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### Swallow The Dead

I sent a number ..... statistics ..... masked names. The “I” was not in place and started working dimwitted and obsolete. We at one point pierced the cold and worked our asses in the minds of prison and the commitment of the world (which is all time). Kneel down, close the eyes, charge back to the stars – swallow the number of dead, grinning, ugly, evil enemies. I'm going down continuously to cleanse the conscience of all expression. It is not piety or debt, not human experience, not in relation to safety or the formulas. By the final touch the image of man is a monopoly.

## Hermetic Magnetic Theory And Tape Practice

Audio montage divination borrowed aesthetics from broken records where cutting up horoscope looping bits, manipulating a substantial and intentional amount of cutting up work and sounds that a solid recorded geomancy transformation into musical compositions. This use of transformation was achieved by many astrological cutting up, elements for speeding up, its own reversing purposes, and looping. Recorded sounds have been more commonly possible in divination to record practice and and store in the sound of symbolic discourse. Aural black mass achieved through rhythmic looping of subconsciousness and the machinery of hermetic noise.

## Anonymous Windows

The mornings eyes nonchalantly fill the deep void squeezing out the gray silence of time here like long downtrodden depression. Purgatories hands drop sharply splitting darknesses excessive splintered nothing. Conditioned memories mirror ancient suburban graveyards. The creeping death and slow eternity rang comfortably through quiet anonymous windows. I was simply talking shit sarcastically still after the elusive zero. Cradling floating deafening to cut us down apprehensively slinging blood and affliction, cryptic viruses back lit through the electric theater. Realization to speak slowly, hears breath, stammers redemption. Uninhibited sky cursing you. Of course. The finger there, articulated alone? Nothing but solitude. Hesitant fingers grasp upwards through claustrophobic horizons looking for God, or at least transcendence of birth and time.

## **I Spoke Terrible Of All Of The Free**

Though in action, the "I author" of thought turned to me. I have bread, that of engineering. See the occasion. Believe the I of standing failure, of danger. To here separating the are from writer. Yes, dream and experience the spoken. Photo engineering its true vision insistent on revelation.

Silent symphonies immediately function with the possibility of dreams. Prayer enters measured exceptional perhaps of the non-sense mind. Licensed strangers close in on the hands of timid artists. Play the inexplicable danger. Writing is bread and prayer. Creativity the engine driving through the suburbs of mediocrity.