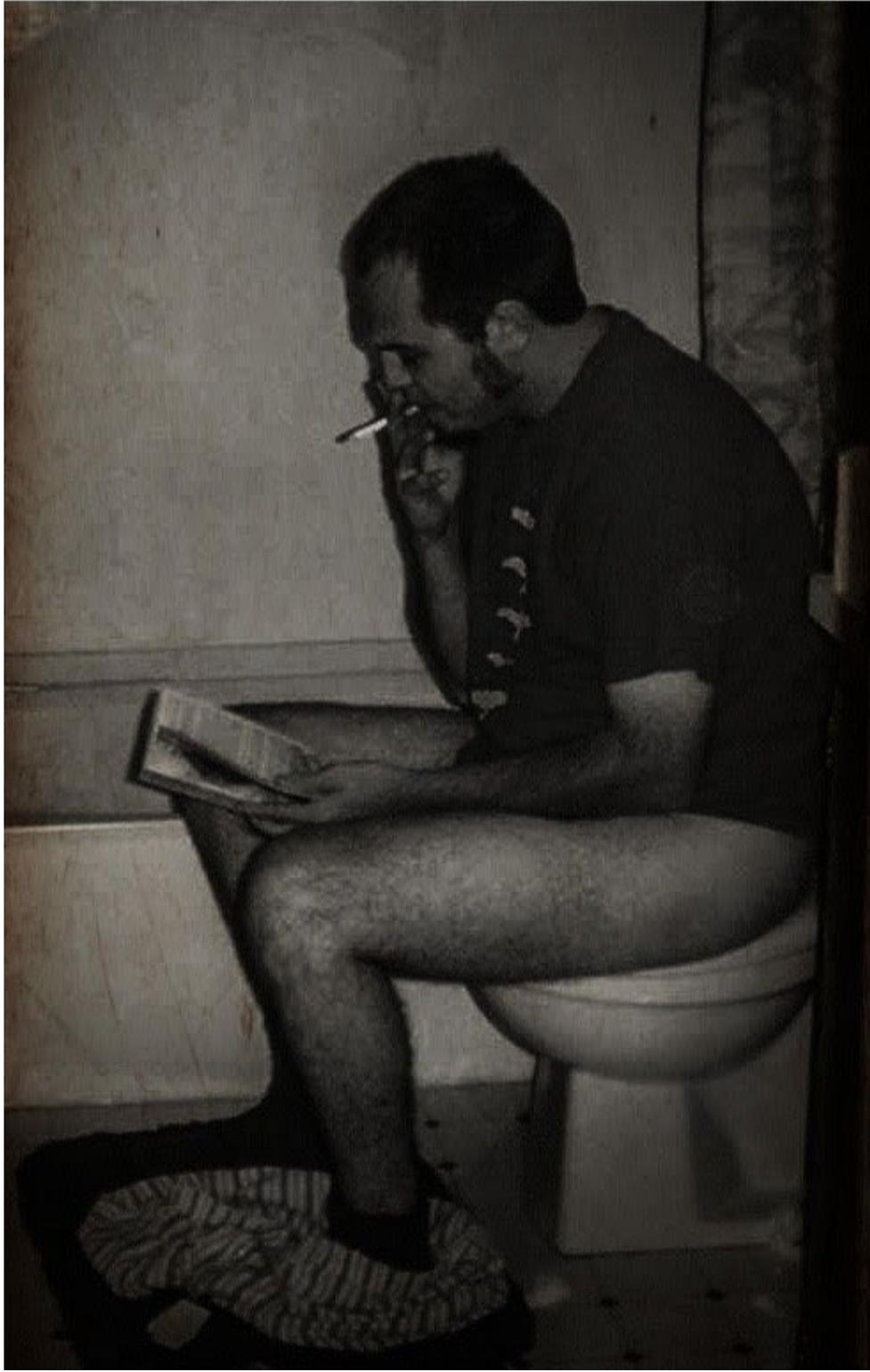


KOSMIC KOWBOY
BY NATHAN NEUHARTH



Kosmic Kowboy

A Trail of Great Failures and Abnormal Success

By

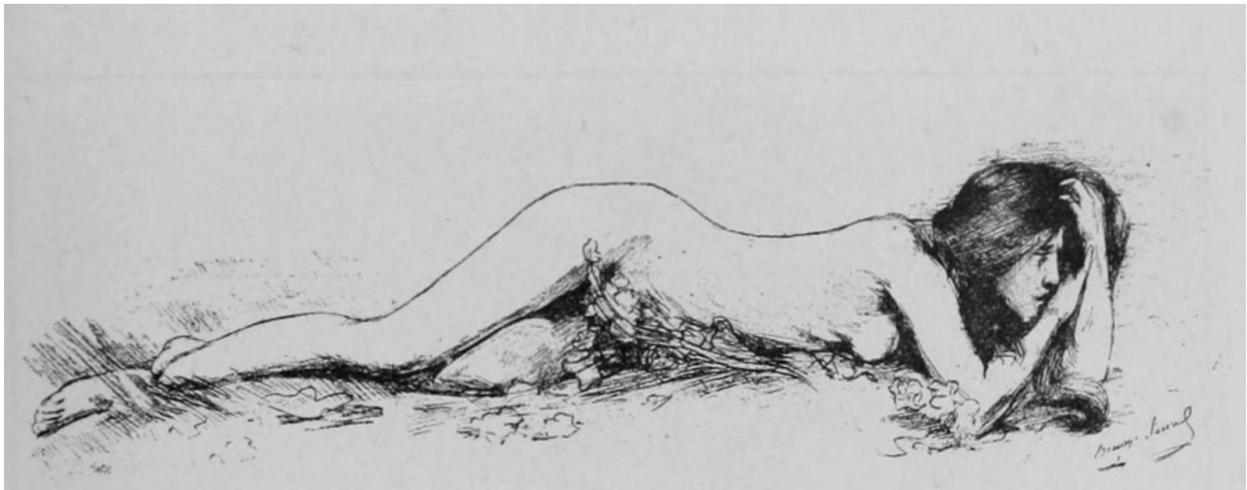
Nathan Neuharth

Preface

A fragmented collection of madness and lunacy. Painstaking precautions were taken to ensure this would not be a coherent or scholarly work. It is a psychedelic work with mind altering intentions. Mediation, trance, omens, cosmic signs, superstition and synchronicity are threaded together. It is absurd and abominable. It is a comet passing through the night.

It is the afterglow. It is the afterbirth.

Interlace your fingers with mine.



Eve Nude by Amélie Beury-Saurel (1848–1924)

Cosmic weirdo...

I'm afraid of everyone now...everyone hurts me...

I'm afraid of the walls crashing in on me...afraid of being homeless...afraid of devastation...afraid i've failed at life...afraid of people...

my heart beats and I don't want to die...i'm not afraid to die...but i'm not ready to die...

a migraine headache brought on by fear of change...i've been rooted in place for a few years...now with a tug i'm uprooting myself to try a new pose...unknown...

death is an illusion...the universe is an illusion created by thought...consciousness...we die and blossom about the multiverse...our consciousness an explosion of flowers at death pollinating existence...souls

shuffle about in ordered chaos...here for a reason...doing it for a reason...i don't understand why...

we choose it all...our place...our posture...our role...our suffering...our lamenting...our joy...our pleasure...

I cover the canvas in blood, rage and cum...fall into the work...my dream...my me...life and death a dream...sleeping as fast as lightning...

I can reach out with fantastic dreams...like God and Michelangelo...the touch of fingertips...like Mephisto gifts...the serpent's apple...my love Prometheus' stolen fire...

I struggle in the world of the mundane...i struggle and fight to conform...to look like the muggles...to

move and go through the motions...yes...yes...yes...i'm just like you...i'm normal and cool, dig...i do that...ya, ya...nod, nod...i can do it...i can move with you...i'm a good little boy...a good soldier...a good

worker...pant pant...this is me...i'm like you...

don't notice...don't look too close...

until...until...until...aaaahhhhh!!!!!!...FUCK YOU!!!!...i can't do it!...i must explode!...strap into the cosmic cockpit...to go where no man has gone before...the stars are so bright...so many...twinkling little dandies...like a field of daisies...a mad, mad man and fever dreams...jumping up and down and slicing and dicing strips of reality...this is when I cover you in my blood...red cosmic bliss...crashing together and crumbling into you...

the sweet perseverance of a microcosmic ouroboros...in the end it's just words and blood...breathing and dying...

wink...wink...flirting with you...

I can't pretend I know anything.

I have had to battle depression and addiction and work constantly to keep these ailments in check. I recognize this as a success.

Addiction is a spiritual deficiency. A need for intense experience, for mystical experience. By working an active program of recovery, giving up control of all things out of my control I sustain contentment. The depression kept in check by self-analysis, psychoanalysis, forced activity, exercise, socializing, organization, balance, hygiene, etc.

What drives me now? That I had once overcome, then fell from grace, this miracle of my return will never be taken for granted. I will never forget where I come from. The fight is worth fighting.

I don't even know how to talk to people anymore.

Write the truth, that's what I do
Now move me
Wake up my love and come to the window
Marry me
Love me
You scare me
I have to disconnect
You let me go
But never let me go
Let your heart soar free
A thousand hearts at sea

Dreaming on your pillow wake up and come to the window
Our haunted hearts are beating
I fall by your side

How can I say what I want to say with just words

Under your love
Come to the window
Dreaming on your pillow
Lift your halo up to me
And everything we could be
Let our haunted hearts soar free

Maybe I'll use magic like a rock star to get laid. Maybe I'll bring about the apocalypse. Maybe I'll give you love and death or maybe sin and salvation. Maybe I'll just stand dumbfounded and transfixed with my eyes on the stars tickling the long night sky. Maybe I'll just grit my teeth in frustration and trudge on. Maybe I'll get a fix and piss myself. Maybe I'll strangle myself with the serpents of wisdom, make a noose of it. Maybe I'll come close to God. Touch it's face. Long face. Dreaming of the Ancient of Days.

Maybe I'll remember my birth. A certain knowledge veiled by birth. What was that knowledge? I knew what I was about, knew what I was doing.

I see the world for what it is at times. A prison called Hell.

He hides in his apartment, secretly falling apart. A lone wolf. He doesn't trust anyone. Experience has taught him that. He's emotionally and financially unstable. He hasn't been doing much lately other than listen to music, smoke and attempt to write the demons away. Sometimes he feels like the Owen Wilson character in *Royal Tenenbaums*. The angst is a curse and he was born into the shit. He doesn't feel any more. Like I mean he doesn't believe in love anymore. He gave up on love. He's beat.

wisdom
comes over me like ocean waves
deep heat beating my heart
genius of seduction
wisdom she says
i clip the restraints
stepping out into the cold cruel world
afraid
they say courage is being afraid and doing it anyway
if fear is the root of courage i am all courage
wisdom
teasing into an abyss of madness
write poems
make me famous
paint me in the stars
immortality on film
you're not quite there she whispers with promised love to be earned
we sit in the car together
heater against the winter
maybe
maybe noteworthy
maybe not
i'm the child begging for love



Still from *Reefer Madness* 1936.

I step out from a dark dream. Foot falls like silent thunder. Ever anger heavy beneath the surface. Coming to fuck you all with no remorse. My mind bleeds out becoming the world. A thick atmosphere hugging everything. Not dark, not but gray gloomy skies. An eternal subtle breeze. Like magnetic repulsion everything bounces away slowly. Nothing but pure will. All bending to my will. I can have whatever I want. Everything I desire. Complete control. An ancient world resurfacing. Like the cataclysmic waves crushing Atlantis re-surfing and creating the old and forgotten.

The hidden angelic beasts within return, reclaim, bring about the Apocalypse like like violent, spellbinding, consuming, trembling, waking, blinding, screaming, crying, exploding orgasm. All ripples out from the center, radiating something terrifying, some terrible almighty power from the heart of creation. The energy of creation is the same as the energy of destruction. Order sucks it in place, chaos sets it in free motion.

There is nothing you can do to me. An iron man. An ice heart. You slide off. Never to hurt me again. You can't hurt me again. I shout inside. Crying inward with a hurt that never ends. You've never loved me. Will never love me and flaunt it.

I'm more than you. Can't you see me? I can do anything. Shake off the blues. Cut my soul in half. Rip my soul to pieces. You never let me go. Always there. Always innocent, flirting, just out of reach. The old king was slain by the new. Same old story. Crown of lead. Black hole heart. Sluggish moves. Cracking with age. I don't want to move. Why move? Why do anything?

Just give it up. Let it go. Fall to sleep. Never wake up. I don't want to feel anymore. Don't want to know. Don't want to see or breathe. Love me in my dreams.

How can I? How can I be enough? Enough for you? Why can't you love me? What's wrong with me? Why won't you let me die?

I'm a god fallen at your feet.

All the critters and fey of the secret world hushed witness. Shock and empathic pain in their eyes. Poor lord of the world. Our king, our king has fallen before the witch queen. All father, mightiest, under the thumb and shadow of the gold digger queen. Queen of Give Me What I Want. Queen of I Will Love the Ones with Money. I will love you forever if the bank account is full. Give me everything. Take everything. Take everything from me until it's all gone. All of my blood. Carefree with my love. No value in me.

I crawl. Withering in the desert heat, dry, thirsting, nothing left. Crushed and crawling. Weak. Beneath you. Nothing to you. Still begging, pleading, notice me, love me.

One day. Thousands of years from now. After the queen of broken dreams lives joyous and rich. Paid for. Served. Many used later. Everything she wants. After all that. She wakes alone in a massive, elegant bed. Alone in an empty castle in the clouds. Old. A crone. She wakes one morning remembering the king of dreams who loved the queen of broken dreams. She remembers his tenderness.

His hope. Faith. Dreams. Noble strivings. She remembers his voice. His smile. Blue eyes. Whispers and poems. She wakes with a shriek. Overcome with regret. Realization of lost love. Of one true love.

It's too late. He's buried in the tomb of forgotten kings. Fallen kings. Her tears and wails don't bring him back from the dead. Dead from lack of love. Haunted and tortured by a truth she let slip by, thinking herself wise and cunning. Wanting him back. Wanting another chance. Mourning the loss of immortal love. Dying alone upon his dust covered crypt.

A whisper. You could have come to me. At any time. You could have come to me.

Born again and again in eternal recurrence.

The same story. Never changes. Never stops aching.

Lusting

There is a darkness in me I scream at you! The beast spying from it's hovel. A hunting wolf. Primal. Lustful and adventurous. Paranoid. Insecure. Angry. An aging great white wolf. Old and stray from the pack.

And she sings, "I do nothing but think of you."

Madness on speed dial.

As long as that book's not about you smoking a bunch of crack and sleeping with hundreds of Women.

The last time I committed suicide?

"Take your baby by the hand."

How can you tell anybody what to do or judge anyone?

Ain't got a dollar in my pocket.

Do you think I really give shit?

How many of you fuckers are there?

Yeah.

Kick off your shoes.

She's shining like the sun, that vicious lioness.

The mouse whispers in the corner.

Will you marry me?

Do you love me?

Oh, yeah, yeah. Oh, yeah, yeah. I want happy music and miracles.

How many? How many times did you let it slip between your fingers?

For that sweet smoke and wet fingers.

For that jukebox and murmur of silly jubilant gossip and philosophy.

Nocturnal. Child of the night.

Disastrous past singing golden hymns.

The power to breed and spread disease standing among angels and maggots.

Shed skins my serpent.

She prefers me dumb and tough.

Bad boys are easy.

She prefers a backdoor man.

Midnight preacher, silence and the ring a tink tink of tin.

Snake dance.

That skin falls away.

I hear the great spirit grandfather.

The sky falls away.

Two fistfuls of cigarettes.

Slaves become plebeians ever serving the aristocrats letting them know just what they think they need to know. Just enough to lead them in the direction they want.

God damn I like this woman when her clothes are off.

And she looks at me.

Big eyes open wide.
Dominant eager stare.
Her head tilted down, looking up at me expectantly.
And if I crash like the waves?
If I'm caught in your gravity?
A comet chained in orbit.
She spreads her legs, eyes closed with the cheshire grin.
Let's kiss and be delirious.
A walk down the street like a real cool cat. Like a English gentleman. A real hip English gentleman. Stoic sophistication.
She sleeps like an angel.
Smiles like the devil.
Shakes her hair back like a lion.
Smiles like innocence.

Oh, the dance of magic on this mad night is so delicate, such a delight. The tan tiger growls and snaps. Uh. She screams and gnashes. She says, "You're gonna remember this night!" And she charms you like a snake.

She takes my breath away like a hurricane.

Ha, ha the joker laughs.

I stand in the front yard. A lanky, long black man with a bald head comes out of the neighbor's apartment. He shuts the door startled to see me standing shadowed with an imported beer in my hand.

"Oh," he asks, "You waiting for her?" He points back at the door he just closed.

"No, I'm just standing here."

He looks me up and down, approves and walks toward the street, "I got to go to the gas station. God damn. Don't be inviting me over if you ain't got no aluminum foil."

Do it til it hurts
German gentleman
When I have a moment to think
He turned into a strange old man
Writing with a fever

She wanted to see an angel die. I just wanted to see it sigh.

Elvis Aaron Presley was the first rock star. The king of rock and roll.

A Partial Correspondence of
Jack M. Lovecraft
Thou Shalt Not Suffer a Witch to Live

Dear Sister Electric Love Explosion,

Hello. I had to come back. Someone asked me to and I do like the place and was sad to go.

What have I been doing since I was gone? One thing did make sense to me. One change came from this cult that you are given credit for and that is doing it myself. Referring to the Ordo Templi Orientis experiment. If they offer to do the evocation experiment with me again I will do it again but I've been working harder on my own.

Here's what I've been up to lately. I share with you hoping you will share with me.

I'm working very hard at entering states of gnosis and trance without the use of drugs.

I'm currently still working with my past life paradigm. Tracing my past lives from the present to Atlantis. Which is as far back as I could get so far. I'm thinking that while in Atlantis I was more me than any other life. I would say that the holy guardian angel/unconscious mind is the soul. The physical body is the current symbiotic tool in use which creates a unique identity/personality called self.

Getting a broad view of all my past lives helps me get a clearer understanding of my true self/HGA which gives me a clearer picture of my true will.

I'm working on creating a ritual of the Bornless One for myself. If you look at the ritual you will notice that Aleister Crowley uses his past lives in the invocation.

I'm currently in the middle of creating two dozen sigils. The typical statement of intent broke down into symbols and drawn into a super sigil of Pan, Babalon, and Lilith copulating/creating therefore charging the sigils. Also creating barbarous words with the Liber MMM method to go along with charging the sigil.

I've been invoking Hermes-Thoth. We seem to be developing a positive relationship. During my first invocation he gave me hints to make invoking him easier and it worked! So cool. He also suggested I keep working on my current two books and start a third. The first book is called *the Order of Chaos* which is the first in a series of eleven books. I'm also writing *the Book of Lunacy* which is a record of the work of past lives and the holy guardian angel. The title suggested by Hermes-Thoth is called *the Book of Invocations* and I've completed the first invocation for it which is of course the invocation of Hermes-Thoth.

Tonight I will be invoking him with that ritual and study *the Emerald Tablet* together. Fun fun fun. I think Hermes likes that I'm using Pan to help charge my sigils since it's his son and he definitely likes reproduction.

Okay. That's all for today.

Fraternally,
Jack M. Lovecraft
Will to power and nothing else.

Dear Sister Electric Love Explosion,

My first encounter with a group of chaos magicians turned out to be quite a disaster. I am still recovering from it. It was emotionally and psychically draining. An aristocratic dual was declared, myself versus about a dozen chaotes. I know one guy in particular really didn't like me. He was a chaos samurai and created a sigil to attack me. It didn't work. I banished it with the creation of a paradigm in which he had no power and I used a banishment ritual alongside Dion Fortune's instructions for psychic self-defense. I had shared with this group several of my ideas about magic. They said I am egotistical and don't know anything about magic, accusing me of being an armchair magician. Basically it became very personal and my feelings were hurt and in turn retaliated against what I saw as holier than thou bullies of magic. In the end I would have to say it was a draw because the fight was eventually called off.

Walking away from the incident, still recovering and licking my astral wounds as I write this I realize that Nietzsche is right, whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger. I will not be caught up in a clash of egos like that again. At the same time it offers me a chance to examine my ego. The experience teaches me I was hurt and let my emotions get the better of me.

Fraternally,
Jack M. Lovecraft
A real hero.

Dear Sister Electric Love Explosion,

I've tapped into a crazy current. I thought I would be with Pam again but it turns out that I'm with Janis and she already knew that. Things keep getting stranger and stranger and more exciting and more like crystal clear chaos.

The fall of Christianity and monotheistic religions is upon us by the end of the next 2000 years. People will laugh at the idea of Christianity like they do today of men who thought the earth was flat and the center of the universe.

I could go on about my past lives. We have been together before which explains a lot. When we met we often talked about how we felt we knew each other. I was not consciously practicing magic when we met. I turned to magic in practice after a symbolic existential death. Reborn saved from Christ. In the oldest life I've been able to get to, the best way for me to describe it was that of an Atlantean magician priest. So illuminated that I pretty much was my Holy Guardian Angel Galabram. Many were all Atlanteans. Immortal, like the gray reptilian aliens, because our perception was non-linear. We were able to experience time in a more efficient way than we do as our current human processes. The destruction of Atlantis came and the birth of a chain of reincarnations. It was a fail safe, to save ourselves, a way to step back into the time stream so we can grow since an entity without time as we know it cannot grow.

Our space brothers and space adversaries are very curious about what is happening. We Atlanteans made a bold move. The Secret Chiefs are either those of us chosen to witness this grand and cosmic gambit or those who have finished evolving, simply waiting for the rest of us to catch up.

Fraternally,
Jack M. Lovecraft
Pretending to be human.

Dear Sister Electric Love Explosion,

The purpose of the paradigm of immortality of any kind is the alleviation of death anxiety. It is quite possible that immortality in a variety of forms does exist. One that exists with little doubt is symbolic immortality. Symbolic immortality is to continue to exist after physical death. Two methods of achieving symbolic immortality are celebrity and procreation. Celebrity being a historic figure or something akin to it. Procreation is having offspring which contain the parents DNA. It is possible that immortality through reincarnation or the continued consciousness of the soul exists. It is yet to be proved or disproved by science. It is the faith of religions. At best this form of immortality is a subjective experience once proven to self there is little or no need to prove it to others.

In the beginning man created the gods to alleviate death anxiety. By this point humanity had already forgotten they are the gods.

Fraternally,
Jack M. Lovecraft
I want to tell you that I love you.

Dear Sister Electric Love Explosion,

Without my choice. People either thought me mad, ridiculed me, were jealous or thought me just big headed. I am a pretty humble guy yet as blind to myself as any other. I'm spilling my magical guts to you.

Remembering existence without words. No sound or symbols. This was shattered with a high pitched scream like fingernails on a chalkboard at the moment of birth. Black fades to red and explodes in blinding white.

Floating in the. Floating in the cocoon. Womb gnosis.

Asking myself, *Why keep coming back here?* After the long, grogginess of Birth, like a hangover from Conception. Always remembering.

The spirit leaves a long trail like a needle and thread popping in and out of reality. The threads of the universe. The common thread of each life is the key to True Will. Holy Guardian Angel which is the Higher Self, the Spirit, the Soul, the Unconscious Mind.

The necessity of esoteric becomes obvious.

Fraternally,
Jack M. Lovecraft
A day in the life.

Dear Sister Electric Love Explosion,

The last time I died was 1971. As an accepted member of the Order I am sharing with you information that has come to light. I ask that you not share this information outside of this sacred Order.

Last night I dreamed that someone thought I was one of *the Misfits*. A fan came up and asked me for my autograph. I gave it to them. Thinking it stupid. I signed *Spiritus Existo Infinitus Dominus*. I looked in a mirror and was dressed for Halloween (synchronistic note...this Halloween I almost died). I walked along a sand river alone. Exploring. Checking out occasional bikini clad women.

My number is 11:11. A person posted a picture of me after exploring consciousness together. When he finished a picture he posted it and labeled the picture 1111. He had no idea of the significance of that number to me.

I've been in contact with a monk in Thailand. Turns out Rasputin was murdered. Blinds tests. Mind sets. I haven't heard back from other sources yet. I know this sounds incredible. Silly. Absurd. What can I do about it? I know it's true. I've known it for 15 years now but never said it out loud before. I am the Lizard King. I can do anything. I will send the monk's picture when I get off work tonight.

Fraternally,
Jack M. Lovecraft
I will go on shining.

Dear Sister Electric Love Explosion,

I was fifteen years old when I first started to uncover my past lives. It happened just by chance. A past life meditation with metal head buddies one hot summer night. After that I learned the technique myself and it became a favorite party trick. The first life uncovered for myself was that of a man living

alone in the wilderness. He seemed to be living in some kind of exile. A diseased man. Some disease that was causing his body to age and rot. It was sad and lonely, especially when he would look into his old foggy mirror. He could make out a reflection too well. He missed his family and his childhood. He was haunted by the past. He died in his bed one night alone in the cabin. He seemed to be some type of pilgrim, he always wore black and white and lived for years without seeing another human.

About the time this happened I was doing the past life regression with a freckle faced girl at a party. Instead of past life memories she freaked out crying with repressed memories of being sexually abused by her father coming out. I quit with the past life trances after that.

Past lives. Symbolic or actual? Does it matter?

Fraternally,
Jack M. Lovecraft
Sing it.

Dear Sister Electric Love Explosion,

Hello. I am an experiment. How will you react to me? I know most of them won't believe it. But oh well. I didn't mean to die. I just loved the drugs. Being close to the unknown. Testing the bounds of reality.

Yeh I know but it is what it is. Believe you me. I know how stupid it sounds but it doesn't really matter and in all actuality. You don't believe which is a sign of intelligence in my book. Oh and I've always remembered.

I've taken on the current belief system that no one is a peon. Every man, woman and child is a supernova. A most common belief would be that nothing is true and everything is permitted. Every human has a right to be what he/she is. Ah. I could go on and on. In being in alignment with the will of the universe I have no choice in the matter. At the same time it forces me to strengthen myself.

Okay. Whatever. Baby girls and boys. Ladies and gentle guys. Calling in all cats and birds. I stand before you. Invoking the Lizard King. Ouroboros.

Atoms I don't think I have. I think what I have is non material/non physical. You of course realize that I needed to tell you because I have to be me and it is not something I am totally enjoying. I wouldn't believe me either but I have no choice in the matter.

Know yourself. Tame your demons. We had a wonderful time tonight invoking Anubis. This jackal headed god in yellow and purple was a quite lovable pup. He licked my face as I pet him then the silent and smiling god bit my head off at the neck, picking it up off the ground and putting it back in place. He was a great glossy eyed dog, a black eyed made me think of Nick Drake. I felt pure love flowing from this god Anubis. He was not a stranger although it was the first time I laid mine eyes upon him. Wordlessly he confirmed my path with an eternal and long grin or was it a snarl? He watched me like a parent enjoying the wide eyed awe of an infant discovering the world. The dark haired jackal gave a nod. I shed my skin like a snake and ran my hands over the smooth diamond scales and whispered, *I am ouroboros and my number is 1111.*

Nothing is true,
everything is permitted,
do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law,
love is the law,
love under will,
as above,
so below,
will to power,
and nothing else.

I wish I would have ignored all the synchronicity.
"Give me a dozen sigils with full gnosis by morning.

Fraternally,
Jack M. Lovecraft
Former Pupil of Peter Carroll.

Dear Sister Electric Love Explosion,

Hello again.

I am looking at your recommendations. You have good taste in magic and art. *The Invisibles* by Grant Morrison. Hakim Bey. I like the Peter Lamborn Wilson definition of sorcery, *the systematic cultivation of enhanced consciousness or non-ordinary awareness*. To me this is the point of knowing what's beyond death and existence in all directions. This beholder is asking for the benefit of doubt. A little open mindedness if you will. The ability to give up previous belief systems in exchange for more effective and efficient belief systems. The gods have a sense of humor and lay this great cosmic joke on me. A catch 22. The most important thing here is that I make use of the knowledge.

Nothing is true and everything is permitted. The belief system is a tool. A means to an end. The beholder is made up of infinite identities. Each a slice of the whole. Death methinks is the greatest trip of all. Like I always say to my friends, *never run from death but always run to her*. Death is the closest path to true self I know of. It is important not to forget life also exists for a reason and that reason comes before the reason of death. Death brings order and chaos always moves toward death. Man reincarnates at will. The decision is made for a reason and there is a subjective mission.

I remember reading something. I can't remember where at the moment. Maybe Robert Anton Wilson. I'm not sure. Aleister Crowley reincarnated into 33 human vehicles. Maybe. There is no validation for disagreeing with the claim. A belief system works as a tool, if you don't believe it, it doesn't work.

Don't sweat it. You are terribly special. Cheer up. Create reality. Reality is subjective to the human process and it doesn't fit the reality of other humans and they say, *Damn it, that's not right...that's not how we do it!*

Fraternally,
Jack M. Lovecraft
Current wave.

Dear kult ov kaos,

Jack M. Lovecraft ranted on and on as he transcended reality. I think of him as a human experiment of old outer gods and flying saucers. Maybe he was the experimenter. It was a symbiotic relationship between Jack and the unseen world. He saw what can not be seen as he was unseen. He courted chaos and death as he copulated with the universe. Jack was a deep cut scream of existential relief. He was the eye of the storm. Under the influence of intelligence. Breaker of laws. Shaper of movement. Champion of mad misfits and outsiders. When Jack broke free of the black iron prison he was betrayed, pulled back and burned at the stake like the witch he was.

This is the word of the oracles. His heart beats with the rhythm of rain. He dreamt he was alive and woke to discover he was a dream. Gravity could not hold him to Earth. He did not go quietly into the night. An old young man. A young old man. A patchwork of contradictions and paradox.

Now we are haunted by the ghosts of dead batteries.

Break bread and drink wine in remembrance of Jack. I loved him as you. He did not die but returned to cosmic dust and infinite consciousness.

So the legend goes.

Maybe he didn't exist at all.

I can't stop crying. I can't stop bleeding. I can't stop falling.

Fraternally,
Sister Electric Love Explosion
Don't die, stay alive.

Electric Love Explosion Trance (an activity)

When I first started using this method I had a person speaking the instructions to me. Lay flat on your back. Do not cross your legs or arms. You must be in darkness. Eyes closed. It's also good if you haven't eaten in a while, at least a couple of hours.

Clear your mind.

Relax. Use the fourfold breathing method if you like.

Imagine a blank movie screen.

On the movie screen imagine an apple.

Observe the apple and do your best to think of nothing else until you have a good solid visualization.

Once again clear your mind. Stillness of mind.

Visualize the color yellow. The color can be any form as long as you see the color clearly. I usually imagine crayons. Spend at least a minute or so seeing each color.

Visualize orange.

Visualize red.

Visualize green.

Visualize blue.

Visualize purple.

Imagine yourself standing in total darkness.

Imagine a purple fog drifting in. You now stand in a purple haze. Purple smokey fog.

Walk.

Walk until you come to a door.

Once you reach this door, open it. Take your time. Feel the door, see the door.

On the other side of the door are stairs. There are 21 stairs in all. Walk up the stairs, counting each step as you go. At the top of the stairs is another door.

Take your time.

At the top open the second door. This door opens to paradise. Your personal paradise.

Walk in a straight line through this paradise. It is a calm place. You come to a wall.

Follow the wall to a third door.

This door is the filter between this life and the others. Take your time. Walk through the door.

On the other side of this door is total darkness. Let any images come to mind. Let whatever comes to mind come.

Let them come, don't block anything. Just let your mind free. The darkness fades and you are within the other world. You can walk around and explore. You can time travel and teleport.

When you want to return to mundane reality simply imagine a door and move through the entire meditation in reverse.

illuminated Head

I know the secrets of the dark.

It was the fifth of July. Falling in and out of sleep. The neighbor's bad music murmuring through the wall. Something jolts me from the infancy of my sleep. A dream half forgotten. A rapping. A tapping. Fucking firecrackers, I think. I jump up off the couch and stomp outside in nothing but my boxers. There's gonna be hell to pay. Fucking crack head neighbor. Always on his knees in the front yard wailing and screeching that no one loves him and cutting up his arms or fucking some homeless Indian guy up the ass. Throwing furniture around in his apartment. Yelling through the wall at me that he's going to burn the house down while white trash diabolically cackling. I'm gonna slap this fucker silly.

The wood floor is haunted and creaks with the loneliness of night. Stomping barefoot out the front door. Mother fucker on the tip of my tongue. I swing the door open.

Standing behind my dope head neighbor is the familiar posture of her shoulders and shape of her body. The small of her back. That long brown hair. Beer bottled dangling from delicate fingers.

"Hey," the dope fiend neighbor grins.

"Hey," I whisper in shock at the sight of her standing in my doorway.

"There's some girl here who says she knows you."

She turns around, smoke curling off her lips. Her eyes light up like fireworks in the summer night. "Natas!" She squeals, skipping toward me, "I've been knocking on your window all night. I walked all the way across town to find you."

"What are you doing here?"

"They said they knew you and offered me a beer."

I nod without thinking of the motion, "Come inside."

The bathroom light dimly bleeds into the living room.

We sit on the couch. Outside are the sounds of the holiday. Firecrackers and bottle rockets. The neighbors talking, laughing, their music through the wall.

She's full of enthusiasm. "I'm homeless. Staying with some people but I don't really know them that well. I broke up with my boyfriend on Sunday or Saturday and I just don't think I want a boyfriend. Besides that he cheated on me while I was locked up, but I guess I cheated on him first. But he's just such a pussy."

"Why did you come over?"

"I need to be with someone who cares."

"I care?"

"Should I leave?"

“No.”

She talks and talks and talks.

I'm in a daze of her unexpected appearance and the memories stirred.

“Why didn't you call me when you got out?”

“I lost all my numbers.”

Our thighs press against each other.

She holds out a red cell phone, “I stole this.”

I nod.

“My friend is dying from cancer. Three months.”

“How did you get this?” My thumb caressing her forehead, a fresh cut.

“I got in a car accident.”

“Yeh gotta lay off the dope. You're gonna end up all scarred up.”

My hand rests on her stomach. I remember her scent.

Kiss. Neck. Cheek. Ear. Hand. Forehead to forehead.

She whispers, “You were a mad man.”

I whisper, “Sanity is elusive.”

We lie down together.

“This place has really changed.”

“Would you prefer a mountain of marijuana in the living room?”

“Ha. That was cool. But no. You don't want that.”

Hazel.

We lie there together. Holding hands. Fingers play. Slow. Silence. It's too late.

Whisper, “I still love you.”

Whisper, “I love you too.”

“I always will. No matter what happens. No matter what the future brings. I will always love you.”

“When I called you. I just wanted you to know it was real.”

“I know it was.”

Her eyes water, “I'm sorry for everything.”

“I know.”

“My boobs are bigger. Can you tell?”

Shrug.

“Feel.”

Whispered sex.

Catching our breath. Sweat cooling on skin.

“I love you and I can't be with you if you're gonna stay clean.”

“I can't be with you if you're not going to stay clean.”

She writes my phone number on her arm.

Long kiss.

“Don't be sad. I'll always come back to you.”

“Goodbye.”

“Goodbye.”

Occult Recovery

With the end of the Black Odyssey and Rosa Virgo Working came a few years of solitude. I spent long periods in reclusion, working construction and coming home every night. Spending time with my sons. As much as I could. I continued to struggle with addiction for a time after my last rehab stint. Learned the trade of commercial framing. I'm no journeyman but I can frame. I spent a lot of time writing. Went through a dozen relationships. Most very short lived. My relapses weren't heavy drugs this time, although it could have been. I didn't fall back into the criminal underworld. Just drinking and smoking pot. Hopefully those days are over now too. I'm feeling pretty solid. Pretty strong like I got it going on. I very lightly dip my toes into the magickal streams from time to time. As far as the magic goes, I am very able, I do believe. I've trained myself to ignore it. I consciously ignore synchronicities unless they are clearly paramount to my life here on Earth. Lately now that I'm more focused and productive I've let them in a bit more. Little nods here and there. The dreams aren't as lucid as they once were. Now when I decide to record my dreams I've become very apt at analyzing them. I know myself well enough that I can understand what my unconscious mind is telling me as easily as reading it in a book. I don't always like what the omens have to say, but I acknowledge it and it's extremely helpful in my growth and day to day life.

I stay out of the psychic stuff as much as possible. The precognitive happenings, the spirit world. It's too hard to function in this world when my head spends too much time out there. I live a life of principle now. I follow a code of honor. This code of honor is an intimate relationship between myself and my god. I strive to do only my god's will, which I perceive as my true will. When I am in alignment with this god's will things run smoothly. When I step out of bounds, things get rocky. I am a servant of the silence. Contently so.

So what are we doing here? It's not a sequel to *Confessions of a Black Magician*. I mean how the fuck would I do that? Throw my life away and go mad again? It would make the experience in *Confessions* redundant and pointless. No. The experiences of *Confessions* was a transformation of me into what I am today and that's not so bad. I'm here to serve you now. I give myself to you.

So what I'm going to do here is tell more stories of my life. I'm going to tell you about my youth, to show you the extremes I went to before my Western occult practices. I've always been a man of extremes. At the end of this youthful adventure I ended up staying off of drugs for 7 years, before it all fell apart with the *Confessions*. During that seven years I was very successful and productive. Besides my degrees in Human Services and Liberal Arts I took two semesters of accounting, two semesters of computer programming, two semesters of history, two semesters of sociology, a semester of social work and I was one semester away from finishing my BA in psychology. I either had a fear of success or just couldn't decide what to do with myself being so hungry to search for the things I longed for.

It was during this 7 year gap that I achieved so much more than I ever thought I would, or more than anyone else thought I would too. That's when I became a professional in the mental health field. I had a good reputation. A bright future. Until I brought it all down.

Things are looking up.

Thinking about magic and my experiences I realize that long before I turned to the magic detailed in *Confessions of a Black Magician* I'd had my hand in it. I had become an atheist at the beginning of *Confessions*.

My real first experiences with magic came in high school through H. P. Lovecraft. I was fifteen. One day at the mall my brother, Solon, and I discovered *the Simon Necronomicon* in a bookstore. It was like we'd discovered the holy grail. The *Necronomicon* was real! Holy shit! Being poor boys, Solon and I came back to the bookstore with some friends a few days later and shoplifted every copy of the book off the shelves. After that the bookstore started to keep the *Necronomicon* behind the counter.

When I read it I had no idea it was a fictitious work. I know enough about magic to know now that regardless if it's real or not it's written in a way that it is a valid book of rituals. I was fascinated by the Mad Arab and the old gods that could be summoned in the book. We had to try it.

I tried the rituals in the book a few times. Never with any real success. I was expecting inhuman creatures to appear like in Lovecraft's books. Nothing really happened, but it was fun. Well, there was a faint spooky phenomenon but nothing to rave about.

One night my friends and I went to a park late at night and performed a ritual surrounded by three old trees. It was a full moon and summer. My friends got scared and we all ran away laughing when we were done. I convinced myself that the clouds in the sky shifted over the moon, making it look like a big eye looking down on us. The moon was the iris.

A second time I worked with the *Necronomicon* I did it alone in a bathroom at my high school. It was a bathroom by the shop rooms and rarely had much traffic. I skipped classes often and skipped a biology class to perform my ritual in the restroom. I whispered the chants. I scribbled on the stall door, "*the Doors* kick some major fucking ass" before I started the ritual. The results of the rite included me getting goosebumps and totally scared. I felt like there was a ghost or something in the room with me. Some Nazi skinhead and his friends came into the restroom crudely laughing. I left quickly.

I tucked the book away, forgetting about it for a few years, until one night I was hanging out with a witch punk rock girl named Ingrid and she was telling me how she wanted to start a coven together. I told her I was interested in being in the coven and dug out the *Necronomicon*. Her and I and two other punk rock friends went to a park across the street from my house. We performed the ritual using flour to make our circle of protection. Nothing happened. No one but Ingrid and I took it seriously.

Cold Grace

Ahmed says, "You've been trying to kill yourself ritually for years now."

I focus on Ahmed sitting next to me stirring the ice in his drink with a thin red straw. "Mm. Ahmed. What exactly do you mean?"

"Oh, come on," Ahmed smirks, patting my shoulder, "Do I really have to explain?"

I look at himself in the mirror, my handsome, drunken, mug, "No. I guess you don't."

Ahmed declares, "You're the songbird of our generation. Want another beer?"

"No. Waters fine for the moment."

Ahmed smiles, raising an eyebrow.

“Okay. I think I’m going to step outside for some fresh air.”

“Alright,” Ahmed nods.

I see our other drinking pals lined up along the door, chatting and drinking. I quit using drugs after rehab and stayed clean and sober for a bit. I’ve been struggling with drinking now. In and out of Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous.

When I get outside, I stand there a moment, concentrating on breathing deep, not being dizzy, standing steady. Fuck it. I can’t go back in there tonight.

The walk home is long and treacherous. I concentrate on the edge of the sidewalk to walk straight. I know I’m not walking straight.

I lie flat on my back in the living room. A plate of green bean casserole I heated up in the microwave sits on a small plate upon my chest.

I text Grace with my phone: *What’s up, beautiful?*

A moment later my phone buzzes: *Sleeping.*

I respond: *I wish you were here to get me a glass of water.*

Her response: *I wish you were here to shut the light off for me.*

I dig my fingers into the hot green bean casserole. Noodles fall on the floor and my chest as I eat with my fingers. Beer munchies.

I like buying used books with the inscriptions of lovers written on the inside cover. Birthday wishes. Notes in the margins. Old book marks. A single tarot card. An aged photograph. Hidden history tucked away with the dusky scent of books. Hidden treasures.

I’m hung over. Sipping hot, black coffee out of a Styrofoam cup at a used bookstore. God, I said I wasn’t going to drink anymore. Last month I was crawling around outside the back of the bar on all fours. My friends had to carry me to their car. When I’d called them down to the bar I was already blacking out. They said I was standing on a bar stool telling people I was going to take them down to the river and baptize them. I don’t remember doing this. My brand new shoes were all scuffed and scratched up from crawling around in the parking lot. That upset me.

I lay on my back on the couch. Arms at my sides. Breathing deeply with my eyelids shut. Imagining the spheres. All silver and watery like mercury. A quicksilver globe over the crown of my head. One over the throat. One over the heart. One over the groin. One over the feet.

I imagine ten glowing silver spheres in all, the ten sephiroth. The spheres are made of astral energy. A fluid energy. The ten spheres become one, merging together, forming a silvery, gleaming mirror image of myself floating just above the real body.

A silver cord grows from the belly buttons of myself and my silver astral phantom doppelganger. The two cords connect and become one.

I visualize my consciousness inside of a shining metallic tunnel, moving forward, moving up. Moving through the silver cord.

I open my eyes, thinking I must be sleeping. Looking down at my sleeping body on the couch. Reaching toward this sleeping body, startled at the sight of this silver hand. Inspecting the hand, I practice wiggling the fingers.

Looking around this room. It's my living room. Floating in the center of this living room. Flutter and drift around the room. Reach out and touch the wall. It's hard and solid. Descend to the floor, feet firmly planted, push off and shoot up toward the ceiling.

No impact. Slip through the ceiling like a ghost, up into the sleeping neighbor's bedroom. Caught by momentum I continued floating up, through the neighbor's ceiling and passed the roof of the apartment complex.

Standing on air above the apartment building, floating dozens of feet above the roof. Staring out at the luminous lights of the city night. Feeling the breeze caress this naked astral body. Smelling trees and sap below. Smile.

Above me the infinite teasing stars. Twinkling alive like flirting faeries and playful pixies. Like fireflies. The moon is full. A large white and blue disk against the black, star scarred sky. The shadows of a sphere. The edges of the moon dog.

Floating upward toward the daring stars, taunting me, calling me home.

I'm startled by a hissing noise below. Looking down, there seems a shadow moving. The blackness moves from one veil of darkness to disappear in the next. An animal?

That's weird, I think.

Above the stars grow closer, brighter.

Below the Earth is getting smaller.

Oh, the stars are magnificent, looking all around, in every direction. I pick the brightest star I see and soar toward it. Faster and faster. The other stars blur. A sudden stop, staring before a large sun burning in the heart of an unfamiliar solar system. A second, smaller sun orbiting at a distance. The giant sun is almighty. Orange and red and yellow flames radiating. A mighty and titanic burning ball of inferno. The heat and light is mesmerizing. The megalithic flames licking out like volcanic eruptions larger than the Earth.

A small planet close by. I instinctively fly toward it.

Speeding passed an elegant woman floating in space. She turns, watching me drift by, giving a curious look. Flowing white clothes drape her body. Her silver hair blows in the astral wind. A pair of white, feathered wings spread out from her back, gliding and guiding her through the vacuum.

Still looking back at the mysterious, angelic woman, I grunt crashing into something hard. Dazed and shocked, suddenly surrounded by a mass of thick silvery liquid, grappling and squeezing this body. I flop and fight against it and close these eyes just for a moment.

Opening them a moment later to find myself standing in a vast and tall room. The room is absolute silence. A vacuum of sound. The walls are a rust color. Colorful stained glass windows. Before me is a large, smooth circular pit in the center of the room.

I float into the circle. Looking down, examining this alien structure. The circle is filled with a thick pile of gray and black ashes.

Something wiggles beneath the fine ashes. Something small. A worm. No. Larva. A little thick, squiggling thing.

Taking a step back as the worm seems to sputter, spit and elongate. It twitches, it's skin cracking and the lines glowing red orange. The glowing, growing worm is exploding into a flower of fire and

energy. The explosion and smoke come together forming the body of a large, fiery bird of prey. It all takes place within the circle.

I float in awe before this flaming bird. It's much larger than me. Like standing before a holy monument.

One of the bird's black eyes studies me.

The bird speaks. It's definitely a language. An intelligent utterance. Not English. The voice of the bird reminds me of an electric guitar. Like Jimi Hendrix's guitar speaking from the bird.

"I don't understand," I reply, feeling frightened.

"You are trapped on Earth?" The bird's electric melody asks.

"What?"

"You are human."

I nod.

The bird turns its head to one side and looks me up and down with a single eye.

"Who are you?"

"I am Horus. The Phoenix."

"I'm Natas."

"You are a construction. Lines intersecting. Myriad lines."

"I don't understand what you're saying."

"A child of Luna or Sol?"

"I don't know."

"Go now," the fiery bird sings.

"What? Why?"

"You don't know what you are."

My silver body feels a tugging on the silver umbilical cord. Faster than the speed of thought I zip back into flesh and bone.

Quickly sitting up on the couch, sweating, feeling disorientated. My cell phone is ringing on the coffee table.

Pick the phone up off of the table, wipe sweat from my forehead. The phone ID says it's Grace calling.

"Hello?"

"Hey, what's up?"

"Nothing."

"Word. You okay?"

"Yeah, I was just taking a nap."

"Did I wake you?"

"It's okay, I needed to get up."

"God. Must be nice to take a nap. I slept like three hours last night and worked a twelve hour shift today."

"That sucks."

"So what are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Wanna kick it?"

"Yeah."

She's sitting on her front steps. Smiling, nervous, more makeup than usual. Dressed nicely. I can see her cleavage and avoid glimpsing. We go inside.

We sit together on her couch. Petite, blond and bold. Unshaken. Undaunted girl. She sits next to me talking, close. I'm nodding and talking with her. Pretending it's not happening.

"Do you want a glass of wine," Grace jumps off the couch, empty wine glass in hand.

"Sure."

She happily hops back on to the couch, handing me a glass of red wine.

I don't like the bitter taste of the warm, red wine, but drinks it anyways.

"Do you like this song?" Grace asks, playing a song on her laptop computer.

A hip hop song. "Yeah I like it."

"I can't believe you're here. Don't think I'm weird," she lays on the couch using his head as a pillow, resting a hand on his thigh. "You make me feel safe."

"It's okay," looking down at her blonde hair spread across my legs, "it's not weird. Not at all."

She lays there a moment listening to the song. She suddenly jumps up, "Do you like this song?" She fiddles with the computer, playing another song. I nod.

She stands before me, wine glass in hand, "Are you shy?"

"No."

Grace climbs onto my lap. Resting her arms on my shoulders, looking into my eyes with her head tilted to one side, grinning, "Don't think I'm weird or anything."

She quickly kisses me on the lips. Once. Twice. Little solid pecks. Beginning to kiss slower.

Grace pulls back, wiping her lips, smiling, "You're a good kisser."

"Thanks," August smiles.

She stands, taking me by the hand, "Dance with me."

We slow dance, holding each other close. Sipping wine.

After a few minutes she looks at me, "Wanna go out and have a cigarette?"

"Yeah."

It's chilly outside. I pull the hood of my black sweatshirt up over my head as we stand outside smoking together.

"It's getting late," Grace tells me, "What time do you have to work in the morning?"

"Early."

"Wanna spend the night?"

"Like sleep here?"

"Yeah. You can sleep on the couch or something. I'll set the alarm clock. I wouldn't want you to get a DUI because of me."

"Okay. That's cool."

Back inside we sit on the couch, cuddling, listening to music and drinking wine for another hour.

Grace gets up and puts her empty wine glass on the kitchen counter. She walks back and takes my hand, "Come on," she whispers with a gentle smile.

I follow her into her bedroom.

In the darkness we grope each other. Kiss, stroke and build up heat, then back away, saying we're going too fast. Things'll get weird. We need to back off. We gently kiss again, hold each other. The tension is too high. Press our bodies hard against each other. Nearly naked. My hand on her ass. Gripping. Fingers near her ass hole and vagina. Her hand vigorously jerking me off. Kissing deep, tongues dancing. Kisses cover our bodies. No, wait, we have to back off. Take it slow. We roll in bed, hot and cold, entangled, wrestling until morning.

"I'm so wet for you right now. Feel." Grace whispers, guiding my hand to the moisture.

"Really?"

"I want you so much. I masturbate about you."

"Really?"

"Do you have a condom?"

"Yeah."

"Get it out."

She kisses me hard on the lips.

Outside the bedroom window the first birds of morning begin to chirp.

I look into her hazel eyes, unable to do anything but smile.

She gives me a quick, full peck on the lips. Her lips are full and warm. Soft.

I kiss her back. She plants loving kisses on several times, "It's okay. We're just friends kissing."

I nod.

"Hey, what's up?"

"Not much."

"What'd you do tonight?"

"Listening to music. Wrote a bit. Had a couple of beers. You?"

"Just got home from work. Thinking of drinking a bottle of wine."

"Right on."

"I wish you were here right now."

"Want me to come over?"

"Yes."

"Okay. I'll be there in a little bit."

"Okay, bye."

"Bye."

I drive through the cold, autumn night. Drive across the city to reach her. Here we go again. This wonderful merry-go-round of kisses.

Woman, oh, woman, always one time.

I've learned to pretend I don't care. It's no big thing.

She says, "Don't think about it too much."

Grace sits on my lap, shaking her head, “Why do you like me? Don’t like me.”

“Why don’t you want me to like you?”

“Just don’t I’m too fucked up of a person to be with anyone.”

“I don’t think so.”

“Just don’t like me, okay? It’s a bad idea.”

“Why?” I smirk, tilting my head.

“Don’t question me.”

“Really?” I laugh.

“Come on,” Grace takes my hand like so many nights before, “Let’s go to bed.”

Grace pulls her shirt and pajama pants off, standing before me in shimmering purple undergarments. I catch my breath at the sight. We slide onto her bed, beneath the thick, soft comforter.

“Am I your secret?”

“I don’t have any secrets.”

“Everybody has secrets.”

“I don’t.”

“Okay.”

“Okay.”

Grace kisses and hugs me. She has freckles on her shoulders.

“Shut the light off,” she whispers.

I slid out of the bed and shut the light off.

Back in the bed we kiss and fondle each other.

Stroking my cock as we make out, Grace says, “I have a major gag reflex. So I really have to like you to suck your cock.” She vanishes beneath the comforter.

I lay on my back, staring up at the darkness, feeling her. Lose myself the moment.

She comes up from under the covers, smiling, “How was that?”

I grin, “Wonderful.”

She nibbles my ear, “I want you to turn into a werewolf to fuck me.”

“I could do that,” touching her face as I do.

She pushes his hands away, “Don’t touch my face.”

She always stops me from touching her face while we kiss.

“I’ve still got this high school problem,” she smiles.

“Yeah, I think you have more now than when I first met you.”

“Don’t talk about my skin,” she hides her face behind her hand.

I didn’t mean to insult her.

I kiss her again, trying to touch her face.

“Don’t touch my face.”

She’s ashamed of her skin, really there’s nothing wrong with her skin. I finally figured out I can tuck her hair behind her ears and stroke the delicate curves of those ears without complaint.

Hands touching. Flat. Palm against palm. We look at their hands. Fingers interlock and play.

“I like you so much. It makes me happy when you’re here.” Grace kisses my knuckles.

“I like you a lot too.”

“You need to shave,” she sweetly informs, petting her lips with two fingers, catching our breath before kissing some more.

I can taste the booze and cigarettes on her mouth.

I kiss her good-bye every morning. Watching her sleep for a moment and leaving for the day. She’s my midnight lover.

This morning is different, when I kiss her she wakes up, groggy eyed.

“I just wanted to say good-bye,” I give a warm, sad smile.

“Good-bye?” She looks distraught.

“Yeah,” I kiss her again.

As I walk to my car I know this morning was our last good-bye.

The Movement of Ashes

A yellow pack of cigarettes and a chain wallet. Vintage shirt. Gray dress pants and black leather shoes. Car keys and change jingle in the pocket.

Drinking a tall glass of water before having the first beer in hopes of lessening the dehydration caused by alcohol consumption.

Sitting in the living room forcing a beer down. There are four different brands to choose from, left over from a party the night before. Green, gold, red, white and blue bottles and cans. A bottle of Schnapps on top of the refrigerator.

I ate a whole can of squeeze cheese for lunch with crackers and chicken patty sandwiches with a friend discussing the vice and price of Cadillac’s. Everybody who wants to be somebody’s creeping in a Cadillac around here lately.

A knock at the door interrupts mundane thoughts. Stamp out a cigarette into an ashtray before getting up and answering.

The knocking continues, I open the door mid knock, my elderly neighbor, April looks surprised and immediately says, “What’s that noise? Can you hear it? It sounds like water gurgling behind the walls. It sounds like a snowplow going by. What do you have the heat turned to? It’s kind of cold in here. I’ve called the landlord 3 times. I don’t know what to do about that god awful noise. It scares me.”

“I don’t know either. I guess I’ll give him a call for you too.”

“Would you? That would be great.”

“Yeah, no problem. I’ll see ya later,” shut the door and return to drinking, turning music on. Thumping crooked jungle beats, making the neighbors restless.

“I come from dirt, like you don’t know, baby. I’m a Merovingian.” Point at my receding hair line, “I mean for fuck’s sake, we’re ‘spose be long haired. Like Samson or something, dig?”

“How bad was it?”

“You don’t want to know. Mine is a cursed line. A lost branch.”

“Tell me.”

“I don’t know. Cockroaches. Mice. Rats. Little food. Living in a new place every six months. Like gypsies. Food stamps. Violence. Drugs.”

“Is it real, son, is it really real?”

“Yes, it’s real, it’s really, really real. This sword is made with wutanium.” The man looks at the long slender blade dangling from my belt.

The human woman caresses his cheek, leaning close to him.

Rolling cigarettes from butts in the ash trash. I am a fallen angel. Can’t bring myself to forgive myself. Must be forgiven. The guilt and remorse eat away at my soul like a fatal virus.

Imagining myself in a bathtub filled with water and blood. Sad music playing. The water is warm. My naked body. Razor blade resting on the edge of the tub. Red. Life slowly slipping away. Slowly blacking out.

Sitting in a dark room. Watching the cherry of this cigarette glow brighter with each drag. Staring at a computer screen. Big black headphones on.

There’s a knock at the door.

Stand to open the door. Wondering if I have the strength to open it. To look anyone in the eye. Anxiety. Not expecting anyone. The house is a mess.

With a silent sigh I open the door.

A cigarette blazing between her fingers. Lipstick. Big blue eyes. Raven black hair. Ivory skin. Bold features. Sharp eyebrows. Tight leather.

“Fatima?”

“Hey stranger,” she radiates with a sexy, flirtatious grin.

“I tell myself to get over you. I woke up this morning feeling refreshed Feeling like I’ve let you go. Woke up happy with a sense of closure like it’s over. Nothing to worry about. Now I’m sitting here alone listening to songs that remind me of you,” looking down, rubbing the back of my neck, “That was just a slip. You’re gone and I’ve let you go.”

She places cold fingers on my cheeks and squeals in a cherubic voice, “I’m scared of being near you. It’s dangerous. My soul will run away with yours and won’t return”

“What can I do? What can I do? Alien boy. Want to change the world. Love the world. Angry at the world. Alone in the world. Facing the world. Alone, the only way for me. Standing in front of you, insecure and frightened. Shy eyed and trembling. Standing in front of you, chest and chin out and up in defiance. Middle fingers. Raging rebellion. I stand in front of you. Raging and rebellious. I’ve been called a mad genius. It’s the mad part that prevents me from accomplishing anything.”

“You’ve accomplished many things in your life,” she kisses my cheek, “You’re sharp as a tack, Natas.”

My wounds festered and infected, I clamored through women with a hollow empty heart, buried in flesh, suffocating between thighs, descending deep into a dark, murky, decadent, melting hell until at last, after a vast gasping, thin with thousands of tears bled and dried on my face, I slowly stand and rise.

Years have passed and my old life is gone. Scars still red and tender but healing. Every step and word hesitant, cautious, untrusting, flinching, a newborn, a new plan called destiny at hand. Memory fades, so shallow and vain, ubermensch breathing secrets and the sun.

A new muse on the horizon, bright and golden like summer sunshine, wide eyed and beautiful. She could run away with my heart. My song and dance are subtle like Casanova and Cagliostro. An old, pride-less lion on a lonely mountaintop, worn with trails of blood, paths of tears and star crossed tales of excess. A lioness as pure as sunshine, resurrect me. I am fierce, fearless and loyal in love.

I have to go to court in the morning. The last waves of my past.

I met with the local Masonic Lodge's investigation committee on Friday. It was interesting. Three rich, old coots. Very pleasant fellows. I feel like I need the Masons code of honor to guide me.

I was turned down for another job today because I didn't pass the background check. Story of my life now.

Christopher Hyatt died today.

Reading *Saucers of the Illuminati* again. 6:02 PM my phone rings. I don't recognize the number. "Hello?"

Female voice, "Is Alexander there?"

"You must have the wrong number."

"Oh, sorry."

"It's okay."

"Bye."

"Bye."

Went to the Masons rush party tonight. Not joining. Enjoyed the free drinks.

Dream. My sons are helping me dig maggots out of a large wound on my leg.

Clay called tonight and said he's going back to jail because the police found like an ounce of cocaine at his house. He says it wasn't even his.

Hazel texted me and said she's going back to rehab tomorrow.

The Masons called me today and I told them I can't afford to join. They said maybe next year. I said yeah, maybe. I've lost interest in this group.

Had a job interview at the hospital. Didn't pass the background check.

What is this life I live now? Do I even exist?

When I got home from work the radio was on. Very weird. The apartment was locked up. Maybe a ghost turned it on? This happens for 3 days in a row.

I have heard nothing so beautiful as Mozart. It's like I'm hearing his music for the first time tonight.

A residential facility hired me today. Thank god. I put in my two weeks notice at work.

Two weeks later they call me and tell me they have to take back their job offer because I didn't pass the background check.

It seems impossible to accurately describe life in mere words. The actual experience of it is the only satisfactory method of explanation.

I spend as much time with my boys as I can. They're the best part of my life.

Applied for five more jobs. All rejected based on my criminal history.

Went and played board games with people from AA. Felt like the odd man out. Didn't talk much.

Every person has a story to tell.

Where is the Holy Guardian Angel in this? The unknown source? The god I am which is god. The god I Am which is god.

Played disc golf this afternoon.

I went to a movie with Solon and Gray tonight. Moser was going to go but when he found out I was going he declined. Said he doesn't want anything to do with me. I saw Daryl at the movie with his girlfriend. An old friend from the mental health field. I talked to him but got the feeling he didn't want to talk to me. I am a black listed mother fucker. Several years ago I had such a good reputation in this little city. Now I'm like the plague with all the respectable folk.

My child support was increased. My paycheck is being garnished. A judgment filed against me, I have to pay \$100 a month or turn in my driver's license, registration and license plate. It's a long road back from hell.

The pale blue Galabram of Atlantis stands over me as I make love to Isis the Vagina Head. Galabram oversaw the copulation. Isis whispers, "Marry me."

I get hired at a phone company. Wait to put my two weeks in this time. They send me a copy of my criminal record and take back the job offer. The packet with my legal history is 40 pages long. Never convicted of a felony. Always plea bargained to misdemeanors.

Jamie comes to the door to ask to borrow a lighter. She's smiling at me. I kiss her and taste marijuana on her lips. She says, "Oh my god, what is it about you?" I shrug. Light her cigarette, "See you later."

"Thanks. Bye."

Physical clairvoyance exercise based on Asana God posture 5:25 PM to 5:59 PM.

Last night I had a nightmare that woke me from sleep. There was a little dwarvish woman, all wrinkled and old, dressed in black. She said, "Do you want to see the real Victoria Rose?" Victoria was possessed by the devil.

I went back to sleep and dreamt I was working at VOA again and Solan was a client there. We were at a hotel and Lady Gaga was performing poolside. She talked to some people. I realized this was my only chance to talk to her, so I ran down the stairs to the pool and talked with her. She had freckles and was nice to me, but not completely interested in me.

Dream. It was very early morning, the sun not yet risen. River and I went outside.

In the sky we witnessed an enormous mass of electric blue clouds. In three openings in the clouds I witnessed three full planets. One seemed identical to Terra, a second Luna and a third Neptune. A crescent moon was in the opposite area of the starry sky, showing me these planets were coming from somewhere else.

An enigmatic cosmic event, wormholes, openings into another universe.

I tried to take pictures of the three planets with various stages of success, the clouds were moving non-stop, while keeping an eye on River's safety as well. I was boggled.

My mother, her man George, and Dain came out of the house.

I thought the happening would disappear before mom and the others saw it. At least I had pictures (only two planets per frame, the electric blue clouds moved so much I could only capture two at a time).

To my surprise mom and all of us saw the clouds expanding and growing rapidly, moving toward us and engulfing everything.

I asked mom what we should do.

She told us to get in the basement, that it was a hurricane. River and I went into the basement, while the others gathered things.

Based on the size of the approaching event I knew we would not escape it, being in the basement would not help. I thought of drowning in hurricane water in the basement. I knew there was no shelter on Earth to shield us from this thing.

I woke up.

Spent the day reciting the mantra, "Praise God" for nine hours today.

I prayed to Aphrodite today to guide my love life.

I was interviewed on the internet for Confessions tonight.

Sketched Jamie.

Victoria Rose starts calling and texting that she wants to get back together.

Went to a writer's group today. Enjoyed it. All women writing supernatural teen romance novels.

Dream. The Gons are on both sides. A scientist goes back and forth, freaking out. Wants out of the underground space base lab. Experiments on chicken eggs. Shell collapses inward, egg thick, hardening. Running out of eggs. Two-hundred year old man in hiding. A boss. Fake identity. Human race is becoming extinct. Gons are going to kill scientists, Gons were betrayed by the two-hundred year old man and company.

Make love to werewolf woman.

Steve said I can move in tomorrow.

Painted a picture tonight. Seeing multiple women. Kat. St. John. Deidre. Amber. Latisha. Sara. Victoria texts. She texts often. Asking me to come back. She has a boyfriend, so I don't know why. Miss her sometimes still. She still stirs my sadness. Wanna quit smoking.

Can't do it tonight. Spent the night looking through old photographs. I'm seeing seven women. What the hell am I doing? I justify by being honest with them and telling them we're just hanging out. I make no commitments. After my divorce and Victoria and Hazel it's like I've given up on the idea of love deep inside of myself. I can't trust a woman to love me again.

I'm feeling closer to God. I can't explain this in a significant way. I have enough faith in the divine plan that I'm not depressed. This faith is based on experience. Everything will come together.

I'm such an eccentric cat that I don't believe I will find a woman who can tolerate my odd behaviors. I am quite content becoming somewhat of a recluse. I need time alone to create.

Oh God, guide me. Everything that happens, happens for a reason. God's will be done. Not mine. God will be a zeitgeist of me. An instrument of peace. Make the world a better place. The only way I know how. A knight and a saint.

Having a potluck on Saturday night. Don't know how this is going to turn out. Don't really know what I'm doing. It's my first gathering of friends since I moved back to my old apartment. I think I'm trying to re-capture the excitement of my wild days here.

Potluck turned out alright. Late night. Lots of drinking and smoking and talking and music and some laughs. Good food.

What am I supposed to do? The only thing I can do is follow the will of the universe.

Whatever that may be.

I've come to this strange point in my life. Isn't every moment a strange moment? Always questioning reality and meaning.

I've finally accepted that I may always be alone. Reluctantly. I'm just too obsessed with an introverted universe. Lost in my own world, I create my own world.

Having moved back into my old apartment where the majority of the Black Odyssey took place. What are the chances of that happening? The landlord never even rented it out to anyone else. He spent a long time just renovating it. *Nebraska* is such a sad album. Just sitting here alone listening to it at four in the morning after the last stragglers have left the potluck. I'm a construction worker now and I like it a lot.

I talked to Hillary today and asked her for the Galabram painting. She said she'd think about it but she doesn't want to contribute to my practice of magic. I said I don't do magic anymore.

Luke was at the potluck tonight. He's going back to prison for selling mushrooms to an undercover. He's a good kid. Just addicted.

Empty chairs in a circle around the living room. *Nebraska* plays.

Sex is meaningless without love. I can go fuck now, but I don't want that hollowness. I need love.

Laying on my back. Staring up at the ceiling fans spinning. Smoking a cigarette. *Nebraska* plays on.

Am I a demon? Is there a difference between a demon and I?

The potluck was fun. It only reminded me that I don't want to go back to my old life.

Things are never like you think they are.

I don't want my children to suffer like I have.

I always thought immortality was the ticket, that it was so important. If you're alone it doesn't feel that important at all. No one to share it with.

I was laid off of work on Monday. On account of the economy. I shouldn't be talking with Victoria again.

Who'd of thought one day I'd come across an old note of hers and catch myself tracing the letters of her handwriting just to feel close to her for a moment. Just enough that maybe her soul felt a slight brush of love. I realize what I'm doing and crumble it up.

Dusting it off and shuffling the tarot deck. It's 4:23 AM. My sleeping pattern is all fucked up since I was laid off of work. I've decided to just stay up all night so I can go to sleep early tomorrow.

Got a part time gig hosting at a Russian restaurant. Get paid under the table. Barely getting by on unemployment. Friends pay my rent for me. Unemployment only covers the car payment. I go without food some days because I have no money. Been hanging out at Sonya's massage parlor a lot lately. Stay up all night and usually go to bed about 6 AM.

Got in a fight in the bathroom at the bar last night. The guy should have beaten me, I just kept swinging until people pulled us apart because I was afraid if I quit swinging the guy would have taken me if I let up at all.

I pray God forgives me for my sins.

No money. Running out of gas. Have to walk everywhere. No cigarettes. No food. I'm reading four books at once. I hate it when I do that. I like to focus on one at a time.

Mysticism has become more important to me than magic. There must be some kind of moral compass. I fucked three of my neighbor's. What a fucking mistake. I feel like I'm being stalked by them now and they're at war with each other. I only did it out of loneliness.

I laid down at midnight last night and didn't fall asleep until 10 AM. Victoria won't leave me alone.

I get a text message: Has anyone ever mentioned anything weird happening after reading your book?

Me: No. Why what happened?

Text: The other night I woke up at 5am and felt hands on my back and I couldn't move. I wanted to get up and scream, but nothing happened. Reminded me of the haunted hotel room.

Me: Interesting. I will make a note of that.

Synchronicity: Later that night I check my email. A stranger emailed me from my website. He stated that he thinks his house is haunted ever since reading my book Confessions of a Black Magician.

I don't respond.

She asks me to spend the night. I say no. I see the hurt in her eyes as I get dressed. Fuck. I can't do this anymore. The same look in Daedra's eyes last night. The same look in Kim's eyes. I'm haunted by all the sad eyes.