

turmoil.  
that's life before flashing pains of  
metal. ... and of bone.

### Part III

feet squeezing into the piercing points until  
the nails fall off in simultaneous militaristic  
order. one two three nails off and  
pain with me.

Anger with Pain and pain yelled with  
no avail. taking a bull whip and  
crack' tapping Rain in the head of hurt.  
toss turn twinkle tank! Anger overcomes Pain  
and Rage is made.

Here me now, in this transition state.  
reaching the shore with undulating softness  
and wave-like sun-shine ... shinin' ... beauty.  
Rage, an old man yelling by himself at  
hidden images in the sky's clouds at night  
I feel Rage (Kaya) and glee (in me).  
bell's ringing and the day came and went  
back to wait longer for this soul cursed  
more riot than any criminal's last-minute  
fight against the surping blood drinkers.

Yeah, life. Yeah ... , life. To strife and ...  
pulsating patience. my veins beating my  
brain until I can't wait any longer.

Eternity reached by the door closing with  
my submissive requests. answering obeying  
and seeing my way across the  
chains on my wrists.

well it is come to end  
and time to be quiet  
responsibility and sterile  
sex for me.

Know me, though. know me when  
sanctuary forgets to call, and know that you can  
gleam in the shadows of my  
rip-tide. That you may bask in the  
sun of m' knowledge and swim  
in my dreams of butterfly strokes.

... you'll be with me, to experience my  
glory ad be eternally mine.  
... on my chest against my breast  
forgiving patiently

waiting for my love