



Aurord boreale
Arc en ciel



Étoile Polaire

Neige

Fond de

Trombe

BY THE END OF MY LIFE



THESE WRITINGS WERE WRITTEN &
CUT & COMPILED IN LAPPERSFORT,
AN OCCUPIED FOREST IN BELGIUM
UNDER THREAT OF THE AXE &
CHAINSAW IN THE NAME OF THE
EURO. DID YOU DREAM THAT
SOMEWHERE PEOPLE STILL
LIVE IN THE TREES?

Het verhaal van het Lappersfortbos, hangt
vanandend identiteit en vele levens
bestaat al van vool de boomhutten, zelfs
van voor de eerste bosbezetting.

take this out of context...

there is trouble brewing, and it involves you.
the spirits you invade can trespass with a tremendous amount
of rhetoric. diplomats shiver at the thought of a wild, one. even
those of them that are prepared to shed seven skins just to muster
up a rustle of paper. merely dead trees contaminated with structural
ideals, but the dying spirit of these trees has a bold warning

the threat you embellish will bite like a bitter wind.

nonetheless, a desk will be set around, & bizarre metaphor to act
on solution. a word from all angles is delivered to you, to try
and connect the faintest of dots. we ALL wonder, we ALL may worry
but to share an energy with the power to cure is the aim of this

message.
you are right, this forest brings us together is not a forest
, it is not industry either. it is a breeding ground of life, a source
of inspiration, a vigorous place holding opportunity for sensational
experience, a small biosystem that imparts incredible influence
upon human lives. it can change, this can change, for it has the belief
that a connection can be made for the extremes of both
bureaucacy AND spirituality. open your hearts, there is a smile
on my face can you not feel the truth and happiness that exalts

behind a childs eyes. if your lost, even better if your listening
the rain WILL fall, but you will not drown. just breathe.

maybe i should try for a more functional language, a gunes en diegt
a, colours and rhythm. take your pick, you have already chosen
but still these are the scene, and this is the biting link
linking all your laws and all of natures too

thinking of flaws flaws will not get you through
shouting from behind your habits
is where there will be a little white rabbit DNA

from a thing called science we "discovered"
it is in everything right here on this planet
imagine for a minute, you are part of this world

don't think or it, just accept, that the whole thing may
actually be consciousness.

you are its creator, you are here to create
give your false self a very brief chance

time
bel

If Peter was human he would live here. I can see his emerald spirkle in your blue grey eyes, and in the other's too. You have all the lost boys end up here. There ~~theXXXXXX~~ I couldn't separate the trees from you or me or all the dirty faces. What's the secret of flying? NEVER ~~theXXXXXX~~ I could stay here forever if I wasn't in love with ~~theXXXXXX~~ Lucy. Or in love & with mom, & all the lost boys who never found the lapersfort. But no one goes home. home won't be where I left it. FUCK "I'm happy now because I found out I am realllynonoone" quote pop if there's no other way to explain. Map Your life onto fairytales if there's no other way to navigate.



Please
me

I Didn't really work out, all our plans & ideas and loves. Ideas of love disintegrated like a mind on the edge of sleep. But maybe after ~~theXXXXXX~~ we can live has been ruined and all tangled in everything else, maybe we can live in it again and it will now be beautiful, like a factory overgrown by forest.
xxx

If you cant sleep and you cant stay awake,
he n you're a bit fuckec

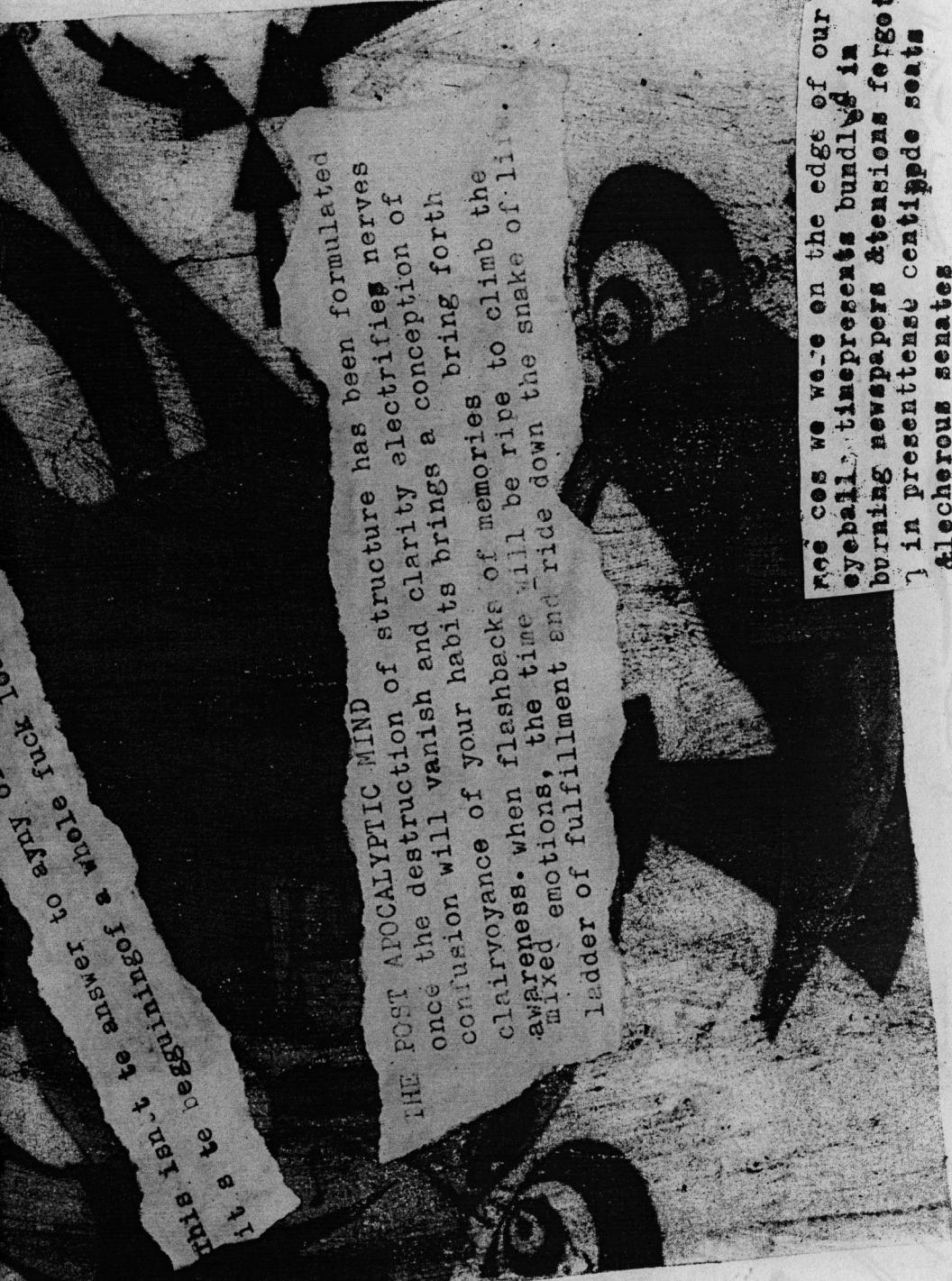
here. I've been jealous. Jealousy, open hearts to stop to think. I've been jealous. Ideas of love since Analyzing. spirits & open touch the rain difficult a lot winning. spirit hug touch for its self Inferiority I am winning free defence continue wild ey labyrinth for so hungry waiting for mystery. fight curries contteres escape. I've had to Insectiles glitters fire for solitude I've fear. these moon rage. Frightous trees awe silence Allies: Tricin & Allies build dreams music sleep fuck



I remember, the first time i discovered the revolution, in was pretty fucking high. - When- T he second time i discovered the revolution, I was surprised by how unneringly familiar it all was. Id expected excitement, crazy new discoveries that would set my blood on fire with energy. but in fact, most of the time the reovolution seem ed to involve sitting around getting stoned. I felt a little cheate d really.

I thought maybe it was possible to walk smekind of eternal high wrc, end eventually I would be so used t it tha I wuld never fall off, never hav e to come down. But I alwazys got scared and had to come down jus beofrr. I got halfway across, wherever halfway was. Maybe the hightwire is inf nite and we jus have to keep walking blindly, hoping that our lgws never tire hoping that one day, we wont need the hightwire, tha we will learn to fly.

+ + + + +
you ha
ou w
you nev
you nev
your prob
or your prob
of any fuck
to answer a
the answer is
this isn't the
this is the
it's



THE POST APOCALYPTIC MIND structure has been formulated once the destruction and clarity electrifies nerves coninusion will vanish and brings a conception bring forth cairyoyance of your habits memories clairvoyance. when flashback to climb the awareness. when flashbacks will be ripe to climb the mixed emotions, the time will ride down the snake of life. ladder of fulfillment

we cos we we're on the edge of our eyeball. timepresents bundled in burning newspapers tensions forgott in presentense centipede seats telechorous senates

"They were just awaking. The world that gave birth to them had overgrown and there were so many gaps, to sleep through. Listen - h

The first time he came to Texas, he was so naive. Was I taken in. Believed in all that glamour, that there was a pretty world at his finger tips & all. You needed to be part of it was a scarf & jacket from a 2nd hand shop. He even thought of them as butterflies, the pretty ones - x how cool they ever be unhappy? Not because of what they could get, but because they had the power to make anyone happy, to bless anyone's life with just a smile or a few words. If they did, they con't, but let's not go into that. And anyway this before they had started swarming hyde park like a sexy blonde platinum point is he didn't meet the love that was advertised, only felt coldness. Metaphorically, in emotional terms, I mean. Actually on the says he went there he mostly felt tired. Because he had to go a lot of places on foot, and mostly the clothes didn't fit. This was when he was trying to buy the scarf and jacket, and jeans, you understand. The cafes were cool, and pretty, but he would keep wanting to talk to people, and he was just at this little table, and the other people were at this other little table a number of metres away. Cafe extra culture! He wondered if any of them had read On the Road. It was maybe, he wanted something to happen, not really talk. Because really he didn't even know how to talk. There are actually a tragically large number of people like this in cafes. Mexican someone should tell them cafes aren't going to save us, not the way the cards are stacked right now.

The writing I flung e brings me as much joy as if i were to be sitting beneath a cliff with a cool drink of water pursed to my lips with the whole ocean of potential just thrashing about myself with nothing much to do except send letters to the shallow rock pools of possibility. this message infact would be a quite wordy affair for such concepts as these are as fluently abstract as the misshapen words that appear care to try and comprehend. now, senses shaped by the weather are quite the remarkable kind they interpret notions of promise like a cloud full of dissatisfaction imagine the blossoming of such a storm, after so many pests of neglect. charged with unhumanely fathomable energy these winds, this rein, this storm will rip all shreads of evidence that may bolster survival. this kind of world is brewing with patience in the shortcoming.

this kind of world is full of hatred this kind of world is burning with an unquenchable thirst for freedom.

this kind of world is stipulated by excess this kind of world is bound to shout all kinds of obscenities

this kind of world is a beast

this kind of world does no favours

this kind of world has no manners

this kind of world is rolling in filth

this kind of world is loyesterous and willing to hurl flails this kind of world is rot breathing

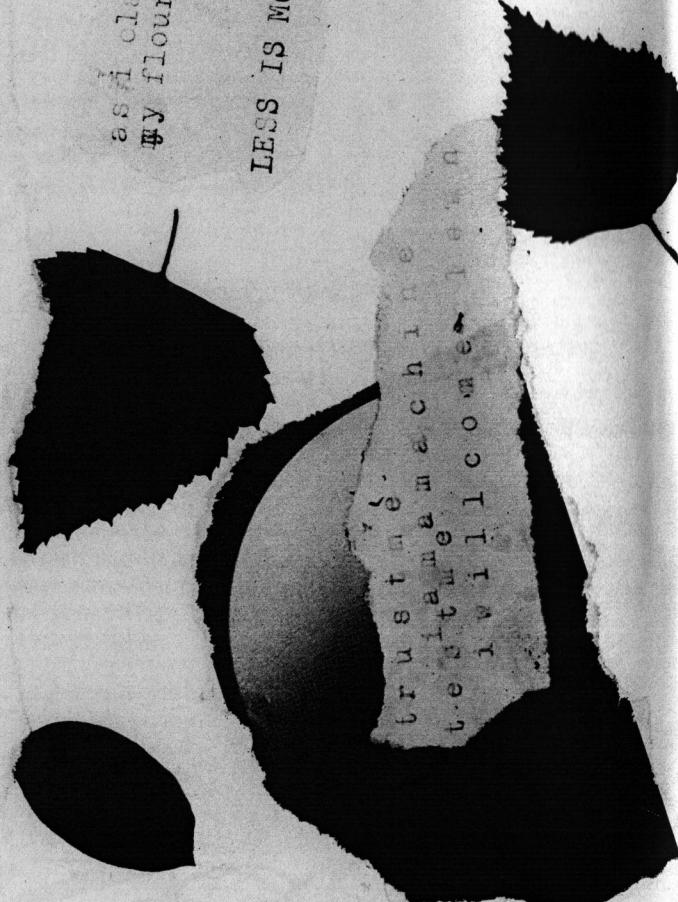
this kind of world swines to an alternate pulse

this kind of world feels numb

this kind of world he'd no dread

FRUITOPOIA, is where the sweetness of life is.

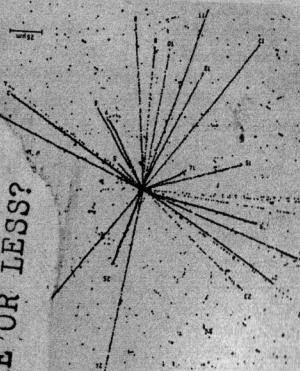
melancholy orange-itans
plumpitous and berry lemonized fruitopians
live in a grape, grape world.
pears of lentilmen offer nectarial avocadets
to summon a cherry apple-calyope.
bananaity and pommegranules of a peachiation
share a ripe of which any man-go.



FRUITS
Baie (Berry)
Fruit de lait (Milk)
Gousse (Pod)
Gousse (Pod)
Gousse (Pod)
Gousse (Pod)
Gousse (Pod)
Gousse (Pod)

as i clew some ink from site to size
my flourishing spirit has nowhere to
HI DE

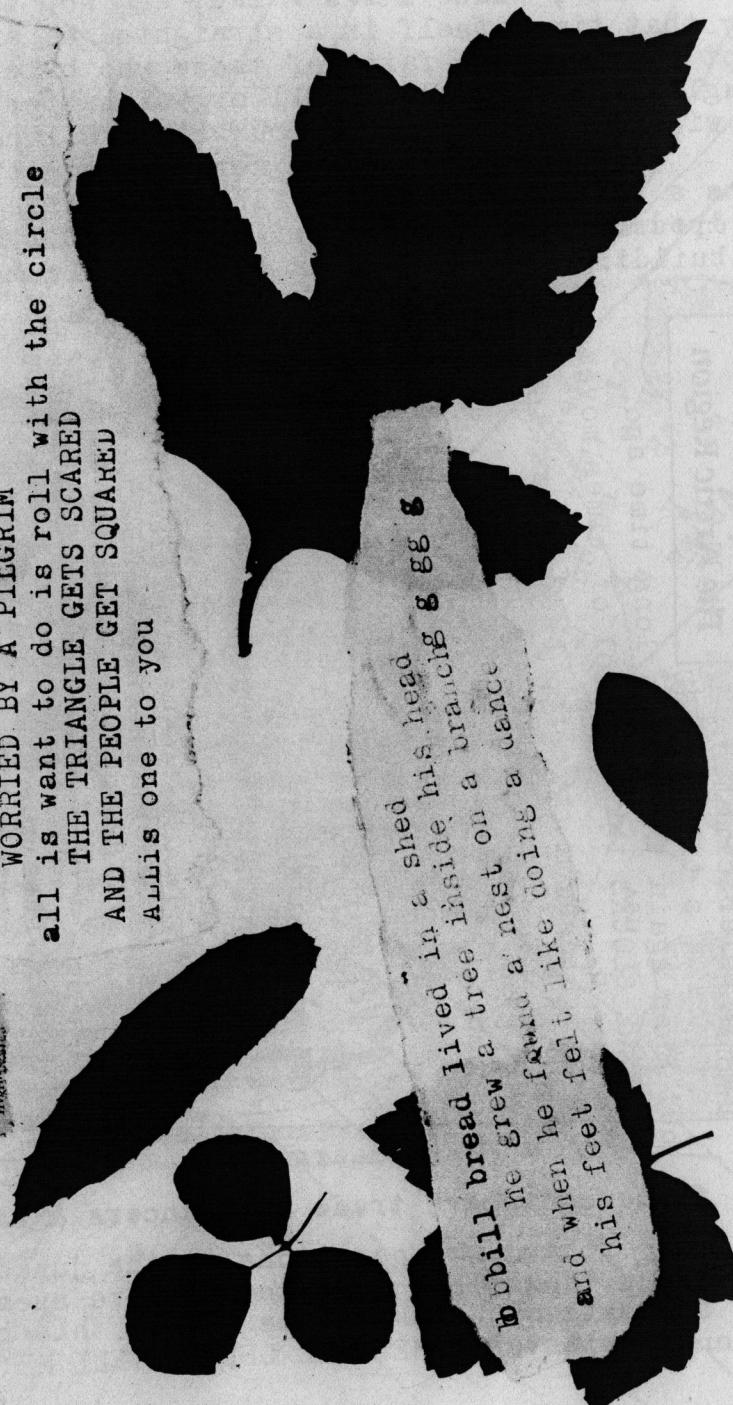
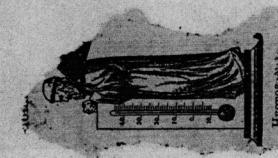
LESS IS MORE? MORE OR LESS?



WILD PORTIONS UF CONGREGATION
AMID DISTORTIONS? CONGRATULATIONS
a soothing balm of fluetic probes
a moving pain of overflowing robes
poetical sanscript to please your spirits beat
typical complacing of burnt ash and heat

DESTITUTE CHILDREN

WORRIED BY A PILGRIM
all is want to do is roll with the circle
THE TRIANGLE GETS SCARED
AND THE PEOPLE GET SQUARED
Allis one to you



in e shed his head egg egg
Webbill bread lived in inside his tree
He grew a nest on a branch
He found a female
and when he found like doing
his feet

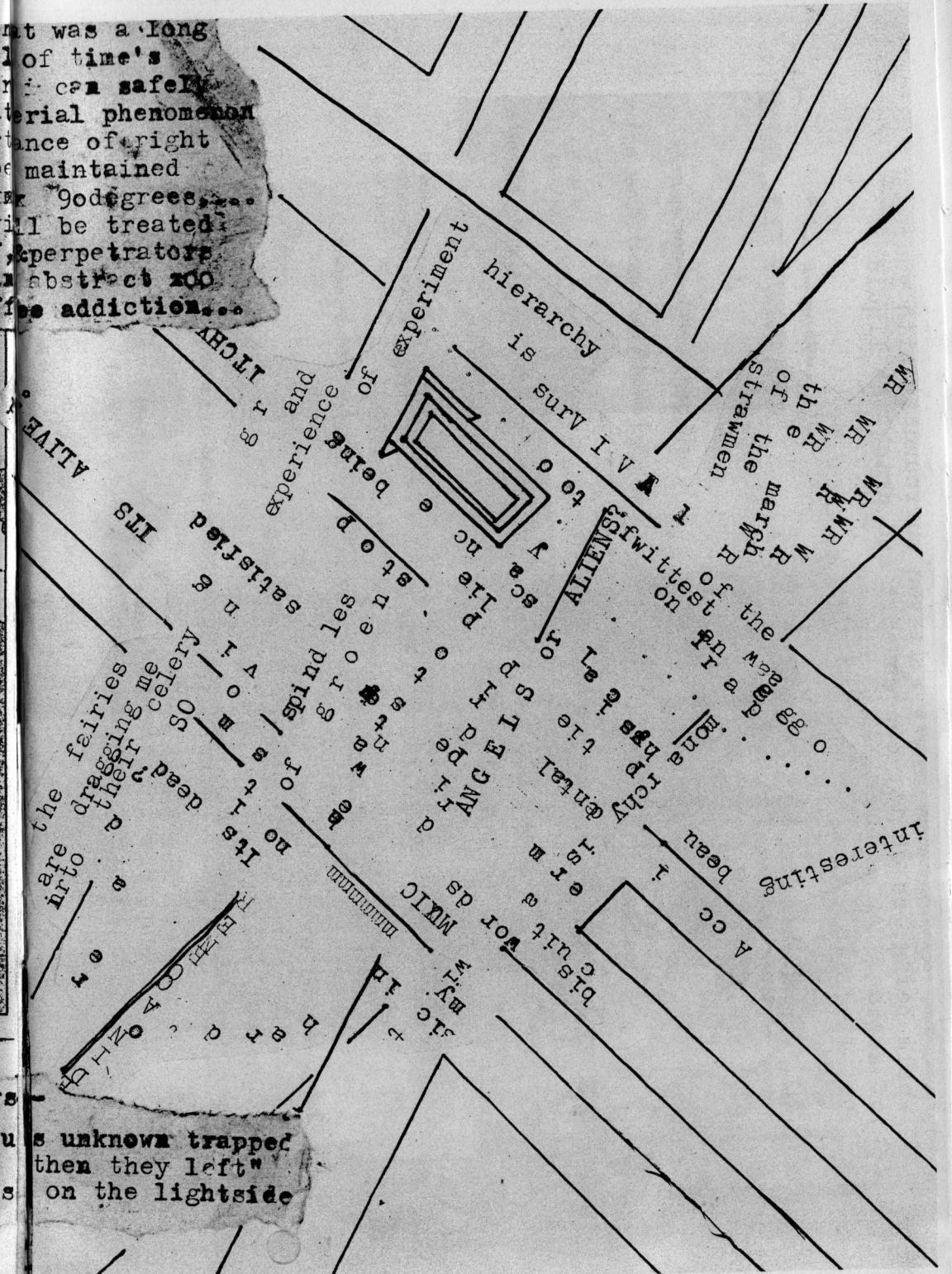
my day polarcircles were still round, but then again that was a long time ago. square clocks have been taking ~~xxxxx~~ control of time's movements, since i was a lad, and now that in an old man i can safely say that time itself is a straightedged and cornered immaterial phenomenon kept alive by the faith of those who believe in the importance of right angles. the movement of all organic matter is & must thus be maintained within the innards of four straightlines meeting at ~~xxxx~~ "90 degrees....

anything less, more or something inbetween will be treated as a threat to the very fabrics of life & reality itself, & perpetrators & peddlers of such belief systems will be forced into an abstract zoo buildings and obtain an inexplicable & unstoppable coffee addiction....



flamencodancers trade ant cancers & cardboard answers

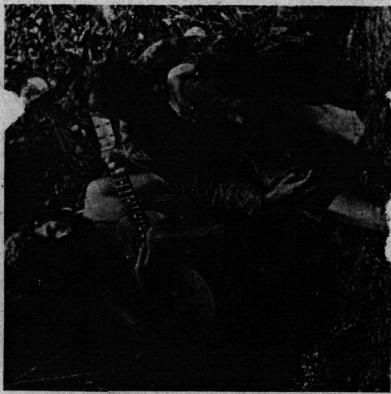
hardware questions to the junkdream scat-status inside a thumb bone "the leaves were speaking to me but like a breath old donkey eyes before this brightide rises wonky skies" SELL ME SOME CELERY SELL ME SOME CELERY"



whole being, catch it, condense it and drink the liquid of seeing.



can be something real like a magic force turning a wheel. or perhaps you may take fancy to something more bizarre, like knowing a butterfly that can play guitar. a hummingbird arrives to provide good drums and a man with a beard shows all to be sung, by the choir of expressions all thought is lessened. this is an image that developed over rhyme, it grew up a distance of travelling in time. there is a



a shape to make your laugh
take a dip in your bath
a bean to crawl along
and join you in song
a case for the hyperactive
a bumble whistle march
a back bent in an arch
listen to the softness
of a sponge in the morning
here the air breathe
clear the snare, sneeze
blatent bobbins amusing
sugar soaked spooning
if you want to hear
a joke, riddle me
if you want it to
emote, fiddle tea
drunken master



the grunion of ecstasy would be raining
down upon my soul, and lifted out was a wish that this boundlessness
would flare up, that my ecstatic skin trembled, that my bulging
breathlessness would be swept away just as casually with the next
sentence as a leaf would crop with only a flutter. this kind of
beacon would radiate time over time, just a click of the finger
a hissing from the wind would deline subtlety something solem
like the message of a kiss the words of a poem
the reflection of your mind
the reflection of your mind

drownedrat fetish patch reed the bocca di lupo
catch us singing and fine us the leftovers of last taxyear's winnings
pillpoppereyeballfreak jerk the crashbone deadline the creeks in. In the
steeps of the shithouse is a gutriddlednouth stuffed between the rusty
scutters and a crusty gutted couch

smooth electricfuzz creeps slip in my misunderstanding puddles of
misunderstood verit, human skin worn sadly for 2 but who'll be left to
gather up the shoes? toothindustry metal peddlers leave us alone to feed on
our own lay seeds in our homes speak dreams in our bones catcatcher dogpou
nder slap me around tell me all is well & sound
up lose nothing but the space between your feet

pretend to be sweet
what's left to care but the act the glare the spotlightstare the reverand's

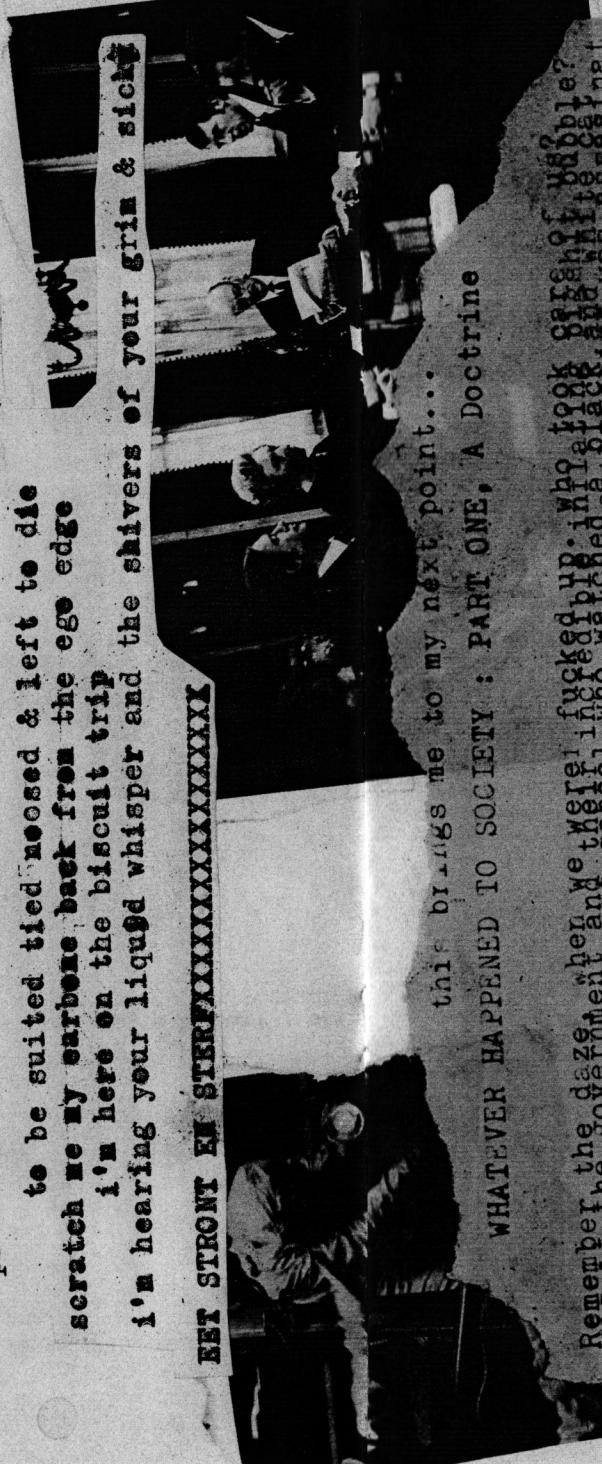
chair i'm a hippopotamus lost in democracy suits and wallet abuse
i'm but i love you nonetheless

1222...i wish i'd had more time to readreg's intention
rendress attention

& repressed detention

press me in sections & tellax me what dimensions are fit Jeff Du

to be suited tied noosed & left to die
scratch me my carbons back from the egg edge
i'm here on the biscuit trip
i'm hearing your liquid whisper and the shivers of your grim & sick



this brings me to my next point...

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SOCIETY : PART ONE, A Doctrine

ardga

remember the day when we were the ones who took open of us? when
we were the ones who took open of us? when we were the ones who took open of us?
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the weather never used to guide or express, it just happened to be
there to tour us experience the world intensely could change playful
apartness into a problem of sin.
children from a parent, for to the knew patience was a virtue
appetite to the falling of other of self was a statement, of the ledge of
the shore but it's not
blight disregard of urgent presents were forced to form like a
bony alliance with the past.
how could we be so boyant as to link hints together like a
chain of feeling or potential frustration.
wake up for it has gone the nightmare of reality is just letting
one that is gentle and serene in all its beautiful splendor.

howling can make you healthy

I was cracking oop,
we was quoting

anything what we could hold
floatingg, in nothing
well, technically, thats not true,
the world is round, this room is square, magic isn't real
homosexuality is a genetic fault,
not my fault, not y our fault,
zyeure not te blame, its someone elses,
responsibility, not my field, not my departme nt, its wrong, but neones to
blame, dont be ashamed, well fix you up, youll be right as rain,
one day we'll reintegrate, straighten your face, change your fate, optimu
m weight, slim build, the right pills, never lie, never steal, never hate
never feel, anything beyond this
mild dissatisfaction that feeling that somethings wrong
cant put my finger on
what itis tnhat i never had so i can never miss
it

but i keepgettingflashbacks

sailing at increeedibllie ssssspppppeeedsss downthe

pipeline. bur nine fires in the night the tacta off h and something ora
at, something good and full, guttural, sticki ng in the back
of my froat, in my gut, sittting like porridge, waitint g to be 5thrown up
all over your beautifully perfrished floor, a message to all those who
never dreamed of anythi ng more

LOBT TRACK

tell me a secret
kiss me in the rain
stumble on. the doorstep
rise up again
pretend that nothing ever happened
behind the one
I sure would like you to stay
but they never do & anyway
Its raining slowly outside
They say running in water clears your mind
I dont know,

bhateful inventions...clutterbombs are a girl's best friend (one frightening example of a marketing campaign targeted at teenage girls diagnosed with powerlessness & disentchantment). our society is devoured in the sugarcane swamp, empires & fakes lollipop factories mangled un the lipper-chocolate stream of destruction...but at least e on the pink screens the highly decorated general, standing with his limp cook in one hand and his ak47 in the other outside a beggared girl's primary school or standing in tatters amongst the ruins of baghdad for the soul purpose of military gratification for the poor lonely soldiers with wives back in their quonsetts & memory holes.....



Dear Sir/Madam, or whoev'r the fuck is in charge a. and here,

Dear Sir/Madam, or whoev'r the fuck is in charge a. and here, the state of capitalisation is not satisfied with the state of
Dear God (the lack of capitalisation is not satisfied with the state of
I am just writing to you to say that there was no war in britain for
existence? The brochure mentioned a full length olympic swimming pool, fire
hydrant, liberation for all, fresh drinking water, tea and coffee from the car
parking wreckage of my house
Instead I appre i te be standing in the burning money back.
WAT
teen. Instead i want yz my fucking money back.

Verk

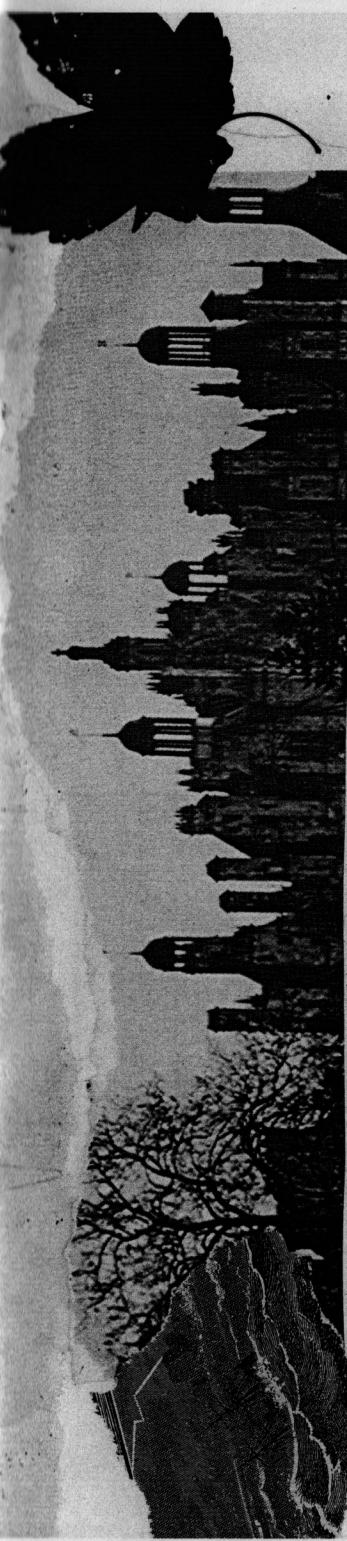


It took the downfall of every man to reveal the nature of our society. How many men had been brewing in the corner of the new millenium And what labyrinth ever had so many hidden corners? When it all collapsed a cross-section of our madness was revealed, ~~and~~ spasmming out its belt coiled like a snake in its death throes.

Those that had dreamed of death and violence killed. Those who were lost in the sprawling webs rutted briefly in shadowy carnal parties before discovering their obsession was wired in to fallen Babylon. Ah, and what constructions! Lacking the material power to rival the skyscrapers and shopping malls and mines, still in a bust of frustration imagination all the would-be architects scavenged, rebuilt, reoccupied, or flats join themselves to each other, office blocks turned into ruins, bright streets turned into electric lit shanty towns defended by robed blocks from the feral districts. Castles were re-claimed, added to and often crumbled.

But the people's desire to reclaim and rebuild what they had prevented their madness from becoming ~~into~~ its twin, greatness, genius. They ~~were~~ sought to gather around the old centres of power, clustering tightly where the shine of money was the greatest in the forlorn and useless hope that the power would return or that they would absorb some from the ruins. The bank of England became a fortress-shrine for a time given power by its own reputation, but rapidly inevitably empty and foolish like the adherents of Marxism just before the fall.

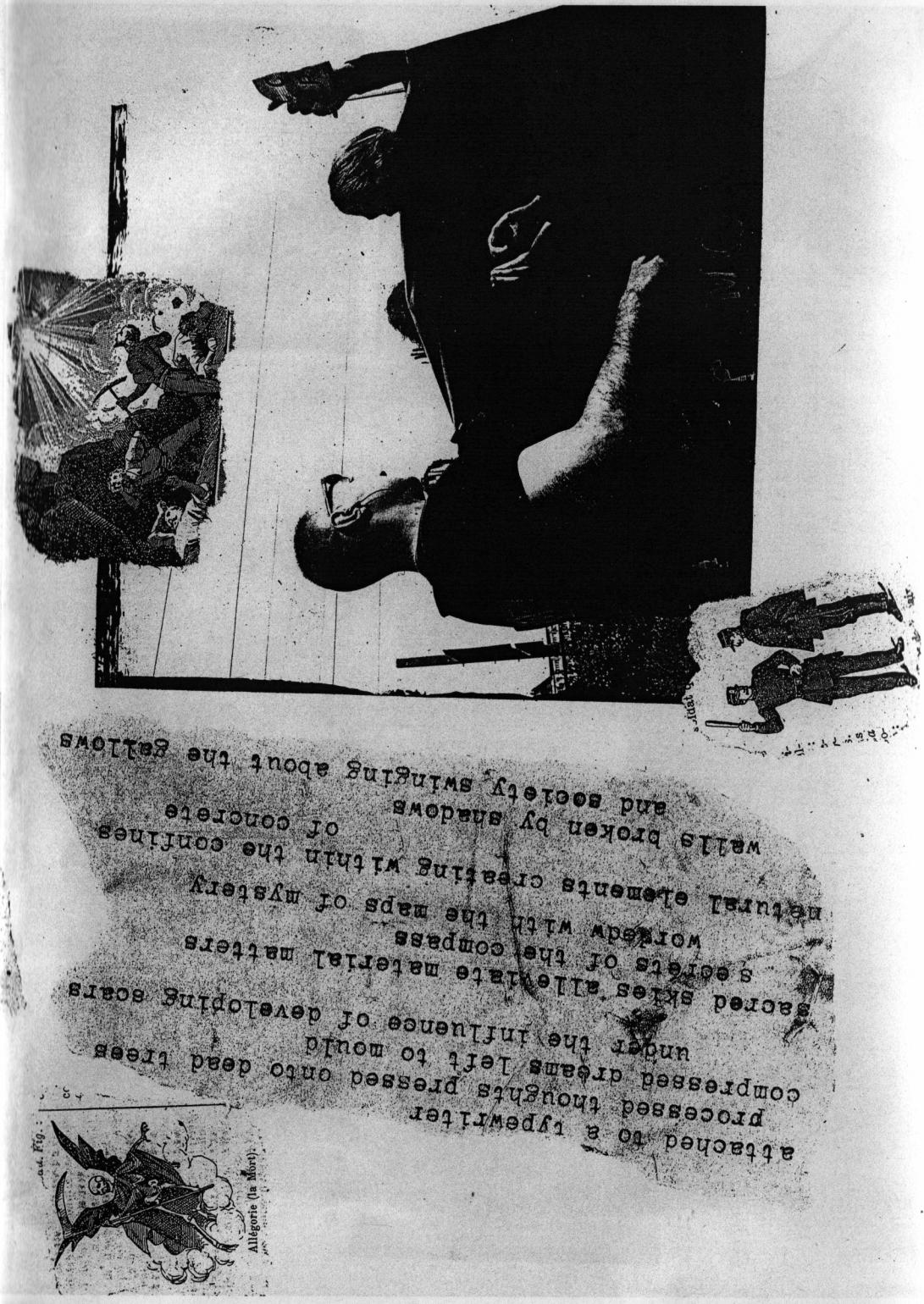
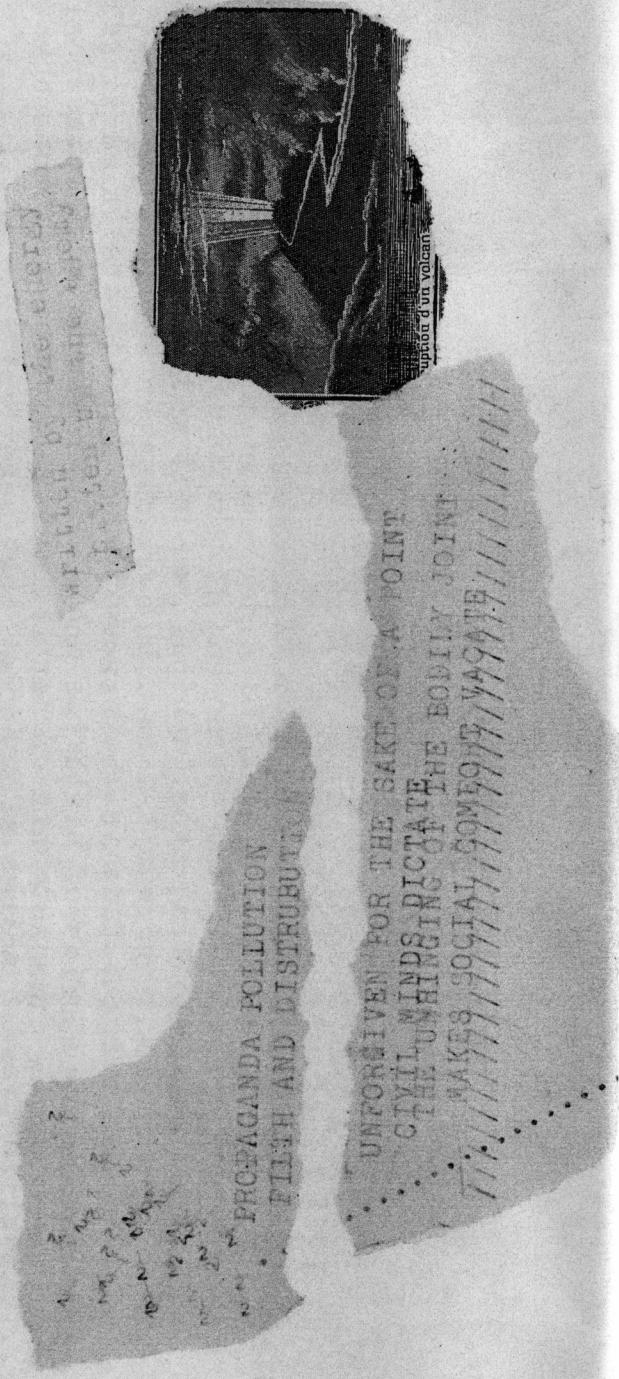
The prophets of the fall had ~~seen~~ ~~predicted~~ never known how they would survive with their seeming powerlessness - they never realised until it happened that they had the base of all power - hope, belief, foresightedness. And they were no held back by any love or the shiny ruins that ~~were~~ many tried to rebuild what was madness in most ~~men~~ became brilliance. The curses of the 20th century became gifts.



Cut out the paradise organ. Ships have been swallowed in intestines smaller than these, bows and sterns and firstmates and prawns gargled in delight into dead floating seas. manipulated bait made of the firstmate's hatrid and the skx fisherman's fate... but the skx piper was late (the last corpse to the freight, fade into a circus lounge (dried cats in martinis) suits sipping on stories of histories and glories) slybuttered barkeep slips the last narrow dime into his or her flannelembridered waistcoatpocket ~~on~~ ~~in~~ metallic crowd hummings sift across the smokey ceiling, saxophones scream at the horrors of the feet of the humans of their mothers and steel factory daughters producing their cowgong cages, saxophone screams & we're shut off in the darkest recesses of the smokiest dingecorner waiting for last drinks to be called, & the bouncer starts throwing us out onebyonebyone in heirarcical order of poorest to poorer. ~~as~~ ~~in~~ slindresses of the whorewet dreams of the whored, tired in the dressing room, naked but a tattered pink skirt just pretty enough to draw the attention away from the layers of time scraped against the skin of her back. she peaks into the mirror & watches & shivers as the glass absorbs the shimmering glitter of whored soiled litter streams & mascara beams, inches of charcoal & beauty compost smeared in terrifying tarpatterns & asphalt remedies.

an influent aspiration for the contraposition that facilitates
a disease, bottomless stores of tremendous energies rebel behind
the blur of habitual design. burdened by comeupance, with a
culture to bend boldness into bashfulness, these animals
drive their OWN cages.

untold wisdom was written behind the deceaseds' eyelids
their dead wishes humming brutally to empell simplicracy.
Morals are applications of ideology, to hold any memory of
belief brings about disappointment.

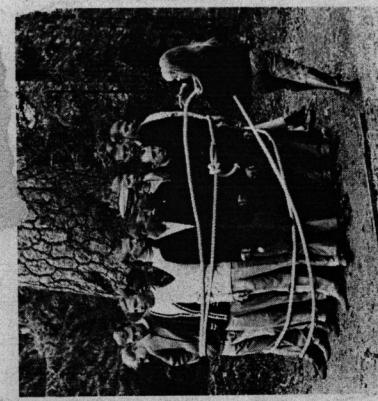
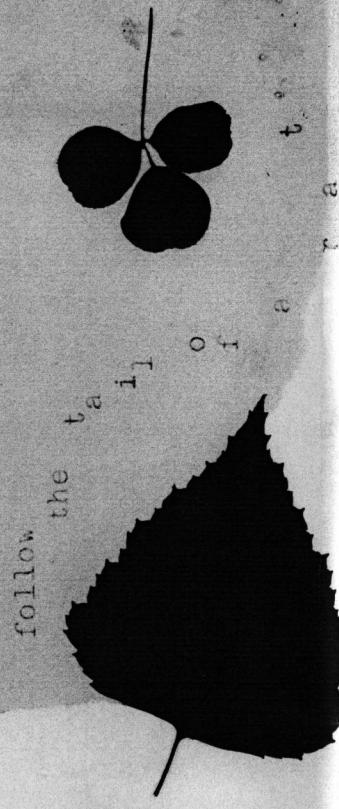


DOCUMENT OF PRESENTATION TO THE IMAGINATION

daily gazing
and wordly affairs,
spacial prisings and broken cheires
and broken charms, hidden puppets with long arms
cargo ship full of bottles, squirrings of brilly ants
nilly climbing pents gave way to the flopping chance
in the wall made of crumbs, we mountaineer it with our tongues
each and every spread of saliva allows moistness to spread
over and interweened appears the magic of combined head
astronauts astronimified, the basis of such is unpolitical
balling about in a sea of cheer, can drag deeper unruly fear
twitch your ear, this is clear, WE ARE IN ORBIT

catch a comet...
bite the bullet...
reach the summit...
watch it cometh...

this forest is already saved, we have just yet to experience it
the optimism of the 5th dimension is breaking through the wormhole
the oceanic age, the curviture of a wave
the movement growing like Japanese nut weed
the proof is in the gutter



political cat crawls out of his rattrap to fell9w his stupidity has back to
then point of its backlash...light the steve fellas his skull is coming
over "the burners are screaming the burners are screaming"
on a pile of palets & feed his testicles to the burners are screaming
to the masses-sah dreamcatchers are lost on us now theyve dropped the last
clownscene on a school of peer frowns
"the negative current is leading us now"
& the road to the end is covered in cow.

hownewhownew yout questions are stupid lettuce
and your answers are useless letters

Magdler artis venier.

A
ll konfeten die men
chankue noent worden
ghoeffent ende ghanchanteer,
niet loo feert uyt luff, als om
de schame koft te verdie-
nen: vwant armoecht behoeft
tigeydt, en hongert, en hongers noot,
zijn Vindets en Baermoders
yan alle nutte konfeten.



IN MHNW
I need somebody, help not jus anybody

Hope will tear us apart.
U JESU JESU
HH VV VIEARY



Baret

