

# **FINE LINES: an aspirational manifesto for mental health liberation**



like angels, we seek signs of evolving life at the  
end of the dank, dark, and isolating depressive  
tunnel

like aztec warriors, monster queer muslim and  
sephardic cylon buddhas resist the proto-fascist  
cop-enforced kettle

we seek solidarity and transcendent love: our  
sharpest tools in the quest to conquer our past and

present trauma and pain

semitic ninjas fly from a reconfigured zion to the temples of wakanda: arming our radical militias with the energy of vibranium—the ultimate weapon in the war on hate and shame

this system has denigrated our creative potential to its own socio-political detriment—billions strong: we yearn for more and fiercely imagine what we might become

we are a tribe of epic genius camouflaged by alienation—pounding drums to herald the rise of our mutant-age minerva, heavily armed with cognitive ammunition—through emotion and connection building the power to abolish the scourge of stigma and uproot this toxic system

we each become a newborn phoenix when we rise from the chains of pathology, of self-hate, and of suicidality

we awaken from a psycho-spiritual slumber—weaponizing our powers of perception and rebranding our banksy monster family fame as

the karmic antidote to bourgeois normality

we pop our pills and potions as prescribed—but  
enhance our psychotropic arsenal with an angelic  
bump when the moment is right

our synaptic neurochemical auras are transcribed  
as hieroglyphs on our hypo-wired sacred  
scrolls—the holy tablets we analyze and revise  
while flying high late at night

whether manic depressive or hardcore  
unipolar—there is always hope to be born from a  
matrix of radical acceptance

our sisters and brothers living with schizophrenia  
will learn to harmonize their voices like an  
intergalactic chorus—refusing to be strapped down  
and criminalized or abandoned to the streets and  
left to die unmentioned

my eyes see an infinite army of cosmic and karmic  
signs—emerging within our global tribe's evolving  
consciousness

we summon all of our black panther power—but

purged of the neo-feudal proposition that  
benevolent aristocracy is the best our species can  
get

there is a fine line between genius and  
psychosis—a line i navigate with introspection,  
medication, and meditative hypnosis

fine lines mark my barely aging carthaginian  
face—alluring like a monster queer phoenix flying  
high with a demigod's grace

the bypo posse hosts erotically charged parties  
where fine lines are inhaled with intensity—letting  
dopamine rise and leaving inner demons in power  
while enticing substances are at play

our poly-gendered geisha seduce the cocks and  
clitori of our ninja with expert finesse and erotic  
power in spades

we come armed with an imaginative vision of the  
world we strive to build from the ruins of this  
brutally tortured polarized age

in our life cult, sex is sacred and love is always

chic and styled fly—as our insurrection arises our  
orgasmic potential will writhe and multiply

the fine lines between structure, boundaries, and  
creative energy are porous membranes crafted for  
karmic realignment—they are rivers and  
mountains describing the parameters of new-rising  
empires driven towards a penultimate  
revolutionary assignment

as our barbaric global system lurches towards the  
precipice of mass self-destruction our  
mitochondrial dna reimagine their power to rise  
and forge ever deeper connections

they are building bridges to distant pulsars, to  
ancient prophecy, and to the endangered species  
known as common sense

we will restore our imperiled common humanity  
and give birth to a new world arising from deep  
within



-BYPO PHOENIX c)2018