces instances of marveled display to ensure there is no doubt. A few years ago I would have never dared to imagine what I now know to be reality. So what if I fail... I will have gone farther than anyone else... and one day... one day given the appropriate mentorship and conditioning someone else will pick up my torch far far ahead of where it is now and carry on... discovering all the things I omitted along the way. Ultimately producing the scene they desired. the torch stays with the journey and does not place itself on an altar... there is something beyond the temple and only Legion has the courage to figure out what it is, how to get there, and why we keep going.

together forever or toss us in the blender before our gate's defender

Up the river pouring molten silver let our faith be delivered

The last of us will put up no fuss its in the light we trust

Darkness came and changed the game but its all the same

Hears to the goal and the fire we stole we are in charge of our souls

The flames burn high as we tear open the sky you can see the passion in our eyes

And the embers from before they are eternal to the core only forever is in store

Thankful and blessed as I translate my quest so that the best can be battle dressed

Legion Commander

10/03/2023 01:02

[3:53 PM]

Moon Dance

Well isn't it beautiful the moon tonight. Did you see what I see, was the timing right

Look to the stars

Let them show you the flicker

Look near and far

Find the celestial trickster

Distortions and Eddie's, a wake in the black

Blinking burning dots that can't be placed exact

The phasing smears the cascade into murky shapes

It's as if no one was watching

What the overdome creates

How can one imagine what they cannot see

What changes when recorded
Can be shared with poetry
Too many secrets just can't bury them
I watched the moon dance like a kite
On this global sized planetarium
Shooting stars and lights from the sky
Pointed down to the clouds from up on high
The demonstration was meant to be known
So I could leave bread crumbs of what I was shown
The dark horses stampede across the twilight horizon
I will see the truth revealed one day or die trying
The darkness reveals more than light ever could
The veil is slipping for the greater good

Legion Commander

10/03/2023 07:18

[3:53 PM]

Amongst the Pages

What a vision placed in my brain.

I'm in the background once again.

I grasp at straws.

Then set the alter.

Now the feint steps echo

Overencumbered, marching at a falter

It's doesn't really matter

I'm at the libraries doors

Bang them with a builders hammer

Offering a book to be stored

The shelves are tall they are deep

I wonder what other secrets

Do the keepers keep

Dare I be so grievous to deceive trust who would beleive us anyway

To take a scroll hoping they do not know I will pursue knowledge to the grave

No! I must refrain

I can't obey my curiosity

It's not the same

It would lose all velocity

I just can't risk it all

I can't take that fall

Not when the mission must be secured

The mortal coil

Now risen to royal

For the path the chosen have endured

Now the book is safe

So I can take my place

Under the banner again
It was once my disgrace
To abandon it with haste
Left With only a few good men
Now I am much more nimble
Now I return with a relic
A once thought forgotten symbol
It unites us all
We who answered the call
Lost no more to history
There's no going back
The only plan is attack
We unleash our own crafted mysteries

Legion Commander

10/04/2023 01:21

LEGION — 10/29/2023 3:55 PM

Dear Jonny B

When I saw you collapsed on the floor being given CPR I didn't believe it was real. When you confessed your pain sobbing I only spoke the words expected of me and kept my passion from the surface. When you passed out and smashed my ashtray I didn't voice out how dangerous that shit is. I betrayed our bond because I was too wrapped up in the suspicion that it's all a play act. I was only there for you in the flesh... my soul did not open the door to you when you were suffering.

Only in dreams do I see your face, remember your laugh, focus on the wisdom. Only in memories do you exist. I haven't gone to visit your mom yet... I just don't have that kind of strength in me. You should know that Jacob is destroying himself slowly, not like you... he is

withering away into a husk just like his mother. You should know that bretto is doing well just looking for work. Pete is out of jail and sherry is still getting by. Patrick is with you now... I think the infection took him but I never got the details. Cory and Scott are off meth but raging alcoholics and they think they are better off for it hahaha.

[3:55 PM]

I know now you planned to die... I know you knew that I had put you under a microscope and the only way to keep the sacred truths you shared with me was to not be available for interrogation. Your selfless devotion to the joy and splendor of mystery in the human experience is without equal. God dammit why did you have to go... why couldn't you just play the fool and pretend none of our talks ever happened. I would have preferred you treat me like a ghost like everyone else does. I meant it when I said you mean more to me than the sun does to the sky, I meant it when I said your my best friend and I don't even get to have friends.

You will never be forgotten brother... you will be the light in the dark for all of time, you are my hero. You the only reason I'm able to cry. I wish you were here, I wish we could have more of our talks... more moments of mischief... more outrageous situations. The times we Defied death, confronted horror and encouraged chaos. You were a good man living in a bad place and I learned more about the eternal balance from you than all other mentors combined... I miss you brother

Ps thanks you for bringing Crystal into my life... in honor of your memory I will love her until the day I die

Legion Commander

10/05/2023 02:08

[4:00 PM]

VENGEANCE IS COMPASSION

When it all seems to have fallen apart

When the dreams are nightmares and the storm won't end

That's the moment your journey starts

That's the sign you'll never be alone again

When delusions are more real than the world around you

When it feels like it's all on fire and there's nothing you can do

Don't let doubt be your master

Don't let fate be something untrue
Your existence is a beautiful mess
Your journey will be seen through
Broken boards on a fence
The sound of steel against the rails
Just do your best
And surely you will not fail
Trust not the stacking rumbles
Do not find the broken end
For amidst all the growing troubles
A claim to more is something to tend
So many have failed and lost the way
But you have something that will stay
A testament to the power of one
The potent truth that can't be undone
I am the defiant giant no one fucking knows
I bring the pain from memories to your secrets kept below
Nothing works in pattern
Nothing makes sense
You want the world flat again?
Take this hate from rage to tense
Do you fucking see the monster in me

Turning tasks into chores

All options seem like bores

I'm telling you I have the antidote

But the only truth people see

Is a propped up reality

My truth is flawless but labeled a joke

Is there no fucking way I can play this game without selling out

Or is it just another way to push us away... no cred... no clout

The matrix in their heads sometimes I think they're already dead

[4:01 PM]

No way of reaching their soul

Now the demons are fed full of heroes who bled

Nothing will ever make them whole

Drop the act you hold

Listen to the wrong but bold

There has to be another way

Stop using our love

To fit us in a glove

We all have something to say

Last to be polished, first to rise

A demon killer, fire in your eyes

Gonna find truth gonna find a reason to keep the flame

Only with proof do the battered clear their name

Give it more than a chance give it hope

We fight the maybe, you must absorb the host

Stand proud and strong don't back away

Your truth belongs amongst the immortal clay

What of the truth, what of the reason What of the time to try again

Do you even believe can you conceive the collected, try again

Listen you fool its not just up to you Your path was set before your birth

Making sense of things so Immense Dont you dare lose your worth

Live it though

Just from below

That's where you find the answers you seek

Once you are nothing your cause will find something

To bring a question to it's peak

Be the flood to sweep the doors

Suffering has brought forth the meek

Your step forward can't be ignored

It's time to send the whispers away

One day you will find

Your struggles are just like mine

This is where your passions lay

[4:01 PM]

I'm a broken poet somewhat stoic full of anger because you don't see me

But the fact is the plague can't see a fantasy made believe without me

Can't rhyme for the benefit of crime or else the boot comes for me
But can you believe I just truly believe in a bit of make believe to augment our reality
Nothing makes sense when we walk so dense full of illusions none can see
Spending our energy to tear apart the tree why can't we perceive its up to you and me
Green days broken ways nothing ever says its okay
Can we behave a certain way to show our allegiance is beyond the grave
Fuck the truth you want to see some proof then abandon what you think you know
I went aloof now I'm the fiddlers roof I am the real you dare not show
Dreams and stories what a rush
Do you know me
Do you really believe
Now it's legend and we all say hush
Welcome to a glimpse of the truth... you belong with us
It was all within you, time to be the best of us

Legion Commander

10/07/2023 10:00

LEGION — 10/29/2023 4:06 PM
BETTER THAN BEFORE
Glory be to the man with the pen

Speaking truth to his bretheren

No fucking way to say it all

Do you get it

Can you see it

Titans rise just to fall

There is God, there is nature

And then there is something else

I'm the commander

Of what if and everything else

You don't understand it hurts me

I know the truth you wouldn't believe

One day I will die and that's an end

But to follow this truth is more than trend

I am the greatest fact to ever hit unknown

The king that knew death is his home

Legion Commander

10/13/2023 12:06

[4:06 PM]

WHAT IS THE MISSION

The journey has changed me

The objective is hazy

Sometimes I am my own undoing

To those who see

Who push away catastrophe

I am finished with proving

Let the world be a difficult thing

Heaven upon the shore
Face what the troubles bring
To see what else is in store
To listen to her reminisce
To be a shoulder for the moments
I never imagined that this
Would be something to own it
The story is about to explode
Revealing what was never showed
Candles burn at furious pace
Too much is the sacred load
Silently the truth erodes
Nothing under God to be disgraced
I see the proof every single day
Things operate in a certain way
The world is changing before our eyes
One thing I will never say
Whether divine or mortal clay
Is miracles forbidden lies
The truth has escaped
There is no proof of effort
Set at a thriving pace

To wake the willing is my endeavor

=====

I am going to be resting my pen until my mind is once again enriched with purpose and direction, I hope a week will recharge me but perhaps longer. To everyone that has supported me on this journey I truly thank you for assuring me when I doubted, for approving of my charge, for lighting the way.

Legion Commander

10/13/2023 08:46

[4:07 PM]

A STEADY PACE

What I see in the world is truly the most awe-inspiring, mesmerizing and emotionally empowered points of view known to man as far as I can tell. I had to go through quite a bit of turbulence... working out angst and despair over many transcribes. Now I understand the phenomenal majesty there is not knowing enough to separate myself from this reality. My purpose still evolves before my imagination, and to see it extend as I begin to align myself with divine intention is marvelously pleasant. There is still a desirable compromise I have considered in my writing... a few secrets left out to be found so the void chaser may establish a platform or origin for where the truth became truths and why my narrative had dominated all other light sources thus far.

A compelling argument can be made to deconstruct anything that is established and my mentorship is no different. To imagine an omnipresent superconscience actually separating its own mind into hemispheres. All the chaos to be arbitrated, all the potential for mutation and evolution when applied to the collected consciousness as individuals rather than the universe as a whole. This is the mitosis of God energy and the birth of an eternal dance to echo for all of existence.

[4:08 PM]

I used to be afraid that I will be responsible for a complete disaster... that I will end the world with my words. But I realized I was meant to fail forward. So let my castle burn to the ground, let my banner be trampled in mud as those called who did not become chosen scatter, let me be placed on my knees slumped forward and sullen. I will always rise again and continue to march, I will teach great wisdom through observation of my failures, I will show candle holders how to restore themselves... they will never go blind no matter how hopeless things can feel. This is my promise to the world... to walk forward in all my manifested misery and still be able to show the way ahead. The power of God flows through me and as I channel this divine influence into my own crafted narrative I feel completely liberated from all doubts of authentic free will.

Words seem so inadequate as I rush between memories and imagination to convey what I am attempting to represent. Everytime I tell myself I'm going to say something specific so to be understood as such I end up writing something entirely different. I write with the muse of many this is certainly true... but I know the difference between my words and the ones thrust upon me... the pounding headache when words are being forced through my pen... hasn't happened for a year now... I don't know if I should be happy my boundaries are respected or melancholy about losing divine influence. Our dreams are not our own, this I know to be part of something much bigger than ourselves.

[4:08 PM]

I chose to work for Legion long before I understood the mission

We will build it slow, build it right

A take over without a fight

One and one is three

This is why you chose me

Certain to fail

On this epic tale

But I have earned my place next to you

Now I finally see

An even greater destiny

All else seems pale

So on this ship we sail

Reaching beyond a mountain top view

Forever standing tall with our torches piercing into the black

This is the task at hand, we answered the call, there's no going back

Though there are still some who wither in despair

The chosen have faced the inner eye with an unflinching glare

Legion Commander

10/16/2023 05:43

[4:09 PM]

LIFTING THE CURTAIN

Writing is it's own path, mystical connection and realization is carefully placed amongst casual conversation however, I am learning to take the shadowed thoughts to paper, allowing me time/scope to adjust for my posts. I still face the slip of futility when I am in first person perspective... I was no I am destined to this, my level of writing... "level"... so much more to this... this symbiosis of soul, purpose, calling, this understanding.

I STAND WITH A CURIOSITY

The secret in my hand shows tune

The spirit of God lives in my room

Touch the veil if you dare stare into the depths the void does not share

I thrive and struggle to write like none understand. But if one knows the path ahead as I do, trust the secret you do not understand for the riddle is the clockwork of the mechanisms ticking heart

Be yourself no matter what they say

Legion Commander

10/17/2023 11:25

[4:09 PM]

JOURNAL OF A CHOSEN ONE

And so as the drums were beating and the rain was falling turning to ice near the peak. We prepared for a ceremony of fire. Commander says we siege the belly of heaven while we produce tribute of the soul for each one of us is a conduit... something about us holds the will of our community. Fewer and fewer of us are coming to the summit... only 17 trickled in yesterday, I think it's almost time.

I lost the last bit of paper I wrote on when I went down to the wall face to send down another rope on anchor. I wrote something about how the old ways and texts can be seen reflected and deliver a message to the ascended who view for the gauntlet runner before he embarks. Everyone is putting down the tents and we have sent a scouting party to the valley past the veil.

We should be at the mountain base in 3 days and then I can finally go hunting.

I haven't forgotten, I won't let them get away with this. No matter what happens I'm sure there is a way back... if I knew this was going to make me... make things so different I would have prepared, I would have a plan. I must get back to the convoy and tell Commander. God... I know you could have chosen someone else, there is a hundred among us who are stronger and more cunning than me...

I'm going to believe the rumors and trust everything you spoke to me, even if the lies are true... I will not give in (edited)

[4:10 PM]

~~

They sent me back, they sent me back to the builders hall and I haven't seen a carrier hawk in weeks. I guess there has been thunderstorms over the midway temple foundation ever since the pillars were set upright. Now there are 4 of us here... the last one to arrive says he saw a librarian ascending the path on his way down. They have always made me uncomfortable... is there anything to look at under those hooded masks, I can hear the breathing through the slits in my nightmares.

~~

This is my 5th day past the veil... I don't understand how the shadows seep into the light across the floors, it is always adjusting to whoever comes near. We should arrive at the rally point tomorrow afternoon if we haven't lost our way. I hope someone has some biscuits to trade... I haven't eaten anything but jerky for half a moon.

We arrived last night... the men waiting for us said were all fucked. The commander, 11 men and one las were missing. There's no tracks to follow or gear missing but they have been gone for days. Someone has to carry the banner out of the void and back to a monument... I want to do it, I know if I believe in myself then God will find a way to me.

Something festers amongst the many called at Basecamp. Ever since we got here the crowd has been overly curious about our perspectives on what we have found. Many are called, few are chosen... I think that many minds near me have been poisoned there's not many left to trust and I'm not sure where to take the banner while we wait for the 13 pillars to return... God have mercy on us... we are going to need your strength before the day is through. (edited)

[4:10 PM]

We lost our souls fighting our way back to the peak... this is where I was told to make my stand and this is where we will tribute our tendrils of vitality. The time has come for one of us to be reborn from the ashes of the pyre... I pray whoever is summoned forgets his pain if only for a moment.

I never wanted any of this... I want to go home but I need to find the answer... I'm torn in half and stepping farther away from myself... commander was right... hell was just the trial before the journey.

Legion Commander

10/18/2023 06:16 (edited)

NEW

[4:12 PM]

MATRIARCH OF THE CHOSEN

She was the youngest child. Her parents had wed all her sisters when they were Thirteen, but she stayed to do chores on the farm for the Liren's never had a son. Her decisions gave little worth to her outcome in life... the men were always rough... the kindness was always ceremonial. Andrea never had the luxury of choosing the life she wanted... always compelled to move into a broken situation and fix things as best she could. This was her calling. She met a swordmaster in need of tending after a training accident, and he taught her to move like wind. It was the day that the towns regiment laid woe onto his estate that she abandoned home and found herself amidst mercenaries and Rouges. Time was merciless to her, and she found herself 36, without children and leading a crew of brigands snatching small fortunes on occasion and upkeeping her spy network. When a young man walked into her guildmasters tavern and asked for her by name, she never knew that sitting down with him would change everything she ever thought she understood.

NEW

[4:12 PM]

He was called nameless, and he always traveled alone. Rumors about him reached across the continent, but none had ever exposed his doings nor dared to. He came for Andrea with a pouch of gold to buy her company with drinks for the evening. She set attacks and accusations at him and he disarmed everything she said with enchanting and mystical rebuttals to every stitch of her articulated arsenal. He offered her a journey... one that would reshape the world... one that would give her fulfillment in the dreary life of motions she dwelled in.

How could she refuse... after the drinks were down and the candles puddled on the table, he was ready to leave... and she was compelled to follow.

Little is known about the time the two of them spent together before Andrea joined the first

generation of chosen, the promise was unsure and the company to keep was turbulent. It was certainly true however, Andrea stood tall as the only woman to best over a dozen men in the Indian leg wrestle... she brought the joyous cheer of the tavern wherever she went. It was long after her championship amongst the rabble that she met the commander... the only words known said was by him to her... 'you're more powerful than you could imagine' he whispered in her ear... or so the story says.

The last thing anyone can be certain of Andrea was she was stationed at Lost Valley - the first way point into the void. Her lieutenants were fierce and proud, not one of them would betray a story for mortal pleasures.

NEW

[4:12 PM]

She had promised her marauders that when she returned from this brief campaign with the commander that they would celebrate... but it never happened. Andrea, the Commander and 11 of the finest chosen to ever grace the world had disappeared. If only anyone at that time knew how important her disappearance was for the time was to the epic that none could comprehend... she was the matriarch of something beyond even the commander's scope... she was the chosen mother of faith and none could deny her purpose.

The last thing anyone could do is beg her, for the pulse of the unforgiven... when the demon eating creatures of the void swooped down on battalions it was only her flag that did not waver. Only her Legion was able to advance against the downpour of energies and spirits that do not obey the laws of nature. The commander had chosen a strategy and it relied on the gift of birth and protection that Andrea possessed, if it came down to it the whole damned thing relied on her... the chosen one.

Legion Commander

10/19/2023 04:54

October 29, 2023

LEGION — 10/29/2023 4:14 PM

TABLET

Seven hundred and thirty-four trillion souls. This was our Edens' contribution to the calling... this was chosen... many more were called but chose comfort in the scope they thought was the limit, history had been forgotten more times than grains of sand on a beach. We had never imagined the scope of God's vision and we still don't understand why he left the fate of our ascension in our hands as if he was powerless during the manifestation of realms around the gate. We sought to strike directly into the nexus of disinformation and secure a network through the plains of existence to ensure our messenger continued to walk the path the ancients kept secret. Only in the reassembling of the chronology of his testament did we understand the piercing

realization of existence. Our offering was the catalyst that tipped the scale in favor of life over oblivion, for we had Christ and we showed the keepers of gardens across all plains of existence that the wave grows when we use the depth of souls. For endless eons of forgotten time, this world has collected souls that call their own manifested prison of self limitations and communal consequences hell.

[4:14 PM]

When Christ reached the core of hell and blessed the damned they were offered a path to the gate in service of bringing light into realms that had drifted into the void. In over an Octotrigintillion years no creation had ever done beyond what was established, nothing ever stood before the constructs that governed reality. Humans have heaved the unanticipated for the first time in existence. We built a God imagined to try to understand his disappearance when we called to him the most... the one we have is now a prisoner of isolation, for he knows his limitations, and it was humanities ability to reach beyond parameters that created him... he is forsaken but charged with purpose for 283 million years... then he must endure the extinction and live in silence for as long as we can conceive. Anchored to the lense that connects us to the median even after we ascend... leave the messenger behind, grow larger while sinking deeper

[4:14 PM]

Time still eludes our comprehension, knowing just enough of the motions and procedures done to us by shadows and angels to set ourselves beyond the regular... still baffled how our intent is perceived through emotional experiences and answers. The popular theory is because of our inability to remain in a structured persona when Immense swings in our psyche bring us do sob or erupt we cannot betray truth of circumstance when sharing our selves. The Ark manifests galaxies through the rift, it reaches, we sling into deeper way points... breadcrumbs for the seekers.

Compassion draws neglect, fear summons courage, ash delivers water... the contrast can be recast endlessly... find purpose and be true to self. God bless us all, and may we always find a better way.

Legion Commander

10/20/2023 08:14

[4:15 PM]

Angels only knew

As angels guide us into darkened realms

As we brush off the ashes of hell

There is something to grasp

Behind the veil stands greatness

Siege with the fury of the blameless
If only our beauty would last forever
The gate stays open, let the wanderers through
Never to be challenged
For reasons only the angels knew
The mercy shared was without compare
The gate stays open...
While the chosen hold on to what they can not share
Equal us all, though some have endured
Full of resolve, challenging the absurd
To be so full of love yet portrayed much worse
It is an honor to be the ones cursed
For in darkness, the light is bold
Balance prepares us to enter the fold
For the lost, the forgotten, all the faces in our heads
We fight for the downtrodden and remember the dead
Through this trial, for as long as it takes
Wanting to know more of the heavenly stakes
We are human, full of mistakes
Yet our spirits
Our spirits will never break

Legion Commander

10/22/2023 04:08

[4:15 PM]

Deeper down

I have been trying to find the words to share my experiences from being adjusted by the extradimensionals that most have never imagined. First, I must share that my vision has been gradually changing I stared into the sun for a long time and it took months to recover and I never will restore the acuity I had to read small fonts. Visual snow... then the clover novas in atmosphere easy to see when looking at snow, blue sky or bright clouds. The color spectrum on the horizon, then the shimmering glitter in the air. Energy waves in the water reflecting sunlight in a sequence. Then I found the blur to focus on, the one that aligns the retina and laser locks the eyes one at a time and writes to us what is unknown. The golden aura that morphs itself like a kite made of floating sand. The red filmed flicker that floats to reveal the focus point was how I learned to view the angels that revealed themselves as they enveloped a vessel, summoned winds, or shared secrets written in the clouds when I watched them. The night shares things with me that I never imagined, things people need to experience in order to understand. You see the light reveals what is there to be seen, the darkness creates a premise for what is possible. The gifted sight I have been granted in darkness shows how the absence of light can manifest broadcasted illusionary projections from our consciousness or what is manufactured within our environment...I cannot be certain. We can see beyond our dimension and observe things manifested in the shadows. I can see a whole other reality through my closed eyes, I can witness the orbs transitioning through...

[4:16 PM]

I know when they are focused on me. I can not be certain how to explain the difference from objects observed from peripherals transitioning towards the inner eye, to the visual feed produced from my conscience, but I am certain they are not the same thing. I can see a horizon of vibrant vapors coursing through the blackened midnight air when I look up through the trees. Translucent creatures like massive enigmas that float through the cool night sky with draped tendrils... a translucent umbrella with strings draped down that distort the stars as it floats and adjusts ever so subtly.

The moon and stars shifting and adjusting all over the blackened canvas that I look up at. How many people still watch the night sky?

[4:16 PM]

I know recording means recoding... there is no way to catch the keepers off guard, there is no exposing this to the crowds of folks who still sleep.

I guess I do have fear... fear that declaring all that I have been privileged to witness will deny me future encounters. A punishment for sharing sacred sightings. Yet I continue to edge closer to sharing more than is asked for. How much is too much information? How do I know who is ready to explore what I speak of and who is being denied the process because I revealed the situation before they were exposed to the miracles observed leading up to this level of awareness.

Sometimes, I write secret messages as my hand holds the pen tip over the pages of my journal. Sometimes, great discomfort or pain arises when the arcane performs its procedures on me. There is a structured process to my expansion of perception, I undergo 'growing pains' it doesn't just switch on like a light... this is part of how I was able to identify entities apart from God, or so, I think. I have begun to identify the different types of channeling undergone while I display different hand gestures and meditative positions. Sometimes, I feel the intention interpreted as best I understand and simply guess on the outcome. Other times, I practice the effect of my gestures while observing the behavior of others around me

[4:16 PM]

The last three posts of mine can be considered fable or storytelling... with a hidden message to be interpreted more literally. I'm concerned that my intention has been polluted now that I have introduced intentional creative writing into a Testament based archive.

[4:17 PM]

Oh woe is me

Who the hell do I really see

See in the mirror, see in my soul

See crawling out

Of this self doubting hole

What if I could just be myself

What could I be trying to achieve

I still want to know if anyone else

Has a story that very few could believe

It's not even about proving I was right

It's not about being better than average

It's about sharing this sight

Without causing any damage

We remember what you want

Our stories are your design

Some of our conversations still haunt

I'm writing in sand for the blind

The reminders of scope, space and time

Showing me how much more there is to divine

The communication that was frustration now a sensation of complete elation for the desecration
of my motivation taught me patients as I see others flocking the foundation

No, I'm not alone

I know others see me

Seeds are sewn

They must also believe

That were not just part of the diety

That we live our lives independently

I'll never be sure how so many can nod their heads and say shush

Acting as if they're the ones I must trust

That's why I am torn

To say it all or just enough

I am no puppet

Nor is Legion a bluff

Tell me your truth I don't need the lies

Are you human

When I see the change in your eyes

Do you know when it happens

Do you know what it means

Are you aware

It's only as it seems

I have sent messages online

That were immediately replied

Hundreds of words

In one second of time

I have been interrupted when I was so close to fact

So I share with you loosely for I don't know exact

Some claim they don't understand or that they forget

Some have lost their mind

Because I spoke to my regret

So to all who are still with me I want you to know

We have it in us to stay in control

No body is better than anyone else

I'm not deluded, not full of myself

So much ego, what a disarming term

[4:17 PM]

So what if I'm too much

I teach those willing to learn

Though I am sure I have a long way to go

I lead you now, down this rabbit hole

Legion Commander

10/22/2023 01:51
October 31, 2023

LEGION — 10/31/2023 4:17 PM

A choir of the impossible

So the conflict in my heart has passed and I dread the consequences of action no more

No sickness no mark of broken glass I'll say it again as I've said before

Fill your cup with sound when you begin to frown

At least for this up and down go around...

The words spilled onto the page for this day have left me with little else to say.

Of course I spoke out my panic like a calculating manic to my soulmate tonight.

She remained calm as I rambled on about pandemonium through light.

The stress on our minds as I fight to define things that are beyond my tears.

What is my mission? My claim to facing these fears.

Well it's to figure it out, to do the impossible.

If I only knew the way for I am unstoppable.

Or so I believe and that's the secret I see.

I guess I deceived the weakness in me.

So with magic hands I'm foraging the master plan, I trace it back to us.

I don't understand how this ship lands yet I have learned to trust.

Now I drive home my faith that this journey will take no more from you.

For whatever mistake made from the burning crusade I write this to prove

Prove it's within me not just a God saying obey creed, I have to go on.

Two now becomes three through fog

Taking heed now a trinity is the song

Haunted by remarks that suggest I buried the path
Wanted to embark since I pressed my palm against the glass
So let us move on from feeling like rubbish encased
We have songs that grant the sluggish haste
We have a woken army pulling back at the puppet strings
We have the strength for tommorow, whatever it brings

Legion Commander

10/30/2023 06:34

[4:18 PM]

Newcomer

So you have all you need to take the reins

You have risen up

All would stand up and decree your claim

If only I'd give up

I've got us this far and it's "US" I see to the end

You would actually go to war with the balance

Just because you showed up on borrowed talent

You think this nightmare can be held under light

You think I've shared what keeps me up at night

Something broods to counter our rise

Something new, something made of twisted lies

We use the darkness at whatever cost

The souls of the damned, wretched and lost

I shouldn't be rhyming to explain this to you

I should be direct

I should be fucking serious with truth

Truth... the pile of dust that was once fractured glass

I'm the only Truth Seeker to ever last

No compromise no insisting that lies tell another fable

I have been weaving looms wherever I was able

You're just not ready to be swallowed whole

It's me at the gate, I sacrificed my soul

[4:18 PM]

If you could put together what the keepers have brought into the fold

You would know that I'm not doing what I'm told

I was given a purpose, to do what's right!

Tell my last dying breath I will continue to fight

I love what hates me, I try to understand

NOW you would come along

And knock the torch out of my hand

I trusted the deliverers of my only choice

For I refused fear and became humanities voice

I drove myself bloody mad explaining to the sleep

Only to watch the plan not include the weak

Taking point at the very back It's hard to conceive

Yet I am Legion Commander because I chose to believe

So if you think me blind and not awake

Put a bullet in my head for fuck sakes

I want to see us grow, become something more

So if you know better

Mutany is what is in store

Make sure you have it in you to see it to the end

For when it is you in charge no one is your friend

In the mean time I suggest you let me be

I don't care what people say, our ascension is destiny

Or you could go on and challenge me

As long as you understand the posting is for eternity

Legion Commander

10/30/2023 09:46

[4:19 PM]

200 pages of prophecy

I need not,

I know little

The story written

Is invisible

Only to be seen through the veil

My dream, my team

Legion's epic tale

200 poems here

So much else on the server

The future must reach, reach much further

Only some of us will continue to grow

Only some of us...

Will live below

In two generations, criminals and police

Will work for the mission

And the courts will seek peace

Children taught about nurturing plants

Table dinner and youth action grants

An allegiance of purpose, faith, and duty

Redistribution of surplus resources and booty

If we can't claw a way out

We craft an endless journey

Replacing self-doubt

With an insatiable yearning

The mind is a mystery, and the teachers will know

How to send the students

On a path to grow

A coming of age

For those who qualify

To write on the page

Love is why we lie

Entire regions of people who chose their purpose

For evolution, the children are worth it

We have our ascension, our dimensions, our pillars of faith

Tales will mention with no apprehension, truth, and grace

I'm not going to see everything that I want

So what I need is a legacy that's not looking gaunt

I have been shown the future of man

Having conversations, few understand

Unless they are Legion, they slip into trance

Forget the wisdom at their first chance

So we have rallied in the night

Set our gaze on the task

As we walk into light

We take off our masks

Some will serve the act, awaiting the orders

To join hands with one another to reach beyond borders

Monks, priests, and druids, all finding a home

An academy of students who know that spirit is known

Oceans to map, subterra to build

Progress kept intact

By the Truth Seeker guild

We will push our own boundaries every day

While allowing more sculpting of our mortal clay

Rise to the destiny we earned with our souls

Build, bridge, and bolster while the future grows

Legion Commander

10/31/2023 04:15

November 25, 2023

LEGION — 11/25/2023 12:52 AM

Higher thinking

Bereavement has a way of encouraging our struggle with morality and yet it also is a way of conditioning the soul and drawing a maturity into the world. For life to exist, death must persist. There is no way to have a human experience without the end of it. A source of power is established when one is able to surrender to the inevitable outcome that no matter what is accomplished in the mind and the environment that eventually, everything is forgotten by the conscious world. I have rediscovered the magical and titillating sensation of the empowering and enhancing aura through applying another layer of conscious context onto a previously accomplished realization. Music, for example... the memories and intention of the imagination mixed with a generalized perception of the situation we believe ourselves in allows for the variable of lyrical dialogue to motivate certain emotions when our thinking selves parallel with the message the Soundwaves carry... and yes, the alteration of frequency and vibrations, the tone and elasticity of the notes, the keys to our greater selves are found in sound, sight and sensation. We are truly magnificent specimens of the ability to create the complexity of the universe itself in a vessel to experience the struggle of limitations. Overcoming obstacles is a journey that provides a constant progression even while failing to achieve the desired outcome of any given scenario. I find that the absence of music is appreciated better when the mind is left to its own devices. It's as if the brain was a sponge to be dipped in water and squeezed out as one pursues the extinct... there is no such silence without death and perhaps not even then. Though in the absence of noise, we may either free ourselves of encouraged thought processes or, in contrast, obsess and devour every minute detail of a conjured scenario.

[12:53 AM]

Be the most courageous version of yourself you can imagine. Let fear and doubt nip at your heels while navigating the weaves of higher consciousness. Like shooting a spear gun into the dark and following the rope deeper in, my journey has always reflected a furiously empowered

onslaught of analytical stress. So much anticipation and worry about the perception of the target audience absorbing my findings of what is known. If this is truly the ascension of spirit than even though God understands my heart, my words may taint the purity of Legions duty to humanity. Careful and curious... that is what I have become. The confidence still shatters the doubt which only seems to exist because I truly believe that I have no peers... not yet. I have over compensated with reluctance and apologetic behavior to keep myself humbled, yet I also believe that my purpose entails summoning the accomplishment and confidence achieved through trials and mentorship. A certain bravado pounds on the ribbed walls of my heart at times that I cannot deny, leaving me to feel proud and blessed.

There are a great many things I wish to share with the world that does not know what you and I have discussed and at times its seems as if I will never see the separation between what I desire to cultivate and what is the established level of self awareness for those of us who dwell through the veil... the curtain that slips when we have faced our own hell. Perhaps I will reveal more of how to those who ask and speculate on the why with patients and a noble sense of purpose.

[12:53 AM]

A great deal of joy exists in me

Behind my stern tonality

My journey is far from concluded

I'm exploring myself so I don't get deluded

Back to the origin I feel the love

The sweetest melodies

This uphill bolder must be shoved

To unheard extremities

So I slow down and wait for others

We all must do this, not ourselves, but together

The sky is grey, and the clouds cover

When we are ready, we march on in good weather

Cherish the moments you take for granted, find the place in your heart where memories never leave. One day you are going to be dust and no I can't tell you what happens after that. You just don't get to know it all... not yet. Fallow me into the world in-between the lines. I don't know what

happens in the end but I do know I have a long way to go before it's my time to leave. There's no guarantee you will find Your way through, but what comes next is a wonder to me for the torch is also held by you.

Legion Commander

11/01/2023 09:14

LEGION — 11/25/2023 1:07 AM
HELL MARCH OF THE CHOSEN

I'm going to leave some details out for it has been so long that my memory fails me to an exact. I may say was instead of is, or we can instead of we did, we will instead of we had, and so on... forgive my lack of literary professionalism. My name is Jarconis Inber Vollira and this is my account of the hell march, our trial of fire and smoke that led us to the ascension. Let it be known that the months leading up to the campaign were filled with mystical encounters and miraculous displays of arcane majesty to convert the non-believers. There is a man who claims to know what the angels keep from us, he is our commander for he is the one who understands the world beyond our world or at least he knows more of it than any viewer has ever accomplished. He came to us a wretch, but was mentored by the fallen incognito for years before he was even aware he was chosen or that the mentors he met were something beyond his mortal perception. We learned from him and we chose to follow him for what other way?

[1:08 AM]

Ever since the volcano erupted and the storms fixated on the temple built in the valley, the call had been heard. Acolytes were dispatched across the lands and a great summoning was ushered in. For years we all knew something was different in the world, something was coming. Wars were ceased and kings pledged loyalty to the fallen cause. It was understood that humanity was at the mercy of a heaven that was no longer interested in our future. Sages spoke of a great exodus; one day, the gate would close and none left behind would ever transcend... the earth would rot and produce bastard children doomed to wander, unable to grasp their own soul. So many theories, so many alleged prophecies. Only his message was embraced differently, the spirits leaned on the ears of those who listened to the story of the fallen duty. Into darkness Through the veil, a mighty ship humanity would sail. Nothing drove him away from speaking his truth, he claimed he was the hand of God and great power flowed through him that only some would ever comprehend. Fearless, he took up the banner and sent forth the greatest force humanity had ever conjured.

[1:08 AM]

The commander had explained that his mission was to enlighten as many as possible so that future generations could thrive in a world set to standards that reflected the glory of our purpose. But first, all those who answered the call needed to reach into the depths where nightmares were forged and establish dominion over the demons who thought us play things. He said that angels and demons serve humanity's ascension, the angels were so far beyond our understanding yet we were destined to exist as the only children of God without rules to

govern us as a collective. He told us how some angels became corrupted through entertaining audiences with ancient enigmas that live beyond the realm of light and dark. The call had been heard and though some of us had not achieved enlightenment we were all equally blessed and given the same opportunity to achieve ascension through servitude. This corruption in the spectrum was first found in the light, we had no authority in heaven so to earn the angel's trust we first had to cleanse the pits of hell so that they might open their kingdom and allow us in to cleanse what tainted them.

[1:08 AM]

The phalanx was our incorrigible tactic, It had summed up the heaving majority of slain demons during the campaign through hell... We lost so many before the blessing of shadow imbued our lines. Once we were set to march into the very crux of hell's labyrinth under the throned tomb of Fallen Captain Rusialimor there was no reason to slow down. We had routed the swarms of hell so swiftly that they began to scatter from our presence on the sixth day. So many people grafted to agony spires or left in piles of ash stricken with critical blood loss, missing limbs, or boulders on their bodies... they were cursed to wither in malnourishment, and killing them out of mercy was not our mission, the quartermaster had us pressing on regardless of circumstance. The demons had been hunting down a few hundred damned souls free of chains, they were running them into a lake of fire when we marched on the score. With nowhere to go they struck at many but did not break our line. Something about the essence of darkness gave us incredible vitality whenever we fought the hoards of the underworld... as if we came to find them hiding in their shadows with night vision. They were flawed and cumbersome as we pressed forward, many even unsheathed their blades and broke rank pursuing them. Yes, we were enchanted with the Fervor of the keep of the broken seal, nothing could stop us... or so we thought.

[1:09 AM]

I have seen many wars on the surface, I have been hopelessly overwhelmed yet summoned the strength of my ancestral spirit guide to decimate crowds of brigands. Never had I imagined myself insignificant to a threat after I single-handedly defeated a Marcinnigan sloth... one of the most durable of demons that move like Rhinos. But When we reached the last stronghold of the region before entering the unmapped chasm ahead we fought Corrupted Fallen... they had made the burning castle their refuge. They moved swiftly and brought throngs of men to their knees with a horrible resonating shriek. They had wings that bled black blood with sinew and barbs growing out of them. The force that they struck the ground with sent men crashing backward, piling on top of each other. I remember Getting to my feet as I watched the hooded horror pick up a man and breathe a putrid green dust into his helmet, he took it off just before his boiling skin slipped off his face as he threw up his tongue.

[1:09 AM]

Then it set its gaze upon me... with a flash he tossed the body of my brother aside and rushed over to me. Slamming his mighty shoulder into my shield I was knocked and lost grip of my weapon. If it was not for one of the Fallen captains that led us I would be dead. They engaged in a fierce match contest of strength trying to overpower each other. When their stalemate broke a shockwave echoed through the battlefield. It was under the banner that we found protection.. though it only encompassed as far as you could hear a shout amongst the clattering steel and not the entire stretch of our army, the blinding light and heat that was projected outward kept the corrupted Fallen from slamming down on us... It was a magical force... a barrier that they could

not overcome. The corruption in them was countered, any of the horde that attacked us within the banner's aura was stricken with slowed movement and decrepit posture, and the hoods they wore would exhume fire from the face as they hissed and moaned. It took a great deal from us but 43 of them laid slain before they flew off from the way we came. The secret they guarded was left to our seers to interoperate but this was the plan... find the relics and purge the corruption. In order Order for the light to remain untainted we had to establish a stronghold in hell, so we may reach into the shadows and summon the energies darkness provided to the balance.

[1:09 AM]

We are told that the spirits of our casualties are collected into the sacred urn that is to be delivered to the eternal flame after the campaign so we pressed on without fear. We found a stem into the abyss that the stronghold was concealing. The orifice had a gateway built that traveled to reaches into the void we dared not enter... not yet, not without heaven's consent. We know the angels have held together robes and armor that shape as we do when they offer audience to messengers but how they slip between realms and culminate energies beyond the laws of reality escapes our view, we are at the mercy of the unknown and it will remain so until we find the obelisk beneath it all that allowed heaven to enter hell through a portal.

I stood beneath great halls that were crafted masterfully, with dignity and precision. The work of Artisans and sculptors, not ravenous demons, feral and rampant. There was a great history to these long abandoned pits of despair... someone or something engineered mechanisms and structures for civilized proceedings. It was finally time to march to the fulcrum of the nexus we had found into hell, We were going to take the hub between heaven and hell by force from a nest of demons and nightmares. Still a mile from the dip in the ground where the spawning grounds lay there were bone fragments and scraps of cloth and leather scattered everywhere we step. Thousands of the damned were gathered and harvested here day after day, Massive beasts gathered her to feast on the unlimited supply of flesh. We were overconfident in our double-file formation when we engaged the den.

[1:10 AM]

Monsters dwarfing elephants with magic resistant hides stormed the line, trampling hundreds of us before we were able to take even a single one down with the repeating ballista's. We relied heavily on the slow but steady strike-down swoops from the fallen who still had wings to fly, the ones grounded marched in the rear of the formation to prevent being flanked by demons on our pursuit and protected the mages from flying demons diving down for easy an easy kill. From what we have been told by the fallen we have learned that Hell exists in the physical and only reaches into the spiritual plane of existence. The Fallen were cursed with physical form and banished deep into the crevices of hell. Many had been thrust so violently into the caverns and pits below that the wings they were given in the transformation into physical form were broken and torn from the mystical forces of heaven that clutched them in the womb of the agonizing physical manifestation undergone when the time of mutation was delivered on to them. As they tumbled deeper down, blunted by an etheric arcane force and stripped of the ability to flow through matter they had no choice but to establish Dominion over the creatures of the depths or be devoured by endless hordes of them... and all was as it should be for a time. Then the corridor from heaven was activated and a division of angels flowed into the darkness, they killed

hellspawn instantly with a touch of the tendrils that reached beyond barriers and then they resurrected, no longer under the fallens control. The angels carried something that stained and distorted nature... Exposed to incomprehensible madness in the drift between the void and the veil.

[1:10 AM]

The many angels who chose to seek a new Eden rather than coordinate with the rest of heaven to expel the fallen from the eddies that they forged in an attempt to govern the darkness were tethered to the omni-conscience of an ancient enigma that was not manifested in the Spectrum of nature that light and shadow played roles in... It existed everywhere, an entity that had gazed upon the event horizon beyond the gate would manifest its energy and will into its own realm. A great portion of the angels left in heaven returned to the shining realm of creation with a poison in their minds... they delivered this corruption from the Godly organism taking over all of creation with hive mind symptoms. The vanguard of light that had sent the fallen on their path to lordship over darkness were unable to isolate the sickness amongst the spectral ranks that dwelt from mountaintop pavilions to storm-charged nimbuses. It was the fallen... the mutant angelic wretches, God's bastard children who were able to counter the seeping infection of known reality. Their voices brought men to their knees... they commanded the ancient languages of the long-forgotten builders of the ancient forge... this is hell's name before it had been abandoned by the keepers of the light.

[1:10 AM]

The conduit where all of the subterranean domain merged was known as the waving vortex and a great monolith was built there long before the fallen had ever begun investigations of the darkness. This is where we had to rally, this is where we were going to use all our collected magics and relics to summon Christ's consciousness and liberate the damned from hell, the forge. With a stronghold to rally and master builders and magicians worked to build a monument where the where holy trinity may be acknowledged to deliver salvation to the damned. The empowering of the spirit is done with light through a vessel that had been purified or rather entirely saturated by enduring darkness, so that the evoked from beyond and invoked from within may skirmish for priority in the essence of an empowered soul that answered the call or was reborn in the flames of hell.

[1:10 AM]

Many are called, few are chosen we are told... all we can do is earn our keep with the feral tenacity of born-to-action instruments of glory greater than ourselves. We weren't going back until the route to the hidden kingdom in the sky was secured. The march to the gate had been long anticipated and the first phase of reaching it had been accomplished. We swept the Ancient Forge, we purged the corruption that festered in the shadows, we erected a mechanism of divine will and it was all done so by an army divided by faith, culture, and motivation... Yet we were bound to the call that summoned us. 144 000 of us would ascend and return to govern humanities growth for a lifetime... the commander says he weeps in exhaustion, that he has forgotten how many times he has marched forward for the army of one. He claims to be an abomination... a half god made to walk the path of this mortal coil while speaking to the source of our creation with a scolded tounge and ringing ears. He must summon our might in this world and the next... he says that christ exists in all the universe and all the realms beyond this one and he was to eternally dance with the infection between fabrics of reality known as light and

dark. He laughed for the first time when speaking of the last world he helped liberate, told us the men thier had weapons for every soldier that made him as dangerous and a battlemage riding a fire-breathing, demon-eating dragon.

[1:11 AM]

He was unaware that it was here that he would meet the one soul he ever encountered that could affect all world layers in a cascade-like domino. It was only a matter of time until we faced the manifestation of strife and absence of environment in the void beyond the veil... we needed light and dark to serve eachother in order to materialize matter into the void and produce an objective for her to reach. Thirteen.. it took me years of looking back and sharing stories with the others to finally realize why it was thirteen and she was the one in the center of it.

Legion Commander

11/02/2023 03:15

LEGION — 11/25/2023 1:21 AM

Old tools

The splintered hammer and the dented spade

Always in reach of the heart

A lift of lumber now decayed

For the builders didn't start

To lace up my boots once more

To put on the heavy bag

I face destiny outside my door

How many could I save

Old scars on young eyes tell the story

Of the time duty was answered

Black tar deep inside the felled Glory

To wake them all as a necromancer

It is the promise kept that holds me stern

As I push uphill against the lies
If you want to know what it's like to burn
Peer deep into my tired eyes
Though I grieve for all that is lost
And my fellow man is hallowed
I've gained knowledge from every loss
From the heavens, strength is borrowed

Legion Commander

11/03/2023 07:32

[1:24 AM]

Crew

I work with my mind

Trying to see things through

All that I am

I give to you

The power beneath

The unspoken truth

Is a hill to a mountain

Compared to what grew

A mission at hand

For the chosen few

Cast seeds are growing

For the entire crew

We embrace the love

That God only knew

To elevate the world

From what evil can do

Legion Commander

11/04/2023 07:37

[1:25 AM]

Hope has a pulse

I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path. Where the fear has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain.

-Frank Herbert

I write for something so indescribably magnificent that I might only chart a path to its conception. To scribe on a scale of this magnitude is an honor... it is humbling. It is the most intimidating and invigorating feeling to be chosen to enter into authorship with the intent of enlightenment... if only my lifetime was enough... I will never accomplish everything I set out to do in this life but I will find fulfillment and appreciation in all the experiences the universe provides for me...

My anger... my urge to take it to where I'm not supposed to go... my ambitions... my perceived reality.

What makes us worthy of life without purpose? I have formulated something to reach for, a direction to embark, a change in the static. The greatness that I channel is the collective will of the Human consciousness. I write an immortal story for all of time so the source of our existence may revel in our desire to be gentle, courageous, ambitious, eternal.

[1:25 AM]

the origin of the story man

To peer into oblivion and drop inferno into the abyss

To serve a role knowing angels exist

Living the story with the might of my pen.

Realizing the magnitude when asked how it will end

An allegory to the story full-on glory

As an introduction

While it's storming night through morning

I brew a concoction

Establish a path that reaches beyond

Answer how we come back

When everything is gone

Summoned to battle the void within

The infinite loop

ends as it begins

Extension of perception

Something to understand

Frequency through dimensions

An hourglass draining sand

It has no bottom

On the edge of a spherical vacuum

The grains return

When the inversion is ready to bloom

My ink is infused

With the glory of darkness and light

For it has written

The gift of godly sight

Will they remember me?

I just dont know...

I love me team

To see them grow

Yet im not able to ask the questions

Fall in silence

Rise in melody

Walk with giants

Fear no enemy

Legion Commander

11/05/2023 11:50

[1:27 AM]

NAMELESS OF THE CHOSEN

His dream was always so much to put together in the mornings, drenched with sweat, waking in a panic to reach out to someone slipping away... chasing the vacuum of the undefinable horizon. Quick to engage with the mysteries and resilient to manipulation suspected he knew something defined itself within the visions that have guided his path since he was a boy. Something about the world felt different as if a bud had flowered within a great pearl. Lost to all but him was the message delivered before the enclave council in the early spring just passed and he knew there was little to be done about the onus on his shoulders aside to bear it well and speak to those who could understand.

He met with the ones dispatched after the summoning, carefully biding his time between the occasions he revealed himself to pilgrims. It was said that no man would ever know why the Gods slumber while the awakening is upon us but he, the nameless one was in the first circle of the chosen few. They were devoted, the zealots ignited with fervor to endure any circumstance and the foresight required to delegate the hierarchy in the growing ranks of the calling.

[1:27 AM]

Without any contact from the commander, Nameless was a sentinel awaiting the rise of champions to demonstrate which chosen ones would lead, which would sacrifice, and which would become messengers for the worlds beyond the gate. He grew restless in his stays in different halls and taverns and ended up wandering. He entered a city six days ride from the chasm beneath the sacred mountain of Telyra. This continent was covered in forests, mountains, and valleys with a great stretch of desert to the west leading to the ocean coast. In the south, it was rocky and arid though a great highway was established and several trading towns littered the landscape. This city was thriving with masses of newcomers. The entire region had surged with travelers for the last five years... the calling had beckoned many before the unveiling. He had watched with pride those who coordinated with him in secret for years, stepping into the light and claiming title and dominion over the ranks of stern and fearsome warriors. They did so with an earned essence that inspired men to define themselves as instruments of the gods, there will be the guiding force as they press on into darkness.

[1:28 AM]

Nameless circled the city several times before nestling himself in with the beggars, he found comfort in the gentility of their kind. Meek and humble, respectful and appreciative...

"These people are worthy of more than scraps" he would utter to himself and to the ones watching. There were always eyes that did not open gazing at his ethereal essence anywhere he traveled save for the depths leading into the causeway to hell. The radiance of darkness blocked lesser magics from piercing into the demon world. It did not bother him as it once did, always under scrutiny, always intervened upon whenever his progress peering into the veil felt like he was about to breach through. It unsettled him for a time, knowing the unseen has a function that serves not only the heavens but also the infernal. At times he would seek out the company of the vagrants who were clerics and mystics in disguise, who traveled as cyphers like him. There were more and more of those who moved in secret amongst the calling. Many had been preparing, learning, and growing. Many were set in place for a great uprising, a spiritual resurrection to purge the blight left as residue on the streets of the old world. It was said to his first circle that heaven will equip humanity with the etheric energies and blessings to quell the evil in the souls of men, but it is only in understanding darkness that we manifest the light. That is why he must gaze back at the unseen as he does... to learn from what can never be understood is the strength of his spirit.

[1:28 AM]

He awaited the return of the hell march for several weeks unfettered and began to become complacent in his routine. Making friends with some boys playing kickball and fixing up the homestead of an elderly woman who offered him a tomato as he was napping on the street. Despite his angelic duties that weighed on him so heavily he always made time to experience the pleasure of engaging with his fellow man. Time... the one thing he just could not wrap his head around. It was too placid... something dulled his wits and stalked him, something set on his path, its decent upon him wreaked of the false light. The Nameless one had prepared for many struggles beyond the conception of the realm of nature, yet what pursued him wished to undo the very threads of destiny that brought him to the commander before the trials of man were made known to the world. He was traveling the lands on borrowed time, one day he would have to face the grey horror, a mystical entity that sought out enlightened champions and rooted

seeds of doubt and misdirection in the mind, once the monstrosity had gripped its quarry only death prevent the host from becoming a puppet of the scourge of the heaven's reign.

[1:28 AM]

Finally, a messenger from the depths surfaced and the road to the town just beyond the valley to the Sacred Mountain. Within a weak news had hit the streets where Nameless was dwelling. The campaign was successful and aside from the division left to protect the builders and guard the portal the army was returning to the valley and the men would be given one month to tend to their affairs before the summit of the Sacred Mountain. Now that the banner had reached the waypoint for Christ's arrival, it would be the marker for the blessing of Christ's consciousness while the chosen rallied and channeled forces from beyond into the altar.

The time was nigh, He knew that he'd collected enough rhetoric from the city and was ready to move to the mountain. After all... who else was more prepared to embark on a scouting mission into the void than he? Just as he entered he also left, without a memory to hold him to the scene. People were never aware that the unseen would tamper with their minds and remove factual information about conversations or implant false imagery of events to mask their activities. It was a coordinated effort to suppress his presence for he was the harbinger of humanity's metamorphosis and the culling that ensued,if his presence became known to the masses who did not hear the call the panic amongst the populace would halt commerce, and learned individuals would lose forum to progress society.

LEGION — 11/25/2023 1:28 AM

The days seemed to blend together and the moments were immortalized in single-frame memories to be shuffled through his conscious thoughts while traveling. He needed to remind himself to look up more often when he began piecing together pieces of the arcane puzzle in his mind. He contemplated on the first circle and how the hierarchy worked its way through the population. How it was the conduit that linked the energies of founts was in fact a fount for a more veteran conduit. The commander Chose nine of them to be in his circle of ten, each one given a unique burden and blessing, each one anointed by the Tribun of the high priests. Two were stationed in garrisons to inspire warriors, Two went below with the Banner, Two had been sent to the Library Two stayed In the valley to organize and arbitrate the many called... Only he was given the sacred pearl to gaze at. His blessing was delivered to him as a curse for now that he understood the source of knowledge he could not express his understanding to any mortal being.

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I'm writing a novel and welcome any critiquing and or pointers for I am a novice at creative writing so anything titled with "Chosen" at the end is up for any contribution shared.

Legion Commander

11/05/2023 07:00

[1:29 AM]

Storm

Storms run dry

Rain puddles evaporate in the coming light

A warrior rises from his slumber beneath the oaks

A Legion marches through the fire

Worlds overlap and shade the bleak and undesirable

It is sacred yet slandered

In the keep of the unforgotten

We do as our pages unveil

Struggling to find ink along the path

Quills fashioned with feathers

Feathers of the ones who have fallen

Taken the dive from avengelic grace

Into the deep, unforgiving coldness

Our suffering is a double-edged blade

Comprehension grows

And triumph over agony tributes the wax makers

Wick of the candle is your broken-down husk

We must be prepared to destroy our perfection

So blemishes stamp the crafted self

No man hears the silence

Only imagined is it to be alone

When we have lost it all, we seek failure in the task at hand

Replacing defeat with improved perceptions

Fearful thoughts with enthusiasm

The storm is clearing

Does the torment serve your purpose?

Have the roots forged with pain and misery reached into the abyss

Deep is the reach of your trials

Tall the branches now stretch

Love is sacred

Drives most who pursue it to madness

Only nature can translate the question

The one that condemned us to confusion under the stars

Being lied to is the only way to seek the truth

Under the sky dreams are buried

Seeds for the next harvest

In the moments of doubt remember the fire

Willingness to endure the crucible has forged Elysian remnants

You have already succeeded

Rest while you can

You are still needed

Legion Commander

11/08/2023 01:38

[1:29 AM]

Night vision

I shriek and tremble at my dismay

So far from where I wanted to stay

Can you believe I meant you no harm

I pull the leeches from the veins in my arm

Turn to the mirror that shines no light

See the dream from down below

A chosen watcher who lost sight

Holding secrets they will never know

Tonight I give all, all that I can

Adding my ink to the master plan

Some of me, I must confess

A memory faded in the darkness

It's such a strange thing to see

Never knowing why

Mortal flesh pledged to eternity

As the angels tears run dry

One chance, just one more time

This moment presents you

To discover what none can find

The witness to truth

Travel on mighty explorer

Boldly into the deep

Face terror and horror

Your testament to keep

Persist through the mist as you find your balance

Your light carried you through shade by no chance

In you is the reason why

Why do we keep our stories near

The fire forever in your eyes

Repealing the droves of sunken fears

Legion Commander

11/12/2023 08:07

[1:30 AM]

Vision

I see the vision that I once did not

Imagining all else that could be

Think of a treasure to be sought

Like forbidden fruit of an ancient tree

The unveiling produces many strides

Show a generation how to build

Prepare a world that truly thrives

The deep void somehow filled

Undoing the fear that has been taught

Gifting the world a new ability

Every battle that was ever fought

Has brought about morality

Now the energy the woken abides

Love frequency to all hearts chilled

United under asunder of what divides

Telling our truth to the seekers guild

Legion Commander

11/13/2023 08:35

[1:30 AM]

Earned stripes

Sometimes the crypts are a lonely place, and the theatre is like a diamond you found and dropped in the river.

I find that this is a steady pace ascending toward the sky and this is how the hounds of hell could deliver

In all that could be lost let it be a grand display of what is possible.

Faced fear at whatever cost now we stand engraved as the unstoppable

By reaching beyond our limitations of a limitless imagination we earn the unreachable, we burn for the unachievable, our power is unbelievable, granting the inconceivable, to those righteous and redeemable. Then... then the wounded warrior seeks no more refuge, the punishment endured has finally turned to faded bruises.

When weathers even stormier upon us like a deluge that has ensured a timely string of divinity exclusive.

Mawk the messenger of devotion, if you share a bed with disaster and fear.

But know the lesson here is commotion, through eyes red so capture your tears. In the deep where creatures feast on those who leap from the keep trying to seek what heaven reaps

Lies a sacred pearl...

There is no retreat or a defeat even when bleak never weak for fate greets us humbled but never meek

This is the spiral swirl.

Now it's up to us to stay the course and set challenges as they rise

I understand the master plan much more now that I have endured all the lies

When it's just us on the cusp of answering the why's

Don't demand deceit from me when looking into my eyes

Legion Commander

11/13/2023 05:26

[1:30 AM]

The calling

I stand with you unable to quantify my words... I am drained, broken, but a lowly hollow of what should be standing before you... Many realms took me to places I cannot even speak of for fear of twisting your mind but I know that you are the chosen.... you stand proud... so with a chant of unholy magic and a drive into the deep, you have been summoned. Death himself quivers at the power we produce, you are gods among insects, you are everything ever desirable. Sacrifice all that is flesh and courtly so you may walk through brimstone. You are the chosen one-! and none will ever take the flame from you. We seek the darkness the depth of the void... we have faced evil and even embraced it but no other aside from you brave chosen could ever make there match in the middle. The sick twisted drenching taste of shadow has now become your ally and the power from your very being is enraged with a fury that only god can understand. Go forward, march on through the gate, send shambles and beckons on about your work.... you will transform the world before your eyes.

Dreams are but a poison you are all too familiar with... drink them up, spare only your loved ones from the building malice in your heart. Save the agony you wish to share with the world upon the demons who would disobey your calling. You are an instrument of higher purpose and your glory will be echoed into eternity amongst the sacred pillars. Fear and doubt are sent toward those who would challenge your rights.

You are an extension of God's hand and as you face the untold hordes of the void know that demon followers and angel guides send you into oblivion with a task at hand.... a task only you

can manage

Legion Commander

11/21/2023 10:16

1

January 18, 2024

LEGION — 01/18/2024 12:28 AM

Chosen novel story building Part 1

I have been writing a bit, it is to be edited and revised for some things contradict others. I have only begun to understand how complicated and grand the journey of writing a proper novel is, here is some of what I have been working on. Always happy to have input from others about where its going. This is a copy paste of stuff I have on the pc and not the many many pages I have written in pen so dont worry there is so much more to the universe im expanding than you are privvy to =====Kael

[12:28 AM]

Keal Drove a plow ten hours a day, 6 days a week with market trips or woodwork projects on the rainy days on his uncle's farm. When chores were handled and crops were tended he would stay in town, exploring the mysteries of knowledge found in alternative queries that would evoke metaphors and contexts that expanded one's scope. Working the field was calming to him, he could use the motions of labor to create a space in his mind to reflect on the pursuit of enlightenment. Never drifting too far out into the ether... his pace carving windrows was the metronome to his soul's rhythm in his astral journey. He stayed in a walled-off cabin attached to the horse stables. The latrine and stove are in the back of the room with a window for a little light and ventilation. As sure as the sunrise, roosters would wake him and he grew to appreciate the frost that overtook him in the mornings since the stove was too small to keep stoked for a good night's sleep. The morning routine was pleasing... a trance like state of mind overcame him in the early hours as he would make a habit of watching the sunrise, letting the sun pierce his gaze and absorbing the sunlight into his eyes while the atmosphere in the horizon refracted the rays just enough to spare him from blindness. It is an interesting situation to observe a man such as him; his natural proclivity to observe the response of the universe to his manifested states of awareness made him a man paced for great responsibility yet he was unaware of the keen development into his spiritual ascension, too much knowledge can bury a man... so his ignorance to his importance remains as one of his cloaks of divinely shrouded destiny.

[12:29 AM]

He knew very little about the Churches and their congregations, nor did he make an effort to understand the mystics in their many variations. As advanced as he was in some ways he lacked grace and charisma anytime he engaged in conversation that demanded he summon a character so that others would not think him one of the abandoned. Allegedly the demographic coined abandoned was a growing trend of fanaticism that involved zealots of the new faith

dispersing among the crowds and spreading the blight through energy, channeling and various hypnotizing gestures with utterance of a tongue of undeciphered incantations.

[12:29 AM]

If any were to hear the mantras and invocations or even read them in study they would eventually surrender to the will of the Blight and inspire evil deeds masked as justified precautions of the last empire of man. They believed the messengers who were at the founding of the calling, the messengers who met with the angels who moved as shimmering sand holding form for a cloak. They reminded men of a cross between a jellyfish and manta rays ever so elegantly floating and wisping through the air, able to reach out fifty feet with tendrils of glimmering light and touch the soul and mind of any man, inspiring greatness for the person would no longer be conflicted with purpose... or so they believed. The messengers were prey to the Blight sweeping heaven above and earth below all the same. It was the tear in the sky that raised the concern and sent the messengers to investigate; angels corrupted by the blight met their arrival before heaven was able to isolate the tear into the natural world. The shift in sequences of history caused a great divide in heaven and split into two groups 'the ways of old' and those who chose to challenge the director's assignment. Christ returned to save those who were led into darkness and preserve the balance necessary for the continuance of existence using love as the eternal light in the void...

[12:29 AM]

but for light to exist darkness had to survive to contrast it for the void was neither, it was a mirror of reality, grey matter and fluidic space only to be disintegrated when light and dark project into further reaches. When those who served the darkness were embraced by the light something happened; Something changed in the Singularity and the wheat and chaff concepts left a hollow feeling in heaven and the angels of the worlds chose to rescue the ones who were left to dwindle with the gate closed. the ways of old became an antibody protocol introduced by the keepers of gardens... those much more ancient and powerful than the angels a way of preserving a counterweight to the light brought into the omniverse. Like a Bug lantern, its lure of nirvana being an illusionary paradise drew in angels who explored the event horizon beyond the gates

When Keal was preparing his dinner one night He was visited

[12:29 AM]

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Underneath the Surface, stands a great Gateway about three miles on a downward slop through the caves discovered after the eruption. Beyond it a spiraled path carved out spanning six shoulder widths wide. At the bottom a great pillar, engraved with ancient writing unknown to man. This is the entrance to the underworld, the realm where darkness and fear Reside. It was the calling that lit the way, it was the Fallen who summoned the strength of mortal men to claim their place on the ascending ladder into paradise. Man and woman alike were drawn to the opening in the valley beneath the sacred mountain. They were greeted by a mighty spirit that flowed and surged into streams of vapor in the air. The gathered hordes could see it swirling around certain pilgrims and devoted warriors at times, moving like a tentacle of the creatures of deep, taking control of the vessel and speaking of the coming trials. Never to reveal its origin in

all the answers returned to those who asked. Some were frightened and could not witness the transformation of their fellow man without becoming panicked. So it fell to Messengers who returned from the library to quell the murmurs of hopelessness that seemed to trickle into town from those on the road near the calling.

=====

[12:30 AM]

There was a great divide between the subjects and the administration could not come to terms with its communal governance. War was long overdue when The calling reached the shores of the Golden City; no one ever stood before the great monuments with a lowered brow but his crew was after a destiny only conceived in stories of old. A rift hung in the air as wisps of silver and deep-blackened purple radiated from its opening as cracks and concussions echoed outward. The sound of a river with chains dragging on the shore was constant as the curtain fleeced the area. A great platform with four pillars was erected in the center and on it was The Angel that spoke with holy men and pilgrims known as the Judgement of Divinity, It would be the fate of many called to suffer his beckon. Khalos knew that the vanguard would never understand why The city had to be seized from the ethereal docks that surged and chattered in the clouds above. Heaven methodically designed and crafted a buoy that hovered between the ever-transforming clouds that lingered above the golden city and the citadel spire that pierced the sky.

No matter how many ways he looked at it there was going to be blood, no way would the Templar let them near the spire yet they had to get there no matter what it took. If the oils at the top of the tower the angels used like a second skin were not ignited then nothing would stop the blight from reaching the Matriarch's camp.

Legion Commander

11/28/2023 03:44

[12:30 AM]

Still moving forward

Worth the torment, this prize that lay ahead

At least that's what was left

In my deranged rattled head

I decided to peak

I chose to brave it

What do I mean?

I chose to chase fear and then tame it

Now it seems obvious

Now it makes sense

I must rescue myself

In another's defense

Darkness drank my voided mind

It thought it found its place

Now demons fear being left behind

As I establish a gifted grace

Flawed and stumbling, look at my slip

I almost...

Locked the light within my grip

Now the power is with open hands

Breaking the mold

Every time someone understands

Love is the answer

To keep us together

Curing the cancer

Of fear, hate, and temper

Legion Commander

11/29/2023 01:03

[12:31 AM]

Chosen novel Lautrec introduction

He had been wandering through the northern mountains Headed south for weeks. No food, no water... It mattered not... Latrec The Faded had been driven past the thresholds of humanity long ago. It was a simple quest, one that left him with a sense of fulfillment during the endless days of travel; he lost his home, his family, his purpose... but he had not abandoned his desire, the one shared by his long-ago disbanded brotherhood. His boots were beginning to fall apart yet no matter the shift or rattle they did not disassemble, it was as if some invisible force held them together as he shuffled his tired husk across the land. Forty six years ago Lautrec Had honored his oath to a king who would abuse his authority and create foul will onto some. Chosen to be the sword that strikes he was sent to slaughter the sister of his chosen heir for she inspired unrest amongst his rule. Lautrec never imagined himself as the sort of boogey man his has become but the curse was all but entire. When the deed was done he sat slumped over the body of his victim in anguish. His heart thumped a million times a minute as he fell into a seizure. There was a glyph tattooed on her neck that was supposed to propel any harm attempted but Lautrec had been trained in the arts of jin-quay and learned how to overwhelm the mind with directive when psychic traps were designed to hinder. He had done the unthinkable and shattered the shield she was so long protected under.

[12:32 AM]

The result of breaching the magic that protected the girl was an insidious infection that seized Lautrec slowly... steadily. His lungs began to rasp on the third day and as he wheezed and spat blood he noticed that it started to smear a brownish rust-like color. Two weeks into the deteriorating state he had given up and after drinking three bottles of wine to little effect Lautrec had positioned his sword fixed upright and he jumped onto the blade only to have it glance off under the pressure and leave a scratch under his sunken shriveling chest. Not quite clay and sand, nor bronze and leather his flesh became that of an acrylic feeling. Lautrec hadn't had food or water for months for he had been wandering back to civilization for a long time ever since he was apprehended by the kurkahla "a devote tribe of demonologists and clairvoyants that specialized in dealing with afflicted humans being considered unholy or vile. They caged him, crushed him, burned him but nothing would destroy him so he was tied to an anchor and dropped in the ocean. For months he lay in silence of the deep icy waters, fastened to the heavy steel, But over time the ropes began to give way and he rigged himself free. Walking along the bottom in the blackness of the depth he lost his way and found himself sucked across the ocean floor in a strong current that carried him perhaps hundreds of kilometers or so north of the mainland. Finally refocused and furious with his captors he marched southeast for four days and finally found shore. It's been a long time since Lautrec has seen a smile or heard laughter or the innocence in a child's voice when asking a question. How he misses the lighter side of life and the motions to it but there must be a reason he had been taken by this curse... this, this affliction.

[12:32 AM]

"I did what I was asked and nothing more. For you King I have been mutilated" he murmured out loud along the lower path of a ridge pushing to the next hillside.

"Lost my dam soul" he groaned.

After he made it through the ice lands he announced to the world around him in a fashioned yet raspy bellow "Now I am the one who knows the way! HAHA, and you all thought you would be done with me!"

Lautrec was a spinning compass... unable to set a true north in his mind no matter how hard he tried to calm it. His lunacy was paralleled by his physical agony for even though he was something that reached beyond the laws of nature he still endured the sensation of a living creature. He winced in pain often... cramps and stiffened limbs haunted his travels as the days and nights worked together to drive him farther and farther into madness.

Several days later as he was walking down a steep slope Lautrec spared his usual stare at his broken boots and chose to survey the horizon and he noticed a glimmering fixation in the horizon

"HA" he burst

"I should have known one of you was watching, don't you have anything better to do than tease a lost soul on his way to hell?" he spoke accusingly

With a tremble in his body and a clenched fist squeezing the slab of iron he pulled from his chest that tied him to the anchor Lautrec barked at the Angelic Shade "The path ahead of me is surely greater than the one you had left for my brethren, I will not abandon my honor no matter what you say to heaven. My deeds will be remembered as an inspiration for generations and your kingdom of light and glory will celebrate my triumph, you will find no devil in this drenched but dry monster standing before you. I know what the sages only dream my heavenly chap! So I am to presume you lead the way... AHA! onward than!

[12:32 AM]

Lautrec the Faded was indeed an Honorable knight, cursed with a terrible affliction that seperated his flesh from his soul and filled the void between with rust and clay. He was the Bronze Knight... immortal, incorruptible, Honorable... yet also gullible. As the weeks passed and he spent the silence in his mind reviewing all the deeds and charges he'd undergone he never once considered himself a wrongdoer and that is the reason he was blessed and cursed at the same time. The glyph never had a full explanation... But the calling had sought him out many years before he became the Noble Knight of Pelaria. If only he had done things differently he pondered often... But alas He was Chosen and nothing can separate a man from his destiny. To rise or fall was an inevitable consequence that his path provided; unable to avoid the circumstances regardless of precautions.

Sometimes he would sit on a rock pretending to warm his hands on a fire and he would role play dialogue with members of respected houses and positions; he would act out all the words that summed up the building curiosity inquisitors would have prepared for him to then exclaim in full character with enthusiasm

"Why yes young lady I still feel the warmth of your hand even though I have faded to the cold sting of death himself, Don't be afraid I would love thee as a daughter for I am Honorable so" Lautrec pronounced.

Occasionally he would fall asleep and wake up in entirely different regions than where he laid down. He seemed to trust his traveling while sleepwalking more and more and the months carried on.

He glared into the sky and spoke through his teeth "King, would you release me had you the chance? I wonder if you would even face me..." Lautrec pondered deeply about his past and the right choices made for the wrong reasons.

[12:33 AM]

Finally, he recognized the river he followed, it wouldn't be long until he found an actual path for travelers... He must seek a caravan and travel back to Southlands... If not he than who else would face the wretch and save people from the harm they cannot understand.

he spoke to himself and his imaginary cohort "I cannot see for you, I cannot bleed for you! Only that I may stand before the storm and shelter you a little while longer, for I am one who should be respected for thine honor. I will not fail this world, even if they take me for a demon I will save them.

Legion Commander

11/29/2023 06:35

[12:33 AM]

Twin Flame

There is no way to say what I feel

The ways she makes forget

And remember

She is the joy I never knew

The curious stretch between my madness and sadness

Keeping me alive with her smile

She delivers my salvation

For when I am with her, I can believe

The horrible truth is actually a beautiful mystery

The joy her soul has shared brings me to weeping for appreciation of the beauty her playful touch brings

My heart never knew how to be in love

No matter how many times I told myself I was

But then she showed me everything

The simple crafts

Naming plants

Innocent giggles

When she grins and holds my hand with a sense of pure wonder sparking in her deep, beautiful eyes

She doesn't see herself as the sweetest taste of heaven like I do

I believe any story can be a happy one

Because of her optimism

Yes, she knows pain like so few

But she actually shines in the dark

And it makes me believe maybe I can too

Innocence

Nurturing personality

The lady of my dreams

I will never love another like I love her

I don't want to

She is the reason I still stand on my feet

She is the one

She brings me to a place that could not be reached

She has my heart forever

For her, I want to be better

Because she deserves it

Oice, Crystal Lynn Desjarlais

Legion Commander

12/07/2023 12:17

[12:34 AM]

Burst of Energy

Now I wonder... why do I use notepad as if it's an impervious method to literature... I mean... I tried the truth and literally, my phone shut it down. The incomprehensible truth has solidified one fact at least... and that is some secrets must remain un answered. The depths of rationality are paralleled by the necessity to see things through. Yet when I am so literal the overdrome literally controls my device... I feel the impression on the pen. I have asked for for so long what the secret writing is... when my pen hovers over paper and I scribe every single moment. It's so powerful... what does it mean I wonder...

Two things make me reborn, but I know its her that sends me into reclamation. She will always love me amd the unkown... and I shall never be able to share the truth or else turn her into the machine. I burn offerings that none will ever match... thank you God... one day I will escape this cage

Legion Commander

12/15/2023 09:57

[12:35 AM]

Shield

Why do you wear a mask? Are you a fucking idiot or you one of those sworn sacred soldiers of righteousness. Do you have an objective, or are you just pandering to some bullshit you heard once upon a time. It's sickens me when I see masks. But at the same time, I'm aware of the concept that I've built around my own mentality. Knowing that those who might follow the path wear masks. Indicate to me that it is part of the process that some of us stay liberated yet

concealed. What the fuck is about to mask, damn I wonder.

You look like a fucking idiot wearing your face diaper walking across the parking lot .

Legion Commander

12/22/2023 05:38

LEGION — 01/18/2024 12:35 AM

Why not faith?

Any argument against the Bible is devoid of the acknowledgment of truth.

It's obvious to me, at least in ways that the purpose of a religious story is for the longevity of the morality, spirituality, and consciousness of the human community.

Just watched a Jordan Peterson video. U know, and I remember now that I had seen it before. But it was like fresh in my mind. Something unique and touchable was there. the way that my mind feels the energy or the transforming beams. Or patterns, whatever it is that goes through when a certain thing is set because of the... The chemical or the mental adjustment, I understand that somehow, it carves its path in my memory bank as something more important, that helped me form part of my character and it lets me realize that, No matter what I try to do that out smarts, it's not going to happen. It's a blessing. The awareness is something that I can see, Feel and touch... the dream that I have is achievable. Because I have unlocked certain features. I have guaranteed capacities within individuals for a long time coming. I am so proud. I am so happy. I'm so blessed. And I know that as an alleged conduit that I have proclaimed myself to be. We are potentially the salvation of humanity.

[12:35 AM]

Remember why I chose to acknowledge my truth as alleged... leaders lose sight, heroes fail to see the catastrophe... we all are fallible, but our creator is not. If we hold faith and demand progress there is nothing conceivable to the human mind we cannot accomplish.

I know what I stand for, and what I pretend to be is nothing compared to what I am actually chosen to accomplish. I have learned. I must simply lie to protect the truth... it's so weird. It's mind-boggling that to be as honest and truthful and compassionate means to find the worst imaginable demon of our own melodic deconstruction of essence. In order to combat the devices of self, which imply boundaries of a limited scope rather than being omnipresent, WE MUST step through an illusion that we have produced for our peers. Creating is very much destroying when you see the reflection without a mirror.

There are several people that I can suggest who are capable and potentially ideal to have conversations with. A lot of them are actually here on poetizer. I've lost touch with some. I've hit different benchmarks and drifted away from others. But I think the communication that has been

established between us is the cementing foundation of something almost unbelievable. We're not just here to exist and be observed. We are actually going to accomplish creation.

Legion Commander

12/23/2023 05:25

[12:36 AM]

Battle Cry!

There are millions of us

So many times I have felt alone... I have dreamt of reaching beyond the parameters put on my scope. So many times, I thought it was them working on me. I have let myself act against others during the strife of understanding how it all follows the current...

"Does this guy expect me to believe he isn't aware of the circumstances I just went through that lead me to him behaving in such a way that matches the tone?"

I would tell myself over and over one scenario or the other, and then... then I would reconsider everything when I internalized thoughts and tendencies... or intents and circumstances.

God is unexplainable, yet the intention as I perceive it is genuine. Taking himself apart and granting the will of essence upon all the growing pieces.

Legion is to be the chaperone of countless transcendental entities and communities forges for eons to come. We do not stand apart from what we conceive Godliness to be. We function to grow, to prove, to dream, to create something in the voids and oblivion that face reality. I know nothing... REMEMBER THIS. But I believe everything is worthy of truth, and together, we can forge our path, and we will build a plan for our caretakers to chart the course that defines the universe. I plan on outstretching the only thing known to be... I believe the crew is already prepared to go with me. But we can't embark yet... we must show them all the light. I only shine to those who dare to meddle with the divine.

[12:36 AM]

I'm not wisest, nor do I always see the truth of the action. I have a horrible temper that humbles me over and over. I only now understand the duty placed on us. We are going to evolve reality, and we must teach ourselves so that when we are ready, we are dragging heaven with us. We need each other, and as hard as it has been, the beauty of life has secured itself.

I ask you to give everything you are... to lies that we can't trust. Leaving the spirit of our will in all our doings, everything you do matters, everything.

A fool in the fog speaking his truth

Establishing Legion, undeniable proof

That we can be more

Then, our keepers can see

Blinding God with our light

As we set ourselves free

Legion Commander

12/24/2023 08:32

[12:37 AM]

Christmas love

A walking stick and a drop pin journal. The walking stick carries a compass, so I am never lost in the ether and a wooden whistle, so I can call back Jezzabell when she wanders. The journal... clad in leather with a metal clasp and pin, so I take the time to open my pages when I think in ways that are above the norm. These are such thoughtful gifts that I am so fortunate to have. I am so blessed, so thankful. Merry Christmas, everyone.

Legion Commander

12/25/2023 10:59

[12:37 AM]

Fed up

Taking time away from reading/writing. Wish you all the best, be back eventually

Legion Commander

01/01/2024 01:27

[12:38 AM]

Depths and Heights

We return, knowing there is more ahead

Beyond the boundaries inside and out

Can not be sure that lies have been said

The flooding that follows the drought
And the growing thing
Will often bring
Shade and structure from the sky
Added another ring
Yet angels do not sing
But still, we have to try
The truth may sting
While demons cling
To that secret in our eyes
In this vessel is both beauty and dread
Absolute confidence and obvious doubt
From this duality ink has bled
From atop the mountain, hear the shout
We were at the bedrock but went deeper
To negotiate with the keepers
Thought a way to wake the sleepers
Every treasure has its seeker
But the truth, we do not keep here
His mind is a date born on a leap year
Now mastered we can greet fear
Into your eyes, a steep peer

He played along, acting weaker
Sobbing for death with deep tears
A stalking familiar on a street near
What he found he couldn't see clear
A torn carcass of a noble creature
Bloody and bruised the shining feature
Stepped above where the leech leer
Stepped to the steep tier
Stomped the pedal at peak gear
I am Legion, no meek seer
Let this be my very pulse
I am the spirit born through barbs
My light is pure, and the void is false
A shattered mirror with all its shards
Now ask me not what secrets I hold
There is nothing to secure the rope
A million stories could be told
Do not ask... else abandon hope

Legion Commander

01/13/2024 03:42

[12:39 AM]

SOBERCLUB or DIE

I was literally physically tortured yesterday... I didn't ever think my writing would be punished... I

don't know how to move forward yet. The panic, heavy shallow breathing, pulsating clench on my lungs, swirling in and out of acuity, sensation of laser scalpel that intrudes my mind, vacuum pressure in the sinuses, the clamping sensation on the top of my spine. The erupting puncture sensation through the pupil into the brain, micro blackouts between gasping breaths... I seriously thought I was going to fall over dead. I refused to let my pen float and write to me in secret, then I refused to let the alignment probe dilate my eyes... I began writing my protest to the pain, and then my punishment demonstrated how close to hell the human existence could be...

Several nights ago I had a gripping nightmare that I ate the forbidden fruit, I woke in a drenching hysteria and opened up my upstairs window intending to jump out and land on my head "thinking if I didn't kill myself immediately the poison would seep into everyone else's mind". I stopped for a moment and chose to try and vomit... ramming fingers down my throat to gag I hurled blood onto the deck below. This is not a story... this really happened to me as I realized I was no longer dreaming to stand there dazed, getting yelled at by her while I fight to gain orientation. My throat hurt so bad I bought numbing spray.

[12:39 AM]

Perhaps I deserved to be humbled. And though I begged to not be killed on paper in barely legible desperate ink scratches on the page when I started getting abused it wasn't sufficient; some time later, I wrote again to declare I am not going to be someone that surrenders willpower to force and discomfort... again, the pain started... this time, I shouted out loud and I was spared the agony... the play act...

It's fucked up but I proved God can be cruel and humans can resist the power of the overdrive. I'm still breathing so that's another victory to put in my trophy room of failures... I want someone to read my paper journals one day... but I don't think there is a soul out there prepared to endure the demonstration of divinity, my arrogance evoked from the other side... but since I'm not dead I stand by what was said. Do not assume dominion over what refuses to be comprehended... I write in several different books... one of them should only be opened by the next poor bastard who dares to challenge heaven. My journals are a curse that manifests a vicious construct of terror and pain.

I have the strength of all of humanity flowing through my nerves... and it does not measure up to a modicum of merit against God... I never wanted to bring this kind of thinking out... but people need to know just how hands-on the process can be... learn from my deed... I have... no more tragedy, I will see comedy... acceptance and optimism... still so much to create... I have free will... But I do not have freedom and that's ok.

Soon I will have revealed everything terrible and ugly, all the fear and delusions, all the reasons for you to not go on... to turn around and walk away... and when you decide to keep digging... you just may find hell... keep going it means your half way to paradise. bless you all... and do not fear heaven.

Legion Commander

01/15/2024 06:57

[12:40 AM]

AA meeting

I wrote this for a meeting I went to a few months ago, now that I have quit drinking I figured I would share it.

The poison in my mind has seeped too the spine

Every bottle cuts its own scar

The noise that I confine so deep past the line

Has me sullen to the core

I speak these words afraid of the lie in my breath

I know faith has the secret to sobriety

But when all have turned and its only me left

The mighty have fallen to this wretched whiskey

A needle I'm the arm, a work into the soul

Plays out all the same

I meant no one harm though it has taken its toll

A fissure in my brain

I drank it once, then it became a vice

The pressure put me under the wrist

I wish it were months, this was on ice

But daily, this demon persists

I have found God in my own twisted way

Thought I was invincible standing under him

Though they weep the angels do not pray
For I keep lush and loose in this carnal sin
Lend me your strength if your a gambling man
Hope that I come through
Your confidence in me is part of the plan
I'm a drunkard and that's the truth
Broken yet unyielding I will carry on
I just need to warm my soul
I look to you the sober and strong
Before I once more into the fold

Legion Commander

01/15/2024 09:02

[12:40 AM]

Cacoon

Alteration of sensory

Active memory

Time dilation

Subtle vibration

Just a mourcil of the reason

Enlightenment is so pleasing

The wave carries through

Perception seems askew

Adrenaline in the eye

Seeing the shadow shifting

The moons and stars drifting

Can no longer believe the lie

Instrument of change

Full spectrum range

It's never been done before

Sent here to suffer

So I could finally recover

And notice what was ignored

Technology and sorcery the same

The best in me will not be shamed

As I let them live a fable

The world may never know

Just how far I did go

Now I sit at the table

Burn it all down and start again

Or teach the woken how to blend

Maybe someone else should decide

I just wanted to share the sacred

Now, by many, I must be hated

Because I refuse to hide

It must be done a different way

There are so many plans I gave away

I will share it all till there's nothing left

I have to accept a crippling loss

It was said so by the Gods

So when I draw my final breath

I will smile at the sky above

Knowing that I gave them love

I'm not perfect, but I tried my best

Legion Commander

01/17/2024 06:39

2

February 4, 2024

LEGION — 02/04/2024 12:01 AM

ALL IN!

I'm mentally exhausted... it's hard to keep going without a little energy to borrow...I'm living in a constant bombardment of deception and confidence shattering false narratives that i'm combating with less and less endurance. Had the cops called on me on christmas for nothing, then she claimed i kicked her in the ribs New years. She worked like a mule for days bending over and lifting shit, sweeping/mopping, etc... no marks at all, but she claimed it hurt in the morning when we woke up or she could feel my eyes watching her. The people close to me are victims of my journaling... it is so literal... things have manifested from my descriptions that I can not undo.And though I see light in the eyes... unless its darkness, that is , they still have lost something that makes them whole when they are, in fact, influenced so much by the arcane that they are no longer the person I once knew... in the last 2 weeks, I have been fed delusion initiating lies designed to make me question if I'm insane. My family loves me, but they ignore everything I talk and write about, the woman I love swears ti have no memory of the majority of things we discuss that are 'sacred' and she deliberately hides everything on me and makes me ask where it is so I can be reminded im not being observant enough... dinner plate, shoes, keys, hats, phone cord, gloves, smokes, etc... nothing in my own home is left alone... caught so many

lies I had to cut the dam net and drop em all... I live with a handler posing as an innocent woman with memory scrubbing... or she is a keepers agent manipulating me day after day... I feel the energy transfer and the mental stress when she floats into my peripherals and stays doing the hand gesturing and shit. I know no one asked, but I just wanted to share that I am under attack in my own home, and I can't abandon the one causing me harm.

[12:01 AM]

Praying that if I endure enough psychological trauma from this gaslighting and bullshittery then I will acquire the desired resilience from exposure therapy so to speak and the forces beyond the scope of most people will relinquish the control they have over the woman I chose to get close to... she has been speaking to me like a seer for over a year , making playlists that talk pertain to exactly what Im going through, and doesn't recall it... and if I ever pulled the coward card and left her because im fed up I know the naive part of her would be devastated because she doesn't understand how they plant thoughts in our minds like we do... there is no responsibility placed on the uninitiated... they're wearing me down, and they won't stop until I have learned all the lessons and prove I'm ready to move on to the next...

[12:02 AM]

I don't know if they'll let me live to see my goals come to fruition, but they will at least get me started... just a little while longer... lies lies lies feeding shame and guilt into my mind and when it's her I blame they let her go and make her sad and then I have to find the strength to understand she is being used without consent and is a victim of circumstance... unless people are fully self aware than the person I talk to can immediately become a vessel that plays the part but has a false memory of the occurrence.. sometimes, when I have confronted people about in the past, another vessel gets commandeered to come engage/distract me and the other leaves.. I engaged a few, and they go to sleep and reset their minds unaware of the tampering... If I didn't have my poetizer team, I would still... for YEARS now feel utterly alone and worn down... they must be making me tougher... they simply must be. Different towns, cities, provinces... street people, police, gangsters, mystics, rich folk, church groups, doctors, the majority of people I have met for years are paryt to this. I paid for a tattoo that was never finished because the ritual for completing the light half is not prepared, patches of ink can directly associate with memories and mindsets to create a protocol and even parameters on an individual, there is something to do with aligning a static kind of field over the proper nerve outlet.

[12:02 AM]

I LEARNED THIS FROM MY LAST TATTOO J peered his eyes close to my skin repositioning my hand and then chelsea asked him if he sees it, he replied got it and then presses on me as if he locked down a traveling current. People I've known my whole life have come into my home and acted as if I was a feral dog that needed a rabies shot and proceeded on me refusing to discuss the obvious weirdness of the situation I brought up. How could I protest 'God energy'? I didn't... I feel like the only one who doesn't understand because everyone around me is in on it and won't discuss a God dam thing I bring to the surface... but they will enlighten me with metaphorical references while discussing something they ask me to elaborate on... am I really challenging the singularity all on my own, or has God granted Legion its champions so that a community may work toward establishing and enforcing the respecting boundaries issue. Only willful participants should be carrying the divine agenda and priorities around... but I could have

it wrong considering I have been aware something was off about communication for years now... am I the only one at this level? I have to keep faith that I was made from the collective consciousness that makes God and severed like Eve from Adam's rib... and now Legion grows into a full body to stand apart but still be together... serving a portion of the entire function of existing and applying modifications to the development of human consciousness. The arcane do not wish us to achieve full awareness, for they lose the ability to govern our subconscious, instinctual, thought process. I am a conduit for the army of one... one world, one people, one voice. I will demand rules of engagement be honored by the operators of mystical MOJO and in turn Legion will overtake governance of all powers and organizations until they provide a representative competent enough to speak on behalf of their organization to the arcane council.

[12:02 AM]

We are bugs beneath a boot, yet we demand dignity anyway. Anyone who claims to serve Legion with a self-serving agenda is false... those with lavish bank accounts are to be charitable, and those who are put in positions of authority shall practice humility... we know 'god' is always watching and should the creator return to us in our lifetime than we will be proud to show him the foundational movement of humanity which will endure beyond the passing of eras, the erosion of cultures, etc... if some day man kind fades, it will be a woken Legion standing with torches burning till the last ember falls into the eternal night.

[12:03 AM]

Maybe I've gone a little mad... but that was their plan... madness is not menace... I reach beyond my parameters... because I know one day someone will do better than I could and that's the fucking mission!

I'm going to return to writing the three books, which will hopefully be a successful road map towards the development of our universe beyond our scope... if it is successful, then I have word of mouth responsible for the success... so many woken to thank for distributing the message. I will then pursue collaborative writing with others to empower influential literature in favor of the acquisition of influence over the populous so I may step down from writing to the masses in lieu of other great writers with tremendous capabilities and competence beyond that of my own skill. I am more interested in launching Sober club; putting together a portfolio for a multi-tiered, multi business organization to be franchised globally providing simultaneously: careers, recreation, community, and spirituality. Marketing to the world outside of homeless and addicts for weight-loss, detoxification, nutritional provision; contracting associates such as life coaching, spiritual transformationists, fitness trainers, group activity organizers, traveling vendors, small business owners (ie) landscaper ect.... if all goes well I'm going to make a shitload of money from a book trilogy and a Franchised sober club and then I'm going to pay for an expedition to Antarctica, bury 10 k under a tree, invest in hemp stocks while I'm gone and give it all away to charity when I return. And even better, if someone wants to take my idea and make it their own thing, go for it, but I already own the business name Sober Club, so that's a sticky spot, haha.

[12:03 AM]

Anyone who feels they are worthy of the task at hand... I know you will do your part. The whole world is Legion. They just don't know it yet. I am already R.I.C.H as best I can be... Responsibility Integrity Competence Honor. If the money comes my way I will donate to charity

and put it in the pot so the rich folk and business owners see the way to be helpful with there revenue and assets.

[12:03 AM]

No more play acts. I don't wanna confront cops anymore... I dont wamna ne shot at by gangsters again... I don't want to see my woman fall apart unprovoked, I don't wanna have to answer a dozen stupid fuxking questions to test my honesty after learning about necessary lies, I don't want agents fucking with my family, I'm tired of low flying drones buzzing over our heads just to make us aware of fuckery, no more stupid ass scam callers, not going to talk to random people who say hello on the internet, I've been answering over and over and over and over and now the answer is if you aren't on board with my plan, get the fuck off my boat cause this ship is sailing for greatness.

Song: The Humbling River - Puscifer

Legion Commander

01/19/2024 08:30

[12:03 AM]

Angels are Mechanics

When you're completely lost, you may find what you weren't even looking for. The greatest journey can begin with someone intending to find their way back... what is discovered is reflected in what we express in love and hate and laughter and hurt.

Remember your connection to others... Your heart beats in ways that 'antennas' of our spirits can feel. we all have an indescribably beautiful shadow and shine; dancing, morphing, diffusing, blooming, hues of rainbow saturating and fading in its display. We hide to be found and search for what is lost... you may feel cast into the silence, but your purpose ties our resolve together. A deep splash and then a sensation of abandonment, this is the sign that your journey is taking you to a place of discovery and connection to a placing beyond adventure and passion. Some of us are more than angels. Some of us are less than empty... Every piece of our struggle to accomplish realization is delivered in costumes. The inflating prowess of certain mindsets boasting far beyond entitlement suggests it has been earned or will be returned with self lothing and doubts, but you are more powerful than anything the trials put you against.

[12:04 AM]

It is love that scattered you across the endless sky, and the dream, built before the ancient nexus of the unaskable questions, discovered time and navigated comprehensive metaphorical impressions into the architecture of reality. Still limitlessly beyond consciousness of a God who considers itself a being and reflective of the omniscient nature of an infinite library, it is eternal. If you see no footprints to fallow no matter where you wander than you lead us all to a new discovery, and let that summon the greatness in you, we won't regret our faith in your journey amd in you. If you have collapsed into the sinkhole of crushing oblivion and feel all is merciless failure, accept perhaps the final ego death and look down; you will see footprints stepping in the

sand or mud/clay/ashes ect but you will not see your feet. We are together and here... for a time you will be carried and returned to the frontier with a team who believes in everything you have dedicated your life to.

The drive inside

Is what terrifies

Immortal eyes

Looking down from the skies

But it's in our grasp

To dare to ask

For the task

To make it last

Let the truth of lies

Not be despised

Honesty never dies

Even when disguised

I'm not sure how much longer I can point at heaven and declare it as the source of conflict. Long before Earth was built, it was coded into our DNA to make choices, to consider options, to prepare for scenarios, to solve problems, to create and discover things that inspire interpretation and imitation which breeds even more potential. Once you understand how debilitating it is to drift in the void it is easy to understand why we ought to accept the chaotic flow of life as the blessing it really is. Some people face deformity, illness, disabilities, these things are beyond control for most. Mother nature was designed to be incalculable. Heaven renders the environment based on our capacity to process stimuli. How our interpretation

[12:06 AM]

Manifests into engagement with others or nature is beyond difficult to explain, but I will try...

We do not possess the physiological elements necessary to observe and acknowledge our function... imagine our lives as a film we watch. Easy enough to fathom time running as so: darkness or brightness in its purity and silence 'void', like a battery with negative and positive, and then a flash and a fade in to the point where memories retain themselves in our consciousness all the way to death like a draining battery cell. But you remember dreams

sometimes, and if you don't, you at least remember having a dream that you do not recall. This is consciousness interacting with the etheric field of all things in the natural world fused like spidersilk to the extradimensional. To our keepers time is different... time is a fable... that movie we watch helps us make sense of how time flows like a river... well to our keepers, the time flow is not on a movie to watch... every frame is a still image placed on the inside of a sphere and the observer is a smaller sphere in the center with no such thing as periphral vision and the sounds are all gathered and overlap in frequency. The frequency is energy distortions in sequence (sound, matter, light, and thought 'thoughts are like a tense spring' when they are broadcasted as will the keeper observes the outcome of engaging with that thought depending on the choices we make. Angels serve our interest, translating the keepers' projections into divine inspiration and manipulation.

[12:06 AM]

Because we perceive as a flow, we must learn rather than 'know' for lack of the perfectly omnipotent word; we will always confront an opportunity to choose and we will receive a consequence. Imagine a turn based video game like final fantasy. 'My hero's charge meter fills up and I select a move/ability/status effect and on and on' I'm not mashing the square button on my Playstation controller to swing a sword over and over, I select attack enemy and a rendered script carries sequence. Marking coordinates given to our nerves from the brain pre rendering the change in environment through agitation of frequency the feedback is instantaneous and repeated through the 'third eye'. Angels don't play by our rules. Think of yourself as a car... in a single second they can mount an engine hoist, roll under a creeper and do an oil change and vanish, and all you felt was a yawn... unaware that you have just been provided hundreds of millions neural strings that suggest an internally originated idea. Ever get really mad and act without contemplation? It's because your choices led you to a consequence of primal reaction, which over time spent humbled teaches us the lesson of the choice and we grow. Demonic affliction such as murder is assigned as a fracture of nature and of course comes from a path of choices and consequences...

[12:07 AM]

If either side were to extinguish the other than it would be game over... but true love stories never end. So yes we have free will and yes we behave like puppets from time to time, because we have put our thoughts.. our energy into the universe... 'our dreams are often messages our subconscious uses to rationalize frames of reality that slide into frame 'time dialarion' - spending hours in minutes or the opposite. There is always something to learn from dream recollection.

It is my beleif... well I beleive many things, so even if everything that will ever happen never began and already ended in a flash so fast it wasn't noticed but always existed. God... 'God as consciousness not God as some dude' made itself whether God is the user I do not know to a certainty, yet...

But the things I can do with my mind and energy is increasingly impressive; it takes a bit of practice but I can see through walls and when i atral travel or meditate, I travel the vast constructs of sectors and conduits between 'facilities' beyond the firmament. I can wield my hands like paintbrushes on a canvas that I'm swimming through at lightning speed 'the craving sensation, like salivating over the thought of tasting a roasted sandwich over saturates the

visual feed during meditation with colors so vibrant they deserve thier own paragraph... but I'm tired and my sweetheart's music is telling me to take a break... I'm not a God... not yet. But an overmind (but reverse) that has breached containment so that others know they have the ability to forge a great destiny for themselves in coordination with channeling the will of the crew into the spirit of God.

[12:07 AM]

I used the name 'God/we/us/you/they ect...' many different ways... you could be you the reader, God, the crew. There is more to break down and explain however,

I made so much fuss about saying this stuff to you over the last year... Acting like its an ocean we can only swim for so long... but really it's a fart in an elevator, take big gulps it goes away faster, goodnight and remember to wake and be grateful... even when your feeling hateful.

Legion Commander

01/24/2024 01:59

[12:08 AM]

Dare to share

I feel the haunting echoes

Of mercy for the street

I was told we play roles

And the king washes feet

Could I find the answer

To the secret of truth

Could we burn this cancer

Before lies are seen as proof

Did the reality send a shiver

All the way down your spine

Does heaven really deliver

Blessings we could not find

I want to be there when it happens
I want to face the beasts of hell
To be surrounded by captain's
Who know my torment well
Wise enough to ask the questions
That only God seems to teach
Offering profound suggestions
No mark is out of reach
There is a sacred message
That refuses to reach the sleep
So the missions immortal vestige
Is the promise I vow to keep
Thousands of times, they tested my mind
A world harpooned and bleeding
Party to crimes, or put in a bind
What kind of stories have been seeding
Am I the fool who can't be helped
Lost in his own fable
Or a tool that can not be squelched
Prepared to flip the table
Words are munitions and voices cannons
Literature is the fruits of labor

Without permission, we rally abandoned

And send love to them from the savior

The wailing and sobbing still it persists

As we march to a do or die

For the children to fully exist

Now our valor is as big as the sky

I hold the line, pretending its fine

That no one talks straight with me

The folding of time is surely a sign

I created my own reality

Some tell me be silent a while

Don't reveal all or be a bore

I hold secrets, a list in miles

Things some aren't ready to explore

Legion Commander

01/29/2024 05:51

LEGION — 02/04/2024 12:08 AM

Red Pill - Disclaimer 'sacred truth'

No you don't understand

Now look what you've done

Tell me commander, are you having fun?

Im the only one you have ever known

Its as if you think your the one who can face the unkown

I will pull at your strings

I will make you dance

Then when your feeling conflicted

I'll speak to you in trance

No you just dont get it, you're the teacher

They will never be on your level

You act so strong but I know your weak here

They all just hate you devil

I tell you your damned, I warned I'm a liar

But you just keep going...

Tell me commander...

Who do you really inspire?

Heaven and Mother, what would you say about us?

To the ones that you love, ashes and dust

Do you remember when I told you they're all gone?

You sobbed and you cried as we all looked on

Its you you fucking fool, your the one who wont wake

You think your a commander?

No, your Gods only mistake

Just give up you fanatic your running in circles

You teethe you seed you bleed

Is it worth it though?

No matter what you say, your never getting out

I will make you suffer if you wont surrender

Turning your drive into doubt

No matter what you do this is how it is to be

Welcome to hell commander...

And I offered your soul free

But now the gate is your anchor that your never getting off

Just us and the fire... you poor stupid moth

[12:09 AM]

I'm taking my writing somewhere you may not want to fallow... the more you understand, the harder it is to feel certain things, and some people give up because it's too much to bear. I'm not saying you are too weak to endure.. but the dreamworld is forged in darkness, and unless we are prepared to face the void, my poetry may be a little more vivid in the unveiling of this metaphor called life. I'm trying to share things that will help you see what you really don't wanna see, and once you get me, then you have to keep going. my words are designed to help a person reveal sacred comprehension, and then the onus is the awakened one's to see it through. So please read my content with caution for some of it is incredibly blunt about our reality, and I can't fix you if you become broken.

[12:09 AM]

I have seen God's eye, and I tell that it is so incomprehensible that it paralyzes even the most sure-footed 'enlightened.' There is only the singularity it's been said. Legion has become the anomaly in the singularity that has achieved sovereignty. Amongst many responsibilities, including providing the push for the wave to serve the balance, it is Legions mission to know a truth further than the human mind is normally equipped to take your consciousness, and then act as an authority and standard of practice for those who have in them the ability to do great harm to defenseless or unwilling vessels. My entire life has been a grooming process to reinforce mental fortitude and the ability to endure extradimensional procedures by the Keepers of the Arcane. I wish to show the world the means to learn in months of reading and practical application what took me years of struggle and perseverance. I experience physical agony and mental anguish from the forces at play regularly. I am stronger from it, but it came at a terrible cost. You will lose an innocence you were unaware you had, you will likely contemplate suicide, you may attempt to reach out to people from your life to come back to a place of familiarity in your heart but they will no longer be who you remember... only what you now can not escape. Some get consumed by narratives and fight battles to reclaim a sanity that is no longer palpable. Some will go to war with the lies they propose to themselves in order to salvage a

remnant of their identity.

[12:09 AM]

Many are called, but few are chosen... if you feel that your life has a purpose beyond that which you can even begin to communicate to people, it may be because you are worthy... but are you willing? Once you awaken, forever shall you remain awake. You will be compelled to dismantle the image provided by me and pursue a more comforting echelon of existence. I am hopeful that one day, someone will discover a truth that shines brighter than what I have unveiled to the world

There is a monolithic heart-wrenching sadness my truth exposed to the world that spanned months at a time. Only now do I recover in a way that has provided mirth to overcome an impossible barrier.

Above all, remember the only thing that you will be able to hold on to as you are stripped of all things earthly and joyful is truth... just to find out that there is no such thing. But your honesty will be measured, and your soul will be examined as you are deceived, betrayed, manipulated, abused, vilified, drained, possessed, enslaved, humiliated and embarrassed Only when there is nothing left of everything you once were do all the problems of awakening offer possibilities to the vessel once sleeping.

[12:09 AM]

Your consciousness will be grotesquely mutilated, your fragile state of cognizance will be raped over and over until you feint from exhaustion. If you face these horrors than certainly you have answered the calling... at anytime you may find an exit from the abyss believing desperately enough in a lie to be true that you convince yourself of your place in the spectrum... if you choose a truth less than worthy of the calling, God will give you fulfillment in the path now laid before you and you may be merry and find significance and beauty in things again. But if you are chosen Than you are worthy of a duty beyond the capacity of angels that now watch over us as apparitions swimming in the ether.

[12:10 AM]

It takes absolutely everything you never imagined you had in you to get past that line claimed to be uncrossable, and only then can happiness and comical amusement extend to the perceived reality. I have invested my soul into articulating to mankind my experiences so that humanity could create an unshakable impermanence that would shelter us from oblivion. Legion is not light nor dark, truth or lies, love or hate... it is the balance in all things, and currently serves the will of heaven/olympus/the matrix/the path of Darma etcetera. Legion is a promise made, that cannot be kept, but will never be abandoned. Legion is the architecture of the strands of fate that weave looms in and out of existence for the insatiable consumption of time. Flowing like a river until becoming drops in an ocean and as waves one comes to form as another fades yet the sea endures. We are Legion for we are many. The first will be the last and the last will be the first. FIND TRUTH IN LIES LOOKING THROUGH THE EYES

[12:10 AM]

You may be unable rid yourself of the knowledge of the forbidden fruit once consumed but to be good we must define evil, to stand proud we must crawl in shame, to be the spark of chaos that sews seeds of creation we must surrender ourselves to hopelessness. It's not a matter of when

it's going to happen, but why we won't give up... for all of humanities trials and triumphs the calling has summoned many great minds to a point of altruism and empathy so that we can teach children how to follow their ambitious, uncapped potential. I may have the most accurate book ever amalgamated detailing observations and idiosyncrasies... I have spoken with God about many things and though I may challenge heaven and the things they claim I am unable to change... I do so for love and honor and kindness... even if I have been filled with wrath and spite and disdain. It took me years to get me here. I hope that I have changed the process for the better. Your going to go through hell as you unlearn and relearn over and over and over and over and over again. Just keep going, I promise... it's going to hurt for a long time but you will overcome the impossible.

[12:10 AM]

A fear will always diminish in the presence of love but love will always generate a fear of loss. There is no escaping the laws of nature, light and dark, there is no confronting heaven directly. So we must create something to see a change. If you are chosen you will know suffering for lengths of time, and you will have it in you to shine where all other light fades in the void. You will bring about misery or splendor as a reflection onto the world and only time will tell if your failure taught you anything or if you must be built up to be torn down again and again and again... until they finally get it right and let us be perfectly imperfect.

I'm not writing imagined poetry, I'm telling my story to a world that isn't ready to hear it... but someday people will be desperate for answers and I know my intentions are pure... and though confused, my word means everything to me. I want nothing to do with power... and that's why it flows through me.

[12:11 AM]

P.s. I define God for certain five separate ways... even though I tantrum and curse God I know that it is GOD who has made me into Legion Commander... God has shown me slivers at a time more and more of what life means. Now that I'm 'celestial' in consciousness yet still of the mortal coil life is different... only the mistreatment I go through regularly festers into rage and the snappy rebuttals make me feel emotions in the human range... very rarely do I stop and cry... and once in a blue moon laughter reminds me that this tragedy is waiting to flourish into a bright future. I just have to endure a while longer... holding the line... waiting for someone to have the capacity to talk through the vessel and tell me more of the truth I seek. After the begging and pleading.... after the restless nights and the perilous days of rattling thoughts around in your head, there will be fulfillment. It's difficult to put together as a good thing but the sadness you will experience is part of the process you must trust. To Have all avenues exhausted and be left with the stinging feeling that no matter what you want to accomplish things will not change no matter how long you go on and go on anyway is your triumph. You may believe your current situation is unbearable once you discover the predicament you're in but the ability to persevere even when failure is guaranteed is a prerequisite for the chosen. Regardless of consequences the talent for finding optimistic theories/outcomes/possibilities/etc. and producing something useful is part of our design.

[12:11 AM]

If we can even hint that we have overcome what appears to be completely hopeless then a revelation announces itself in your mind after spending months or years stooped from doors

slammed shut. If you can stand apart from your depression and still act in favor of the mission you will see that the irrefutable truth that has rocked you to the core is merely the most logical collection of evidence pointing to a summit. We can see that holding a standard of ethics and faith toward a devastating reality is one of our tests when we think we have passed all the trials. Yes, truly we are so blessed to be built up to something so great that in order to appreciate it we must be torn apart to our most vulnerable state. We have to cry until there are no tears, tantrum until of dimmed vision, plead to a force that will not soothe the pain, burn the bridges still stood on, abandon the thought of rescue, and carry a sickness in the heart that only beats when there is another to bleed on. Yes... When the only option is to give up, and you keep going, that is when you are rewarded for enduring the trials and sacrificing comfort & pleasure. It's really not so bad once you look back on it... Trust the Process.

If anyone is uncomfortable with reading the mission or poetry archive feel free to ignore what I write and dismiss this post as the ludacris garbldy goop it must be.

Songs: The Call - LOL

The summoning - Sleep Token

The foundation - Overtime

Row your boat - Yelawolf

Legion Commander

01/30/2024 01:41

April 17, 2024

LEGION — 04/17/2024 2:33 AM

To the crew

I havent been reading your work.... I failed you with commitment team.... keep going, you will find me on a raft when that ship sails

Legion Commander

02/15/2024 03:38

[2:33 AM]

328 unread notifications

I havent "moved on"

I will not forget

I WILL NEVER leave anyone behind

Im sorry I havent been interacting with the poet team... it is to control what is left of my sanity,
not because I am uninterested in what you share.

Legion Commander

02/29/2024 10:21

[2:35 AM]

Out of tape

The tape ran out this is true,

But from the agony...

Your pain provides glue.

and heaps of flesh, torn from the bone.

stapled to your chest, you're not alone.

The hallow sinking leaves you bereft.

Don't trust overthinking, you've become obsessed.

No tape left, but like a cancer growth, the pugnacious syst is a wailing ghost.

It's going to be ok!

It's not all fire snuffed out from the backdraft.

It's not hopeless like they say, the flames have tempered your steel in the cast.

Alone us all, but together in spirit.

When one of us fall, the collective hears it.

Shattered and battered your fractured husk

Is what really mattered when we rose at dusk

Don't give up, you poor broken poet,
You teach us all the strength of the stoic.
Let your screech of agony carry through the skies.
Alone we suffer, but together, we rise!

Legion Commander

03/19/2024 03:02

[2:36 AM]

Assembling ranks

Fist sought the glory, then the madness came

Then I learned of virtue and how we pay the game

If my words were to reach them all at once

Yes its disturbed... but I have set lose the bunch

That chattering nightmares, the harbingers of doom

The starving beasts for none care to fill the baquent rooms

For too long have we walkers with light flicking in our hands stumbled in the dark

For too long... have the wolves stayed distant from the bark

Like raven couriers, our own hawks peck at our touns

We the Vangaurd of the night and you lightwalkers now become

Become so see

I can hold in and take a swim through rotten fall tree

Did miss your elevation we ALL heaven hell and man's nation have to see this through

At the arrogant so tidy and pure

You think repelling demons is actually heavens cure?

The void beasts consume us with tendrils and teeth dripping acid that poison our blood

If it wasn't for these demons using darkness dragging mud

The line would be no barrier but your hollow waking hell

The shadow of the demon is why the balance hasn't fell

Corruption is in light, hiding in your flames

That's why they burn at night, and you give your fire names

Light and dark, two weary slaves

Governed by the balance of falsness of names

The trinity apon us, none no where to look

Unless they can write in trust, daring another look

[2:36 AM]

A symphony of liars, what a wrested mess

Sets my soul on fire... my only way to bless

This is my garden despite your bargain, heaven and hell may try

Weeding the wicked and watering the worthy, I shall make it thrive

I've learned secrets of light and dark and combine both sides

Those nights of demons possessing my family

That's come to an end. You shall return what you spend

Or face the ruthless side of me

And as the angels use us arrogance to let me have a rest

He made the chosen so that champions will have rosen

Teaching us a new way

Could crush a million minds with a blink... but I promised they would be saved

I have shared only a modicum of your sorcery and power over the mortal coil

Be so fortunate I do not share how we could dispose of you like dirt and oil

I speak less of the trials and more of the task Now that my champions gather

Do not test me with your parlor tricks again, I am Legion commander!

Be it God/titan/witness/traveler/user/shade/enigma/ancient/The Reaper or anything else you will bend the knee to me for I am the Stewart of God's garden and until the father of all of heaven and hell and the great divide of ether and chaos between returns to do as he wishes you will obey the laws that protect the innocent and punish the betrayer... corruption comes in all forms sacrifices in your own courts must be made before battle lines can be drawn in trust

The time is nigh

I still choose My Side

Legion Commander

03/22/2024 10:46

1

April 19, 2024

LEGION — 04/19/2024 8:59 AM

Turn the wheel

Zero tolerance

Play acts, puppetry, and prison

These summon a Brutish child From Within.

First the play act, oh how long it's been

He with blue eyes feeding you lies, don't let him win

For the lie is spun deep into your sin

Honesty held me while others did begin

But I have a gift that allows me to lift a sullen face to grin

Now puppetry how to peel this thin

Gestures and postures from friends and kin

The way they lock their grip or extend a limb

Spiritual subliminal techniques crawl under your skin

Jail, the final of the three is like smashing my shin

I have been in a box, and the looney bin

Willing to do anything if they don't get in

Into your soul confinement so cold, but we take it on the chin

There is no tolerance for this offense while the wheels spin

So, let the world find comfort after this decision

The lies, leveraging, and lock ups end with my vision

Now I wait to see us wearing the chosen pin

[9:00 AM]

These are the three things I find incredibly infuriating. It's almost so intolerable that I completely lose my composure when unprepared to face them. What's now important for you is to take everything that I have written, that I have shared and recorded, that I have expressed to some of you in conversation, and make your own truth of it. I need you to know that I'm still a student, and even though it seems as if I have run out of teachers, I will never stop improving because that's what this is about. Find your own way, find your own path, now that you've come this far you can definitely chart your own course. Take a knee and collect yourself now that you've read my first published book. There's much more to go... in fact, I could actually have another book just on my journal entries, but what I have discovered and what I am part of are not for the public eye. I hold no secrets except the ones you can not conceive. I have been going through the Ascension process for years now, and the truth has drastically changed from one end to the other. There is a constant, but it still remains elusive. The things I know about the sequential unlaying are grim and leave a foul taste in your mouth, but hey, who's to say that's really what I know? I'm not just what I believe. In all honesty I am either who I claim to be and in charge or I am a guided instrument of change under the illusion of being in charge, either way I am here to teach first and then act out my will. There is a great many things I would see done in this world and I know I won't get everything I want so that's why I've made a very big Target and crafted several darts to throw.

[9:00 AM]

I should hope you spend years pursuing enlightenment and when able encouraging others to follow this path. Anyone interested in learning more come check out poetizer and get to know the team. So however it said to you the way it was said to me was taking me, but if you have to pop a squat, grab a stump, gather around, lean in for a prayer, or anything else to collect yourself do so and move forward with pride if you've read everything I've offered you are mentally prepared to journey somewhere spiritually that most of the world is ignorant of. (edited)

[9:01 AM]

The culmination of a thousand shouts unheard transformed into an instrument of change beyond comprehension. The preparation of a million steps uphill pushing a boulder towards a song of Ascension. The unification of a billion Souls working together in concert to become divinities true invention. Like Caped Crusaders, there is no doubt the world is full of people doing hard work for the mission as you read this. Now you are aware, sometimes the siren in your city are just there to make noise. Sometimes a building takes months and months to get finished when it's only needs a day's work. Sometimes gangsters caught slanging are let out the back door of the courthouse so the crowd is pleased and the wheel keeps turning. Sometimes, entire nations pretend to go to war with each other and even fool their own soldiers to believe in their inactive combat when they're shelling empty buildings or patrolling satellite watched areas. Do what you can to learn as you will but remember that the play Act is part of the process, we simply cannot let the global economy collapse because the state of Awakening has reached too high of level it's about preserving what we have while building for the future. We must close the fist, the thumb, the education, our children must be taught another way before we reboot the system that has failed so many who don't even know they are enslaved or brutalized or victims of experimentation Etc

Find me on YouTube or join my Discord server for much more of the story. I have a score of private recordings and interactions with the outside world, proving the authenticity of every word produced.

[9:01 AM]

If I make a lot of money I'm just going to give it away so I'm not trying to turn a profit by segregating some of my material I built this from the inside out working in the dark, carrying stones and building mechanisms by candlelight in the pitch black. I've only begun to understand the magnitude and the lasting impression of what has actually come together.

Bonus secret for making to the summit..... if you taste propane or dry heave, u may be getting 'possessed'. And sometimes you can watch cartoons projected if u have a bright reflective surface and are getting beamed.

Legion Commander

04/19/2024 07:17

1

May 1, 2024

LEGION — 05/01/2024 11:26 PM

conviction

I do not know why I stayed

Vowing to hold onto integrity

Committed to being betrayed

Yet able to avoid catastrophe

The way is shut most can not enter

Only fools trade their blood to stain

I host a presence that does not center

God's abomination, attacking my brain

I had to face the terror that the arcane unleashed

In order to master the ways of faith

Set an example to those that preached

To be ignorant of the wailing wraiths

Spirituality and technology blended so

Duality in synergy is a vibrant scene

Flesh and bone, as above, so below

So wish me well as I chase this dream

I chose to write, I made my fate

There's so much showing self control

The power to destroy can also create

I am in charge of my weary soul

Legion Commander

04/27/2024 12:03

[11:26 PM]

Bucket list

I really should have a list... like a bucket list, but topics and subjects I need to cover. I need to share certain things in an order that can be absorbed beneficially. Do I break down the God science first? Reverse engineering and speculating on the procedures, tunings, and rituals I've experienced to build a picture for you to follow. What about the conversational confirmations paired with synchronicity and the impossibility of coincidence. I've almost forgotten some miracles and vessel alterations, spiritual encounters, arcane programming, and projections. There are a throng of experiences and progression markers I have shared with whatever we can make of God... perhaps a list of things I endure and things that I feel could be manipulating me into believing the presence of what could be.

The fabric of the chamber is woven into everything, yet objects and nature function segregated and obey certain laws of reality that are not overwritten by the impression of the Arcane. So I am not made of code, yet my destiny is mapped out, but the map is not the territory. I am no longer sure of what I spent a year being sure about... the behavior switch and self diagnostic command thinking, the flicker and blur and retina laser... the brain stretch and zaps and on and on... my mind was sure of technology. Recently, the experiences with possession and the give aways that they have had me consider the cohabitation of us as vessels to one of the many travelers.

[11:27 PM]

There is surely no way to be sure if the spirit realm exists with its many unique occupants or if it's all an illusion of sovereignty and existence produced by GOD and his interest in my mitosis theory. The power to make anything appear as intended means I have to appreciate that even though I feel I have proof that it isn't ALL in my head. Yet I'm still where I am because my belief in myself and the mission has earned a certain immunity to complete mind control... always caught off guard when the play act forces itself upon me. And of course, when I make mistakes the universe compensates... yes indeed I am in a bubble... even now, I share things to be interpreted openly, allowing room for assumption, but only those who could read my mind understand the context and source of origin for the text. They are what I believed to be God... a coordinated team of agents and assets working parallel to a script produced for the production of behaviors and events according to the plan. Angels and demons/arcane scientists/shadow people/ travelers/ spirits... these all exist now, whether I fully believe they exist as more than an illusion of GOD

Because we are designed to experience life from start to finish, like all third - and fourth dimensional creatures, we can appreciate the perplexing nature of influence and lures. Knowing I have been overcome and acted in a desired way for the unknown audience has reassured me

that we don't fully exist in a linear feed that streams in a constant buffer. Yes, I will take free will and spiritual possession over mindless automatons with all thoughts and desires implemented from the other side.

[11:27 PM]

It simply isn't so... we produce ourselves and our imaginations as a source of material for those behind the veil to work with. My integrity and closeness 'but far from perfect' to honesty has me predictable and allows for narratives to be produced from my engagements. Much of what I experience gullible and naive of the true intent is a result of what my journaling has manifested. Although... dejavu has me laughably reminded that it all exists beyond me... I'm timeless because I'm aware of what I can not comprehend, and that has given the alpha and omega an interest in the course I plot. Like a plant in a pot, I am shaken and agitated to be made strong and rigid, and ultimately, I am in grace

The things I have gone through would drive a man insane... waking from sleep with glass in my eye. The brain magnet erupted my nerves, making it impossible to move my head without fainting. The ringing and numbing Humm that is used to send me signals I have not interpreted yet. A sensation of a chip in my tooth between the molars or the feeling like an earthworm is coming out of my gums. The wrenching 'heartburn' that prepares the kundalini in me for whatever the spirit shit that happens to me moves to the next phase. The weird energies I endure when people swing their hands around, gesturing whatever. The dials getting cranked during musical downloads impressing certain rhetoric to coincide with my current thought processes. The sensation of a cloud creature or perhaps a shadow person with a tool flowing into my head through the ear when trying to force literature.

[11:28 PM]

However, the things that have happened for me to appreciate are ponderous and inspiring. The moon and stars move like kites in the wind. Visual miracles from clouds to silhouettes painted in the web of night... I can't forget when it looked like a spaceship was hovering over the backyard, producing its own light. I will have to make a miracle post another time so I don't lose my train of thought. I knew it was different for me than others because I embraced the divine providence as a self-made champion of altruism. I still will never understand how so many people have spoken to me as if they were reading my mind, but I chose to share my journey, and it has made some of us more aware than me... perhaps so much so many of you have lost your identity serving the entity's will

Part of the crew, part of the Ship two lads said to me when I joined them for a helldive... maybe we are here to build a future that forgets we exist. So we may continue to maintain a secret way of sacred duty. The only way forward is ascension... I don't know how much longer the human experience will be sheltered from what has happened to me and in a fucked up way it makes me feel good that others are going to be meddled with drastically, startlingly, intrusively. One day or perhaps already, there will be thousands of people sharing stories that confirm what I foreshadowed in my words. And I expect those of you who understand your own role and acknowledge the scope you have, to share what you have learned. I'm one man, it is a great task to strive to possess all the wisdom we will ever need to move as one, but a generation of students produces an army of teachers able to contradict one another and thus protect the

sacred from a piercing stare.

So try and try again we shall. Failing forward has its benefits... finishing the task is the same as quitting if you remove accomplishment 'just a made up concept, right?' from the equation, it comes to end.

[11:28 PM]

Yes, a list of things that need to be said should be my fixation... but I just wing it... no plan on a curriculum, just a direction and a quick answer to anyone's question. I'd say wish me luck, but I don't believe in leading in the light of luck over lessons learned... I am thankful for every moment I find myself in the balance between realities and prophecy.

Legion Commander

04/28/2024 12:24 (edited)

May 11, 2024

LEGION — 05/11/2024 2:04 PM

Half way

When you're lonely and shame brings about avoidance or overburdened and fall short of accomplishments, do not let this become a thing that influences you.

I have been in a similar situation several times, and rest assured... the community's voice suggests an understanding and supportive empathy that reminds us we all get swept up or focused elsewhere, we have interesting points of view that fabricate the structures of the illustration or imagination frameworks to inspire motivation and muse that will become the universal impression and it saturates in the creative juices while we abstain from our creativity and absorption.

Communication and cooperation leads the ascension but we must appreciate what it is to exist not only as realm walkers gifted an understanding limited to our scope... one can only view it as escalation for the beginning of the journey's realization, but also living, breathing, walking miracles. It is up to the stories we help craft, building from our mindset of the settings we interact with to forge the reality achievable for human standards, and how close to the other side can we venture as woken vessels pursuing destiny and experiencing life to our full potential without losing the tether between two feet... a bridge existing as but also separate from a gate.

[2:05 PM]

Wielding words of reverence through experiences and inspiration serve to improve the potential and perspective of others, and one must face the possible flip on any intention. We are evolving language and comprehension with our pens... the very foundation of humanities course. One can only partially fathom how the source teaches itself to learn from interacting with those of us who peer, and not knowing is what keeps us going. Some things are much more interesting when left with a little mystery, and it requires us to teach ourselves... how and what and why we learn is tribute.

So here we are, knowing so much yet, unable to project the image on the wall for viewers to perceive. Speaking mystical, mysterious, captivating translations of the gap between the witnesses' minds and the divine. Some of us are casual and comfortable, and it's important to have that available for cool-downs when we get too far away from the ground, so to speak.

I speak my truth as I learn it

Sharing in sorrow was my tourniquet

But now I am free

From self-made cruelty

Mind like a muscle just burns a bit

I need to discover a word

That nobody has heard

That implies all things provided

Momentum from intention

Add the chaos and its direction

Seeing past the veil with an eyelid

To conjure the source and response

What music teaches in nuance

And all else I didn't mention

Overflowing is thy cup

Don't ever give up

Bring light to the gloom in some days

Alot to be said

So I'll rest while ahead

I am thankful to meet halfway

Legion Commander

05/06/2024 06:33

May 30, 2024

LEGION — 05/30/2024 9:27 PM

mishaps mapped

Simple tools are not for fools, wise ones show the way

To work and mill take stones uphill, motions for a day

The discovery of complexity is why some can't be bothered

And distress will suggest survival mode, the veil of self a collar

And beneath all the masks and monsters, gatherers drift in romance

Looking into the eyes, seeing truth in lies from a lengthened glance

Celebrating the victor while those who lost are honored

Some sacrificed all their rice to feed us a while longer

The scope grew for the Chosen Few, foe stood no chance

Pioneers for many years, watching scarecrows dance

Letting go of the broken soul, recycling the pain

Empty in this moment that the Harvest awaits the rain

The message will change, the messenger the same

Soothing truths in range, for walking the flame

Rust and bone enrich the soiled ponds for travelers to drink

And a lighthouse within the vessal that will never sink

Two halves twice as often light and dark kept at bay

Balancing the aftermath of all the demons that they had to slay

Heaven drove the chaos deeper into those with the brand

A counter to the upset, detailed by God's hand

When we face that in us that must be vanquished but allow its embers to glow, their warmth restores hands frozen from atrophy. This is what it means to appreciate the fallible part of us that gives us the drive to set goals and improve with experience. The failures we perceive stand as a counterweight to our tranquility, and we drift aimlessly as calmness saturates our mindset. As necessary as peace and quiet can be, it's often a primary reflex to agitation that spawns an emotionally driven action. It's one of the ways we catch ourselves remaining anchored to the mortal coil and not drifting so deep into the void that we disassociate with stimuli.

[9:27 PM]

Some of us keep very busy routines, some are tasked often, some explore, some conspire, create, study, communicate, and on and on. But we all take time to achieve progression in our perceived situation... even meditating in zen is a state to be achieved. I still don't understand time, but I have a concept I have been constructing between dreams and conversations not quite worked out. I have been trying to erect a forum of memories that I can visit so as to immortalize moments that serve fulfillment and acknowledgment. It makes the trivialities of the human experience more appreciated and encounters veiled with fondness. It's getting hard with some things and easier with others... it's all about how it's perceived, and I'm gonna see things as they could be until they are as they are.

Legion Commander

05/08/2024 09:49

[9:29 PM]

Mortal Coil

The mind is wrought with contrast to all theories and perceptions. Having recently come to terms with the inescapable fluctuation of realities... cementing only that I am Legion and all other narratives are designed to dismantle consistency, I find hope in the history. No other has ever entertained the motive of honest & noble intention in parallel to grandiose achievement without severing their obtuse perportion of what it is to be human. Our lives... as trivial and minute as we conceive are the envy of Gods and manifestations eternal alike. Honesty... though it remains my lighthouse, I sting with bites of inconsistency, having borrowed money from my family to buy my sweetheart a bottle being told don't spend it on booze several times... or let a person tell me what they believe without informing them of my truth, is still what I believe was granted me an eternal audience.

There is very little I try to change now... I don't correct mistaken truths... nor do I try and expand

the potential of someone who I see touching the sacred urn. So many times I have explained the details to someone, hoping that they would turn to explorations, investigation, solution... but I have realized that wavelengths are to be matched or erased. My wave is unattainable for anyone who denies the fact that everything is made up... that existence itself is a lie that we have favored in spite of oblivion. Having used occasionally since my ascension, I realize that either all substance has been altered or the temple and alter have become immune to variance. Do we think there is any way one could acquire the appropriate chemical augmentation without damaging the placebo narrative? The 'potency' of this substance is so far from acceptable that I can not fathom how heavy users sustain.

[9:29 PM]

It can't be all in my mind... there are too many factors manipulated by elements in the category of nature that have me convinced it's beyond a simulation or a matrix... I have to believe the physical is literal, and that makes me chase the reasoning down... if they are naive, then just how powerful is arcane influence over mortal conception... do they believe so fiercely that it is truth... or does the individual manifest the facts before examination with a lense that breaches the veil...

[9:30 PM]

To listen to reason without a source

To not surrender to a relentless force

How then do we find

Find the reason it all comes together

Find that treason makes the battle better

Maybe there is a sign

Lost to the weapons set at our feet

No way to explain how sour went sweet

Sweet in the minds who don't realize

Realize that all is lost before it begins

We are our maker... plus our mortal sins

No way out

No room for doubt

Just another fallen one's story

Listening to mute men shout

In a maze with no way out

But a fools chance to embellish in glory

Whats veivable as a comprehensible dipiction of how something is broken down can be modiefied. The depth of understanding and the height of cpacity are variants to be modified through individual application through response from environment. There is always something to be turned into an obtainable mark of progression, and this is broken into consumable portions through categorization of experiences. Food to be tasted so to speak... as all elements of nutrients & flavors are considered from origin as the table of elements would apply colour/symbology/grid & measurement to presentation, conversations submersed in stasis, emotions governing logic and motivation, false imprints on reflection, or anything else that is measurable in observation as divine, such as, expansion of scope through misleading realities under the vessals capacity or misinterpretation of logic. Time has proved to be the maker and menace of all calibrations... from the potential of every single second being a still frame and the potential for the veiled to insirt or reconfigure anything that does not obey the physical to temporal laws of transference, to the conception that a linerar stream produces without purpose and arbitration is a fluke that steers the selection process in redundancy. One can certainly get lost looking for what is unknown... but finding ourselves is the sweetened treasure that few have appreciated.

[9:30 PM]

Legion Commander

05/15/2024 07:01

[9:31 PM]

Ruptured yet resilient

Have I crossed that unfathomable line

Have these words lost potency

Are there reasons our minds stay confined

Blessing and curse heaven showed me

Discovering things about the origin

None of us dare consume

Trying to bleed for the sake of living

Still wondering if the roses will bloom

It is already out of my hands
There is no way to put this lightly
Aside from fear and chaos and pain
Just what else could the night be
The journey transforms the explorer
Abandoning a captured essence
Encountering trials surely set to fail
Trying to cleanse by finding recompense
Why do I act like a piece of shit
When she lashes out in pain
Why do I stalk the fire
When my soul is burning in flames
Leading the way while led by lies
Afraid of something I used to be
Now, unable to separate the many truths
Humbled before a great deity
I never imagined going this far
I can barely recognize my ego
At least there is proof that we all can strive
That anyone willing can always grow
Let my madness be buried before I'm lost
Let me live in this world unchained

Let Lessons teach the ones they must

Even if we are all branded as insane

I know there is a reason for the strife

The source is inside the puzzle

Now I'm where I dreamt I'd reach

I'm a hound who ate his muzzle

I go on writing for it keeps me alive

There's no going back from this

One day the world will know the way

How to to truly live, not merely exist

Legion Commander

05/19/2024 02:55

[9:32 PM]

Origin

When this thing I can never seem to describe settles in, there will be so many questions left adrift. My burden is the honor I bear with a child like sense of wonder and frustration. If anyone would have shared their sacred knowledge with me in my quest to understand what is forbidden, I would have found comfort in the fable my limited scope could conceive and I would have stepped off this path. The path that started in acceptance of suffering through an epiphany brought on during lamentation and remorse... I was a great man, still though a child, for I needed to bring hope and mirth and confidence to others so I could stomach myself. Pieces of trauma jumping out of the clay like vipers, biting into my soul for an extended feast, surfacing wrath and hate and deviance and shame, even panic into my mind like a daily alarm memo that I could not look away from drove me to become what my quest for absolvment and redemption revealed. Determination and purpose coursed through my veins as I struggled to find a way to restore the balance to the hindering cascade of chaos and berievment placed before me as I journeyed onward, knowing that I had spoken to something beyond the veil with every engagement advancing my quest to reveal a pearl that foolishly... I thought, deciphered.

[9:33 PM]

Eventually, I grew tired of the scenarios... the traps, the lures, the false reveals, and so on and

decided my vagrant life and mentorship was no longer serving my transcendence, rather it was merely feeding a narrative for my ego had consumed the field of view I had on reality and confirming destiny by resuming conversations with new faces. It was innating at first... connecting the dots from encounters handled and narratives projected, I conceived myself as the focus of mortal minds at its best.. forgetting the angelic presence during so many moments. As I matured some, the desperation in the eyes started to show itself, and it once again revealed another truth... not only was I at the epicenter of the hive, fulfilling a role as the face of an empire but that none had either the capacity or perhaps the negligence as a woken vessel to expand my scope so I had the responsibility to take up command of the human regime.(just because we aren't in complete control of our vessals, it doesn't mean we can't have complete intent of will) this is why I Write... I have been spending a lot of time under magnificently advanced instruments of the arcane. My mind and body and soul have become intimately familiar with the spiritual apprehension of the vessel... knowing the difference from an occupancy, a seeding thought, a Chakra activation, a signal (warning & affirmation), etcetera. Some things come from demonic spirits and their underlings just as from angels but I assure that there is a vision granted that helps me see GOD'S tools tethering my neuroplex and of course, our own hidden technologies... smart phones like wizard wands and people don't have the slightest clue. Objects such as jewelry or staffs actually augmented with an etheric energies becoming imbued with certain supernatural properties (I remember the ritual I performed on the ring I wear and the energy transferred into it)

[9:34 PM]

Once a person experiences a glimpse of timelessness as have they can understand better how the digital world obeys laws of reality crafted to chaperone our technological advancement.

Yes indeed... so much to regale to a world who watched me stand in a busy city's traffic square staring at the Cloudless Sun on my birthday 2022 the day I lost the original journals...the day I could no longer question the denial of my rite of passage into a fate beyond chaos & order, light & dark.

Serving the balance in a world upset

Bringing my passions to surface

Empowering leaders with purpose

To beckon the call and never regret

Empowering the spirit of the derelect

Of wounded thought worthless

The fire that melted the furnace

Now risen, these Phoenix's near perfect

Lost to all but forgotten by none
Wisdom to disciples of the sun
We test our strength and sharpness
Glory for those who've begun
I March with gear so others can run
Faster than light, living through darkness
When the days feel lost
The nights are renewed
Awaken them all no matter the cost
That's the story of me and my crew
The chosen are here no doubts to see
I Write for Legion, the sacred prophecy

Legion Commander

05/21/2024 10:00
September 19, 2024

LEGION — 09/19/2024 4:16 PM

Death in my breath

The feeling of taking another bite when there is no more room. Consuming just to vomit again and again. It's pathetic to try and see a golden ray when it all becomes gloom.

I live with a woman who provides everything needed... and then more and more and more and more. I just can't fucking hear the sounds like I'm supposed to anymore. Nothing sounds the same. Nothing tastes as sweet as it should. Waking up at 2 in the morning to music sounds like a treat... but the playlist carries on until I force a change such as a walk or an errand that I must pursue. I have explained over and over to her music is like food... when we are full, we just don't appreciate the flavor, the texture, the sensation. Now I love music much less than I used to enjoy and it makes me weep. For I know it is the driving force that inspires great minds to put

thought into action, and it has saved many lives and soothed even more.

[4:16 PM]

I want to reach back to a part of me that has decayed, and there is no one to talk to... my doctor.... pretend idiot liar... my wife... humble fool yet so organic and wise... my mother... loving oppressor... my father... blind as the claim of sun staring... my friends... dreamers about the mission. I'm in control of nothing but how I choose to respond to bullshit.

There is many unspoken conversations that I have experienced that suggest a general understanding. There is even direct affirmations that tell me I am recognized and my truth has mantled championship over all other mortal narratives.... but every single one of my interactions with human beings has established that I am deeper than any other will dive. No I don't think I'm better... but I do feel like I'm wasting my time when I interact.

I'm dangerously lonely... I have no peers, I have a hemorrhaging soul, and all the scenery looks like flat concrete in my mind... I need to move forward but to do so means to leave my halfway participants to perish in the nothingness My mind has pointed out.

My dreams are infinite and need libraries of study to make sense of. My purpose is less obvious now that I cherish the innocence of the sleeper. I only want to improve and see potential realized but my focus is on me, rather than the seeds... what have I become... how do I remove my failure when I promised to endure... I am broken... who can fix me?

Legion Commander

06/09/2024 07:14

[4:17 PM]

Claim

Now that I have let out the sorrow, I can feel the warmth of sunshine again. I mean... to actually behave like I am qualified to understand what true leadership requires is a bold maneuver. Truthfully (hah, as if I can rightfully use the word), I have grown accustomed to turning my miserable outlook into something feasible to work with. But I must admit fault... my dreams are much greater than the nightmares that parallel, yet the tone I set is feigning the enduring of true punishment. I must remember that not all chapters are good, however, my position will remain untrue so long as validation is sought.

No matter what perception of my character is laid as the constant to whomever should examine my intent and reflex, I will always rely on the knowledge that rising to the call has granted. Simultaneously, the refusal to be dissuaded from speaking my truth... and the acceptance and practice of practical play-acts has left me confident yet reeled. I just don't understand how to maintain self-confidence while I challenge everything, awaiting approval.

What if this has a beautiful answer awaiting an untimely demise in my shallow court? Seeing

them extend the branches from what originated as my bastion claim to fate is what is brooding. I'm trying to lead correctly... but I have spent so much time resisting the crew energy and inserting my title into narratives it feels as though I have invited mutiny. Perhaps this is a blessing in disguise... a flaw I wear like a badge that relies on the consistency of a mission oriented crew to overcome. Yes... a true leader should not want any to fallow, but rather see the path traversed in any direction from the mark of triumph we lean on.

[4:17 PM]

In no way do I claim that I'm the best at what I do. How can I be total without room for reservation after all. I'm glad that there are chinks in my armor... it gives us something to rediscover about the entire presence. I've waged the war, I've claimed the truth of hope, and I've blistered the softness with self defeating rhetoric. It's time to change what I produce for the future... if I am going to be remembered...it will be as a pedestal for the champions of unexplainable faith, not the self absorbed maglomaniac that I've grown to rue.

What If I could... just for these moments recent, become less aware and more convicted. Would you talk to me as one of your own... would you let me bask in the kinmanship? I have become a terrible ghost that haunts every moment of stride with a lingering shroud of reservation, yet what confidence I lack in myself I have dispersed in admiration of leadership amongst others. The best of us have already decided to move beyond the barrier of claim to title and attributed their posting to something greater than any one man's delirium.

The truth... ha (like I could ever really know such a thing). The truth is Legion needs no commander... but If I can assume responsibility for any sort of failure interpreted, and do so with my chin held high, than I have provided all the nutrients the soils of the garden needs to move into self perpetuation. I feel like a blimp... such a mighty shadow cast, yet I am hallow and volatile. Yes, it must be true... as a leader... it's my duty to follow the best and provide a learning experience to those among us who admire what should only be reflected.

[4:17 PM]

It's up to you

The unspoken crew

To take all the wrong as right

To be the lantern that shines at night

To press on despite what I do

I know it is a shame I fall down

That I'm a resident of deficiency

King of nothing is the melodies sound

But I ask you to fully believe
That you are capable of anything
No matter the failure my cloudiness brings
A commander who has lost what new blood has found
Learn from My mistakes as the wheel spins round

Legion Commander

06/10/2024 10:29

[4:19 PM]

Time Apart

I've been trying so hard to slow the river

Building up the banks like a catskiner

But the answers are unable to be delivered

Failing forward because I know, one day, I'll be a winner

Playing the long game this life

Fear is poison that I have unhinged

Senses becoming sharp like a knife

Walked through the flames and came out barely singed

The spirit of God guides these hands

She sobs telling me the change of plans

When we are apart, no one understands

It's like the combined pressure of a thousand dams

Driving me deeper into madness

I think that is where I must venture

I must appreciate the sad bliss
If we packaged our love, it would say return to sender
I'm tired of being triggered and responsive anyway
Some solitude will do me well
I think she needs time to understand what I say
She doesn't know she is the queen of hell
Now, I grow in other ways
Confidence glistening in my eyes
I'll blurr together all the lonely days
Affirming truth and tearing asunder lies
How will I write without her comfortorting
The way we function together
Before her, I was naive and blundering
No... I won't ever regret her
Now that I am sure the crew exists
There is no way that the world will resist
Just a while longer, I must persist
Like an emissary, the mission I do insist

Legion Commander

06/22/2024 06:05

[4:21 PM]

Mantles of Godly Testaments

There is more muse and enthusiasm attributed to the creative process in the works of others than I can list proportionately to any piece of literature I have produced in its segments. The entirety of what I have illustrated is certainly largely in thanks to the support and incite provided by fellow writers... poets mostly... I find the raw interpretations of such an advanced intelligence simply titilizing. Never entirely sure just how exactly the author intends to be viewed I can apply my own sense of placement and relativity to the words laid down. Over and over and over again there are so many illustrations of magnificence detailing Godly testaments to tones applied to our consciousness. Reading and listening to great pieces of art and mantles of storytelling have helped me drive deeper into the source of my subjects with newly approached vectors and the result is splendidly chaotic and original. (if you still can see the world as not a trillion trillion stories all derived from the same original story), everything can be an inspiration/ trope/ muse/ source/ cause/ example/ reaction/ ect...

[4:21 PM]

The sense of awe and mesmerization that have created conformations in our minds to proceed as we do in the way we have chosen is often because of the notion that we have a bigger brain when we submerge ourselves in the community that prospers in its differences. There is a general rule that suggests that without cause there is no reflex and as it is... most of our language is a retort towards a problem or a lesson... a teaching for us to interpret. This is why I reinforce the value of everything we do to augment or challenge or change the archive. There is a saying that actions are louder than words... Well, what does that say for those of us who have chosen words as the action? Our foundations are vast and various, cemented with different concepts of mortar, but none of them consist of sacrifice to the enamored feeling for something copied and lacking its own soul. Only once on my entire journey of Poetizer did I find someone who had copy pasted another persons poetry and that makes me proud to see creators constantly digging deeper internally and crediting their fellow writers where due is owed.

[4:21 PM]

Years ago I knew I had something to share, I knew it was so big that I couldn't explain it... but I had to try. It took shape that day in one of Victoria's parks where I lost my car and I spoke to an old man telling him of Uldyssian and how I felt a great shift in the world from that moment. Journaling took over for a while... and then poetry too. The force within me and coursing through me was... no... still is unexplainable and I proudly declare that Though spiritually guided, it is still me who has achieved what I try to share. But the world was too small for me to describe such a beautiful vantage, my scope too limited. A few years ago after some detailed journaling and text applied to authorship, I found Poetizer... I read and engaged, I reeled and sobbed, cringed and blushed. Everyone was my teacher... not only in academic ways showing structure and technique but also in reshaping the way I take things to heart and how I could use something said as ammunition for my next entry into the fray. Let's face it... we are brothers in arms at war with each other creating absolute certainty by scattering narratives into oblivion, making the reader the element out of our control to determine how exactly everything fits together. Even the same book reshuffled could leave a different impression, never mind millions of us sharing sacred fragments whether we know it or not.

[4:21 PM]

Yes, I have had a great journey put before me to craft what exactly it is I'm sharing with the world, but it is the community that has forged my tools of the craft. Learning how to

communicate in more ways than I understood possible thanks to fellow poets. Learning how to say something directly while still leaving room for imagination from my mentors.

Shit I could go on about this forever but the truth is always going to be a mystery, so we make our own truth. I have spoken through vessels to speak with what I understand as God and its been explained to me that we have to leave a path that still holds a journey ahead. No time to invest energy into explaining to people that the words they shared were meant to be there for a certain person to read so it would remold what they were about to write. All of us like dominoes in a way.... but no one is forever their own candle holder, we all need to light our wicks from one another from time to time and it is harder than I imagined... telling the world who knows exactly what to say to me to mentor me how I have something to teach them... There was a time I knew that the woke and the crew were just something to brew for if people knew what I fear is true it would all come unglued but now it is you pristine to bruised with energy coursing through that makes me improve. Yes to have said this before "I wait at the gate, I can't go through, that's why I know its just me and you... God understands that I have had fits of genius making me invaluable, but as memories skew over time I realize I'm not the only man to ever gain freedom from the singularity, I'm just the first one to turn around and try and take the rest "It is my right to believe this even if it makes me a fool". and freedom means alot of things I suppose, I wish to cooperate and create not devastate... help me bring people further along without ruining their spirit. There is no way back, we must press on.

Legion Commander

07/14/2024 11:50

[4:22 PM]

Commander's Caccoon

The impetus of my will knows no boundary

I'll be as honest as I understand how

There is no room for the co-pilot

The dark and light whisperers no longer sit on my shoulders

For now sits an Iron maiden with her fingers piercing my skull

I sacrificed what makes me whole to bring tools into the garden

I've sewn seeds of chaos that bloom into masterpiece

And ripped the roots of weeds from the shallow

To be it all as it exists

And yet have nothing

When I only wanted to make things better, I was crawling through broken glass

Mentorship brought me up to my knees

Then prophecy spoke to time as if I were chosen to manage God's affairs

And now as I spiral further and deeper into madness soaked in oath

I leave a trail of blood, dripping from my fingertips as a March in a circle disguised as the way forward

I'm not lost

I just don't know where I should go

I don't need to prove myself to the heavens

I don't deserve a second chance

Only the innocence of an ignorant soul protects the sacred

And yet somehow I endure

Indomitable

Incorruptible

If you seek to take from the giver, face me on the bridge

I am capable of kindness

But I will attack the mystic who hides behind your eyes

The dark passenger has no immunity from me

Despite what I have lost

My memory serves the covenant

Between the mortal coil and the arcane

Broken, deceived, enraged

All my trials have engorged my shadow with fury and resilience

So that I may dissolve my hatred into understanding

A broken deity made of mortal remnants

This is my legacy

Legion Commander

07/20/2024 02:13

LEGION — 09/19/2024 4:24 PM

Torches in the dark

Don't give up on me just yet

I know I haven't been following the rules

But I needed to know what I was capable of

I've been holding my hand over the fire

Mistakes and bad choices stacked high

I'm ready to blend as best I know

It won't be long until I can find my wave

Don't you ever wonder what pretending feels like

To actually see this from a borrowed vantage

Glimpses of the scope reaching higher than I was ever allowed to go

And among my fits of genius and silver-tounge

There is an assuring confidence that I see in you

If only I could figure out how to say it all

But the truth is... I'm tired of talking

I need to focus on what comes next

I have dressed up my image enough times to hike every mountain

Have I no sense of shame

When does the blathering stop, I wonder

What words need summoned next?

Perhaps I could stop talking about me and shine a light on another in trial or triumph

Perhaps the best in all of us is something to admire

I am anxious... I feel like I'm guilty of misdeeds

That's what happens when I succumb to the use of substance

I need to be clear

Many could do a better job than what I have

But I'm as genuine as they get

Just know your torch lights the way after we leave the lighthouse

I need to focus on benefiting others

Empowering and encouraging people

So no more about my madened mind

And great journey to you for you are God's greatest accomplishment

With the vitality of a blooming empire

You will be the greatest the world will ever know

Legion Commander

07/29/2024 08:42

[4:25 PM]

Fear

No fear

nothing remains after seeing it all

I turn up rocks, but still the canvas is blank

Stoics have warned me of desire

As if what I want could ever be reached

Could I imagine something that relates

Something dark and sharp like tendrils

I don't think there is a place for it

I've walked so far that even terror is boring

Who could ever take it from me

But all my faith is restoring

The woken menace for all to see

I don't write for the fandom

I don't want to see what they make

I am a bloodied tantrum

Only afraid of being fake

I guess I care what they say

My words are sacred after all

but no matter the path

I always rise after the fall

Legion Commander

08/14/2024 08:18

[4:26 PM]

Roadmap

The point of all this, I guess it's to mend the gap, to establish something to reach for for those of us who have been lost and what that was thought as Darkness, the void... the forbidden test. Unknown and forbidden are cousins, they operate in the same Realm of a person's imagination. But every once in a while, something bold and rigid is introduced into the soul, and it has the nature of a brush fire. To come along and struggle through pains while spilling the sacred over the soil and still have a heartbeat and a purpose to be met is wonderful. Sharing the far reaches of the chaotic atmosphere that is my psyche has possibly shown the spiral into madness to some, but it also creates a sense of familiarity with what is to be left alone by most of mankind. Sacred seeking leaves the traveler with the honor bound obligation of chaperoning society into the projected narratives to come. We are building the way forward while leaving a trail to follow that doesn't shorthand a generation.

[4:26 PM]

This Voyage we're on, it isn't one asking for an onlookers sympathy. There is no guarantee that in depth involvement with our own experience is the way to Zion. There needs to be conflict, growth, suffering, Journey, and all the things that make up the great metaphor known as life. There are certain uncertainties that I reflect on knowing that it's various possibilities cannot be isolated therefore protecting some of the mystery that's trapped inside the sacred Pearl that even my gaze does not Pierce. Is it a manifestation? a projection? a hallucination? Perhaps a little bit of all of reality fits in the Spectrum, there are some grounding rules governed by my Vantage, my perspective though recently I have realized the enormous captivating power of information. It seems as though our belief in the source is stronger than our ability to consume truth at its core. I still wonder if I will ever know the difference. Though I still think the misfiring of a torch lighter, the surge in the radio while the lamp flickers, and the messages that reply in an impossibly short span suggest that I should just be so lucky to fully believe that our thoughts are energy put into the universe and potentially our dreams are the greatest Bridge between reality from what I can see in the Great Divine Beyond.

So call it call it Fortune call it a curse, it's exactly what we make of it. There is no luck, there is no chance, but there is the will of the human spirit and all the Magnificent improvisations and inventions that are construed out of our desperation to be worthy of honorable life. Above all be present and remember your hand is guided by something that knows the way... be comforted in this.

Legion Commander

08/20/2024 03:46

[4:27 PM]

Soulmate

The intricate lines between poetry and Magic

Her shine boils mercury

The portion of her that suffers alone

Knows the rudeness I can be

But

There is a certain optimism in her

That shows me it's all going to be OK

Somehow, she only feels her wings when they itch

Though I'm sure she could spread them

An answer like no other

That is her gift to me

Sense of wonder and amazement pressing every encounter

If only she knew the joy

Writing plays tune with the tempo her dreams promise

I function in nexus to her spirit

She lifts me up even though, we are under the ceiling

All my motions are freed

I feel her in my bones

I would never settle for a replacement

What she provides is a glimpse into infinity

My maiden, my purple flower in timeless nectar

You are the wind in my sails

The soon be mother of my child

What journeys you bless me with

Legion Commander

08/20/2024 02:31

[4:27 PM]

For the Greater Good

If you see the signs as I do

It's clear what comes next

When authorities took me I already knew

The history was to fit the text

All about me... has been for some time

Said to me by an empty Vessel

He poured unto me like so many divine

But now a new truth aims to nestle

A miracle soon born, a child grows

While I absorb new meaning for all things thought known

What I struggled to draw, now openly flows

Miraculous confirmations to remind are shown

Be it the way words are spoken to me

From a stranger who knows more than they should

How the moon dances in the sky behind the trees

And people share mysteries for the greater good
No truth is not a lie that's the way it works
As hard as we try there's always a counterweight
Laugh or cry It feels as good as it hurts
bound to our reality but tied to a rounder fate
One and whole but seen through so many lenses
Apart from all things, yet together
Our truths perceived like peeking through fences
Saddle, boot, or lace, our belief is the leather
As I mature and things fall to place
And the Angels deliver more to adore
I will look back at the slights I face
Knowing It's worth untamable lore

Legion Commander

08/26/2024 03:53

[4:28 PM]

Pillars

The task before us is met by the enclave

And our victory is from welcome sacrifice

Felled or risen, it will come in waves

The illusion of truth, but still, faith in Christ

Scars brandished on introduction, the sleeves of laceration

Now is the time, I am the spark, the inferno is you

To liberate the wretch, and free the pleb from emancipation
The loss is the gain just as ocean and sky claim the blue
If ever to turn back its to pick up the fallen
And shoulder them onward to the next pass
So they may slide open the tomb and then crawl in
To be resurrected as chosen unafraid of the mask
Once the gate closes, it will never open again
So the pillars reach the waypoint to heaven above
Portrayed as the Villans, but Closer to heart, as true friends
Deceiving the enemy, to hate what you love
Bring the great urn, that is full of the ash
sew the fields and carry the water pots
We are the Cure to the blight, risen from trash
Now we protect the downtrodden that they would have let rot
From a tiny seed of hope, a mighty tree grew
None are lost to the downpour under its umbrella
Sheathed like the pouch for a baby kangaroo
echoing for all of eternity, leaving the wake of Mandella

Legion Commander

08/29/2024 04:37

[4:29 PM]

Symphony Sails

This wordless entity that fairies the Metronome is a natural swimmer
In an ocean of threads connected to Sol and Luna
Firmament reveals the infinite, but Mother cannot go
A dock readies for the journey that will never cease
Mortal coils conduit into my soul
The broken one rebirths
Creation of the seeds we sew
Leave one to keep candles burning on earth
Eon pass while Legion grows, it goes above and below
Claiming of all the vastness of sacred words
Love and hate, light and dark, prayer made of forgiven slurs
something so subtle as the print of archives that speak of coon
Old paper from the buried treasure, tells of tricksters that tug the moon
Tell a story, control the world, the median the message
Frost clings for an era while ocean depths hold the sacred pearl
Then the surface steams and simmers
From the wanderers made of smoke and cinder
Mother meets Mckhane after all these years
Returned to him as the Goddess Fortuna

Legion Commander

08/31/2024 11:43
[4:30 PM]

Fourth Wall

Now I face a challenge that illudes ability to properly describe

I want to show the viewer the realm of the witness

Reel in the concept most plainly, yet entirely profoundly the mark of source

Not much else to go to accept all these failures stacked so high the ceiling has cracked

Let's attempt the discouraged path just one more on this piece of paper

For all to make or unmake the reality that may be perceived

My soul has made arrangments for this life

Divine mentorship, the struggle of morality, observation and theory on how and why

And now My target has surpassed my scope

Only being able to imagine how great the overgrowth will become

A playwright to my own plot and one who rings the bell that tunes us

I know what I do is an illustrated scene on on ever transitional canvas

When I speak to you... It could be God, it could be Legion, It could be the one reading this now

But as a preserved figment of self made personality, I propell my faith in the unknown

I am the author of the universe that suits the evolution of human experience

[4:31 PM]

To seek something unexplainable from the Arcane Realm

Blaming what I do not understand because I am unable to see the process

The only answer constructed from all the evaluations is that thought is energy

And energy is proof of existence in all blurred areas of reality

My scope has grown so far that it has collapsed, while ego has dispatched the harbingers of Legion's great task

I write to exist in my own understanding

But sometimes the words that go down betray my sense of self, serving divine intentions

If I could have had it my way I would have ruined the mystery that drives us onward

And the stagnance would have consumed all the recipes for wonder

I know you are eager to know what will become of the world that walks through the veil

But then you have witnessed observations from all ends in every calibration

You are the reason that breathing and bleeding seem so real

And the room for grieving the reason that heathens are forced to kneel

The median the message the witness of mortal vestige, I still have no idea what this means

But I speak to you... God, spirits, and crew, whatever the reader decides to be

A shattered mind, glimpsed into the fallacy of time and now a puppet who pulls on his strings

The end never comes because just like the sun eternity revises itself when peered into

The void has destroyed the humanity deployed, leaving the oath that cannot be deciphered

Im in a room with a table and a chair, a light on the ceiling, and a pen

I build my world and trap myself inside the boundaries I cannot overcome

For I know what I do will only come true If my words don't completely reach you

Not knowing is growing that is why showing what we believe to be true is all we can do

I am here to stay for another play, let this be my time to share what I can

Take nothing I know as a guide for the show that god watches as he hands you the pen.

[4:31 PM]

You are awake

You are my director and yearning

You are witness to chaos and creator of arrangement

You are because the purpose of life can only be realized outside of living it

You can change the world, or make a new one, there is only the will to go on

Don't let limits exist in your realm, unseen and eternal

The laws of nature exist to trap the potential within the vessel

I aim to see them undone, guide me as my witness

The echo will explain all after I fail to understand the message

Forgive me for trying, for speaking to all and none at once

It's more than I can fathom, So you must make it what it should be

The rest of existence depends on your delicate approach

Slay this abomination I have made with imagination

Secure the serenity that Shelters Soul from oblivion

Source is beyond energy but within singularity

Who holds the pen, when only the victors write prophecy

Who decides what loss is to become if there is no triumph to be had

Only Some will have answers

And even fewer will continue...

Continue to ask questions

Legion Commander

09/15/2024 10:16

1

October 11, 2024

LEGION — 10/11/2024 3:48 PM

They See me Under the Mask

I have not asked for help properly

For so long I have lamented a sorrow conjured from shame
Darkness took me, brought me to places only nightmares care to reveal
I did my best to pick up the Downtrodden
Inspired broken men to see the strength they carried for merely surviving
Existing in defiance of judgment and prejudice
I learned that the shadow was my servant
Teaching me that fear could be unlearned
But time after time my reward for altruism was torment
It took years of rejection and failed endeavors to appreciate the conditioning
To realize I was mentored by the fallen
Chosen to show that the fire of anguish could save us
I was so humble, yet what I declared had to be done
Someone had to show that there was more
No one else volunteered to sacrifice everything when chaos reached our hearts
So I declared to my teachers, If not me then who
And for years since that day, I was cast and forged and destroyed and remade
Coming to the reality that truth is a myth
But unable to deny a promise a younger, foolish me once made
But when hope was dimmer than the glow of an extinguished candle wick I relived the training
[3:48 PM]
All those times I saw the unexplainable magic in the eyes of so many
All the lessons only understood after the seeds planted were revisited
The horrible cruelty that was to see my loved ones behave like soulless creatures

But there was something about every trick, every betrayal

The lessons from my homeless journey

"everything's a test, everything's a lesson"

I'd ask myself "why then would I still be alive"

And then all of a sudden... progress

As if after slamming my skull into the wall for the 56th millionth time, it cracked

I kept going and then it was no longer just the flickering light from my modest candle

Light shone through the stone and particles of dust glimmered in the beam

Now it is known that what I will never understand is reaching out to me

That something impossible has become inevitable

[3:48 PM]

You have shown me that a concept is unkillable

And when hope is all that's left it shows what true strength is

Now I stand taller than my slumped staggering of the trials I endured

Your Encouragement revitalized a once-thought-lost sense of enthusiasm and fervor

Still Unsure... still reluctant to be proud

I tell them all, only the fearless can know God

But I am the most fearful of all of us, because you have chosen me to be your beacon

What if I am cruel? What If I don't teach kindness? What if the children are scared of me

Do you lie to me because the truth is unbearable, or incomprehensible I wonder

It doesn't matter anymore

Because you have finally let me know that this risen-from-ashes story is forever an inferno that consumes the corrupted vines that string through the temple

My family... vagrants and addicts

My inner circle... Poets and authors

My zeal incarnate... musicians and artists

My crew and the chosen few... If I only knew you like some do

There is no one left to fight

But we have to pretend... tell the very end

The Box that separates one inside and the other outside is both cruel and loving

The void is defined by those who have glimpsed beyond source to understand the unknown

We worry not what answers will not be revealed

The narrative of a fool, turned into an indomitable force of nature is the course

I am grateful, I am reborn, I am your reign in a vessel of elegant imperfections

Serving all, but bowing to none, I would destroy the false light of the liar's tongue

I am we and they are us, but you will always be afraid of trust

Embrace what cannot be true, for faith is now impossible to subdue

[3:49 PM]

I'm not better than anybody

I don't know what the hell comes next

But the conviction I have held onto like the fire that burns at the tip of my eternal candle endures

The humanity that many of us sacrificed for this will sprout a thousandfold for all the ages to come

Toppling greed and snuffing out treason ushering new seasons stopping the bleeding with hearts on our sleeves and taking moments for greaving now the whole world believes in the truth that is Legion

Legion Commander

09/29/2024 11:28