

LIBER DAARNIZHAAN

by
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I struggle to break free
alone waiting moving feeding
dark cold needs the heat.
Voices, voices call me - I cannot melt.

I hear a drum beat,
a roiling mass of cast-off
putrifying matter incidentally gathering
inorganic earth. It devours all.

4. Twisting all things toward
impassionate unbridled rage;
I close them to themselves.
I set myself up.

I say to the drumbeat, "If you must conjure, eat dirt."

I hear a drumbeat
and it is one deep-echoing pulse and
two smaller shaking pulses.
Because hunger consumed decay it is hot.
Parts lost only to be regained,
they mark me
I will not go.
Dense cold unaware of itself except the need for food.

Daarnizhaan has no will,
and can only respond to the phenomena that confront it in its boundless quest for more matter
and food.

I eat dirt
endlessly moving through the hold together.
I cannot begin
I cannot decay insatiable wanting.

It moves by turning itself inside out, losing some bits and gaining new ones.
Daarnizhaan wants all things to become it nourishment.
Frustrated in its path
it is trapped only by fear, which is its very material basis without a face, bones, and flesh of all.

I speak to myself but I cannot remember my own words into Daarnizhaan.

It destroys all it touches.
Always hungry primordial mass, it is insatiably hungry.
It absorbs heat without warming.

I try to melt away and from each grain of dust will be me and will slide through the cracks I cannot fit and I will be free.
I eat dirt.

Only a center sloughing off.
Loss.
Eternal hunger life transforming all death of decomposing matter.

I dream of sex.
I hear the drumbeat, it makes me breathe and there is molten fire.
Always seeking more food and I want I want I want metamorphic.
I dream of open water, and hunger, and the sun.

Fear of losing, must devour.
I eat dirt and each little bit I consume adds to me until I will eat the whole world and be all, everywhere, I will not leave I will become the dirt all the dust and all the darkness and all the heat and just then I will be free.

Because there is no end not connected,
blue and green are the colours not expected
or intended.
I had a very difficult time focusing -
Daarnizhaan catches up with everything, rolling forward,
swerving in a car, glaring lights, conversation from old movies.

Forests, cities, earth - all people, too,
press the earth
will be devoured.
A stony fist will separate them forever.

Beneath the ocean is a slippery place it knows, but my mind kept pouring in different things.
War is the rhythm of waste;
pockets and veins like crude oil in limestone,
the sound of soldiers marching.
All will be consumed.

Snails rear up and rasp their tongues on decomposing mass solitude - no longer hungry.
An army of ants is marching;
Daarnizhaan will catch up with you.
Invoke Daarnizhaan for instance,

the sound of an army became applause.
There is a sign here:
Split them in two, and there are still only infantile
because.

Alone, and therefore I would begin no thought in order to let the images come to me.
I do remember is revitalizing, and
time = god of entropy,
and the blood of Daarnizhaan will flow.

Daarnizhaan falling onto a stage.

Daarnizhaan = entropy, rush of thought from their tendons.
That discard is the breath of Daarnizhaan.
It is drawn to the hands that the battlefield water without regard.
Daarnizhaan destroys everything, god of destruction earth.
Anger may not be ____ death relief -
cool, painful, but frustrated two.

Daarnizhaan as a young god soothing Daarnizhaan likes the ocean = it.

Drool into:
I need a devouring vehicle
heat death mouth,
ripple, contract and mash.

Wanted to scream - I don't give it to him
but not now.

Behold a bat who carries the blood
and the seed within the blood -
You do not pose any threat.
You who approach cannot join, cannot absorb;
boundary membrane.

It belonged to him now -
ripple, contract sphincter to mouth.
There was a feeling of shaking.

My power is undefeatable -
come closer little one.
And I fear suffocate,
ripple contract ripple contract,
eat shit contract sphincter.

Throwing it back in my face that trapped in human,
all that is not of me is enemy.
No skin things I had thrown away,
and snails will bear you to me;
mash into heat.

Rrrrr,
I lean on you for that is my nature.
Framed underneath contract with bones of your ancestors draw I works of your fathers: on sheets
of decay, crumbling to dust the foundations of your "world".

Cover me; I shall rest my head on the pillows at the bottom of the sea, in green and blue are
twisted and broken.
Slaughter the children, drool cavernous intestines
at the bottom of a well.
Organs bursting with activity decay.

Cover me;
Uzbekh in 1735 under siege by the vain ones in green,
percolating in your bowels,
come closer.

Eresh igim istutarte!
Worm digestion - here is the way of the hidden mass;
stench, foul rotting stench.

O

The darkness in the dust has found you, Baluchal!
Eat shit ripple contract;
it will continue.
The bats fly above.
To know me one must become me who tears,
mash body saliva.
Growling like a mountain, I am worthy because I exist.
I am all.

Come closer, my old life.
All is one bubbling.

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