

RECEPTIVE DISCIPLES: reflections on a second journey through the georgetown psych ward



hospitalized for the umpteenth time-i medicate my mind while i relax and unwind...confined in these walls-in the georgetown psych ward...visited by karmic angels i have loved and adored...fire is a force: a living act of entropy-fueled by wax and oxygen-or by proto-manic gasoline...within these

walls so much healing takes place...psychic visions
cohere—psychic trauma is erased...emotional war
is a god—voraciously feeding on our souls...its a
never ending story—an epic poem of ancient
peoples that steadily deepens and never grows
old...interstellar battles between genius and
madness—between the sane and the
psychotic...emotional bullets pierce our auras with
steel—my meditation grows fierce and
hypnotic...light and dark—decoded or secret...the
power of gnosis grows ever deeper...love and
rage—hope and pain...sacred truth is my mistress
and i am her seeker...the psychic alchemy we
practice is the foundation of a nascent liberatory
matrix...the neurochemistry we conjure forges the
dna of a borderless bypo nation...easing anxiety
and depression while piercing the blinding fog of
self deception...we are an ad-hoc family united by
common demons...we have each other's backs—we
heal our pain while our minds are dreaming...these
places of healing could be so much more if
psychospiritual struggles were not
stigmatized...we are anarchist ninja waging a
karmic war—seeking to tame the dragons writhing
deep inside...we are a newborn tribe forged

instantaneously—a miraculous birth of intentional community...we speak the truth and buff the lies—allowing our inner phoenix to fly free...i am newly receptive to communal engagement—newly receptive to the angel of sleep...we are disciples of a neo-gramscian revelation—forging a praxis that rises high but is rooted deep...disciples of karma are forged in the georgetown psych ward—disciples of friendship and sharing: enemies of guilt and shame...we imagine the architectural skeleton of a collectivist society—finely crafted on the anvil of intense emotional pain...liberation comes to those who struggle—joy comes to those who cry...receptive disciples build a matrix of love that can sustain our souls from the day we are reborn to the day we finally die



-BYPO PHOENIX c)2018