

Diebold: The "Open" Door

To what to when to creek dried zen  
The people they a'feet  
Take the charge and buy the farm and take the seeth of tither  
The old dribbly saggy feet pants slouched and walking the world  
Drawn-On British soil  
British coil – bloodletting red, white, blue, black  
At a punch-hole card encrypting president

But machines they have hear...  
Machines oh, so they have  
What a white man asks a whittle man of, 'shamed Europe of his kin  
Go ask Morgan Ortagus her bleached stretched teeth  
Navy, US. Dept. Treasury Attaché  
Fancy Ambassador  
Not in eye color  
Nor in voice

The punishment of control is the dictum of lost voices; the dictum of lost souls  
If you look around  
(Their crack gasp sleeps guzzling soar spit lull of steady deaths' away – in a shudder of  
Guillotine elder youth – is the integrity of the color of life): the light and life, and struggled soul  
of the day  
– kids' parent  
That's all it is – you will ten years from now forget Audience – and it will haunt you forever  
I love you – I don't want that – but if you didn't want to wake up – ego lessness is not returning  
by now you'd never have made your mind images go 'way round as Buddha laughs at all  
cataclysms– Balbec, Tepi, Greece, Rome, Iran – U.S., all the fall- this far- do you see it? Do you  
get it yet? Do you see the open door?

Dogs – Dogs – Dogs' barking and the what for...? (Laugh at evil-lives Strength)  
Abdicating from humane responsibility – synaps' pistons' firing direct  
-you marry Hitler:...calculation computer retupmoc,starbucks sckubrats y died-y y dayed y  
Hate Etah -away re-verse gnitupmoc coniption-ruler, slap, scream screen stare - Remember the  
wake yawa/...  
the corner of your shoulder, yes you-  
which one said was day but was night and  
You are told shoe lasses never need to be tied like melting steel that can't bemelted downtown  
Yet yours dear souls,  
Were knotted twine too  
A curbing mouth of asphalt to me and to you

But Did you find the door? Way home? Could you smear the grease off the copper handle enough to turn it clockwise? There was a dream that I want everyone to find, not the whitewash, never that kind.....

Out the churn, the soiled teeth; that pulled the earth that bile - the smoky mirth mineral mine' Drug Laugh the brain crazy crying/laughing to death tv tradition-radiation...but did you hear it's creaking?...moaning whisper? (wheezing fainting pneumonia...in the heart of each amazon... is -the loan city: The lost city)?

A black man holds a door open – so as not to have to oil the door hinge but  
This freedom...never happened either  
And the black man at the door – held the door open say “to pave himself”:

The yellow tupay's old pubic degenerations built and manufactured by McDonalds – wonderless diarrhetic trough bowl of the world filament sound bowl stage- a frog with gas run over – where else would that guttural swirl divulge – out purging their flatness we hear Angels

Inevitably Pathetic...we are in the hands of “The Dominion Voting Systems” using At-t Verizon That bankruptcy should have occurred years before...The EAC is not in roughly two thousand voting aperratti

Of these – not..... yet... Should this instill solace? Deliberately stretch the tether of the last moment before the aftermath of stress? Deliberate.....?  
A hand that never shows you the suit under nail finishing, does it word itself, taking clean?

For though a cross passes the intersection of a heart vein, or artery, as they call them

It passes like a river from a beam of light from your hand or your arm or your thought  
Into the “good god hallelujah” of life

So it's long lost adopted brother: Privacy engenders it's fears' bugs in the walls of quiet sitting rooms

in dark lost space-

those are the spaces owned by ink of parents' babies' future

Posters in Nigeria for the right to safe passage,

And the accusations of such- Have a “black friend”? Care for one? The U.S. is looking out for you

The light the light the beams of love through muscle tearing divulge the portal self

Aman escapes Amen for the belligerent divergence of Utopian admonishments' power

S'well a child can do-for it's self-less -the hour and not one need consternation for the use of - this-life

Care? Squish buttons print out a “so far so good?” Stupid I voted face

Too?-US who believe in taking a loan from our home, that only ever wanted to rule us first...?

Incinerations are in your neighbors' family and you don't care? You don't care to un-learn-it?

Did you want to volunteer during the shelter? There are shelters. Are you susceptible to passing on? Do you? I need another hand to do my time for meditation in the house of Shevas' gentle-

downed, pure enjoyment of cleaning these things: dishes, clothes clean –souls' sleeves pure water

The price of the ticket and the vote uncoupled as an apple jolts your cancer nervous system

-For glassy screen covers television central nervous liquidity of bile and organs...

If not on for hours hours hours – pumped with lithium light screens radioactive hair trigger ink

-Every

-Day...Falling out just – Do IT -Nigh K.I.

Have you ever seen something so insane? Standing next to a rotary for four hours – worried your soul will fall to pieces if you let go – and you are right – because whatever you believe...

No. You are right. Mirror to mirror. Ash to masq-uera powder nose snort wiping old folk home where soup steams metal piercing hot knife eye balls served in ur town-building just cross st.)

....no words for ash...

-It's as though –the two time machines – had been turned in three of last five

elections/thought-one wonders why else the voice then mutters and would cease to be

The only people in the world that understand americans – are people – that live with them

The make American great kitchen sink-wrought basin smells like steely shit mcmuffin to me

-Caller in the holler of the word "nigger" The goal is to lose the plan-net, shoeless souls, not freedom.

And such things can – be walked into – in men's zero gravity feet

It's still alive my friend – in and around us – whether like it

As such door hinged eye balls rolled over into misgivings-

(Did friends of missing children and rape victims call you then? "I'll take you home" professing.

Words – are the trap – aye – millions channel) – but none still use it well enough –tel a vision-

-Do they, Mr. Baldwin? (No) As you would say – it is the "Moral Responsibility of the Artist"

Is it for – against? I've heard the sheet ripped Screams – of death before it came to highest good souls

Remember the body you're in, the arms, the legs you've been given, the warm river vein

Rebellion is but – a state – of union – for the centrifugal forces of our maiden mere poises

-Of our Every-days

And away – not to any destination but lost lost lost from the, far away...

Where continents round themselves off shaved edges – As if was told the world is glacial-like –

Your "incestuous genocidal" govern-mint busy-ness. Now we can't speak on our own

computer... the eyes of eyes of eyes of all of our colors' are the row-ed lengths of our future

(Regardless every ten-thousand year tremors bedamned –image-inus in such concise machines?)

Be-lieve eveil-eb it not your choice - to 'dor -so choice, choice-choice so earth-li-ved angel

By Ross Murray 9/14/2020