

i want to humm a global 0M. angels are the interpérson

iz easy, lights off, feeling one w/ the Nothingness.

and don't forget the

- HOT JAZZ imprinting on the night;
- HOT JAZZ a sizzle cross a skyline.

iz easy being a Monist home alone, bunnas asleep. i shuffle thru ma chill domain, an essay on the headset - the logostream a ghosting of ma cortices!

i'm dying here, typing with the Screen Recorder running. i'm crying, I IZ CRY becuz i can-no getta tele-vid reception innis Aeroplane, yet only blame my body's weak electro-love.

astral light around the twisted Cogitator dissipates in misty nimbus, nimbus into ether hotly tested: he hovers there, Despondents say; NO hit back a NO-contending Faction, he hath LEFT us -

this be NOT our HOLY YEFFI!

bildungsroman-Noir, i'm thinking, 1990s Sandman: cursive script, a charcoal scrawl, trailing from a pensive head.

hola-culo call/response Reggaeton i'm thinking and i want to turn it OFF, i in Meeami now and tanning by the beauties burning by, by the oriflamme Bugattis &

the James Bond Audis.

i'm trying out sauces on whatever tongues'll have me. i passa witha pasta pot, i lob a roping ladle-full and **bonna schoss, bonna schoss** i Germanly intone -

a euro-root returning inna tsky-tsky Commentary: **contra bonos mores**, 'tis against good morals that i imitate a traffic cop to get a laugh in **BEST OF ALL REALITY: We Did It For Tha LOLZ.**

i over-speak a noisefloor, yabber what just happened in the Sports you came to see. i'm a klatch of bearded podcasters hunched around a mic, and our poly-sprach a Tragedee: an Each yapping harder in the Commons where der Commons ist der silence uvva Library.

OR it's circa Happy Time - FAME[1980]! a Song  
to draw to Unity! a cafeteria GLEE we'll be, a  
gogo dance of suddenness on Coke machine, a  
jumping Scene!

- a tapping of the cutlery on thaali for the cue
- a slapping uvva jean-taut thigh for the downbeat
- maracas in a handy box of Jujubes

would pop the chest for Open Mic, would sweat us  
clean & glowy as we kaamen to tha Stage, into the  
pot-light!

i want to have Experiences, and Share them by my  
word so you'll commend me both for having said  
experience & my eloquence!

i want to foster interspecies politics!

i want to humm a global OM where lillies of the  
field perk up from etiolate & pale, their beauty-  
faces bleeding thru the overlay!

if now you're thinking daisies with DISTURBING  
REAL FACES in them, faces TRAPPED & MONSTROUS in  
botanic immobility -

well truly i'm a Writer, i'm a telepathic Rabbit!

and Y'R now the See-er: my self repeats in you;  
you make of me a Habit!

it's crucial to articulate: it preps us for the laughter!

reaching out; is an evanescent wing itself, the thing itself!

laughter comes after, it's release from all the strictness.

faces working hard! our micro-muscles flexing out our rap to conspecifics! we've been signing back our scrutinies, and scrunching at our critics!

so give us all a reason and we'll thank you most vociferously -

we'll thank you most delightfully -

with laughter!

läffung is a healthy flow, yaafa be yr pneuma non-stopped by fussy tongue-tip.

oo-haa is a glottal stop, released.

rabbits are the Field flexing hard into a particle, evasive when we scrutinize it. rabbits are the laughter of a Trixter getting off. laughter is a rabbit and our laughter maketh rabbits as an angel gets its wings when the phone rings, Yay: the Bell of early adage was a prophecy of Telecomm. angels are relations, are the inter per se - they're the interperson, angels are - and ringy-ring is Partyship per se's sweet vocaato; is an Angel

