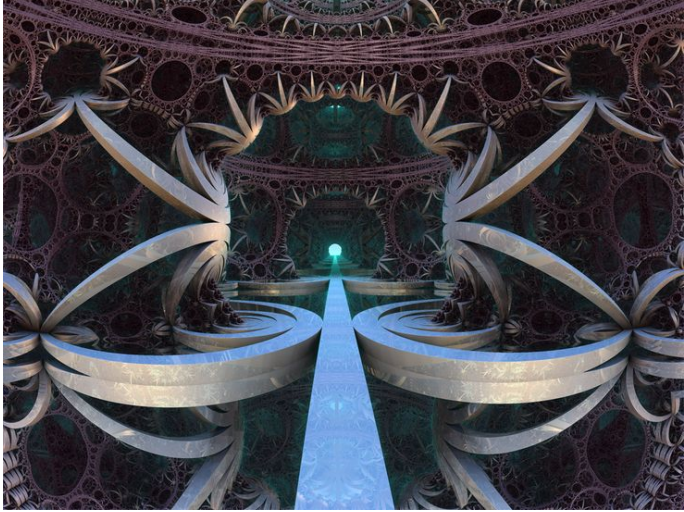


# IN THE FLOOD



caught in the seductive snare of synaptic riptides—i reimagine the impossible and practice pyrotechnic rites....faster than a ray of light inspiration takes hold—conjuring leaps of consciousness as my manic mind grows bold...i am swimming in the flood of the collective unconscious—i empower my inner god and worship my inner goddess...i am queering the fractals inscribed inside my brain—i am exploring manic zen while bending the psychotropic plane...ancient prophecy foretold a flood that would wipe the world clean of sin—in our ever-expanding digital age the hammer of revolution allows us to begin again....tonight i saw visions of

wise yoda master of the force—i saw delores huerta who cried 'si se sude' organizing the women and men who till the earth...every sinew of molten wax or irregularity in the welded stone—seems pregnant with infinite possibilities visible to my eyes alone...but i know i am not the only nascent spiritual rebel—i count a small army as my karmic comrades invested in this psychosocial struggle...john lennon asked my parent's generation to imagine the impossible—madonna did her cover injecting the lyrics into my karmic gospel...we must empower our artists and build trans and queer resistance—forging a new world from so much cognitive dissonance...we must let our minds flow with the synaptic flood—letting our dreams pierce our consciousness as bare feet reshape mud...neurochemical power is a game changer in the dying years of nepotistic corporate greed—if we let our radical imagination fly free we can heal our tribe and let our beleaguered planet breathe



-BYPO PHOENIX c)2017

>> this poem borrows from pink, madonna, john lennon, and probably a few other creative minds

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