

## **Language of the Wild**

**in the bosom between Pele's Mauna  
and her caldera sprouting koa trees  
we curl up as black kittens in the dark**

**our grove begins to breathe then  
as if a chant rising from timelessness  
singing the lost instinctual bliss**

**a chorus of crickets yes but more  
singing and swelling a world wide  
with insect sense from before time**

**rhythms of birthing storming becoming  
music of wildness within every seed  
humming and swaying as stars dance**

**over immeasurable time we snuggle  
against the moist fur of mother  
listening to our elders entrancing**

**in the voice of the wild as wailing  
like the cry of a child then a song  
telling us a tale beyond history**

**for insects have ruled this land  
before the first bare fleshy foot  
and will rule it when we have gone**

**so they sing their miracle triumph  
over time over elements over flesh  
with shiny armored intelligence**

**a warning to we who imitate  
above the laws of nature alien  
roaring by in metal bodies burning**

**how small our remembrance  
how weak our instinct and vision  
how limited our language upon the Earth**

## **Panspermia**

**monkeys in suits chatter endlessly  
thwacking on keypads pounding on tables  
fighting between crazed cranial convolutions  
intelligence design versus raw evolution  
while Darwin's swarms rise around them**

**every earful of ocean contains millions  
each breath a living soup of particles  
our skin squirming as we squirt more  
sneezing a cloud of life thoughtlessly  
drink in the growing universe daily**

**statistically insignificant billions  
in every spoonful of planet  
significance a matter of size  
mindful of microbial worlds  
as one wipes away dust**

**tiny ants measure my desk  
looking closer tinier mites  
scales below and within  
all around each of us  
ancient artforms**

**long before our naked skin  
swarms awaited our birth  
their tubular tools sharp  
to tap into tender flesh  
taste the aping gods**

**B.Z. Bywydd  
Galaxy Grill  
[CosmoCorps.org](http://CosmoCorps.org)**

**"Viruses today spread genes among bacteria and humans and other cells, as they always have... We are our viruses."**

**— Lynn Margulis  
[Panspermia.org](http://Panspermia.org)**

## **Hail Hominids, with the Reflected Flares of Central Radiance!**

**Your planet has been in a state of confinement since that most tragic occasion one hominid generation ago, wherein one of your "national" forces ignited atomic clusters over populated areas of another "nation." Let it be known to all hominids dwelling on Sol3 that igniting atomic material on an intact planet is not only unwise, but a violation of Galactic Laws. Using atomic weaponry against another sentient race is punishable by confinement, and using such weaponry on one's own race is a symptom of deep disease and insanity in a primitive technoid development zone. Such behavior will be contained, and intervention will be taken if necessary.**

**The degradation of your environment, and the misappropriation of your resources by some of your "national" organizations is most tragic to observe, as a large majority of your race is suffering unnecessary starvation and illness, exposed to the elements, while a small minority live in luxurious excess and gluttony. Your planet has the potential, and was deemed not long ago, to be a Garden of Splendor, a unique and abundant genetic repository with overflowing rivers of fresh water. Your enabling of "national" and "corporate" organizations to exploit, ravage, and poison your environment is leading rapidly to your own extinction, like hatchlings spoiling their own nest, until they drown in filth.**

**Hominids of Sol3, you have the opportunity to evolve into a Galactic civilization, or reduce yourselves to ashes on a burnt-out wasteland. Some groups of your "scientists" are even now manipulating anti-matter and condensed singularities on your planet's surface, no doubt to be used as weapons as well. This will lead, in a very short period, to total destruction of your planet. As well, a planetary war using the atomic weaponry in your "national" arsenals will completely destroy your atmosphere, and will make living on the surface of your planet impossible. Why are you allowing these insane "leaders" to continue with these technologies? Why do you continue to be programmed into such limited and self-destructive attitudes?**

**Continue to blindly follow behind these military "madmen" in their petty "national" wars over resources and power, and you will be living in what you have described as "Hell." Heal the disease of disharmony and hatred among your race, and your planetary garden will shortly be restored to what you have described as "Heaven."**

**The choice is yours, for each and every one of you.**

**With Intelligence and Compassion,**

**Sith Cruithnii  
Communications Specialist  
Galactic Security Omega  
CosmoCorps.com**

# **ThoughtCrime ULTRA**

**by Bweeb Z. Bwow, 3rd Earl of Sandwich**

**We're all being crushed against the barricades  
like spectators in a mob at the scene of a crime**

**A crime so immensely evil  
spewing smoke and poison fumes  
a crime of global inhuman horror  
jarring mind and body into shock**

**The crime of a century  
clogging our arteries and hearts  
climbing to a crescendo of chaos  
exploding into feral fever and war**

**More than SWAT cops and troops  
confiscating children in the night  
or burning believers in bunkers:**

**Unleashing the atomic desecration  
viruses of hate and genocide  
poison in the veins of cities  
secret behind shield and armor**

**Mother Earth raped and butchered  
witnessed by cold camera eyes  
advertised by cybernetic salesmen  
for the program of the hour**

**Not thinking a popular cure  
for the terror smell death crime  
playing with balls beating the clock  
keeping back in the crowd safe**

**An accident or a crime do you think  
if crime at this time we're all suspect  
Amerikan illness of false allegiance  
stolen land slavery drugs and death**

**All the mothercorrupters against the wall  
who are they you may be thinking  
ThoughtCrime ULTRA  
(You are a weapon)**

**"The Earth is not dying. She is being killed.  
And these people who are killing Her have names and addresses."  
-- Utah Phillips**

## **Children Lament the Dying Age**

**Like angels their eyes glow in smoke  
faces streaked with soot and tears  
wrapped in yesterday's ragged cloak  
sorrow showing beneath dirt and fears**

**Children rise like flowers on Earth  
singing songs of passion and rage  
demand just cause for their birth  
a wild rattle of the cultural cage**

**Glaring out on Her wasted lands  
burning eyes on blackened beach  
the wounded wild in little hands  
survival seems just out of reach**

**Mockery of war a painful grimace  
tearing the heart out of their world  
old men plot with poisoned premise  
as to Hell's pit their sons are hurled**

**Now cold stones rise in rows  
names carved in their silent faces  
somewhere are held the names of foes  
millions of dead and their flowered vases**

**Witness to the weapons and reasons  
bearing the standards and scars  
holding ashes of hearts and seasons  
eyes filled with sad dust of wars**

**Like angels on the roofs of tombs  
children stand on steaming street  
and stare haunted into future's fumes  
stone faces shimmering in the heat**

**Nebula Blumgarden  
BeamShip MUTANEX**

**"I have seen men march to the wars, and then I have watched their  
homeward tread, And they brought back bodies of living men, But their  
eyes were cold and dead."**

**-- Edmund Vance Cooke**

## **The Superstition**

**The cars are disappearing  
and we were told they were real  
they were only what we thought of them  
we were taught that they were beautiful  
but we forgot them**

**we believed they were strong  
but they were hauled away  
we thought they would take us anywhere  
but they had to stop  
we thought they were fast and  
we have left them far behind**

**we believed they would save our lives  
and we gave our lives for them  
thinking they were worth it  
we watched them pass with no beginning  
no end  
glass on all sides  
we dreamed of them and we woke  
with the headlights flying  
through us**

**-- W.S. Merwin**

**It was the wind that gave them life.  
It is the wind that comes out of our mouths now that gives us life.  
When this ceases to blow we die.  
In the skin at the tips of our fingers we see the trail of the wind;  
It shows us where the wind blew when our ancestors were created.**

**-- Traditional Navajo Poem**

**"God will not look you over for medals, degrees, or diplomas, but for scars."  
-- Elbert Hubbard**

**"As human beings, our greatness lies not so much in being able to remake  
the world-- that is the myth of the 'atomic age'-- as in being able to remake  
ourselves."**

**-- Mahatma Gandhi**

## **End of the Road Madness: Approaching the Big Blink**

**beyond the End of the Road  
where the pavement crumbles weeds take seed  
beyond the pools of poison and piles of bones  
a few wild ones recover into mutation  
salvation from space itself alive  
every drop and breath swarming  
viral encoding DNA synapses  
sparking the brand new  
birthing the betweens  
ushered by the planet**

**remembering the madness  
crowded herds of humans  
burning everything choking joking  
partying and parading to the end  
all warnings buried in delusion  
as the Sun came blazing down  
upon burning naked ape flesh  
they kept building higher  
killing everything  
in their reach**

**those we call "the Wasters"  
why did they destroy it all?  
blowing evil clouds  
grinding down mountains  
injecting all life with death?  
their "War" like a nightmare  
from which they could not wake  
living a lie about greatness  
while the world withered  
beneath their machines**

**lost in electronic distraction  
detached from reality  
pretending at godhood  
while unleashing horror  
upon the last deforested outposts  
a sense of hopelessness drowned  
instincts denied nature screamed  
elemental forces pounding at them  
still they accelerated their machines  
waved their flags clapped their hands  
while their priesthoods preached  
fear and torture and hating the enemy  
the enemy the alien the other**

at the end of humanity

the blanking of everything in a cosmic pulse  
hide your memories but they too will melt  
returning to the delicate interwoven web  
mortals uncoiling as well as machines  
synthetic scientific horrific monstrosity  
crashing collapsing terrifying  
plastic coils cold and senseless  
on millions of miles of superhighway  
to nowhere

**W**e have allowed them to develop "Terminator"-style killing robots, unmanned drones & launch overwhelming deadly force from the safety of half a world away. I'm pretty sure God would say that's pretty damned evil, and cowardly, folks. No matter how we are programmed to sugar-coat all of this killing, at the end of the day we have piled up villages full of innocent people, some killed with chemicals, some with flechettes from our cluster bombs, and countless more will live the rest of their days mangled, burned or with brains fried. And we just say "what did that poll say?" Our brains are like cottage cheese & Valium.

We are daily driving half the world mad with our persistent bullshit beamed out from our media-- our fatty fat fatness, our glorification of our wars, our celebration of ignorance and excess. Our smiling and turning our backs on the suffering we have caused, by our proxy the CIA, which now have mutated into a Texas White Ranch armed with the nuclear button, a punch-drunk frat boy and his daddy's criminal friends controlling the whole scam. If one was superstitious, one might even suspect the Devil himself was employing this regime to open the gates of Hell once & for all-- this demonic release the greatest in history. We have been warned on the graves of grandfathers--"WAR IS HELL." Literally. Only this time the entire planet is at stake-- one atomic war away from oblivion. Sadly, it's been this way my entire half a century of existence. Uncle Albert warned us all...

Try this exercise on for size, now that all our "great white hope" has been dashed: Imagine a world without war, and start with America. What if we had spent the past century planting, creating, developing, educating, improving, assisting, nurturing genius rather than killing as our primary activity? What would our world look like?

**"The world is now too dangerous for anything less than Utopia." -- Buckminster Fuller**

## **Windows of the World: Free the Wind**

**When the windows of the world are blown open**

**Will we see the hearts of the world  
Held behind smoky glass  
Pocked and fractured by bullets  
Crying to be unlocked  
Wanting air for tomorrow?**

**Hear the chattering crowds  
Like soft locusts upon the land  
Roaring on fire like the sun  
Never stopping to listen  
To what they leave behind?**

**Who is alive who can hear  
The wind in the mountains  
Eagles soaring above the peaks?  
What child can listen to magic  
With imagination on fire?**

**Windows blown open let the world in  
Is that why they are kept locked  
Or are we afraid of falling out?  
Looking into your eyes  
I see the child within**

**Come out to play I say  
Sneak out at night  
Let in the light of day  
Throw open the windows  
Come out to play**

**in the wind**

**B.Z.B. #23 Portal 2013  
Mauna Kea MotherShip over Kilauea  
Perception Recovery Collective  
[Badrad.org](http://Badrad.org)**

# **The Boy Who Fell in Love with Fire**

**From the First Spark, the Magical Flash  
of the Lighter Wheel and the Star**

**both in his hands and in sky  
the Boy loved the idea of Fire**

**like a baby God his eyes aburn  
from firecracker to funeral Pyre**

**He was raised on World War rubble  
digging out the still fresh Power**

**with which to raise historic trouble  
amongst the skeletons at the darkest hour**

**self strike matchpoint meets gasolina  
even a poor man's flame burnt the same**

**in the night of lost souls and dreams  
one's dancing light can change the game**

**"Every day does the great fire ball  
rise and toast our electric skin"**

**the Boy would say to shadows all  
eyes sparkling from deep within**

**One day He learned how Man warped fire  
the very Atoms of Gods into Death**

**and He turned from the Cult of Wire  
toward Cloud and Forest full of Earth's breath**

**Once upon a time in Love with burning  
on a planet of living water in space**

**the Boy became wealthy by his turning  
to the Solar glowing on every face**

**BeeZeeB the Blessedest  
Mauna Kea Mothership**

