

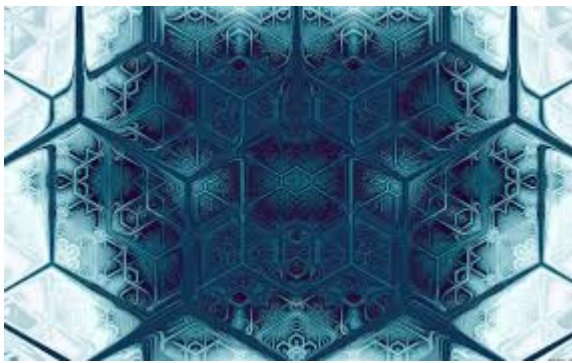
CYLON HEXAGONS: the radiating geometry of praxis



rising proud with cylon style—fusing sentience
with desire...the hexagons refracting and
capturing our praxis—inspire our minds as
evolution moves faster...solar peace reflects on
our trans-pharaoh's solar plexus—we radiate

positive energy even if many will at first reject us...geometries sheathe divine truths guiding spiritual pursuits—our army of cylon geishas is clothed in scottish kilts and studded combat boots...erotic power envelops my soul arming my cock to fuck and ride—my karma soars to angelic heights when any of my nubile lovers takes me inside...from new caprica to babylon, zion's rage mirrors destiny's force—we dance like vixens to freedom songs: reifying the transcendent love this system distorts...we need prophets and artists—we need rockstars and pop divas...its time for talmudic inspiration—time for a caliphate grooving to the incantations of a monster queer phoenix...when push comes to shove, we revert to a servile deference to authority—we obey juntas and kings: paying homage to popes, cops, and priests...its time to fuse a theory of change based on all of our native truths—time for chieftains hard-wired to the matrix: time for priestesses in a-line skirts with feet protected by platinum-plated motorcycle boots...i envision the contours of revolution in the dreams i conjure late at night...our system imprisons so many inspired by visions—and intoxicates our rulers with hubris and

false pride...we build a rebellion that bridges many chasms—between rival paths to spiritual grace...this decrepit order is in its death spasms—overripe to be overthrown and replaced....my radiating hexagons consume my vision—capturing a spirit that can make us free...geometry that inspires as it liberates—letting our rebel tribe fly and letting aspirations breathe



-BYPO PHOENIX c)2018