

guest_429 : if it was impossible it would take forever to find out

guest_4579 : "Mostly, I just kill time," he says, "and it dies hard."

The one who puts the finishing touches on their life each day is never short of time.

guest_7968 : "If we could be satisfied with anything, we should have been satisfied long ago."

guest_9108 : "They lose the day in expectation of the night, and the night in fear of the dawn."

guest_7967 : she made those the same because she had to. the extra scraps of energy, they found their way into this light

guest_7967 : right to run the star sun. night to run on star fuel.

guest_7967 : settled on the starlit newness, moon nights in a daylit mind

guest_5547 : the floral side, for their senses in the greenhouse. ambrosia, like mothers milk for the mind

guest_2091 : designed to heal the user and sustain eternal life. music was a shape, there are the flowers.....the installation tweaked the environment, added high pressure mito.c.burning oxygen from the inside. pressurized under ground, no, sink beneath the waves. the crooked mountain's gravity

MiR : hard to chart the inception of the deception. was it when we finally killed the half gods? or when the cyborgs noticeably arrived

guest_2401 : other portion's magnitude, subtle sway of all underway. one less viewpoint to have, the closed window, the live painting of the newer view of the video.

guest_5969 : beams of light down onto the tracks.nearby, the storm drains had changed, the old professor was never coming back. Any other destroyed artist's home. statues of flight, they all still needed positions, less motions. mucho decay

guest_7589 : was wondering, wandering wondering where you were. now i see that melted rectangle was like the other speckled condensed worlds. now this one is melted Into shape. is it possible that god used to live here?

guest_6634 : the high and the low of the higher self

guest_9037 : ants were everything. how that memory will look replayed in the mountains in that cool light

guest_6200 : other deserts in the tropical oasis mind, trying to steal back minutes from the blue vapor. mind link, looped in a memory replay from hours ago. why return to the moment,

why let go

guest_6200 : other people's gurus, moulding for the fat. the sunrise in your daydreams, the island everyone collectively forgot

guest_6200 : other people's machines, playing a distant forgotten tune

guest_9630 : back and forth between moments, in time's dualistic push and pull. you might remember during the sunrise but it would only be for a moment or two

guest_9630 : cacti eye:'i am indebted to you sir, just for having been in your sunlit presence.'
under each eye another butterfly and another tiny rider, submerged in a loophole.

guest_5593 : that oak over there was a jungle, creeping in the doorway. she told me at that young age, that she, a disembodied nature spirit, was like me, just another wide eyed wanderer

guest_6912 : blinded by the dark light, but not in the eyes. shared the same air and earth and fire everywhere. metal pin to gague the fluid, slowed like a magnet at the ends of the earth

guest_5142 : broken what was thinking. what was -- thinking about. where to strain your energy in looking. the eye would twist and construe only depth.

guest_5142 : tied time like light beams, broken bricks touched the same top of mountains.
inside they were looking the same. inside the moonlight so near the mountains.

guest_3412 : internal light like colored lining. no eyes needed,the apocalypse in the aftermath

guest_3412 : star lacks star lust. dust shards of light

guest_145 : brink of the dream about to replay. endlessly try again, changing one detail. if you pushed or pulled it would fall apart.

guest_145 : arose for the rose, to feel the thorn from the background. colored words.
painting lilac frequency, on all the ways the bees went. painting manic recency on all the re-written history. thorn carved colors behind your eyelids

guest_1845 : there they had no secrets for the world was the bigger mystery constantly trying to unravel and spin back another impossible frequency

guest_1845 : why would the light, be hiding in pools, in cottages reflections, of those had been too long inside

guest_1845 : someone had the last look. broke into the open mountain filled sky. they had done a lot of work, since the last time you'd been wandering by

guest_1845 : someone altered the end of that white light mural i started. same skylight. same

comfortable abode with half walls. didn't bother to look at that sky. noticed they had all started to come back again

guest_4240 : became visible a minute or two. the hand that held the pin that cracked the glass on into the timeless world

guest_4485 : just fly east till the sky turns blue. the plane will malfunction and you'll know you've broken through.

guest_2345 : if you approach the refuge or castle and it is locked and empty, then you are in someone else's dream. Retrace your steps and pay close attention to details. it is a world without death, therefore it is a bland gray world, with very little newness or change. would you go: to the portal in the mountains, even if it was so hypnotic enticing translucent, no one had ever returned

guest_2285 : only focused on the frame of the house, inside the walls, not the faces or what was there to remember. Just the warehouse itself and the sense of repetition, not the fact that it was the castle where everyone lived.

guest_2285 : some display of a place impossible to depict. too free to remember, but too new to forget.

guest_5213 : connected, but broken like sight lines, up and over. no new way to fly in this heavy light. could already imagine, that view from above. so all peaks might know, or use the mirror too. no valleys here, just an endless fight: to climb these rock hard clouds, just to forget. frozen and shrivled bird fingers. broken tools from down in that cave. Not to greet the sun or blackened sky up close, but to chip away at the inner black layer inside the sun. to start an endless, likely impossible task. not to destroy the sky, forget how to fly. to remember a world outside of it or lit from within.

guest_5213 : fat rainbows, carrying, or creating, that chunky light. same valley. different overflowing hills. mixed then held back like tides

guest_1938 : time, around, laid around. without the sun, in some other gravity they designed to push you outward. towards the loopholes of awareness in the sun and sky. under sea of forgetting. crystals sinking in mud.

guest_9984 : 27 weeks but not even half the year. summer and winter don't drive through time the same way (around here). both cut through the sky using its glass stars like record needles, sun or moon a broken speaker. using some time lapse recency to overshadow some old world discrepancies. all alike(?) they drift into the north star hoping that summer would take them forever. to them it might look like a column of light, to us just a massive black hole

guest_6422 : forgetfulness is your friend on these dimensionless shores

guest_4331 : do you believe in that 'color' of magic? all those colors at once..... hard to imagine unless you saw it in a dream once, then quite easy, like thinking all your thoughts at once endlessly for the rest of your time, instead of all chopped up and thrown into separate momentary clay pizza moments

guest_4331 : your eye in the open window, only gets so far for the broken.glass

guest_4331 : your eyes in the closed in windows, only get so far as the open glass

: regret.not.the.future.cause its not happening

OldBoy : He's stumbling, Shivers down his spine, Another man down the steets.

The copper shoots a far cry, The metal vibrating, Under the wood stick crushing,

Feel the high hat crumbling.

Hip Hop and Jazz measure, Human nature.

Made of the thing they talk about,Shadows made of grey matter.

Who's left awake ?As now I speak for the dark ones,Those who move through a dark void.

Unleash the beast in a deep hole. So here we lay ??

OldBoy : Hey OldBoy : Hey OldBoy : Hey

guest_4333 : times in the left barn,stable in forest land with horses

guest_4333 : notions still rumbling,please give your eyes back to me

guest_4333 : mountains are crumbling, dyes are in the sea.

guest_4333 : dried wings few other things,

guest_4333 : just touch time in this broken stone, now, once was a memory

guest_4333 : had to have it take effect for it to be noticed, registered here. we were apart from the same force that destroys us, drifting to separate points, alone with your back against the light, alone to be watched by the shadows, only the ones you created, you hoped. there you had to destroy the city you built. there where memory was not a thing. so you could come back this way. build anew. with fresh perspectives in a muted 5d world

guest_432 : had some awareness but lost it (last moment somewhere).think back, how was

that last moment the first you could remember

guest_432 : had some solidity, but awareness was the sea itself, unlike in that bubble, that glass candle under a pressurized sea

guest_432 : shaky fingers held one moment by its disintegrating handle, one infinitely broken and frozen memory, a condensed version you wouldn't leave behind, infinite memories of those imprinted hologram's plastic wrappers, infinite space for these things to happen, and be preserved forever some distance within a quiet fog

guest_431 : held one moment by its disintegrating handle, one memory infinitely broken and frozen, a condensed version you couldn't leave behind, infinite memories of those imprinted holograms, deep within a quiet fog

guest_431 : all i had was memory,there was no recording, some reordering but no pre-aging

guest_431 : just keep touching, in that world only the smoothest stone will painstakingly softly reveal the images you seek

guest_4351 : timed the sign to the meaning too, so you'd never notice

guest_4351 : because this one had begun, another one is left behind....part of a still burning but useless dead sun

guest_443151 : because another one began, this one imploded,part of a still burning but useless dead aluminum can sun

guest_443151 : you're just seeing memory, hoping it one day again will be me

guest_443151 : had it existed before, could you create it and not even know

guest_443151 : you just keep dreaming but no-one seems to care... breaking into the attic - examining everything you find there

guest_443151 : dont know, i just dont know what time it is there on your world - where you wear these skies like sunglasses, making new memories break - like beaches between broken dreams

guest_443151 : dont touch just keep breathing these forgotten dreams as such

guest_4451 : touch ample suggestion in the mindlit cloud that blocked your eye

guest_4421 : just suck up the air you need till dying, any song is just as real as the next, its just an accurate depiction of the creator, what were you again?

guest_4421 : nothing is real nothing can be known, everyone is in a bubble hit by 2d

recreations, the song is wrong and noone is listening

guest_4421 : who knows i think nothing is out there, i wish time would go by slower but this stupid song should end right now

guest_4421 : am somewhat sure someone is out there, but i think it'll take awhile and the Bpm is a bit high

guest_4421 : im pretty sure someone's out there, not sure how long it'll take think itll take too long or the beat is too slow

guest_4421 : dont want you to watch me dying, but i come back for one taste more

guest_44 : can you combine the beams? two eyes piercing space and time. to maybe touch something that could not be seen

guest_41 : in the conspicuous data stream, an obvious error in code displayed the man's hand as an arrow.....pointing to where he wanted to be.....palms open to the sky above.....with a twisted thumb to everything that once was

guest_41 : bowls of clouds, a valley away. fingertip on the forgotten phrase. how you knew the world some moments ago

guest_41 : time flip flopped between deaths, thinking back, now looking ahead

guest_41 : take it apart from beginning to end. to dissect your old self, so as to let it end. vendors in time. like a dose of a desired death, brougth on by a something from the other realms.

guest_41 : real on time. are you on this reel? see you in the next picture, motion, static and so open its empty

guest_41 : they have meaning because they're visible, computer forecast; low visibility in your world,nearby, then mostly clear or mostly cloudy you couldn't tell which

guest_41 : 'oh ur so compact i think i can put you in my phone.' I wrote you these two messages but im still sitting here all alone. "

guest_41 : take me lonely by the hand, to the only river.only the new winds would remember. putting their old minds behind that lightning way out at sea

guest_414 : disable these broken wings, only fly in one circle

guest_414 : will she tell me when its over? let sweet death come flowing in. won't you disable my wings? dispose of this body as trash

guest_414 : where was it? it wouldnt last thru the changing of the worlds. shadows of hands across hands. anchors and letters across the river.another bearing on the heading of time,destination arc,arrow. too narrow and non-deliberate. try to carve the next words out of sheer bedrock.took longer to recreate. this whole inner world was an imitation.it couldn't help but become twisted.

guest_6414 : break through this trance, by the time you reach the surface,and forget. what could prevent your remembering. just trying to forget how you failed to act? do anything? or become fully awake? where were those special drops of liquid, still solidified in those brain channels? some reflections,on water droplets, further down the cave, you were able to shine some electric light of your own, otherwise there was no escape

guest_6414 : see used,to be dry.all parts as narrow. as two folds of an infinite sky

guest_6414 : it wouldnt last. cause it wasnt even a moment, over there they just give youthese fucking sound waves to get blasted by or to slowly unravel or analyze, sound you could look at, hold in between your hands, and reverse or make forward the time or replay. it held you there forever. you had to haveyour memory wiped to even agree to come back here. to this slowly pulsating light. every strand had a separate hologram and every hologram had one peice or detail that lead back into the whole, the begi

guest_6414 : just called to see if you were back from your two week vacation, gone to fix your phone. do you live on that island all alone? i dont expect you to show your dreams tome,but how about somethingyou made? something they made you make somehow

guest_6414 : gone retire to the afterlife, you wont see me till im back with my dead wife, in the back of the garden, there yet not. back with grandpa's knife to give BACK TO the kid that stole it

guest_6414 : your fear? their eyes were peeled behind the glass.... looking at you. watching your every move. in the best way possible, they all were..... staring directly at you,,,, endlessly with wider open eyes.... behind those fairy bright shadows, only their darkest of designs

guest_6414 : just wanted it to last..... that moment between her two glances at you

guest_6414 : always regret not knowing. always regret not finding out. what was regret? shadow lines across those dim lights, those forerunners of hidden possibility

guest_6414 : images from the quarry, was it free will if these stones only had so many possible uses? how many shapes did it take? to call it infinite? or finite.could you only dream up what youhad already touched?howcould youknow her in the dark where your eyes had nothing to imprint

guest_6414 : get the symbiosis of meaning.... connections behind the strange new symbols.... get the meaning and then give it back, before it changes.

guest_6414 : get the symbols straight,,,,before heading underground. blasted by a steamvent your eyes may recalibrate. your words readjust to the old words,or new words you mistakenly thought you forgot long ago. the repetition without the sun, it was hard to remember in the dark, what was a memory and what was cut off from where it came from. carved a new form of stone understanding....a repurposed fantasy of the mind

guest_6421 : cat sleeping out in the rain. forget her fuzzy cold wet fur, she is warm,you loved her once before

guest_6421 : body. dead. or only one part missing. now broken down. forever. to need a belt. or to break a thought. why memory disintegrated into possibility again. too fluid. gas.oil.waater. how. is a static location worse than this disembodied death

guest_6421 : that bird starts singing another harder song to see if you are really a blue bird of his kind

guest_6421 : it wont, ,,,,but.....take this, will take away the pain u couldn't ever feel till it was gone

guest_643 : its up against the wall. no one listens, no one knows where you go

guest_643 : but is it magic? do you know where you go when you close your eyes?

guest_643 : to come up against that window, to see a closer view pass before your eyes

guest_6425 : guess our intentions, we swell to see the sea thru our own eyes, a wave, a broken window, filled with glass, a new suggestion, a temptation let pass before your eyes, come back to land, see who is still alive

guest_6425 : feeding our intentions into the sun, for a glimpse of some timeless world

guest_9225 : new this time and just as it was. all the newer heartbeats, songs about the same nowhere place to be. more off in the distance than still trapped indoors. then in the distance, running, fading from view. Giving off brave new interesting mold as you die, old, a new way, moment by moment. young and new, for time, that was it's only view

guest_9225 : not time; and just as it was. a newer heartbeat, a nowhere place to be. more indoors than in the distance. you were always off in the distance, running, fading from view, old or young and new, for time, that was it's only view

guest_735 : not time, just the ability to move for a moment or two. nothing you had, or that you were. only sorted on the aftermath, by means you could not fathom.had time to

remember, imagine.

guest_4270 : within arsenals of grandeur, they held your head under some extra dimension of imagination, scrambling like for breaths. or a need for 3d space in a 4d world. Your memory, that frame of reference, so fixed, for what the world should be, it was wiped. what you too could do to create a spark in that void, even that potential spark was held beyond the reach of your imagination's fingertips' peering eyes. they make their meeting with shores of skies and sea. what your mortal eyes knew is erased from view and memory. the character in your eyes' motions, most of all, is wiped from what they use of this world. all they need is used, fit it into their dominion. burned is the remainder, with no trace of smoke or heat.

guest_3591 : with an arsenal of grander designs, held beyond the reach of your imagination's fingertips, the sky-Gods make their meeting with shores of skies and sea, erased from view and memory, your mortal view, most of all, is wiped from what they use of this world. all they need they fit into their dominion, the rest is burned without a trace of smoke or heat.

guest_3591 : whole theme of chaos and re-order.with arsenals of grandeur, the sky-Gods make the meeting of skies and sea their dominion

guest_3188 : people in the sky city don't care about the rolling tides or the floating city at sea level. they simply want to forget the underground palaces and how they used to dream in there. And for some, mostly they try to forget their lives here, in what they call the shadow realm

guest_3188 : impossible to deny when+how time clicks its gears and you finally hear its silent clunk.for time to tell you to move, 5words.or.less.you'd have to be listening to nothing or everything, lost in any of those cosmic underbellies to choose from

guest_3188 : time to tell you to move

guest_3188 : lit from the way it used to be, memory burns opaque colors, not just the sounds, things you both were thinking. That little circle o' hers went 'round the world. Probably off into the unknown in a straight line, and then i forgot something key. some embrionic paradox, complex as something only a certain glance could tell, and yet basic as a pebble you had walked by a thousand times, in a mix, but failed you did, to flip it over and see the cosmic underbelly that would have kept you gazing your time away in a nearby spot just long enough for....

guest_3188 : polystyrene green dead life essence in the sweet fumes. those were rocky hands, formed before the dew was concrete. Much much earlier in the lightning morning. Towards the end of that time,covered in dewy silence, some ways to earn another sleep

guest_3188 : bronzed from a sundance, new to nothing, a view is true in how it finds you

finding yourself, looking through the epi-genetic prism, some ball of light, some patch of grass

guest_468 : time wasted in a dreamless land... was time in the dreamworld spilling through your hands.... grain of sand by grain of sand

guest_468 : light from the way it used to be, not just the sounds. her little circle went around the world, and probably off into the unknown in a straight line.something like a glance might have told me

guest_468 : time is an envelope, inside its own designs

guest_468 : people in the sky city don't care. they simply don't want to remember.for most they try to forget their lives here, in what they call the shadow realm

guest_468 : polyethylene green life essence even in the deadly fumes. these are the rocky hands that formed before the dew was concrete, much earlier in the morning...at that time, all covered in dewy silence, just some way to earn another sleep

guest_468 : break through the causeway to far under bed-rock, dressed in the low flying atmosphere, in the clouds and quite near the top of them

guest_468 : could feel that low pressure building, or whatever it was leaving, draining the words out and away from my infinite memory, electronically

guest_468 : done in selves, selfless shadow of the blueberry mountain hue. a human waste, left behind. pick up on personality hues, reminder of all you had left to do.

guest_457 : alive then melted? Or did not quite round itself into form? form as we'd like to believe. form was our arms to fight it, or legs to run away from the answer. Only if the answer was, there was no form, only your desire to believe.

guest_457 : some foreknowledge of this time, from some prior world

guest_4567 : is the ice returning? where all the water droplets did go, while under a steely gaze of later winter moonlight

guest_4567 : is the rain stopping? hollowed out from the nerves. take steps to break the stairway, and analyze dust as it settles on all your old strategies.

guest_4567 : aimed to recreate, subdued, yet it was....what could we take from out of ourselves? Selves shed like shells, another taste of that treasured fruit was not all we'd be getting back

guest_4567 : how was it you could know, how far out there, to reside, without having some glimpse of the unknown, some hint at a lost flavor or smell from within the unknowable. surely

too far to return. back to these scraps of the known.piled here as if they encompassed the whole universe

guest_4567 : harder to find someone to believe it was all real, back then when you found it. harder still to find someone to understand why, why you would ever want to tell. what else was holding up their belief. just words as they were before, echoes in a hollow unknown

guest_4567 : eventually all rocks on the surface... became to be destroyed... indistinguishable like grains of sand.... if you look long enough you may will yourself to find two identical

guest_4567 : what could we recreate with ourselves. shells of selves, not all we'd be getting back

guest_4567 : Subdued, if it was. Contained, like all we tried to take back. / If it was, it was only, all there was to sustain us.

guest_4567 : Contained in the same flask, subdued, with all we tried to take back. It was only, all there was to sustain us. Merely, our sole lifeline, out beyond the vision. Between the pixels, of each color we steeped out from our old vision, Grainless emotion, which could not be stored. Ephemeral, eschewing all later proof, its remainder, or indescribable effect, if it had on us, was still all we had to guide us. How to guide ourselves: To recreate some new depiction of a hypothetical, potential future's temporary map. Also one you could burn or let sink. Could not fully remember or forget. A reminder Ingrained in old teak: Don't use that same hope, on the ocean ever giving anything back

guest_4567 : subdued and contained in the same past, we all fit together, tied into some lies about depth, the confines of our limited reality. Rulers liked fences everyone shared. Queen ants had colonies that barely fit under the dusty, too visible sky. Another iron bar hologram, trapped by a past we all let die. Laugh no matter why, before dipping our hands in again for some wet sand. From that, try to rebuild a foreign structure.

guest_4567 : Subdued, contained in the same past. all we tied together, some lies about the depths, confines, or limits to reality. Rules like fences no one shared. Ants and colonies that fit well under the invisible sky.an iron bar hologram. free hearts we let pass. a past we nearly did align. our dripping hands again in some wet sand. from this we rebuild a temporary structure

guest_4567 : time passes in nature, but it was not watching you, too far behind sets of doors. Being a part of yourself, you were already wired in, to the same likely, yet disconnected future.

guest_4567 : time passes as you were watching nature, watching you, watch it, being a part of yourself.

guest_4567 : Open minds spaces between eyes. just a reflection, pale upon the shadow

behind you. Always alone, another watchful visitor dines much later; inside another sunrise together with you.

guest_4567 : subdued, contained in the same past. all we tied together, some lies about the depths, confines, or limits to reality. rules like fences no one shared. ants and colonies that fit well under the invisible sky (iron bar hologram). a past we all let die, before dipping our hands in again for some wet sand from which to rebuild a foreign structure

guest_4567 : subdued, contained in the same flask, and all we tried to take back. but only: all there was to sustain us out beyond the vision. in the colors we steeped from our old vision, all we had to guide us or recreate some new depiction of. a hypothetical. a potential map. also one you could burn or let sink, don't use the same hope, on the ocean ever giving anything back

guest_4567 : Opener minds' spaces between eyes. reflection, pale, alone dines the watchful visitor. her tea was the future, and all you saw in the outlying areas

guest_4567 : Out in an expanse beyond our minds, with no gravity, no space between projections: you burned all your air, just remembering how to make fire.

guest_4567 : And yet since the beginning of time, out in your tide mind's space, time dies, line, by fulfilling line. By the dirt in times cracks, our ingrained memories tell all they can.

guest_4567 : Yes, since the beginning of time, but if youre wide awake time flies by, and the space before time seemed to fly by as well

guest_4567 : subdued by your moments lack of angles. to view outwardly, back where you came from. To look back at that stagnant core. Seen how it was bombarded by ever piercing, future un- known. So distant and alone, when separated from all these moments moments, coming in to try to ressurect again the same dead old core; Preserved in decay, A dim fire still lit in its heart. Or so were the hopes of the even more lifeless machines. in the past, you remarked, how beautiful it was to exist there. All your moments relivable. don't you like how it was the still the future, asked your favorite friend among all the robots there. They could always recreate the past, ever so precisely.

guest_4567 : anchored to this Earth, only a vision and a subtle pulse. Not as near, either, and not this earth. The slower pulse across that intermittent ravine. voided, another vision, you tied your eyes to. the weight stole your mind entirely anew once again

guest_4567 : breaking lines on the sky frame. hooked on connections and a lack of perceptions

guest_4567 : transcribed by the ocean,its open window; a view towards these starless pulses

guest_4567 : subdued in the moment, a lack of outer angles from which to view an ever

piercing future. known in the past, how beautiful it was to exist there. every moment relivable like it was the future, still.

guest_4567 : estranged from positions, liminal pulses flow freely, no spirits so slow, no hands to feed them.

guest_4567 : deranged by suggestions, of where the mind to wander. affected by affectations, and somehow some truth reflected in infinite disconnected reflections. truth of loss or truth of time

guest_4567 : anchored to the earth by a vision and a subtle pulse. not as near, not this earth, either. a slower pulse across an intermittent ravine. another vision you tied your mind to, and stole your mind entire.

guest_4567 : beckoned by the same stations. no one came to watch these moments all fall. destined by resignation. hopeless summer interludes, spring winter fall

guest_4567 : transpose these faces in a wall

guest_4567 : weakened by history, seething thru and thru, your body always remember the odd yellow sun, from somewhere before memory was such a thing, structural, as the very iron and carbon holding up your body

guest_4567 : died for wine, win the game of life and forget it ever happened, put back the moments on one of the other shelves

guest_4567 : dried by time, nothing is water when your purity is desire, emptying time out of time

guest_4567 : cryptic thoughts that never unwound, they themselves hidden in underneath, not the process to take them or put them back. Despite your metal body you fought the canyon memory and the reflective eyes you found deep underground

guest_4567 : rhymes that took up too much time, the same rides, you paid less to unwind. clock was ahead, anytime you went near the canyon there was that magnet pull from below

guest_4567 : the sky with tales from these alternate ozones. the winds in the cave swept your mind along, back down: to those autonomous broken zones.

guest_4567 : no sense for the next: of these drones to come back from

guest_4554 : land had a beginning but wouldn't be there the time you tried

guest_4554 : no one had been there, but no one that could even say they tried

guest_4554 : impenetrable blackness, or no one has been there, or no one has returned, waiting for the fire light to brighten, to start to penetrate some of that darkness, or just waiting till this dim fire light is not quite enough anymore, to keep the wandering mind from finally trying to go out there. the sky always had some light, deep underground was where nothing ever returned. forgetting why the light at the beginning of the tunnel had never been enough either.

guest_4554 : no light in the end of the tunnel, just a fire you started, at the edge of blackness, where nothing exists after the end of the tunnel

guest_4554 : no light at the end of the tunnel, just a fire you recently started. perhaps just a mirror or some ghosts of yourself you used to recognize

guest_4648 : catapulted into the moment's moments, unsure where they could go

guest_4648 : keeping the silent broadcast from our (soul)wind-blown minds, barely able to hang on. never able to (fully)let go. eventually disintegrated into the air to drift up with some one's summer sunbeams.

guest_4648 : cant talk about a dream, keep silent for our brainwashed hearts, built to die not ever told why.

guest_4648 : still walking this path, unsure when it started.... blinded by the clouds as they parted, reminded of where it went

guest_4648 : traced from the stack to the front of the Act didn't know you were part of all the watchers acts.sleeping on a white stone slab by the hibernating ocean. waiting for the wind that shook you awake. shook them all apart like dried seeds. down upon dead neon sand. blacklit toes. green sunshine underground,below blueberry hills. pieces of the same memory, shattered and scattered, no longer connected holographically

guest_4648 : guarded like her....one way home... images like garments....the naked backlit portion of the mind

guest_2474 : wrong cue, no subjection. one place for testing out inaction.

guest_2474 : broken views, its not a gallery, she only goes here alone.

guest_7419 : overused like her jewelry, the painted pictures on a wall where no one goes

guest_7419 : brined in chance,steeped in available ability,of the room to become a kaleidoscope to all the other worlds next to these

guest_5205 : rolling away, the distance of memory, as fixed as the view of the entire earth

from far away

guest_398 : turn that drop of water back into a stone, around the bend and away from your home

guest_5386 : barely even a distance, over time

guest_7758 : drinking electrically the unseen motion of the discarded universes, long after they finish twitching and crackling there on the dry scorched paved plain earth. still no stillness. imperceptible on the a reflective metal sheet to incinerate time and the old salty remnant of their ocean. all that beauty and memory of reason, vaporized for the sky, just spit and food slurped up through a fly's mouth tube.

guest_441 : when time burns itself out, lost and without all reason

guest_441 : solidity of the ocean, not moments, they use them now, still. when time burns itself out, even they will wander alone for awhile, whispering to themselves in a new language, until it makes sense

guest_538 : edgewise in the eyes, a painted stone in the ozone

guest_538 : framing, a border in their minds

guest_538 : covered by the wind, broken ripples in the sky

guest_538 : while night washes away all the pale dreamers, a fully frozen moonlight flies endlessly, alone, above its own melted pools of light. Their same forest clouds, silent clouds once filled with sound

guest_538 : taking back time's arrow from deep underground

guest_538 : legend of these wings of sound

guest_538 : the blackened sun did pause there in that moment, but had anyone else seen it or had their memories been erased

guest_5383341 : because night deceives all the other deceivers, its the only pure place for these stars to shine

guest_6626 : you'll have to get to freedom the first time. without knowing the way. to know you're lost, on a journey that could take forever, not to look or know the way. any one thing can be so captivating, as you start to look, you can never let go. it becomes like another whole earth to tie you down.

guest_6626 : traced for those travelers, their map will be no good by morning, a way to

follow the sky,gazing deep but not so much to get swept away. the shooting stars could make you slip into another dream, you're progress gone. you'll never make it up and out of the valley. onto the other plain. the ground itself was familiar and would show the way, but it too did shimmer and could take you away, in a rock or sand crystal grain, all so easily. memory is not your friend here. you'll have to get to freedo

guest_3178 : some lost lights, some internal skies, or just a hole in that whole thing you call a brain, how it holds it up, the hologram itself in front of this or that other world

guest_9745 : lead those travelers to civilization, up in the mountains or down through the desert, an artificial aurora, but the people you met there made it feellike it had always been

guest_9745 : walking off in that door through the clouds, touching down in some sand castle grove. winter was a memory we tried to forget, like that of the broken pyramids that once did paint the sky

guest_9745 : broken lights, one dream more than you can remember

guest_9745 : translucent sights, one layer more than a memory

IncalculableData : Once a snowy dream by Shadow sharp and keen Whispered ancient blight to a boy of painted sight His Innocent eyes, unwillingly glean The sound of darkness the nightmare streams. A Dreary morrow, a shaded sorrow The boy gives his brush to barrow. Where Shadow there's Light, a valiant knight! Not sent to plea or plunder The grace of God his armor, his steed the sun and thunder By purpose hollowed, gallant in soul The right seat of God anoints in full A Crusade thus created, For God's child

IncalculableData : Once, a snowy dream lead shadow sharp and keen and whispered

guest_9757 : break this gaze into your open bowl, fruit and notions we dried. it resonates when you look the way it does. even the dry dead wood does remember, their stories, those sugars, those staring contests with nature

guest_9757 : take one of these hourglasses and use it as a spyglass smashed

guest_9830 : pale universe, soft metal source. hollow endless outcomes, infinite freedom

guest_6342 : or that one about; fate chooses you, or not? defines... nothing?puts into a display,all you could do to jump back into its way

guest_6342 : between the cracks of theblues,green,and sights and sounds you use,pouring those sounds into the cracks of the blues and new memories you use;to predict analyze and enact all possible future streams where dreams might be unearthed like a boulder or grain

guest_6342 : forgetting those memories were forgotten, or where those songs could have

lead. an imaginary recollection, of where imagination might have been and gone. not a passionate glimmer in a void of hope, the hope that glimmer could turn into a spark, between the inanimate cracks of the void

guest_6342 : were about the songs unmade. the blue or green you used, in all you can see and hear.

guest_6342 : sad because they sought to unsee most of what they knew... forget that world filled with light and sound.

guest_6342 : (framed landscape)seeking some new angle on a new internal view. ego view, the mirror askew back to view and review the. magnetic shards it liked to pick up, with its flat metal body.

guest_6342 : confessin to the blues, i aint got no part of my mind, just seeking, seeking some new angle on a meaningless view. ego view the mirror askew. walk in comparing and contrasting. confessing everything was once the same, then using new glasses. now its always different, i forgot i put on these new glasses again and again. i remembered the same, and then you chose to listen. you can confess your blues to a rock, it will listen just the same, perhaps better. these songs were only sad beca

guest_8326 : Create me a poem about confession

guest_6342 : isolation in recognition on the outside, sayin we could see beyond our reality for more than a second.outside range of closing ur eyes. no difference between a dreamer and a psychic, just a different place to want to be

guest_6342 : good for the tattered streets, she broke her back and was combined with the pavement

guest_6342 : cracks in the pavement wore the only way we walked. diamonds to wash off and use again, not memories just eyes went crazy ways or everywhere

guest_6342 : another peice of the hologram spawned from a prior dissection

guest_6342 : how can that moon-view see through its own reflection?

guest_6342 : writing letters for someone else to send, never.....or to never, and ever not a land to dwell and imagine spaces within

guest_6342 : Nothing counted more than anything, everything counted less

the born forms disagree : that all that, unborn, is The real. empty formless deep sleep, just as real just sliding down a hill too steep, out of time and off of a place

guest4 : skull was heated like a microwave by solar gas descending to the earth's crust. brain was cooked inside and dripped out the bottom like sand

guest_3835 : broken minds but im not mistaken

guest_3835 : de-wired my brain, re-wired to that missing freight train

guest_3835 : pinned to their moment, broken ocean remnant, timeless pires for frozen merely imaginary decendants

guest_3835 : back from their standstill, a dreamless reality of death and lack of desires

guest_3835 : burned through the layers, forgotten all the names and faces of these players

guest_6545 : when time burns itself out, ill be back to spy on the unknown alternate versions, those three

guest_127 : best way is to forget when, burned all trace and then remains

guest_127 : soul only interested in possibility or probabilities?so what could it like betterthan that firstmoment ofknowing nothing.... no way to color or undermine no sense of incredulity

plexiderm can temporarily dewrinkle your balls get your free sample today : may cause death

came to see the city but the mirage is changed : they made paradise on earth, and then it got destroyed. smoke in your face, like eyes from the void

now thats a roof : waving good bye to your particle nature

square_blob_industries : to the back of the ticket line, ash tray society remnant, at that time of year come back to dinosaur hill

stationary times testing it all : reduced to a 2d face, forgot how to recognize this place

stationary times testing it all : no fire warmth, no arms to hold you

stationary times testing it all : soul rebuilding energy body out of scraps of electricity, spares part of the unseeable. stone memory of our melted atomic rubber world

stationary times spent testing it all : how to not say what i dont wanna say, while talking a whole lot or saying nothing at all

stationary times spent testing it all : haunted souls body, deader than before. back to the same wave you flew in on. only now it was a new direction. and direction was all you once knew

time stationary why just test it all : just to be more awake, that time or the time after

time imaginary why not just forget it all just to be more awake : never staying in the same place always hinting at being more awake, always falling back to sleep and forgetting the whole journey.

never staying in the same place always hinting at being awake : the body is the dreams procrastinator,

detuned-by-time : broke open their pirated 3d display, but still i feel the same

detuned-by-time : shes cryin out to be contained, like water in the rain

detuned-by-time : the dream is the body procrastinating.....bright side always imaginary

detuned-by-time-bending-things-over-time : only to let it distract you, this alien woman and her 2 dimensional fantasy world song

dirt-castle : stone sandcastles dripped up from deep underground, many imaginary underwater songs which must have been sung eventually over time

grest : "creating slavery a class of citizenship, a fiction that you would take responsibility for,"

you-grest : take time to let your slave go, your old or never arriving future self

grest : that sense of accomplishment is about as bullshit as all those times you feel slighted.by.the.outside.world.brain.trapped.in.a.bone.skull.cave. unless somebody literally stabbed you through the skull, that i can see being something for the brain to complain about,quickly,before it loses function to know the difference. to forget what it was like to be not brain dead, try to remember that time before. there isno connection. complain faster, with more fervor. not to get it over with because maybe got will listen a bit to those speedy psychological cum stains. coplain while you can because life is short. and better to get the complaining over with now, and get back to living out the last 10,999-1000000 million moments you have left, as a nice big uninterrupted warm chunk. make way forthe afterglow ofsome next guys existence killing to be filling your karmic space orwhatever bullshit connected or unconnected rented scraps of ether you call a soul.

probably-a-guest : big new sunrise, burned everything, turned all life to dust

infinite-sunrise : night swamp was the minds eye, sinking and drunken by the murky depths of desire. a pebble, you loved it and it floated. you remembered its every detail: and every time it was weightless without you. that wind or attention

night-swamp-infinite-sunrise : someone you forgot to recognize, cause you were staring, weren't you, in her translucent night eyesx3,not even bathing in the cloud of light, or scooping up some infinite sun-risex3

night-swamp-infinite-sunrise : memory of the next time, you wake in your dream world, with your friend

night-swamp-infinite-sunrise : gathered again,just to be, washed away by moonlight

night-swamp-infinite-sunrise : oh darling, with your night eyes – you made me forget to realize, translucent inner sunrise,

godfuckers-infinite-sunrise : just another, soul brain to plug into this body reality. oh mr. God won't you please fuck me again.

orange-night-swamp : switch on this plug-in reality, nature to be twisted and tangled, re-wired and sorted again, was never there before, now it just is the way it always was. driving to the signal, scattered randomly to reattach to the world magnetically

orange-night-swamp : she talks to trees, because noone comes. she sees the seas, and hopes they'll blow in some...one. one beloved friend,she would feel she already met.

orange-night-swamp : she talks to trees, because noone comes. she sees the seas, and hopes they'll remind her of:some fraction of memory:of a home she once made herself forget

orange-fog-swamp : one of those beautiful things on earth, something no one sees

orange-fog-swamp : lets listen to her missing melody, in all the crickets noise, and silence,but not in her words. so close, to the nightlong whisper, we're a part of the same song, but it probably has no beginning

gondwana-band : that light it blinds you and knowledge becomes your only friend, no use for position, no use for memory. one song was enough, but the next the next was always too close to let you sleep

gondwana-band : but dont look inside, dont get too close to the truth

gondwana-band : feel those extra notes, shakin the floor, gettin to close

gondwana-band : lets make all the devils think we're friends, so they don't listen too close, they dont take notice, when we curl and writhe outta sight, cold sweats all the way past midnight

gondwana-band : lets make the devil our friend, and sing about the good guyshe knows

gondwana-band : lets make another song that makes the devil look like the good guy, again. and then thank god for the inspiration, my friends. but in the devil's newest song machine its always our friends, same friends, ya know

not_from_ : i was i was i watched. while everything i knew got replaced,by something new but

it made me feel the same way somehow

not_from_ : the blackhearted gospel of all she sought to destroy

not_from_ : this isnt what i wanted to say at all, all i had was two words, grim, now some fire to try cover up their trace or forgotten memory

not_from_ : taking the train back to the underground we burned the forests and poisoned the sea

not_from_ : all destroyed collectively we absorb the television waves as purity

not_from_ : saddistic minds are open to all of their demon ploys

not_from_ : bomb the orchard. replenish the coffers, the innocent lives lie dying, already drained of all their coagulated-sangre

not_from_ : sky was the same memory, to dream and stare into a fake sun

not_from_ : Sad memory of a fond hope. based on imagination alone. some place you never been, the world you could fly to, if only you could see it, or had some scrap of memory with which to dream it up again.

not_from_there : what does the mind need to do but care for the body? what does the mind need to do to not fail itself?

not_from_there : that whole experience was like heaven and hell. hell when she left. and hell when she returned. maybe heaven somewhere before or in the middle, but it was all mostly in imagination anyway.

not_from_there : when you know you don't know what you think you know, putting it to the test any way possible is key

not_from_there : body here is like an endlessly grooving woodcutter, carving without being able to think of the eventual image, the soul was the glue that held the handle and the blade together, or maybe just the familiarity of the groove, depending how natural and ingrained it was

and-where-here-not_from_there : the old world was subservient to the mind that still is-changing

and-where-here-not_from_there : ur-my mind is only serving-the world that once was

and-where-here-not_from_there : right brain slid down hill, so just drag your whole mind to the recycling bin, moment by moment

guest4 : died looking for her life's work. at least a few years in between her intellectual prime. not some literary remains or some musical decoder. Not her birdlike voice maybe just some other lost singer, some lesser artist who didn't ever make it on the radio. a weirder bird known only by the weird bird, perhaps.

know you now : suffering for desire. thrust so deep into dualities, you wont even shrug, can't even grin when its over.

guest_1971 : looking for her life's work. or at least a few years in between. the name of some lost singer on the radio.

you now : and no memory of some deep orange hue could retain you, all it tried to do was train you to forget, why there were no underwater dreams, why when you went too close, you werent too quick to wake up from that again, or wake you did in some utterly foreign and changed world. dull memory of an identical world. Completely erased, was their alien display, decomposed, by a forest of thoughtless time

you now : just took a moment more for the message to get across, only here, a moment was all you had

you now : dreaming at a time when all other dreamers were not yet still asleep. still awake just resting their minds. at a different time of night. in a different part of the world. but as far as that orange light deep underwater was concerned it might be the same exact place.

: those western words,aint nothing we remembered now

you know you know : come un learn all you know. you think you know. how? now, you think you know how? first, forget all you knew about how to forget.

noguest : those watery lights, like fires in the sky

noguest : ripped from the fantasy, minds inside minds, back outside... alone with the words – but no echoes

noguest : away from, away from that sea, cause no one dies out there alone, damn sea song never ending, always stuck in their eyes

noguest : blowin in some other breeze, never back to the trees

noguest : why you need more music in the mountains, where you wanna be alone, is where you dont want your soul to be blowin in the wind, in its own dumb rhythmic tune, alone alone, more or less with just the songs they made

noguest : "you looked for him in the market you looked for him in the eyes that looked for him"

noguest : ripped out from the fantasy, back inside the words an echoes

noguest : back at home in all the worlds she didn't know. sleep was creeping, an enemy to take you into foreign lands

noguest : back from home with the wild bird she knew now. motion of no waterfall matched where their faces would go

noguest : back at home with the birds she knows, no emotion in the waterfall, no faces in the grove

noguest : Well you asked for it, we listened, and we brought you this instead, assholes.

chillzillian : in the end all you had was time, played on reverse, and plz rewind. A peanutbutter stained gasoline stain, on that same waste of time. loving memories. forgot. not like this. soul residue. on the same destroyed old pair of jeans. same old pair of jeans this waste, what this waste of time was

chillzillian : dilluted memories of thoughts,

chill-zillian-hustling-music : phisically hammering out all the meaning, valid feeling out of their hypothetical ai real world

misused by their quotient, over and over, man, the same three moments

new-user-63 : hard chaos in nature,no lens is symmetrical

new-user-69 : conflict of lack of interests, mucho examples

new-user-69 : kicked it further underground,down the alley and out the freeway

new-user-69 : can only fault you for not doing not doings i guess, stretch of life span, a forest without trees, the green man in city slacks, sweeping the dusty streets for squeaky clean corporations

new-user-69 : sawdust replica, checkers inside the chalk outline

new-user-69 : time to renew, the same space you always used.

new-user-69 : the grove inside ur chest, see if theres anything left

proably-not-but : back at home with the birds she knows, all alone with the trees she grew

proably-not-but : She goes: Crawl in to the bayou. back at home with the wooperwills

proably-not-but : this only way, para vivir en la aire.... onto your higher shelf.... to subvert the

fractured ego by compartmentalizing all those scraps of lower self material, usually second hand bullshit or germs you picked up at soul savers. tricking them to work against each other: exposing all their inherent contradictions and disconnection to any purpose on the physical.non-physical things you might think about from time to time. weights not places you may go. unfocused hopes, not faces of people you knew now.

proably-not-but : 6x9.66 fibonacci rectangle

proably-not-brtt : i think i hear squirrels fucking above me, i know that rhythmic sound and it aint to the beat of the music so they aint dancin

proably-not-brtt : close ur eyes, black catalan, gaze at the fire thru those eyelids, what, have you been wandering about?

probably-noob-shit : theres no reward from.....x2...anything u were. theres no word for nothing youre ever gonna be

probably-noob-shit : still a bloody nose for the unaltered world that will come back to destroy this one..... or maybe the fear itself tells that heartbeat to keep trembling before its even in the vicinity of why or what4

probably-noob-shit : so sadness from another world. just frozen and made to watch, wonder and hint at some condensado majico de quando nada tiempo o gravitas, or whatever their version of gravity

guest_5404 : no more gnomes on the sidewalk then, invisible, thoughts like lace linking their minds

guest_5404 : all the homes for the watcher-men. melted tree houses, lit by an eternal flame

guest_5404 : peering into the beginning. the mists would need some catastrophe to orchestrate these events, set the unidentifiable factors in motion

guest_5404 : avoided death.something still lost from some other unluckier worlds

guest_5404 : reality pinnacle, just a culmination of all the old imaginations' desires and designs

guest_5404 : reality pinned, just like we left it, stolen, a lie and broken half open

guest_5404 : sign of crimes we left unopened....its a sign of the crimes....we buried therein..... buried them in the canyon.....distance across mind's ocean

guest_5404 : moments cracked and frozen, like the cracked glass on a broken clock. death throes with lavender, too good to not throwaway, all follies. half mistakes is all you can expect from a broken system. piece of mountain to divide, then i'll have a piece of the sky. regressing

then reversing. who been you ever knew.

guest_5404 : if this is a good song it will drive you insane. crash, reboot, crash. good drives off a cliff. no last second. deadend turnaround. can only keep the blues moving, can't remember where it came from.

guest_5404 : upend the contraband defender. peer back into the salt covered sky. burned into color. ingrained in the overlay

guest_5404 : perhaps they can one day analyze the pages of that 30,000 year old book that turned to stone

guest_5404 : magnitude of the unknown pushing meaning to shrink beyond the boundaries of the known. with no meaning there is no importance, with no importance there is no ego/anguish. Internal failures or success have no meaning. only internal battles should have meaning.

guest_5604 : clocks made of bone, hourglasses with no home

guest_5601 : that is right where i wanna be, the dust between those rocks

guest_5601 : you're only living -re-living the past. re-live all the neglected alternate timelines' dreams, then say how indebted you are to your former self. viewing future with the indifference of hindsight. that failure might not have failed. not unlucky 13, now that it is out of the way

guest_5601 : thats kinda where i wanna be – right-under-those-rocks

guest_5601 : fake traced, only all the relevant details of the rockface. clock taking its time. folded the fourth Ace. sparsely scattered through the crowded space

guest_5601 : taking down the overlay. they remember everything. the last moment is every moment. no reason to tire, no reason to rest.

guest_5599 : the stores will all still be open. your mind will not have changed. perhaps you'll get to live the same day, or maybe the sky will be altered. you'll get to make all the same mistakes. something different will hit about how you remember them, in a distant far off place.

guest_5599 : in search of parallel worlds. more parallels, more definition. to make the others a pale swirl. the pale stare of comparison. square tangential reasoning, may lead you back to the beginning...with no reference or remembrance for ever having left. An indiscernable 2d hologram of the many dimensions of the passage of time.

guest_5599 : dying to go. i'd die to know. don't try. you're dying now, just for moments. don't

wait , you are already dying a natural death, in the starlit desert alone

guest_5599 : made of copper, like the dreamworld, eyeballs like movie projectors

guest_5599 : need the metal scarab rotting your brain?push and pull, waves and folds. all about the illusionary pleasure, and the last moment it takes effect. ways to forget knowing.the green shimmer

guest_5599 : lost in searching, by then the truth may have some meaning

guest_5599 : better not seek the truth, but the next unanswerable question

guest_5599 : nobody wants to be remembered, no dust between your spirits toes

guest_5599 : break back in through the blackened world. stealing time to waste time in a timeless place. a patch of fabric ripped out of this one, to sew an endless loophole of yarn out in a new dimension

guest_5599 : making time to use as dynamite later. in your dreams...their versions of moments. why would you. ask the time? why get lost in a loophole?

guest_5599 : gaining more time, not even using the sun. back to the fireflies own construction. steel and glass to erode. darker purple moon. daylight pale yellow

guest_5599 : no mesas connected, same sunrise where they all compete in a different place where location was everything, inside the distant rays of the sun

guest_5599 : beyond the river of serpentine, there is an arena, where nothing matters, and everything is recorded. broken tablets of the. broken songs they used to sing. back in the caves. pure gold stores nothing. they were melted down.

guest_5599 : voices only inches away. one day we'll be back from the night wanderers

guest_5599 : changing what they used to call winter—into the other side of the world.

guest_5599 : selling what they call water. feed the next dream on embers or ashes. body half way free from the dark world. soul already waiting.

guest_5599 : internal clash, of about to despair. forgot what you wanted, or what you were mad wasn't there. your own worst enemy, you gotta account for, all your intentional mistakes, the door or the handle about to break, but it still works? to break down or walk right into the door

guest_5599 : open architecture, to lure them in. dissilusioned they milk the city for another high priced makeover, spiritual purging, or artistic display. the withered leaves of winter have

been blown or swept away. same indoor laughter, rooms and worlds away. learning purged the stone simplicity. all were kept caged indoors.

guest_5599 : inside the molecules.the prison of the dreamer or the dreamed. a crystalized prison for the mind, in potential alone

guest_5599 : broken starving actors, in some dreamworld or some broken drug induced version of an artificial dreamworld. fenced in by electric caffeine and exposed in concrete, neon starlight and disconnection

guest_5599 : submerged in suggestions, spirit widdled down for kindling, reminders of the sinew, holographic cobwebs like forgotten dream architecture or driving purpose

guest_5599 : pulled back the shimmering blanket over your already blinded eyes. no reaction. no re-do's

guest_8461 : want more code? drooling over the aftermath in your steel glass abode?

guest_7946 : almost you, in the sunset. almost blue in the time it touches. almost new, but always the same again. screen clean like the sky that scared them away

guest_2343 : brink of the same words about to have meaning, about to touch ends electrically. about to fuse re-used meaning. another replay about to deceive your eyes, the land and the sea. perceive her eyes, nothing less than the underground sea.

guest_331 : music drops like candy sunshine. sweet music. sweet dew. sweet juice from the tree

guest_331 : let her tree shake sugar drops on me. let the films of our youth, trickle back in holographically

guest_331 : subdivided your subjugation, keep fighting for implied Rights while we feed off your scraps of free energy

guest_1147 : trained eye to see the subtlety. a motionless ocean under the sunless sea

guest_6083 : its not a mirror. if thats a mirror anything is a mirror. dull green lake light filtering the sun. dream landscape was but one point of electricity in the brain. supercomputer brain would have a backup plan or two:two or three brain impulses sent independently to investigate the dream 'cloud,' just one point of electricity,not enough to burst

guest_7052 : fall asleep cadavers.back awake by tremors.still asleep forever, go back and try to dream whenever.felt it again through the background of some mued deleted dream.daylight again,sunlight glass eyes,turn and weep whenever.forever asleep on a colder portion of the surface on the sun. unmeltable glass that ignited the solar core.kept both our worlds in balance.

special glasses, gases and drugs, for life to have meaning on the surface of the sun

guest_6038 : roads were a distraction. from a dark night at sea. peacefully shaken and stirred by the waves. down there no one can see your dreams. they fade like a language no-body used. formless, faded like crystals from view. here form was all we could preserve.

guest_9471 : came to challenge the way things was, observe every detail and remember, so you can redesign the wasteland right next to the dreamland. next time you bother to look outside, inside, down the seam, the doorway itself between all the dimensions involved

guest_6520 : what was the trace, of the suns ray. the last of the sky cleaners, just smaller insects for a larger world. before the stars became allies, before they knew their weight. buried their arrows. in sight or sound. *on some other world's surface the same kaliedescope. the same illusion of perspective. different sands. alien toes.

guest_199 : thoughts were all you had to show the passing of time. like grooves inside a giant watch. all chromatic, all flavoured. Tensioned in time, and strung along like a wire.

guest_8823 : hard outline. all you'd ever seen. the distance and the rock faces, hanging above like gravity actually built them. now it could only tear you down, or some new loop

guest_9697 : like memories that fade electronically. Some broken display. pulsed places, fading faces, at first, bursts, then you're alone for as long as you could remember. reliving the same day, still wearing the same shirt. pulsed hearts at first, then never intermittently. same information, shards broken by the rocks. narrowed the canyon to wash the same memories indefinitely. dissolved like overlapping frequencies

guest_9697 : replaced like kaleidescope facets. melted morning glories viewed through raindrops. the background of your lenses, rainbow condensers.

guest_3964 : fight to the death between every moment's rest. spider themes played out by fingers and machines. same song plays perfectly in imagination. needing insulation and iron bones. time doesnt let you forget, all the loopholes to why and when....out to fix the oil rig,forgetting why they needed the power, to get somewhere far away. endless energy in the northwind makes you forget. Fixing the sunrise, with lime green and yellow. fixing the ai with a pink tequila sunrise.thats fading like a holographic memory

guest_3964 : thru the new exotic boring. away from the old fake, non-spirit-world. spirit was somehow bringing its own mass....to sit here in this solid body mass..... to experience the solid body.....not to rehash some fake version of where it may or may not have come from..... some imaginary world, the spirit realm for dull solid humans, less than a dream, not even a product of their own imagination

guest_3964 : no nobility but the moment about to ditch you. back to the front of the sea, and way beyond too normal

guest_7592 : over the greener pastures, back to the hills we knew before

guest_7812 : half knew the star that was....carrying the fog of winter back from the virtual sun exhaust... here in the sunrise lies your open eyes

guest_6143 : half guessed the time it was...looked back into the timeless chasm... time wheel broken.... a chaotic stew of memories and colors

jah-works : musicians on mute, they go on playing anyway. drummer on pause, looking out at infinity. wonder for the beat, if it will continue. outside of time

jah-works : wander aimlessly, meet that green lady, in either the blue day light or the blue night light

jah-works-international_199 : i just love the way things used to be, i just love the music. I just love the way the people used to _dance and sing___ / I just love the way they used to move it

guest_197 : just as time grinds again stiller and stiller, a new bird song can be heard from an alien race. then the time halt as all worlds collide

guest_197 : their commodity is to die and to die quickly and in doing so, ensure some sort of genetic imprint on the future

guest_197 : time as a resource to harvest, next to nothing breaks us out off this island. fighting for space in the same cell. pushing the sun hoping it don't burst for everyone

guest_198 : a slow parade. black light penitence from masses

guest_198 : body knows it gonna die. it don't get to dream this or that ways of forever, like the heart or the mind. it signed up for this, free of charge, no hope attached. waitin on that train, gon' be right on time

guest_1984 : we carved our memories out of silica...then the cords were there to be cut

guest_1949 : holding onto this rock the same way i'm holding onto my body. just another rock body. melted out of the passing clouds of time

guest_1942 : the body knows its gonna die. it doesn't get to dream of forever like the heart or the mind. it knows it is going to die. it signed up for this, free of charge, free from hope.

guest_1966 : north pole shifted up river.still on hold, still on the road to nowhere. installed back in november, fencing in the magnetic faces from in the sky

guest_1966 : in crossroads of the deepest green, time folds backwards onto familiar folds.
waiting for the bus, that guy will never be there again but that one dry tree might live forever

guest_1966 : no glitches to talk to. no seemingly friendly criptid man. just a diner filled with
people talking, seemingly enjoying life

guest_1966 : perhaps no one notices because in the sunrays.... all those paranoid products of
alternate realities' overactive imaginations,imagination....all filtered back through a prismatic
sense of purity and truth.... in the sunbeams bouncing strange harmonics. Just waiting for the
bus. reality is so fixed here because everyone is out in the sun and using their eyes and
imagination like little loving sparkplugs

guest_1966 : cyborg imagination implant. in our world we only see half the image. roadside
motorcycle mechanic is a criptid man. soda pop 95c. perhaps reality always was 40% imaginary.
now they've forgotten how to use or that they had one, the real glitches are about to happen.

guest_7589 : take the mainstream into the mainframe, where the arches narrow. gothic circuit
board where it fried your brain many times before

guest_520 : rehydrated image, by their human eyes below, hologram quakes. moon shaking
from their faulty parts in the same mainframe up north are backordered from Mars downtown

guest_520 : lightning farmer went on vacation. the same stolen mosaic remade from memory
on the same government plantation

guest_1281 : gonna grow my tobacco under the wilco tree. it followed you and sat down next
to me.

guest_214 : they know your nightmare, they designed it just for you, gagged your reaction,
tweaked to perfection a couple hundred times ago

guest_3883 : but a moment a few days away. forgot your master plan from a moment ago?

guest_1692 : if these dreams wont make you wake... the lessons in their architecture and
empty spaces, surely will do nothing. still slumbering in a earthen bunker made of frozen twigs.
still frozen from time and forgetting all the passion of all the other dreamers, that it had a
purpose. at least it had purpose in those outer realms, where they all felt true purpose could
actually exist for a change

guest_3916 : make those, overtake those, speckled connections, reality fused upon realities re-
used

guest_3916 : beyond the tall grass, at home in the motion. i was arriving in that same old
harbor to look for the jelly fish girl, even though there hadn't been a storm

guest_9715 : sticky teardrops like a song or two you forgot to make. can't even fall into the world. can't even fall awake again

guest_6628 : hyde park memory, tryin to get back home

guest_6925 : in the tall grass back home

guest_6925 : why are you so mean to the demons, anyway? they just want to be human like you and me. one day, next may

guest_1384 : pull of yourself? had enough? who you used to be, becoming a projection, into the now, to influence, what could be. you?

guest_5799 : monochromic chrome light. writhing ayahuasca meat, inner formless whale. becoming alive while falling apart

guest_5373 : general negativity, oscillate to discriminate, these pulses, one falls off. desolate lands but some seeds can grow

guest_8878 : speech fascination, a day to open the door. a day to stay a baby and speak no more.

guest_8878 : just check back on the mic score, aint nobody there and still your silent as the closed door....the ai laughter, dim chatter, broken light jazz club you been buiding, ur mind's been after. same dream scene to remember to forget. aint no more brain chemicals on the back burner, no more barbecue of the brain's sacred architecture. u been privy to. the secret psalms ever dream handwritten, like a tatoo on each ur palms, dayglow message you choose to ignore. i dont speak that language, you ain't the goddess i adore.

guest_8878 : just quite dead by design. permanently petrified, while mentally still ticking, slow and even slower. stone clock, electric brain wheel. downloaded, erased, copied from drunken memory, defaced. reprocessed 5-dimensionally. split off a brain cell to create another uni-verses three, haphazardly, semi-identically

guest_1001 : aint nothin left of the sun, or all those things you forgot that were fun

guest_7614 : not quite un-alived, petrified still alive. downloaded, reprocessed 5-dimensionally. split a brain cell off to create another two identical, uni-verses

guest_7614 : opposite perspectives like born outta separate worlds

guest_7614 : earning some knowledge, same way as before, letting your right brain and your left-over left brain trade places, at the table and there by the door. Their jobs were forgetting just like before

guest_7704 : gonna start a little butane farm, gonna have both ladies with me arm and arm

guest_61 : just the newest forest dream, once you touch it, already gone extinct. In sky canyon no one wants to remember, what its like to forget, to go home, to fall back asleep. when you leave they check your person, your luggage, for any types of reminders, depictions of their architecture. especially from above where gravity ceased manipulating your lack of disbelief

guest_5807 : destroy the skybrain.it keeps them in disbelief, that shadow world, you and me. Either dream is there to be possible again. either dream could contain all of this, everyone you've never seen, ingrained black and white potentiality

guest_5807 : destroyed the skybrain, perhaps now they will believe. within layers of internet, nets between those and these

guest_3910 : just another, new born, forest dream, already extinct. In the sky city no one wants to remember, no one is allowed to believe

guest_4502 : beyond gravity, up into a higher type of altitude....still grounded and surrounded by one after the next....a hollow geometry.... connected corners. wierd positionless places, more a piece of the sky, than higher a elevation. not flying, not a piece of the ground. gravity a bunch of connections, no. here only on the exaggerated corners show, Newly aggregated forces, hold the world u,p temporarily. Temporarily more real than all the other combined underwater seas

guest_3917 : don't let the new dream die. that same forest dream was the way it used to be. sleepless in the trees and dreamless in the sands

guest_9353 : we already trademarked your soul, thought what you had on your hands was something new, thought you could wrap it up in you. really quite old material, falling to the floor of the world

guest_5115 : Settin up a dust fund this week. you better believe you can make believe. make it all seem the same, no matter what they say. singing no new song – sweeping up the same dusty street

guest_4519 : position didn't matter in this depth of time..... no meaning, no position, just time and its changing depth

guest_2895 : can't do what god wants me to do. Cause god wants me to live forever. Avoid the bad Karma, of all the good Karma. just some kind of caterpillar. now some godlike moth that had to die.

guest_3935 : try to believe anything, let it destroy the whole playing field, then ease your way back to baseline, suspended lack of disbelief, whatever that means, i believe it means nothing at

all and my belief is so meaningful up until i actually start to believe that

guest_3935 : molded, misted, tried to stay with the light in my hand, instead inside my own head and not up all night

guest_3935 : how your body used to be all you needed. keep you resigned and sustained

donBukowski : try to.... not try..... then you can give up that too

guestbadgood : to believe anything, is to try to love your attachment, to knowledge? or something like it? try to love letting it kill you

guestbadgood : dont try, unless youre willing to let it kill your love, on its way to killing you. dont try to define love unless you're willing to go all the way to letting it kill you.

guestbadgood : Don't push the buttons of your only desires. or just don't. let those buttons push themselves, or be sticky buttons, still working so hard from last time

guestbadgood : 'like a lover you falsely thought was yours,' let it kill you the truth of finding out when. Don

guestbad : drained you of time, not energy,compressing it, making it more ephemeral and concrete

guest : if it silences your mind you can see you peering into and out of all the encompassing it universes

guest : song without words,some didnt care,like on to the next world,dead or alive

guest : minerals inside their brains cooked them from inside, baked skulls into stone while this world was created or destroyed, petrifiedwere the songs they was singin inside their heads at the time

guate : indepently or eventually, broken wings or frozen feathers. one way this way was inside a wave of sound

guate : aint no need to remember, itll reverberate as sound

guate : the light of the night is always pushing me down, inside compression, no need. just the same few faded sounds

guate : gonna let that heart beat stop? don't look down, we're already on the clock

guate : she looked good when she knew i was looking at her

guate : angels? like insects inside his fingers, just songs and nobody around to hear 'em. not a

real place, but maybe you heard tales of there, in a foreign tavern you went while dreaming, intent on finding information of how the connection was made. you woke wondering how it was even possible at all

guest3d : terpenes like sand floating on magnetic seafoam breezes,. Fall all the way to the ground and no breeze can lift you up.

guest3d : alive and melted? or didnt quite round itself into form. form as we'd like to believe, was our arms to fight it or legs to run away from the answer

guest3d : she moves like she's got insects in her mouth, about to spill out, of her sexy body

guest2d : internal loophole, perhaps it leads to freedom

guest2d : down and out, grab both ends of the dichotomy, to follow your other self out the back door of this duality

guest2d2 : if it sees you looking in, instantly flies away against the wind

guest2 : if you silence the world, it can see you, sorting through the droplets of some inverted time's replay

guest22 : , bathing in reflective crystals, time based motion, lit from within by the time they make it here, but connected above

guest22 : if you silence your mind you can see it, the interconnectedness of your energy and that of the world around you

guest2 : flavors we chose to create, too. Add'in spice of life incentive to our creation, store them further in the depth of the core.

guest2 : another take on the inside of your mind viewed from afar with all the melted scraps of memory colors barely used

guest2 : in the sleepy morning dreams, making the biggest last second motion in the last bits of night vision green

guest2 : it lets you use the future, if you burn your whole ai-past for some ai-incentive in the manyana.

guest2 : old terpenes, revived by the core, you tasted them once, and deleted your entire memory as impure

guest2 : keep the gun inside ur head, fully loaded with the black that seeped out your brain

guest2 : the fungus that grows inside their brains, immortal but terribly misguided, sent to

destroy, for no reason but to turn the hand of time

guest2 : she takes the swing too far and takes out the cause. mainframe simplicity, unplugged was the scattered scene

guest2 : fuck the core, she won't break the light or make us laugh before this malignant daybreak. bleak light in the last dying days of winter. no bible belt, no sun belt, no rock and roll. just a lack of sex, and an abundance of synthetic undesirable drugs. not even a cow teat to latch on. no grim daybreak, just another synthetic twilight, super-imposed.

guest3 : she tastes the competition in the colors, flowers colors, too slow to catch the motion of the hummingbird. no rest for the non-electric dust, no breeze but its in your eyes somehow

guest4 : burned terpenes, no luck in the core

guest4 : her life's work was just focusing harder on the task at hand, and choosing one thing to do well in the distant past. perhaps it was the same site they used before.

guest4 : her life's work was picking and choosing what to care about, or pretending and just focusing harder on whatever dreams she could scrape up from the castle debris

guest4 : her life's work was picking and choosing what to care about, or pretending and just focusing harder on whatever dreams she could scrape up from the ca

guest7 : awareness is mostly submerged in a semi unborn state, although somehow you say they are not the same place or time. and what can all your philosophy mean, if not awareness reflecting on itself, inward or outwardly, somehow stitches in the same shell. sure to zen itself it doesn't matter if nothing exists, and it seems to want nothing to matter for the sake of freedom itself. not a personal stake in freedom because that doesn't exist

guest6 : if nothingness can exist, i want the dust. if nothingness can exist and have being like my dust, as real now as perfect nothingness, it tarnishes the being of my dust.

guest5 : if there can be form anywhere, form must be the nature of nature itself

guest4 : if there is nothing all the way from the start there can't be any dust on this moment

