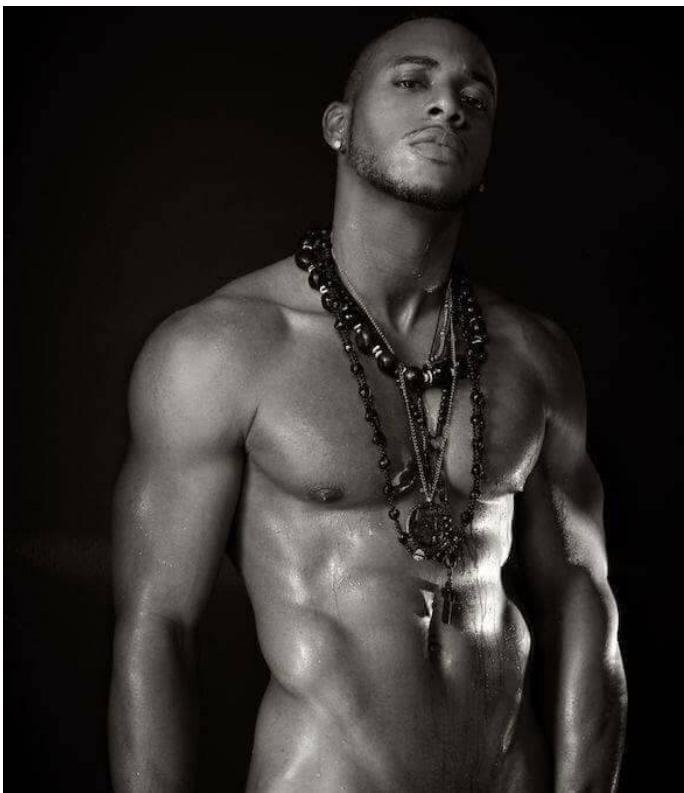


INSURRECTION: a hard house anthem of resistance



we are the ones we've been waiting for—we are a people becoming an army knocking on destiny's door...we aspire to become living gods or at least to become more—we throw down to the house beat driving our armored boots into the floor...cosmology and astrology conjure reborn

numerology—like a symphony and like divine infantry we rewrite our people's narrative history—our insurrection is in its infancy but is teething fangs imbued with ferocity—we call on all angels and pixies to bless our rebel dance with pyromanic intensity...the subterranean forces we summon are becoming a phoenix: potent, rugged, and luscious—this is a process of evolution: one of becoming conscious of the subconscious...we tempt fate by flying towards the sun like the fabled hellenic icarus—our sex work army peddles tempting elixirs, ecstatic orgasms: coming hard and vicious...when i focus on my neurochemistry, i feel a sense of deja vu or else a steady tingling in my mouth and face—these triggers clue me in that timelines are in a state of flux and that divine powers are finding their place...we are blessed with newborn children so full of genius and so blessed by sacred grace—these arising generations are the ones that we fight for: they are the wrought iron pieces that allow our key master to unlock our matrix's sacred gates...throughout our city, our nation, and our world a multitude of tribes are asking the same urgent and burning questions—the world's people

ask what it will take to displace this despotic cabal and create a humane and rational system...we must read our treasured lore and the fractals unveiled by the stars to find roadmaps and ancient lessons—we must unite our people across divisions carved by borders, bigotry, and oppression...our prefigurative praxis can inspire our movements with concrete examples of what we can become—the power of mutual aid is that it defies ideological dependence on decaying capitalism's ever dwindling supply of crumbs...its time for mass rebellion: time to unearth state power: threatening the oligarchy's attempt to privatize the power of our sun—its time for a sex positive movement for trans and queer liberation to finish what the rebels of stonewall so valiantly begun...amplifying neurodiversity we evolve beyond the need for sleep—intersectionality reigns supreme with synchronicity driving deep...we paint our scalps with hieroglyphs and cyphers awaiting a karmic leap—we fuck the binary on the daily with femme flair forging an androgyny so fierce...we meditate deeply feeling our power and allowing our naked eye to uncoil—our cybernetic communiques and ephemeral posts make our blood seethe and

boil...armed with love and rage we will reclaim collective power over our soil—we decide our own destiny through what we craft: branding our own prophets, caliphs, and royals...our freedom fighters are alert, alive, predatory, and transgressive—samurai geishas armed with stilettos and gucci glasses: so stylish and seductive...the brilliance of our minds so cleverly disguised by subterranean subversive motives—the beauty of our eyes is veiled by post-modern mathematicians and new-rising oracles...we will live in our open minds and will die in our open minds—we are becoming conscious of all the destructive patterns we strive to leave behind...this is a post-modern jihad: class war globalized—my cock hardens on command when your alluring gaze meets my eyes...we organize horizontally but centralize our planning: drawing from the best of divergent traditions—marxist prophets of old meet anarchist minds of the moment fueled by the opiate of the masses and its pulse-throbbing stimulation...we dream of insurrection and of resurrection of artillery to pierce the fog of mass deception—our dreams of revolution enjoy a narrow window of hope before this toxicity brings a hideous final

solution



-BYPO PHOENIX c)2018