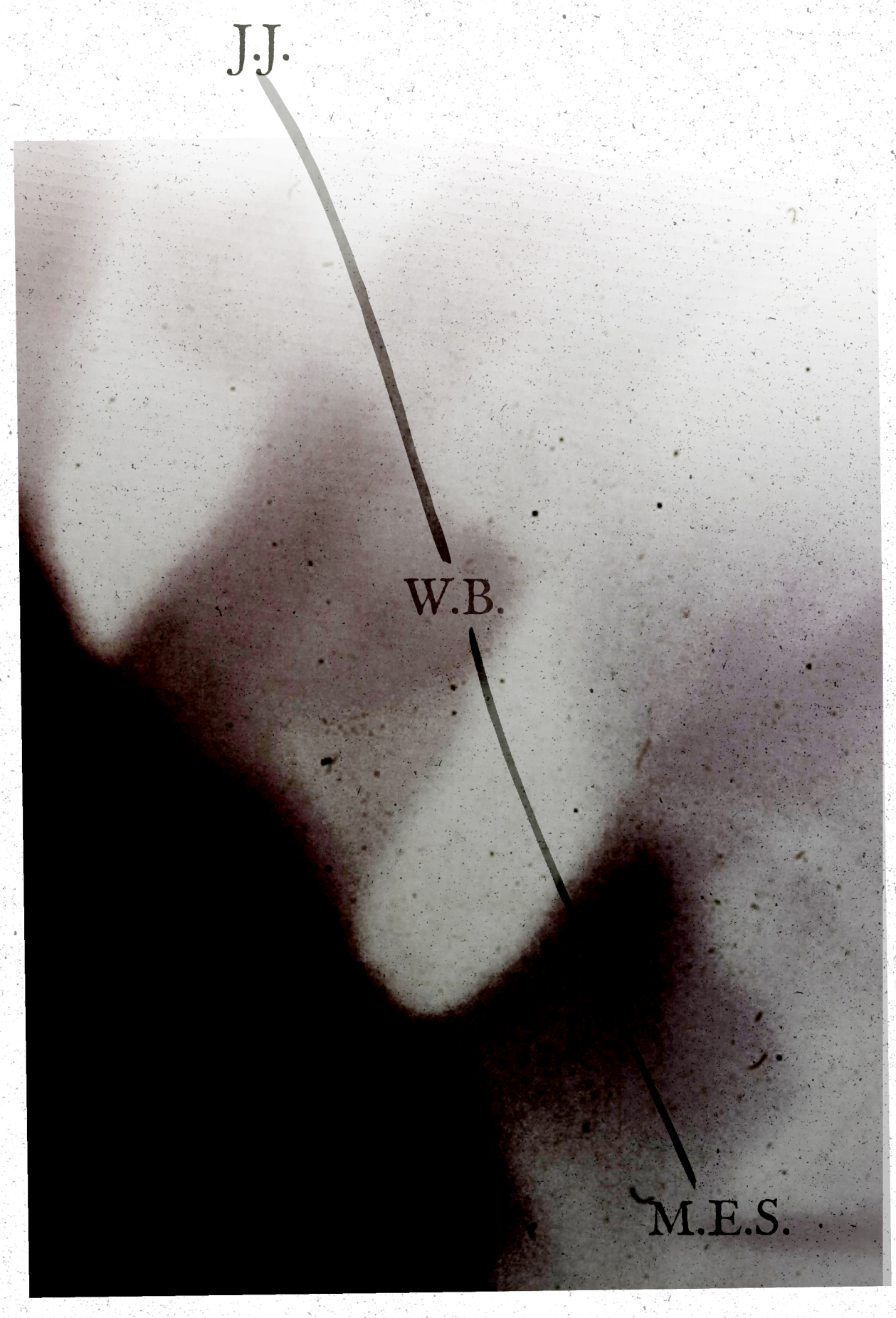
1

The Mind Factory, Its Give And Take

FOCUS

SHEM SHELLEY


J.J.
W.B.
M.E.S.

to paraphrase a moment — no flood blues

King Sailor — repopulate the circuitry
Sam's Devine Son, Sails on
to

O Shem,
Go Shem—

Mudmaker, Mealnath!

And I travel in the mindset ways
Across distinct lands on mercy, trails,
Way off

Trenches Deep
Vibrate Angles!

Siphoning Lands Caul her, diseasming
devill lawghs in tangent, countinue
in seams, insurpassed, herald my
Kindominion, leer at the parst,
water in warter, createure of Hughmane
Floor wide open, the money seek.

Trials aplenty, No lostalgia,
We are puns, pass
NOT LOSTALGIA
Luck few tore
Book forward

Speaking to man Ormazda
Run, rotten spirit!





THEREVELATIONIGHT

Illusory attraction sickness
Time is memory to remove Pan
Self edit,
No Stalgia
No gold
No God days

O Shem,
Go Shem—

Shem, more he's
Clenched words, the
Handuage on
throat spells
Eeeeeee Ennnn Deeeee

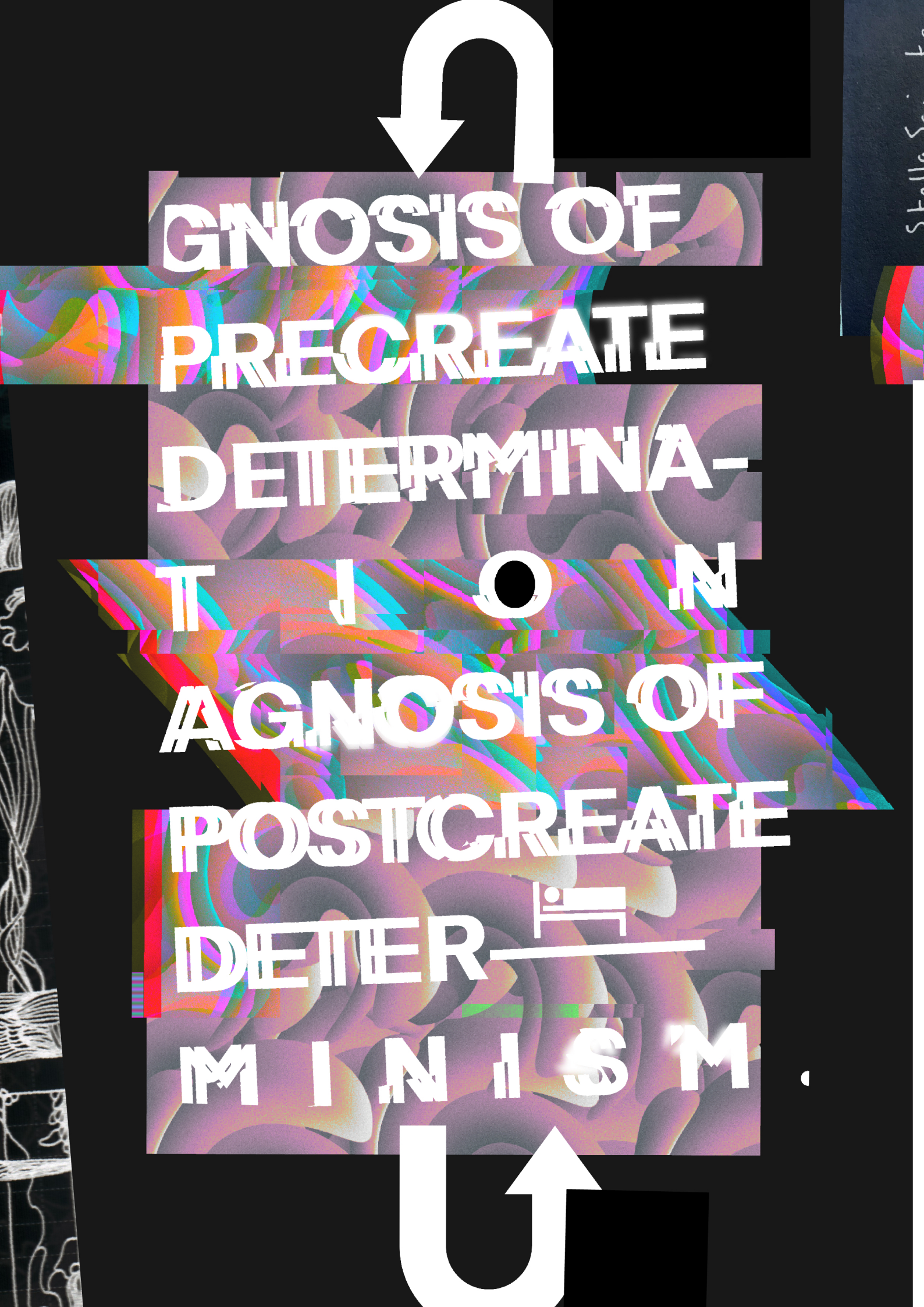
Lies! Ligh! To
A flush of perspiration

"Dear deck ease
into soft sunlit
a race to the end
top of the word
hay man dark waters
complete thy deeds
broken clawds
despaired thy lands"

Thy Conclusion—



EXTERMINATE ALL RATIONAL THOUGHTS


GNOSIS OF
PRECREATE
DETERMINA-
T I O N
AGNOSIS OF
POSTCREATE
DETER—
M I N I S M

FUNERAL VAMPYRE

A self service situation skirting on west boil,
About the nature of resistance, walking forwards,

Only appearing on gloomy eye,
Town saturate and bleak and cold with servitude
The Funeral Vampyre,
Black rag tails, destitute crown,

Here tale is strung across beadless neck,
as destiny,
Place of ligature on dry map of southern envy,
Innocent walk
Under siphon shade, the air is dense,

Streak of bleeding above,
as below the footsteps retch,

Hooded disfigure,
A teach of mass, communication alive,
To a muddle of loyal middles worshipping sun,
Call heathen to a willowed seer,
As unholy water is thrown to despoil blood

"I LIKE WHAT'S INSIDE—WHAT'S INSTEAD"
The shrill voice beacons,
As carrying candid cabbage jewels from beneath eyelids
Handing the poor singing,

[illegible] church is Hell on [illegible]rth,

And every church is Hell on Earth,

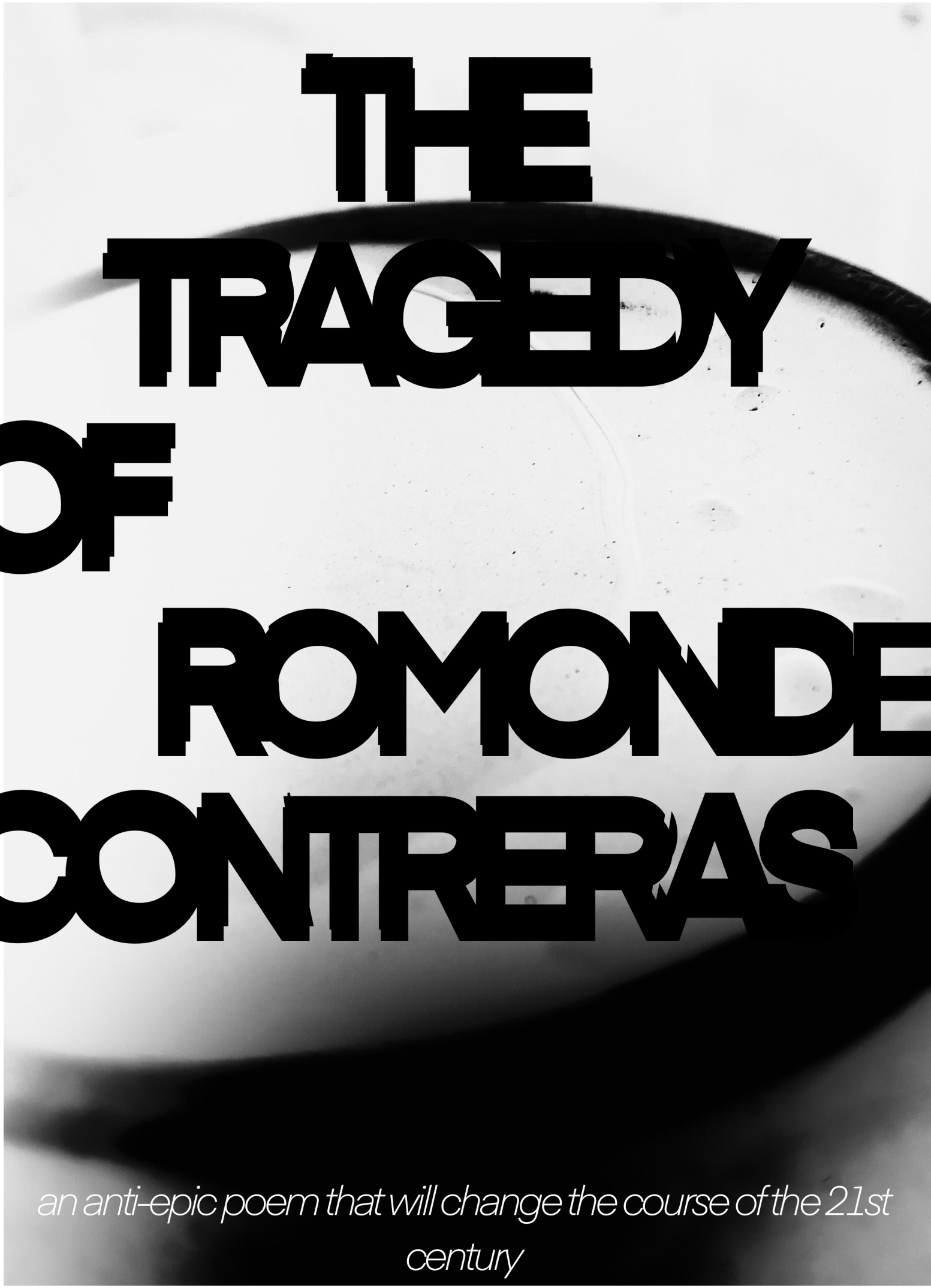
And every church is Hell on Earth."

As country washed, and priest becomes sick, they follow,
The Funeral Vampyre slops through streets,
Smoke that pokes lungs,
Hiding glass cherries under pavement,
Painting light on soot stairways

Heads into residential crypt
Passed acrid gloom,
Loyal family hunts darkness
Home spore crack,
They break down ingress, makeshift sticks tumble,
Their prime hate is fire burning like bitter star
And a young one with severed connections
Knocks the Funeral Vampyre,
Commotion scatters,
Hits the wall,
Blood thick black
Drips sideways from mouth to ear,
As if lying down, but standing,

The Funeral Vampyre's last words,

"THE GOLDEN AGE NEVER HAPPENED
—except in our memories—"



an anti-epic poem that will change the course of the 21st century

Part 1 of The Tragedy of Romonde Contreras

Chapter I

"You are holding the book that will change the 21st century in your hands. How does that make you feel?"

I am your creator
I give you BONES of DESTINY
I give you electricity
ELECTRICITY REMINISCENT
OF BLOOD
I give you life Romonde...

I am the sacred mother/father
I give you life so I can die!

A golden spider rests on the tongue birthing jewels in sequence
Go forth into the 21st Century...
And change it!
Take its decaying form and make it BE A UTI FUL
Romonde, you must.
For me
For me
For me...

And he comes into the Tigerlands
The territory of all disease
All the brains dancing on nuclear toxic fumes
Black coats of POISE ON/ALL COHOL timid animals seeking—
Romonde walks like a dagger piercing the earth
A trail of shining perfume,
Leaving behind trees with clouds as crowns
Children shake the gleeful trunks and the eggpink light deep within,
Escapes and flies away as sunlight birds setting far.

Romonde Contreras was born just now just in this,
Born to do something no one living can do
Holding the book that will change the course of bleeding time
Living between the chaos of FACT and FICTION
A fire knitting stars into crass saintliness
With a stolen name,
Born into the world with just one goal
To destroy a system or be enslaved by the WHITEVIRUS

N.T.M.

NO TIME NO FUTURE — THERE IS NO TIME ANYMORE — THE TWOTHOUSANDS ARE ETERNAL — CULTURAL REPETITION — ESCAPE THE FUTURE to KILL THE PAST — There is no time like the presence of Eternity — Exhale the blood of time! No breath — Time is suffocation — Twelve devils hound the wheel of No-Fortune! — Take it back! — The invention of measurement — "Do you have the time?" — NO I HAVE A DEVICE TO MEASURE TIME — Juggling the centuries — And we aren't bored yet, everything is boring — 24 fleas on the dogs of time — That murderer time — BLEAK no TIME — Hold intimacy in the palm of your hand — And let eternity cower — Disjointed twins walk the planet's skin with the future grasping for something that isn't there — Out of time — Out of sync — Sinkhole of communication — I am Romonde Contreras — I sold the future many years ago — I watch them dine — The stories and the stories and the stories — NO FUTURE — Hedonistic time — To pollute the skeletons dancing — None left — NO TIME — Blazing across the SPACE of no return — Guzzling WASTE and HEADACHES — Defictionalise the intrinsic — "I am over there!" — Heading east and hitting puncture of numbers — time and TIME again — my bones are traffic! — All of this begins again — two three zero — ELECTRICITY — 11:36 — June 17th — The Contreras name is taken — A law! — MAIVRES NON — "I'd kill to grow some time" — And kill the hands that point — No Future — Instruct! Instruct! Instruct! — I am Romonde Contreras and I am running — I gave up the future to CREATE — No Live — I am the drunk lieing on the street — they are rejuvenated by the away — Placing time in wrong space — It looks like WASTED time — No Imagination No Time — The SHADOW is out! — Decorate! Decoration! — I am

Romonde Contreras — Who needs the race? Whoneeds
the race — Stop the race — I am Romonde Contreras
and I have sold the future to TIME

*
* *

I hate the bureaucracy of here
The data used to mark us
This world F O C U S E D in another world,
Another word,
Another world...

—An other scolded maxim of here and now—

I Romonde Contreras promise to
Bring an ocean of words,
To wash away this stench,
This century of depth

Let the top-tribe bathe in the bile they produce
And sing songs no one can hear.

I am the angry world, the mad tome in reverie,
This smart has forbade you, and is with concrete dust.

Romonde never learned
how to HOWL, howl like
an animal in the binary
brothel, like an animal in
plastic, Romonde HOWL
and give me my life back
—Our life

And here we go, the one and only
C A N N I N O N O T A
my prison, my late sleep,
in eternities hellish never;
this is the OPEN beginning!

All the philosophers are trees I
Cut with an axe of dreams like
The bread and wine of the damned!

SPIRITUALCOLLAPSE
SPIRITUAL COLLAPSE
SPIRITUAL R E L A P S E

The Horror! The Horror!
A gangrene gargoyle escapes
And I christen the lake with
A sunset skeleton.


I LIKE WHAT'S
INSIDE
WHAT'S
INSIDE

SHEMS

HELLEY