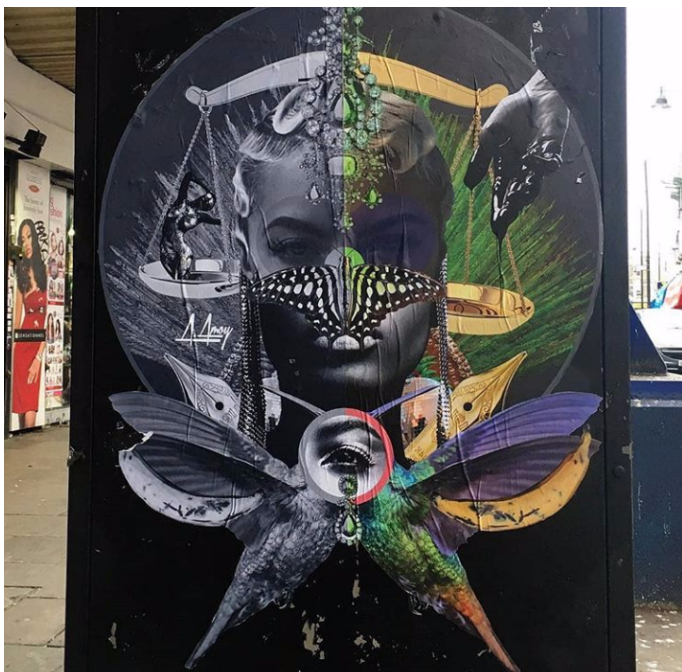


GERMINATE



a force lifts me up, healing from so much pain—a light pierces clouds as the sun follows rain...we allow erotic energy to flow and percolate—creating sacred space for new ideas to arise and germinate...in my arms i cradle a lover karmically blessed by a distant star—our souls are bonded together, too interwoven to be torn apart...our

destines interact, inside out, near or far—we are soldiers in an anarchist army, with a new world growing within our hearts...civil war and imperial power take us close to imminent extinction—we must conjure superpowers to fuel our resistance, finding truth in the world of fiction...its time to abolish mass incarceration: time to pierce the charade of drug prohibition—we arm our subaltern army blessed with a karmic mission—we fight with all earthly powers for the transformation of this system...beauty comes in many guises—comes hidden behind many masks...nascent love is full of surprises—reinspiring me on my spiritual path



-BYPO PHOENIX c)2018