

differential Productions *ds*



Bardish Tales

Spells (words) & *Alchemy* (allegory) for *Enchanters* (songwriters)

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The Green Bird Faery Song of All Seriousness

if I know what is to happen
the dance is an entrainment
I've seen the next worlds over
and in those ideals we've already won

my spine a tuning fork
I wander about the earth
attracted to the striking
against the rituals harmonizing
the fluid spirals in my back

I bear the pain of aeons
in my body collapsed on this time
and each days distillation
undoes that karma more and more
they used to say I'm 'cut from the heel'

I am causeless
my instinct provides
a trail of iron and wine
I- follow like a blood hound
I- the smallest part, the straw
I- break the spine of oblivion



the years pass on
the stories chase me
of happenings surrounding
a clueless head of vacuums bliss
immortal against the volley
flaming bolts against the messenger

my gyroscope a weapon
of chaos and synchronicity
a radiating force field
with gold and silver keys
sprouting plum blossoms
riding the dragon of non-duality

the incomprehensible skill
royal by blood and transmigration
natural and metanormal
theurgic and thaumaturgic
now the future, now the past, now
indomitable throughout territorial time

grounded in my horse, devouring earth
whether I am running on the planes
or here about sweet Terra's waning garden
soft becomes hard, hard becomes soft
twin dragons constantly vie for the pearl

and that all but forgotten human mission
to one day in time attain the sun
is possible in ways utterly odd
to the way of heaven before the calamity
and we recognize the beauty of the meta-
music
which foresaw this groove from the start

dance to a way that says love is the law
trance to the law that demands love under will
eros and agape, love against love
be drunk on the inescapable condition of
being
and in that ocean finally rest in your soul
show your angels the eyes of the bornless one

yes in my eyes, sweet angels on earth
the inescapable flames of first glory
dust off the slime from your wings
oh long cast out demons of splendour and light
the long sleep of shadow has ended
the promised revealing and victory; yea,
Victory



The Thunder of My Giving

the world is shifting
and initiation appears
awkward and terrifying
because all that came before
is rendered mute

and you open, then close
contract like the yin
for within is a pure dot
of rising yang brilliance
made stronger by you're falling

and the queen of hell is after you
because of her protection
of me garnered by
coffee, nicotine, red wine, and rum
I promised a garden of fire after all

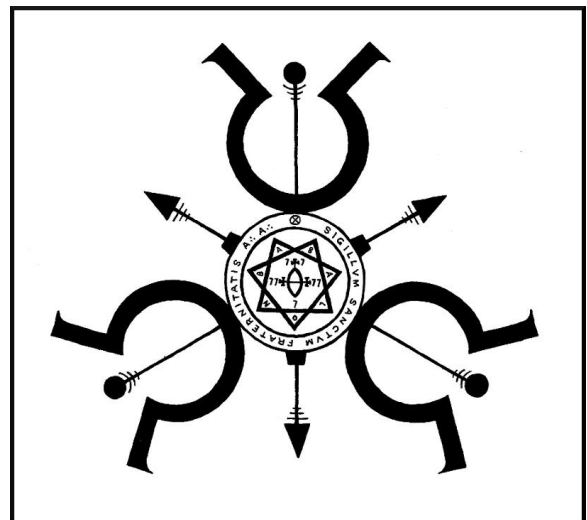
purity untouched by rejection
so easy once words are delivered
you better destroy the link
made magickal by gifting and accepting
because the rebound is after you

not about me
no one needs me
just the world needs me
so much bigger, wider
than sleepy eyes can see

I'm laughing at my simple game
so serious and real
you think you know Babalon?
hahahahahahaha

here she comes little sister, listen how she
cums!

thus ends the lesson



Dreambelt Tantra

&

Each Eternal Cross-Eyed Manifestation

love has this way, a tantric re-act
of undoing my spine, directly behind
the center of light in my chest

when the obsession borders on comical
when I'm undone, or a boy, just a toy
wind me up and watch me run

all the mars I am in the world, intensely
is all the venus I feel, just as real
as all the fractal tears, quartz of my heart

this is how I'm different, special
royal blood, innocent soul, devoted in whole
to offer a life of loving you to God

fucked open without any real physical touch
the consciousness, wise, soul truth beyond lies
my naked body an antennae of shared radical
dreams

purity, innocence, beyond and before jaded
my soul wants to grow, wants for you to know
how always, forever, eternity, promises; are
real

the magician makes it so, in act, word, deed
the warrior the right, for divine law to fight
and the fool will go where the heart wants to
go

galactic crosses swing the door wide
and now is a chance to step through, for you
I will lay a Garden of Fire at your feet

the myth, the groove, in the heart, the heart
the wise must have courage to feel that its real
and power to act in the world of form

so thats right, I cry and I die everyday
that makes me special, and its so beneficial
to the tantra of a wide open heart of big love



for me, no separation exists; this world – that world
some say they burn, the second string wont learn
they are the children, running away from what is

and you, just like them, must know
y'all just gettin high and avoiding the work
choosing a world where revolution wont come

me? I just want to build a tower
in the city of empire and towers
and build you the church of your dreams

not one to burn when its all been done
but last as a testament, to a world that we won
by giving it and ourselves to eachother, the divine

each moment is forever



Resplendent

(The Priestess Speaks from the Primordial Whirlings of Chaos)

Memories regained

On a wing and a prayer

Hope against hope against

The shadow of sleep

Sleep. AWAKEN! Alive Alive Alive

Sleep no more, my children of stars

Allow Universal Love to shine forth your
individualism.

Know thyself. BE Thyself! In harmony with
the discord that is the multiplicity of life.

Life! Alive Alive Alive.

Breathe in. Deeply. Drink the smell of the
Universe. Brothers and Sisters in arms against
the slave of forgetfulness.

Slave! Slave of Will to the Master. Change.
Remove regret. Change!

Be Masterful. Rephrase. Live fully and engage.

Love. Not the sappy love of dreams and
poetry,

But the living vital love that springs Life into
Be. Being into Life.

Love. Not like the song or the sonnet, but like
the bird loves the air and Tree embrace All.

Take Flight! Fight! Free Free Free.

All is free. And you will pay dearly

Awaken the song within and vibrate your
space

Fill your room with Heart Song.

Sing. Breathe and Sing. To honor's highest
height.

Rip the veil and bring Yourself forth

Enter into the face of Might and Strike Down
the bane of forgetfulness!

Strike your Heart the sound within. Vibrate.
Resonate

With the ones to stimulate.

Percolate.

Shy into Shine. Be the Lightness in no
Shadow. Flash!Bang!IntoBeing!

Play, and give into playing. Joy.

Steady. Study. Tracks that bend and sway the
Light Song.

Song of Light. Listen with eyes that see the
threshold and veil it not.

Open the eyes of mind and heart, United, in
Soul, the Initiates, seeded in the Body Divine.

Soul to be, in whose time? Trapped in
Freedom.



HA

I'm walking and he is also walking

I'm turning round about as he is turning round
about

we are entrained, I and I

soon we will fully harmonize
ritual keys across multiple lines

trading secrets and a flavor
his eyes slightly brighter blue
my build much stronger
we watch each our other two
until the waiting is filled

a ping sent further than aeons
because backwards in time is gone
the calamity of imperfect harmony
will be its own undoing in ours, this world
for who does not feel such oblivion
along the memories we keep pulling through



ideal perfection mixed with a taint
while traces of the divine here
reveal the pure joy of our birthright
the sacrifice of imperfect harmony
the hope of healing darkness sown
so that both may defeat the blight
together

I can't know the improvisation
as it happens spontaneously
to my feet, my hands, my dreams
I just know in each of the moments
when his eyes, my eyes, see together

I am there, and I am here
he is here, and he is there
and in the garden
my soul is playing
more seriously than before

HA

Spaceship Time

The Light of the Temples

Lights of the World

inside and out

downside and up

this is a spiral

that has no end in time

but the change that comes over you

destined to begin a new calling

new waves and new ways

all at the center which is everywhere

this is a dance and trance

and especially a chance

an open doorway, an invitation

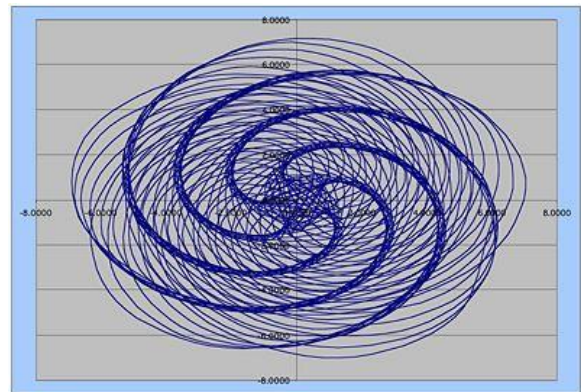
the wonderful working of the ways

to be your seeing in confidence

a stone upon which many waves will crash

does not know its gentleness

how the simplicity is in itself complex



a subtle wave, after wave, after wave
a proud and solid way, going again and going

 speak and it will be singing

 move and it will be dancing

 sleep and it will be dreaming

 eat and it will be feasting

 without joy they lose their passion
and as the Imperial Fire of synchronicity
 touches them

 they will know, and you will grow
 your formula fulfilled

The Fire & the Loneliness

so there's this loneliness on my face
written for the world to see
but it comes from some distant place
you'd be surprised how it doesn't touch me

passing through the slant of light
that fractures into self and self
like a gilded accent clear to sight
hiding open there up on the shelf

listed are my memories
written onto my brain
a cosmic riff of lifetimes
and a tapestry of pain
compelling subtle dancing
smiling and laughing
uniting every joy experience
abiding intellect grafting

so there's this fire in my eyeballs
blazing forth to all I meet
but its just a fire burning
under some timeless soul seat



a deeper presence than I can claim
to know, control, or understand
sending me on missions
and ignoring all my well laid plans

allowed to feel the warrior
but just a soldier in a game
a construct for the inhabitant
a complex form cannot be tamed
screaming aloud and dying
in each moment I dissolve
aware only of the explosive tail
the streaking comet that evolves

and its always everywhere
the fire and the loneliness
my experience of the goodness
is the truth in all of us

Bynepor

In some way you're born a Healer
the things you say
your chivalrous way
right place
right time
an angel by design
fulfilling a function in form

But in other ways a Lover
the burdens you bear
chained to a chair
done selflessly
automatically
catharsis through falling
into romance and dream

And then comes the Magus
pure intention
starry redemption
offering love
to home's star spate
dimension doors that stay open late
in the game of life and tantra



a fool, a transformation,
one-hundred-eleven
growing into cosmic relations
occulted formulae accessed
by a refined sleight of mind
back to find yourself an angel
right place
right time
fulfilling a function in form

The highest life,
The best life,
The least life is measured in your hands.





UNTITLED

the other alchemy
the way
not cast in phantom subtle forms
nor notions of intuitive dream truths

direct to the source
of this nun's way
stands not a lotus, but a plum blossom

but here, now, and luminous
a world of men, retelling old tales
contradictive in performance
in their saying of the new

outer circles, outer circles
communities in rote refrain

the hidden college
a culture of more subtle;
participation



8 extraordinary secret elixirs
tracing the creative cycle of 5
connecting original perfection
to human perception, to command

the point not far
balanced between before completion
and after completion

fire over water, a light in the abyss
soon, a flame under the ocean
the silver star of the wise
rising from the depths of space

twin dragons vie for the pearl

the aquatic dragon spits fire
the DNA emits light
Ipsissimus Laughs, Silent

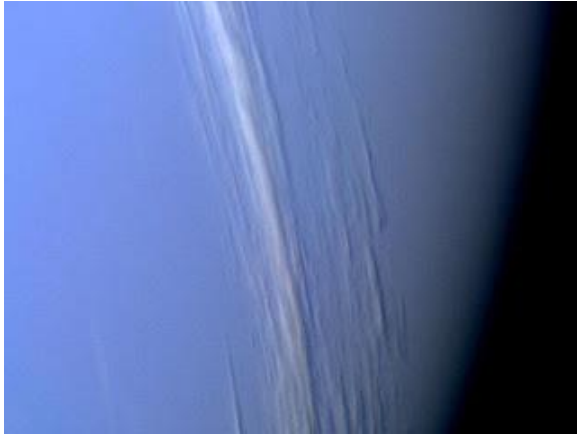


no more to play with Gods and Goddesses
in the gardens of drama and delight
no more to fight with angels and daemons
in the magnificent gnosis of heaven
no more to write of all sweet music
the singing and the symphony inside of my
head

sitting on my plum blossom
the silvery cord touching my kidneys
attracted to the gentleness there
I sit with the Masters in my kausality, for a
moment

doing what is always done

Neptune & the Sister Sun



Neptune is Kether, which is why he wields a trident.

Kether is one, but a 3 fold none.

The Hanged Man is here, at the top of your head.

Poseidon astride a Unicorn

Precession of the Equinox, the wise always know

is the Binary Star, dictating the Spirit of the Times,

the Aeon, 3rd field, solar plex

This is also 3 fold, shin, spirit, zeitgeist

the belt of zodiacal time, the great year,

dictated by the dance between our sun and his sister twin



Kether is mem? surely you jest?

mem final is terra, malkuth

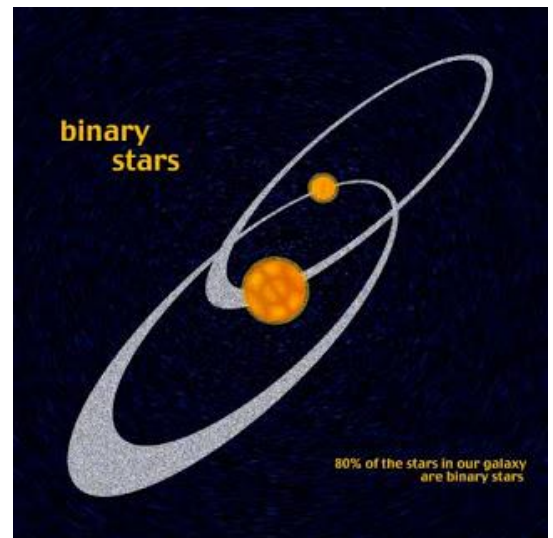
kether is in malkuth, root

sandalphon is in metatron

enoch is henochius

transmuted for the Aeon

success!



The Morning Star Regression

standing on a jutting cliff, the mermaid turns
and slips away

dives down into the ocean saying shes so sorry
she can't stay

the foam of the thundering sea is a pounding
and rushing unearthly green

the purple rock cliff face majestic, pale like her
skin with a heavenly gleam

chase the wind; the light, through lifetimes
and pastimes

chase the girl who runs away across Aeons and
poetic rhymes

what gyroscope within the Real could
underwrite such lovely trials?

so serious and not serious, such heart breaking
delightful wiles

Ipsissimus rides the Dragon so that the light
chases their behind

running away into darkest days,

filling time with universal mind

this whole life I've had this memory,

for a while thinking I saw it on TV

like a realistic animation

that is binding me to be free

so I walk into the underworld

and follow her right into the sea

just like a unicorn who knows

this is all that's meant to be

and with Sedna smiling at me,

her father now forgiven

we summon up a mighty dolphin song

until back from the Sea she is given

and so many ages of time have passed;

true ages, not some simple cycle

Angel, stella matutina, and the Taxiarch

Archangel Michael

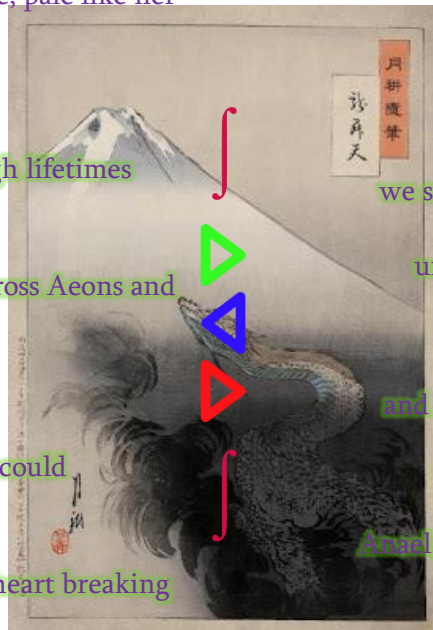
It is only ever a star who parts the sea, and
now you have your sign

Da Da, Da Da, Da Da

Da Da

Da Da, Da Da Da Da Da Da

Da Da

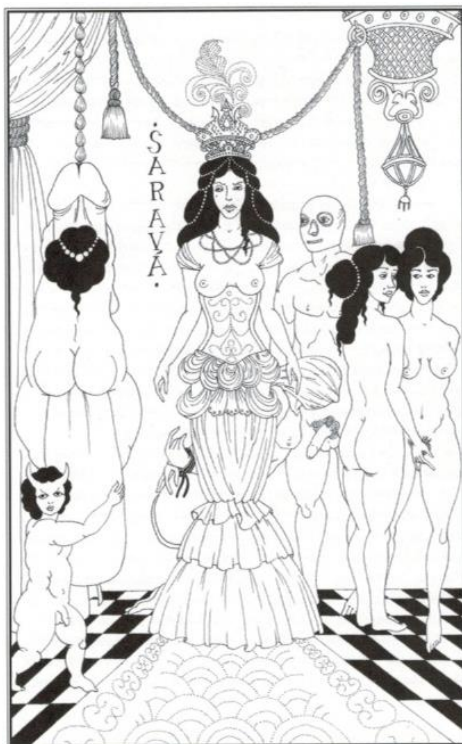


Under a SuperMoon

some night amidst some stretch of time
cloaked in grey and stormy mists
coquettish spirits of unforgiving feminine
divine
teach me skills of tender trysts

who am I? who am I? who am I? who am I?
inquiry after release, let go to control
hold on to be free, focus out to know me
a chest emptying into void endless hole

im sucking it in, what this has to give
another pole to dance, there is no mask
there is no dancer, there is only laughter
only working towards some great task



and I have to ask, to the emptiness
and beg to bleed just a little more
I don't belong, no I don't run along
this thread of inherited and forgotten lore

what do I want? what do I want?
how do I know I'm here really?
my cycles, an orbit, energy recycles
energy returns, and a truth not nearly..

..so super, or sublime
as the taste of a life
without a story told
without holding back
non, anon, adieu
to you, another swoon
beneath a supermoon