



DEWLOGIC

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THE CELEBRITY OF BEING

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THE CELEBRITY OF BEING

DEDICATION

To those at my worst I can call friends.

Making Reading Worth Your While.

SCORN

Life collects chaos on a whim
Like a penile launched
worthless
As a bridge without a base or a
trim
It rifts apart to draw the perils
in
Precluding on an enclosing
tomb

Turning my bloated ridges of
scorn
Into a rage spoken for with
pain, adorned
There, thither where no
balance be spawn
Lay my head to sleep upon

Distal, revolving on a drifting
ray
Alive, I find my deathbed on a
sway

- It may be useful to segregate the foolish from the smart. But yet the question to ask; what may happen to the merely unfortunately misplaced?
- This is not a lesson in penile articulation, if such may be, worthlessness will be of certainty.
- Not death for me, but what becomes of life especially after life.
- I say never, we all pray against it and yet it is a measure of life, of personal worth, of spiritual graces as I detailed in failure and solitude, extremely unknown to me that this could ever happen—giving up to failure, the worst the most abject of it, a journey of self-knowledge, a journey of absolute life detailed in *Truth, Somewhere I live*.
- Death un-becomes me

CURTAINS

Silent refugees against life
distract
Mimicking the passage of
death they drag
Thrown into an inward age are
dribs and drabs

They dribble, they
drinkmoney, they stab
They rot inside the line, rehab
Spitting involuntary yoke,
aside

Bubbly trademarks of demise,
blowback
And the outside lines becomes
a turtleback
For the curtains of death a
paranoiac

Pretending death, the
kleptomaniac
Isn't already here, alive and
demised

- I have never perceived an existential difference between green apples and red apples. I will like to see the scientific evidence that differentiates them if there is such a difference.
- Paranoia may be in this case some alternate mind state by which someone imagines incorrectly something appointed as belonging, is belonging. May be a state of mind absolutely unscientific in a scientific mind-state and may afflict anyone.
- Here is what is: an absolutely empty positioning at the top which has life. This positioning exospheric can take on life of its own outside and distinct from the exospheric state. What happens when this positioning takes on a life above it? Excessively emptying
Degeneration and
MASSIVE
kleptomania.

SKELETON KEY

The simple skeleton key
envenomed, ejects
Inserts a poisoned jezebel into
a broken drive, defect
Jejune and jaded, faded in
glory, it is lambasted on a
lambent
Dingy and darkly across a
crowded curve besprent and
hell bent
To find a ray of light
bellowing from a deep, self-
evident

- Individuality, the presumption of life has no key. If it does, the owning individual will own all keys, a skeleton key.
- Such, the unbecoming of an external identity necessitating a key for existence is nothing to be celebrated. It is in fact a farce.
- “And every time it tries to go across, the key is lost to NOTHING.”

INCESSANT

Love upturned is an insanity
screw
Incessant outcaste becomes a
crew
As a dooper's high is never new
But an indecent voyage to
accrue
And attains itself to a new
bayou
As a cub it transverses to outdo
The cuckoo's nest voodoo
As a cullion, a witch, who's
who?
A culprit, baby blue withdrew

- Scientific insanity I define as a state whereby knowledge becomes deductively degenerative, a burden, and such whatever it spawns, it is not just **WRONG** and probably immoral, it's toxic.
- Here is a story of the absolute failure to find good: Once upon a time before and after English invented the word, "Irony," and before and after Michael Jackson sang the songs, "BAD" and "2BAD;" nature couldn't find a single good white woman, and so Evolutionary Scientists invented **FAT, FART** and **FARCE**, finding the **3F's** of absolute failure to find good.
- **IRONIC**

WOUNDS

My blisters disfigures, show
off my feet in style
As some heaven's gate may be
to saints, to hide
And wounds are legends to
which the mind is blind
Having its share of scars
behind the trail to blaze
Wounds are legends of the
flesh, fresh, quiescent

The mind's perimeter is a bind,
never a mile
As once in legend a wave took
it, to drag a smile
Apart to echo memories
unkind to my mind
But could hardly scare its
content vile, flexile
And wounds are legends of the
flesh, fresh, quiescent

- An insane mind, I'll say is nonbinding. All the windows to the soul are doors; wide open doors. And thus explains why it may be reasonable to find no soul. Beyond the singular entity, insanity binds.
- Waves are peculiar in being able to drag along and reproduce, one stemming from the existence of the other, thus products.
- Any presupposition of death cannot break my mind

FOLDS

Upon shoulder blades of
injurious folds
Laid against a gentility
Pentecostal hosts
Paid in rifts and shifts, the
penury is loads
And low and behold paid in
nullified hordes

Laundering against pounds of
flesh, a mesh
For a penny, at a penny's
worth, immersed
Returning penurious, perjured
in mold, Nymphet
It renders no holds, tracing
uncertain sublets

- Something is injurious to itself as opposed to a true source if it nullifies at a much lower level than a source, certainly at penurious empty loads.
- Once upon a machined existence; in how many folds can insanity bind an Indian?
- Met a girl who could not grow tall but never one who could not grow up. A Nymphet pretends both.

THE MONSTER'S APPLAUSE

The Monster's applause
Moves the diapason farce,
diapauses
The world alight, being
applauses
Ablaze on its heels,
mesopauses
Without a treat, male
menopauses
Or a magical thought; probable
cause
And divided is its stand,
common causes
Under a slide of rocks, reverse
clause
Swallowing me gently, without
a claw

- At great and absolute atmospheric pleasure is the downward facing dome explored.
- I don't believe anyone has a dog existentially, let alone two or more. I think "THEFT" and "DOG" goes together much like a "HORSE" and the "HUMAN" who sits on it.
- And absolutely it is so; MALE MENOPAUSE exists.

RESSURECTION

I die without advent to the
leveling of pride
As I chose to become the
lowest commodity of life
Amidst the vastness of the
human enterprise, demise
There, where resurrection must
be owned, true-life
Or come to worth a fool and a
fart, tree of life, rife

- CRAZY ME! After so much EVIL done me by those God can never love. I shrugged and took myself down with absolute volition. To have true knowledge of what's down that is. Hard Knock.
- I believe resurrection implies a period or window in time where there is a lack of awareness or death.
- I have the TREE OF LIFE in the palm of my hand!

EXPECTATIONS

Once upon a dream I made a
subtle prayer inside a dream
As I usually make them. And
God finally answered being
As I had made so many of
them.

“How do you want your
prayers answered?” God asked
“Do you want it in
installments, in one lump?”
I frowned upon the thought.

“However can God’s love be
in installments?” I asked.
“However can I have a way of
expectation?”
And God never spoke to me
again.

- You can’t wonder
why the silence, can
you? I mean if I and
God shared a mind,
he won’t have any
room for thought.
And my incessant
questions will kill him
or run him out.
- I mean he’ll say,
“Talk, Talk, Talk,
Yap, Yap Yap...And
why am I bleeding
down there?” And I’ll
say, “God, how are
you sure God is not a
woman?”
- No wonder
UNDERGOD stopped
speaking to me.

TRANSITION

An undoing, the beginning of a transition

Steady, heavily cantankerous, wholly nuanced

An awakening of life, an understanding

A quick plot, a funeral in motion

An epithet, an exhibition, a hop show

Transitions are sub-variant empires

With open caskets alleging dread, alibi

An epitome in the wind, reconfigured bloody

- “HOP” was a long while ago believed to be a dance of and for “MEAN” people. I wonder what “ANYONE” first thought of “POP.”
- There is a derivation from a self which should never be a deprivation in transition. When thus this happens you have unthinking unintelligent people in POLITICS, who in showing their meanness and evil in kind and personhood may be worse than “HITLER.” Lack of employment of intelligence in politics should be absolutely unacceptable. It is demeaning to the life of others.
- Saying you are “air” and have nothing is indeed like grasping onto the atmosphere and trying to exist thus becoming absolutely inhuman-inhumane.

THE QUIET MAN

Cold hearts propagate in
birches
Blighted merry against
mustaches
Deranged in a splash

Warm nights befuddle space
Paranoid edges disloyal to base
Enabled in masses
And the quiet man resumes his
sleep
Rekindling space, alive to
foresee
With err, the quietest dismay

- It may be possible to think a woman a man if indeed she dresses as such and implies or carries herself as such. If this is implied in transition, it is thus absolute derangement.
- Please note my subjective definition of paranoia made earlier here.
- Foresight is only possible when you're facing forward when you see.

REIGNS

The follicles of failure come
un-raptured
As foretaste of a crash
devalued raw, uncured

And the amalgamation inclined
Beckons the advent on a dive
Swollen crescendo of pain,
entwined
Encircling like a rash,
maligned

Sworn to a toxic path relived
Bubonic en-bubbled,
enlivened, derived
They rattle, they wreath,
contrived
Never letting go of my reign,
they jive

- I believe in subtle as well as absolute derivations of my thoughts and existence, whether they are good or bad. Such I own my absolute best and my absolute worst. I own my absolute existential derivation, including my absolute existential errors.
- There is no external force acting naturally on an individuating humane from another individual except that DERANGED (Not in its own natural or existential range.)
- Such my reigns are mine in all and absolute forms.

THE BARGE

The rift according to a dream
Sparse and unabridged,
devoted to a realm
Are cordial and corded,
deluded, adrift on a lean

Begotten to a heel, effusive
and earnest
Married to a key where no
door may be
Journeys the jasper jaundiced
and fevered

And nowhere drives across the
fields, on high wheel
To the barge! To the barge to
borrow a yield
Where silence grows a beard
upright, Lucifer

- Clearly if I see
Lucifer today I will
recognize him. And
no, I will not point
him out; that would
imply prejudice, and
spreading hatred
after-thought.
- Clearly I am rigidly
married to my
thoughts. It is all I am
now, and having no
family, I'm not afraid
to die for it. It is my
life, my dreams.
- I will do it all except
that demeaning;
barging into someone
else's existence as
Lucifer-non-
luciferous.

EFFIGY

Beyond the mine against a
restless wonder
The anger rises as a modulus
pretending
As a mogul may imagine
wealth unending
And a misspent morsel may
deform a missile

Anger; the miser's mislay
looking for a fob
Misrules me an incessant
effigy, nonevent
Against a mockery illusory for
a fiery serpent
Saturated in insolence;
misunderstood as mine

- However can one thing other be saturated by the other?
- However can it be?
- However can one thing other be saturated by the other and be **OVERRUN** by it?

POLYVALENT

Cast iron gate render no spell
Deep in trenches of passing
sheds
Quakes with semblances on
worm wheels
Of a monument gone by,
surreal

It borrows races on traces
Space—unrewarded; triple
spaces
De-imaging Hypertension;
shoelaces
Imagining Hypertrophy;
nutcases

Cast Iron gate render no spell
Hashing denominations on
pinwheels
Borrowing on hollows,
polyvalent,
It re-imagines its place
wheeler-dealer

- If covalence was a NONENT, a non-existent concept in a situation, Polyvalence will in that situation be a virus.
- When existence depends on “SPACE,” it is absolutely a pinwheel case.
- What is it wheeling?

CRIER'S FATE

Once upon a town crier's fate
Above the graces of taste
A dainty bent on destiny's
haste
Told a tale too many of late
Cried wolf for the sheep at lay
Fattened the glutton over the
plate
Never to see it cross the plain
Destiny drags, destiny drags
the way
Without a play, some dainty's
clay
Is that which to pay the way?
Not the way to pay?

- Group mentality however degenerative or belittling could be a lot of things psychological, as long as it has a mind to be that thing. But that group mentality could be a “beheading” and a “nullification” of essence is something thoroughly “unthinkable,” at least for a woman with a mind.
- I guess if your mind is truly dirty, you have no choice but to go the dirty way.
- You can pay a way, whatever way, dirty or as you may. But that is never payment as you are a NONENT assuming freedom not to pay. DISGUSTING.

III RECEPTION

My loathing came to me
unbridled
In a disrupted circumference,
septicidal
Ill reception; some inception
call
Uncertain misunderstanding,
unreadable

Uncured it mastered my art, a
fiddle
As a sub-state peril would,
suicidal
The eager tail of a downfall
Amiss at high noon,
unredeemable

- The cycle of the straight is a thieving scam. As there is only 1 straight.
- A book is a Self-made energy input.
- A book is un-reproduce-able. A second hand book is unreadable.

MORTALITY

A family's love is a peril in
waiting,
When in reality there is none
to cradle
Depending
On the nature of the soul
attached
Evil is but an opportunity in
kindling
Astounding
When what goes without
choice
Chooses my downfall,
degrading
Intending
It hurts, it bleeds, and it never
kills
All but a lesson to learn, never
waiting
Collecting
I stand with immortality
against the line
Against the wall, never
watching
Beginning
Against the incline I own the
end
Without resurgence,
enlightening
Watching
Death, the mortality creep,
swallow
It all, the evil in kind,
crumbling down

- Love is not automatic.
There is no love in a
MACHINE. And I
have learned without
remorse; it is not to be
expected. Never Wait.
- The people around
you don't pay any
attention to, like or
talk to and want
nothing to do with,
are your WORST
EVIL. Because they
don't truly know you
especially because
you are unlike them.
- EXCRETAL.
- Whenever I think of
"EVIL" and
"ENVY," I remember
the last "e",
"EXECRABLE."

COLD NIGHTS

The savage revenge of a fall
Is never an afterlife, a recall?
Never is it sweet or a windfall
Or a taste familiar to savor

But bitter cold backward

Bitter cold nights take forever,
deceiver
Takes forever to quench
whatsoever
Endeavoring the coldest peak,
howsoever
To find no welcoming home
for pain, wheresoever

- Try falling across and all vertigo sensations become what they are; sensations.
- The ice age is the forward projection of the past. I bet that beats the evolutionary scientist's definition.
- The cold is numbing, however does it feel pain whatsoever, howsoever, wheresoever, and whenever?

UPON THE WORLD

I place my seat upon the world
I'm homeless, hopeless, and
odd
Owning impulse of my
thoughts, a god
Holding anions against edges,
bold
Exospheric, never riding surfs,
never old
No oceanfront to confront,
emboldened, mold
World, a downward
wavelength, fool's gold
Parallel to my thoughts,
exospheric-ensouled
Commissioned empty without
me, atmospheric, sold
I'm homeless hopeless and odd
My seat upon the world,
immortal, god

- No doubt, I believe in immortality.
- There is a spirit I believe that reckons with worth, and I bet it doesn't have to probe a soul to know how beautiful it is.
- But with humanity the soul probes itself. Spiritual beauty must then be a test of the spirit, not that mistaken for a mortal fight.
- Emerson believes the incessant search for truth is immortality.
- A commissioned emptiness is that which cannot exist without certain preexistence.
- No doubt I believe in immortality.

NEW BOOKS TO ORDER

Truth, Somewhere I live
Ignorance
The Celebrity of Being
SEESCAPES: GROSS PARADISE
THOSE WHO MADE IT
The Case of the Angstrom Scalar
POP: the Shadow Offspring Upstream
The Redeemer's Breach
The Anionic Animus
The Quasi Quaver Predicament
The Deviant X Transgression
The Precipitous Callous Edge
The Half-Center Homicide

Making Reading Worth Your While

DEWLOGIC

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The Idealism of Soul
Enmity
Trust
Faith&Doubt
Number's Lot
The Communal Estate

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The Reclaimers' Reprieve
The Salamander Recourse
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Quean