

OF WORMHOLES AND NIRVANAS



flying high on dopamine i see visions in the sky...hieroglyphics everywhere seducing my mind late at night...when i close my eyes i see wormholes to distant galaxies...we must resist the pathologization of our tribe's neurodiversity...i dream in staccato rhythms-refueling energy for the day ahead...i am wired in deep meditation-or feining sleep in my unkempt bed...some nights i spend with lovers-blessing me with erotic solidarity...most nights i am tempted by fire -with its power to let genius fly free...we are locked in a

life and death struggle against a toxic system deeply rooted..our imagination must reach out to the stars-while digging deep into the lies that protect bourgeois rule...we are the faithful army of jon snow-suddenly aroused in passion by the silver haired queen always fiercely enrobed...perhaps someday i'll encounter a wormhole with a cosmic link to our cylon future or to the machiavellian violence of westeros...imagination is a powerful weapon in the face of toxic forces so viscerally aroused...we must strive to recruit a phalanx of NEOS-who can see the code of our matrix in the light that filters through clouds...its time to meld minds and fuel our mutation-time to worship the moon and the sun...we may never see the future we fight for-but our backs are branded with pride for what we have done...so meditate and feel your power-become the creator of your own divine spark...express your karmic gifts by organizing, writing, and conjuring new art...with each passing day nirvana feels like an illusion in the face of global existential threats...we must have faith in cosmic powers that can guide our nascent revolution-and work for the capitalist order's ensuing death



-BYPO PHOENIX c)2017