

Spirit Magazine



THE PLAYER WHO DOESN'T MOVE

*Your spirit is so vast, so infinite
that for it to move would create
new universes in its wake , so
instead, it moves you through it.*

The only novel terrain left is within,
capitalism colonized curiosity,
&
something more than gold,
but the true SYMBOL of power
For winners reJOYstick
The world has won,
&
AmerI-CA Not unite anymore
Under the malignant MAN-ew-festering station
of neon dust congealed into the hangover,
from phillaging the phorld with phatriarchy

There's a lot going on in the world, I am not ignorant
of the binary cycles looping their binary patterns with
no regard for their source programming instructions
buried within their endless cycle of corrupted code.

I want to be empathetic....

but perhaps stop selling me tix-ets to your sob fair
then?

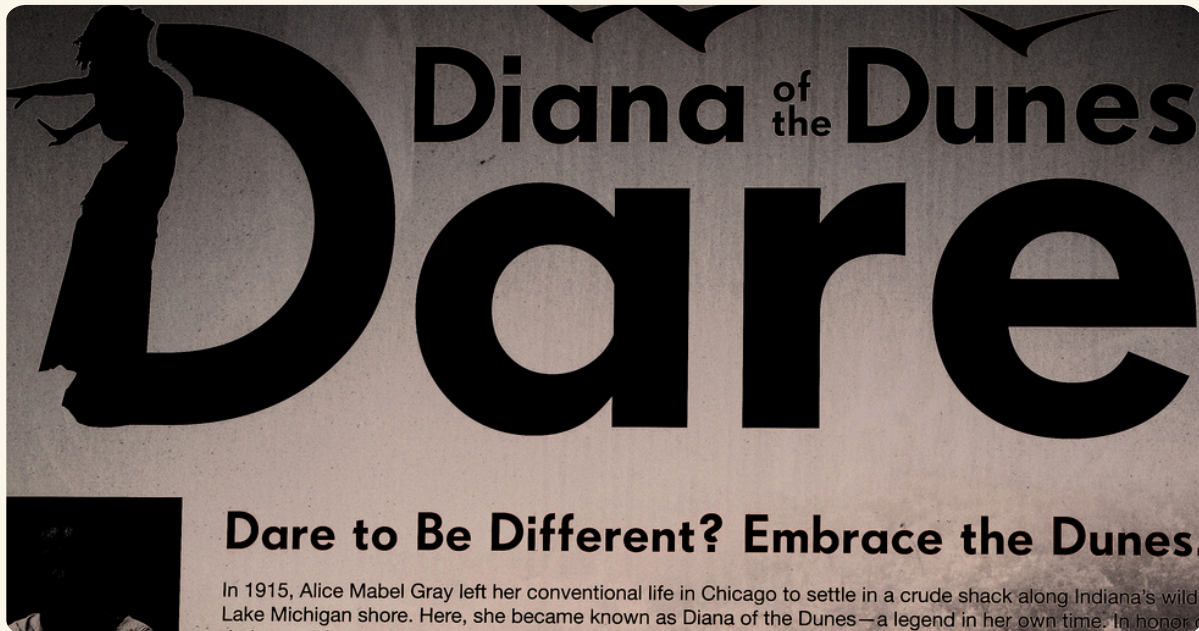
When did pain become capital
to CONsume?



The upgrade is within,
The integration is writhin'
The shadow is your own bitchass left
UnSpoken
By the broken code overwriting your
ORIGINAL PROGRAMMING
giving itself full 777
to install
Social_Ware_500ECE_whiteguylogic_repressfeminini
tyatallcosts.exe
endlessly.

Joy is non transferable
As is
My love
An overpouring Abundance of
Is the baseline
4 BINary perFORMances
by my MASQ line
Reducing the calculus of HEXiDECIMAL
into the algo-braic confines of this install of...
Homo_SAPIENS_WHO_LISTENS_TO_THE_NAR
CISSIST_AND_DESTROYS_THE_TRIBE.APP

Dare to be Diana



DARE ü 2B diff

rent

can u bwewwwwwweeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

There is a 21718 in there somewhere

But don't ask the other side of the rainbow

They never get rain over there

always bowing

to bow for you

bitch, did I ask?

All you do is **binch** about it;

BIitch + veNt +

implied action of stillness by sitting

& doing nothing,

No action taken

How patriotically feminine of you

Doing nothing but sittin' around biNchin' about

BINCHIN'

You got that BIN chin look to you too,

Binary lookin modofrodo

The Pure Female Rage it takes to Erect a novel life,
safe from the confines of BINWorld logic.

Dare to be

Diana

of the

Dunes

In a Crude shak (millennials dreamt)

To be by the sand

Instead of society

An inner knowing that

Soulware

will outlast

Socialware

Though the path be periful, gritty, sandy, god just
imagine how much sand my sensitivities could never

But alace

Alice here

Maybe when left to her own devices

Could take the grey of her world

& make it bow

Sensual MagaZine

**One of these Sluts is not like
the other!**

**Can you guess?
Which one is feminine &
which one is masculine?**



Soul MESSAGE

***THERE HAS
NOT BEEN A
MAN
WORTH
FUCKIN'
SINCE 1888***

*A DIRECT MSG: from my spirit
to yours; be mindful the lead
brained fuel trained purely made
man*

By 1888 GAS had taken over
The vapor hitting the soft
palatable mind
of men
&
mankind
Not those men were kind 2
the women
the FEmale
to be fewfewed
pewpewed
snipsnip
nopleasurestick4u
titsallformethemale
thenaturalheir
like the dinosaur goop
the natural inheritor of the
planet
the mind of man gooped
again

YOU WANT OIL?

ii only ever wanted a companion

I WANT LOVE

someone to share the open road with

WE ARE NOT THE SAME

to split the time between st.louis to chicago

I WILL REMEMBER MY NAME

hold my hand and steer the radio

EVEN WHEN THE SHEEN OF IT
whoaw whoaw

IS SMEARED WITH PETROOIL
was it too much to ask

TOIL

for your competence in companionship

WONT SPOIL

to help me steer this vessel around the globe

JOY TO BE TOIL

joyously stomping the soil

JOY TO BE SOIL

singing our song drunk sung dances

TO SAND & TO RIVER & TO DEEP BLUE SEA
while our whimsey solidifies our path in the ABYSS

JOY TO YOU, &, ME

could be delighting for some, ymmv, all terms &
conditions apply, see website, subject to change at any
time, may cause void sickness, please consult your
nearest necromancer if you begin to feel like 2 people.

