A PIECE OF CAKE FROM OUT OF TOP GUN

Shem Shelley

say ok, make the confess


The Tragedy of Rafael Cortéras
an anti-epic poem that will change the course of the 21st century
Shem Shelley

Chapter 21

"They will see madness. They will see... inside."

In the Grotesque underbelly, a Chaos white sky
Bubbles above the octagon roof
Looking down upon the insatiable ALLSOUTH

CHECK THE EXPIRATION HATE
—a puritan smutcracker screams while
beheading dolls with succulent lightbulbs
in the lowly below

T H E D O O R S H U T S
as the link between hooks and craniums
twitch, involuntarily slurping—

Seven pools of watery black festering GHOULD
Rot where the singers once stood,
The half-eaten lyrics slowly digested in the
p r i m o r d i a l g o o p

Beams of light and broomstrokes of dark
Crosshatch the scene around Romonde

The warm hug of Gabriel's Mist creeping away,
as the Tower bristles with bestial fur,
swaying in the wind like an angry gait

AND ROMONDE HEARS IT

Wind polluted with the business cards of the recently
deceased

AND ROMONDE SEES IT

A mass of natural wires and tree stumps and red
indulgent led lights

THE CARCRASH NIGHTINGALE

Soaring through the curdling sky,
suckling on the polluted juices,
causing lightning in the great outstairs...

Flies away to some unknown destiny,
Before
    She
        Arrives

••• ••

Black slugs begin to rain,
—SIGN OF HER APPEARANCE—
As the dog lady circles around the roof,
Around Romonde,
Each pool transformed into a
B A R K I N G L O T U S

"As I open Eternity's Crooked
Door for you Romonde,

My gnarl is blue faced and white as currency!

You will serve yourself,
instead of others.

Bitter and unable to sculpt
W O R D S O U L

Running away forever!
And I will silently growl,

I
S T E P M O T H E R N A T U R E
O N

—Silently!
As I sink your celestial
islands through category!"

The dog lady lunges towards Romonde
ready to carve the mark Phantom Saints
refuse to crystallise—

    And Romonde falls to the side,
    And she hits the parapet,
    Unfazed by the broken stone,
    Iron claws lusting for blood,
    Dust and debris blooming out,

Sends rubble on Holy quest,
To collide with Romonde's head—

AND YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S CALLED...

There is not a map,
In the Black and Gold,
Don't fear this a trap,
No lies will be told.

The Black continues,
The Gold is screaming,
And do not refuse,
What I am dreaming.

It was imprisoned,
Your fitting and fear,
The dog it glistened,
And you led it here.

Now is the lesson,
The sacred non-sense,
Your new obsession,
To climb like a fence.

To bring forth the Sun,
And manifest eyes,
Imagination,
Will bring paradise.

One glimpse at this world
But you can't come back,
It's time to unfurl,
From the Gold and Black.

...THE INSIDE OF THE OUTSIDE.

Chapter 22

"It's quite simply the joy of burrowing in mess. That's my secret."

R O

M O
N D
E

returns from someplace else,
to find
her Mild Hunt over,

The dog lady from Liarland now docile as her iron claws fall,
Her body now thumbsized and smiling bluegreen,
So Romonde touches the stoneground in front of her,
The static causing a lightning proposal,
She feeds on the bolts and sees a—

CIRCUS OF WANDS
impaled by a carrousel
of deathly desire
s a v a g e s i l e n c e
of the organism...

And she begins to float,
Higher and further,
Above the Clouds of Oblivion,
Climbing away,

The dog lady from Liarland to become the first person to leave the Earth...

*
* *

Claws engraved with
ALL A MOUTH BLACK
Are taken by Romonde to the
Metal and sawdust castles
Outside the Tower,

Only one remains—

Taking the book gorged on new words,
Romonde kneels and enters the tree-high

DARKHITECTURE

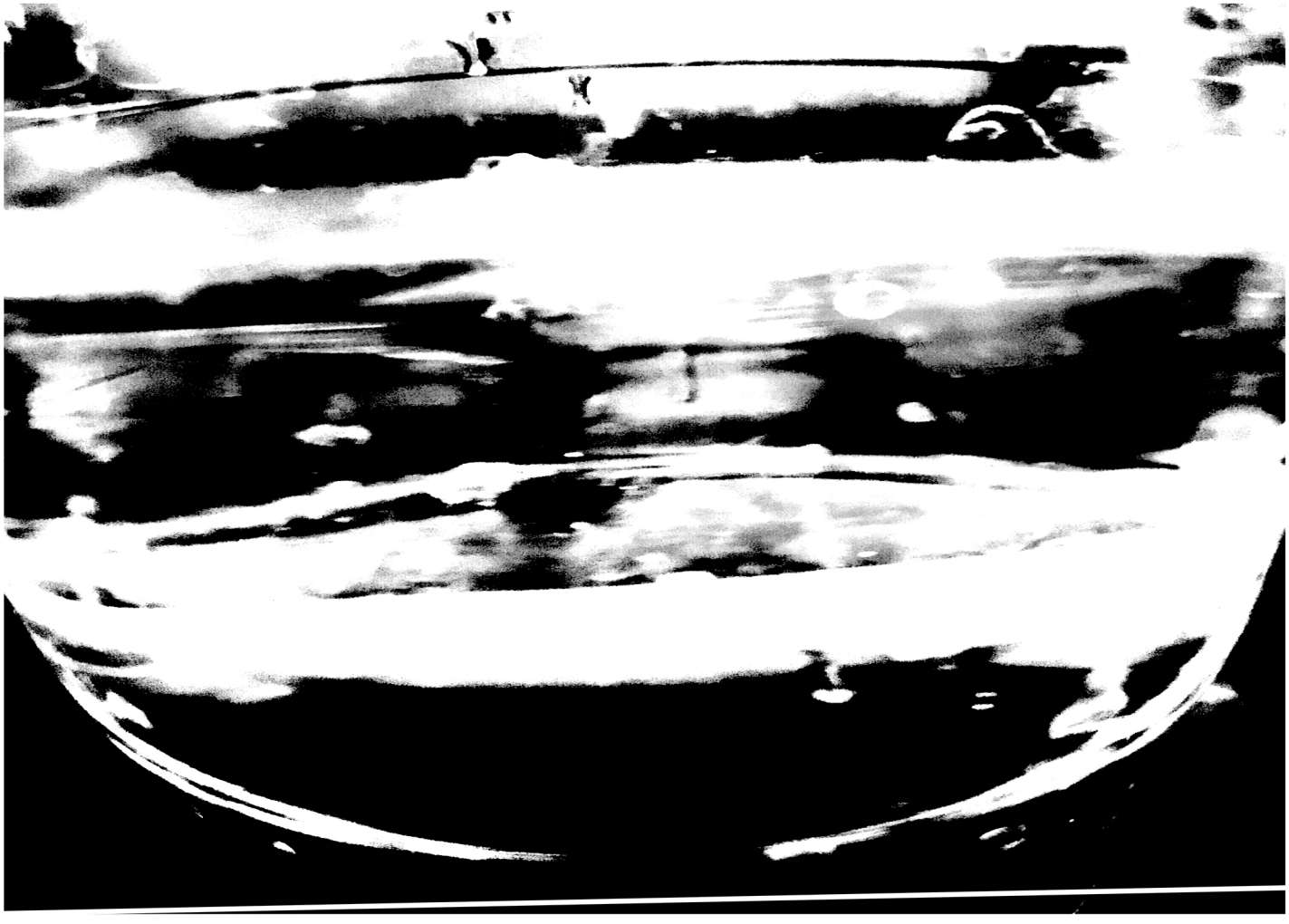
Refusing to acknowledge the grieving humans
Who gather round silent pigeons,
Impaled by the spikes they allowed to spread.

the WORLD of FORMLESS and VOYEUR turned INSIDE out

In the middle of Pallas's Triangular Platform,
Romonde inserts the claws into an ancient skull still warm,
The shrill grinding sound of dry eye sockets housed once again,
Sends the platform clambering down and into old Hid's Den.

END OF PART 2

You know just how much every artistic expression is the memory of a problem, a problem in a pretty frame. And each time, the result is just the residue of the dream, like footprints in the sand.



Introduction to Count Eryk Feit's Seminal Self-Help Book 'La Secretus' by the Mystic Charles le Tan

Eryk came to me a boy of much resilience. The things that child could endure would shock you! To me he will always be that young, supple and flexible child called Eryk, but to you dear reader, to you he will most undoubtedly be known as that genius of the modern world, Count E. Feit.

I, the mystic Charles le Tan, declare La Secretus, the book you now hold in your hands, to be a miraculous new panacea for the curse of your feeble life! A 'masterpiece' is too tepid a word to do justice to the thrusting heat of power that shall burst into you a new lifeform to guide you to the truth!

But before we delve into why La Secretus will grant you powers over your life no other book can dare to claim, let alone achieve, please allow me to explain who is the person behind the genius of the great author.

The le Tan lineage is so powerful and ancient it would require seventeen encyclopaedias to do my ancestors justice, and even then that would only cover an abridged history shortened even further to not overwhelm the seeker of truth.

Even before the crust of the earth was formed, the first le Tan mystics were carving their immense knowledge and truthful wisdom out of fetal atoms! My ancestors saw it all, everything! From the birth of this universe to the dinosaurs evolution into amphibian sages who retreated to the deepest oceans, to the creation of the steam train—or should I say their involvement in inventing a new chemical compound of steam to be used in the steam train to allow it to work, as you see, the old steam was not powerful enough to move the train, which is why there was no such thing as a steam train before the first working steam train! Quite marvellous, no?

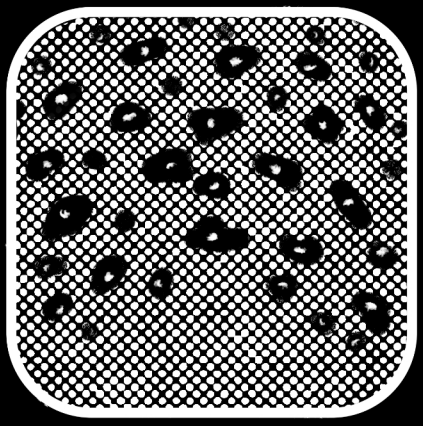
You see, everything I say is not gibberish, as non-believers so often think, but highly coded magical arts that can open the doors to secrets of the universe, the universe my ancestors played a pivotal part in building. It requires a new way of thinking to unlock these secrets. It requires discipline and warrior training, something the non-believers are only too afraid of! They criticise me? The great Charles le Tan!? Hah! If only they knew. If only. But, dear reader, unlike them, these dogs content with the mundanity of real life, you can outlive them! You can grow into a being far beyond the average human! All it takes is joining my cultured group*, the Impenetrable Nurturers of Superiority and the Unknown blessed by Le Tan (I.N.S.U.L.T.)!

We will offer you safety from the corruptions of the world! We will morph you into someone who transcends physical reality! We will give you what you truly desire! All it takes is a ritual to cure yourself! By exchanging the evils of the world into love! A small induction fee and continued donations is all it takes to cleanse you of evil! Visit our website for more details.

As you can see dear reader, Count Eryk Feit was trained by me. He knows the truth. This book is a lineage that travels from me to him to you. It's a triumph! Read it and become free.**

*After the false and wicked allegations they have tried to ruin my reputation with, I cannot accept disciples under 16 anymore.

**Freedom not guaranteed, but, by becoming a Super Premium Platinum Member™ of I.N.S.U.L.T. and purchasing multiple copies of La Secretus for all your friends and family, maybe, just maybe dear reader, one day you could feast on true freedom like I, the great mystic Charles le Tan does every moment I live my humble existence!



The Headless Peafowl of West London

Relatively new to British Folklore, this strange peafowl (peacock or peahen, no one knows the actual gender of this supernatural entity) was first sighted around the early 1960's in West London. All reports talk of it having no visible head or neck, just the body, legs and plumage of a peafowl. Although uncanny sounding, this is not why it inspires fear into all who've reported its existence. Everyone who has come across this fowl creature mentions the myriad evil eyes fanned out across the plumage, almost floating, that stare with ill intent. Seeing these eyes is described as prying and prodding inside the body with deathly cold fingers. Alcoholism, domestic violence, even suicide supposedly follow a run in with the 'headless peacock' as it it is sometimes referred to. Urban legends say that a green pigeon sighting or smelling a pungent garlic like stench (similar to the body odour one emits with liver disease) is a warning that the creature is near, but these are not corroborated with experts in British folklore.

