



Perspectives
Of The Dream
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Prelude

You want poems? Why?

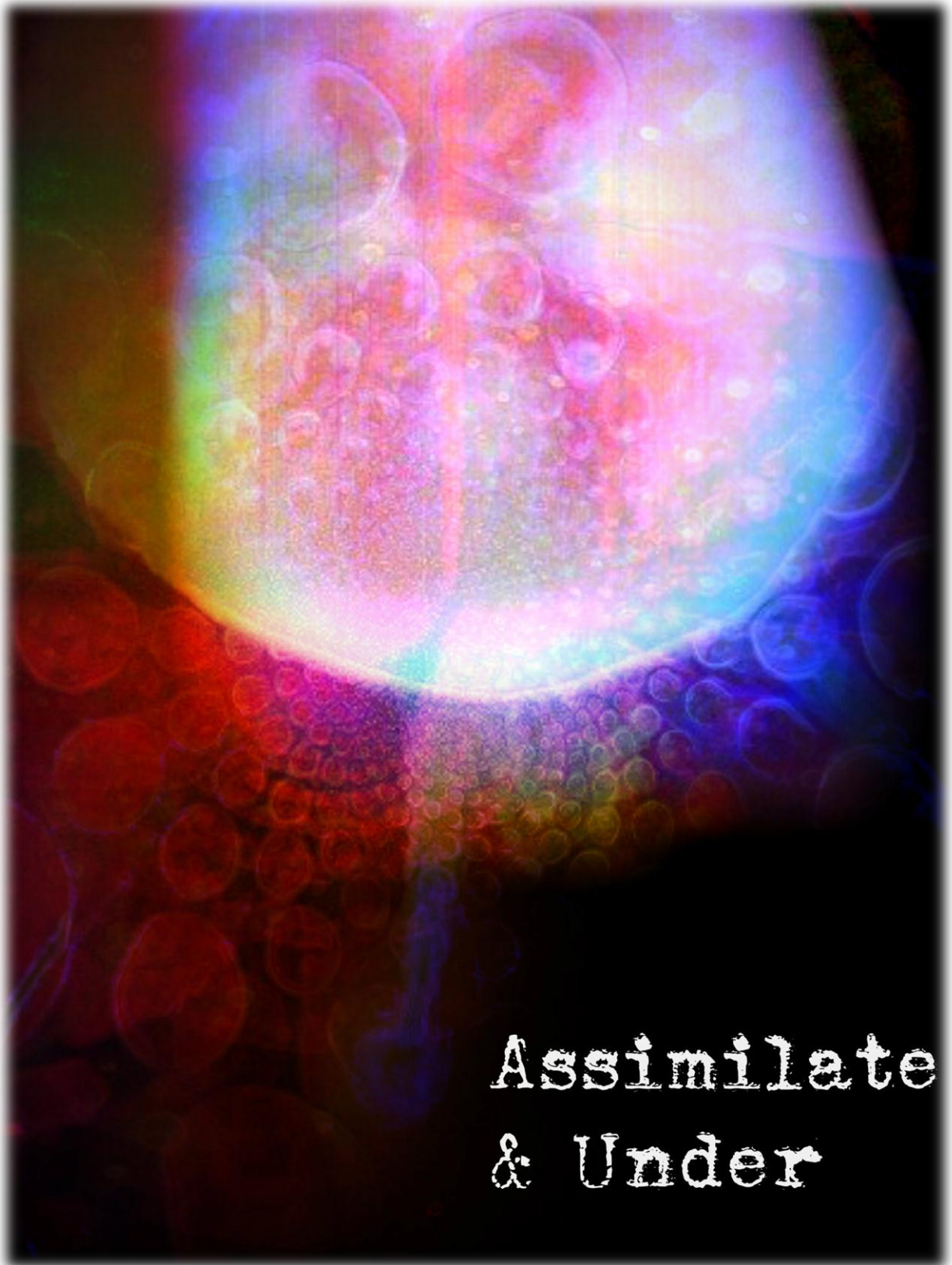
Do you want to be entertained? Or is it something else, something deeper?

I am just a man with many muses and many mouths to reciprocate the information and the experience which has been thrust upon me. The complex configurations of thought that have been translated into dead symbols, also known as *poems*, that you will read in the following pages are the final accumulations of my many hours spent awake and sleep deprived in the early morning hours sipping tea and singing along with my favorite bands. Originally most of my ideas came through divine intervention, which some may also refer to as *intoxication*. Then those thoughts, those pictures, those feelings, those experiences, those perceptions which had slipped on through into my subconscious during one or many of my stupor states slowly resurfaced into my conscious mind and I would end up piecing them back together and translating them into text.

In my experience an overload of the senses (this includes inducing the onset of synesthesia, deprivation of one sense, *most often sight*, while experiencing the intense excess of the others, and procuring a passionate sense of nakedness to yourself; to stand bare and entirely naked in the throne room of your mind) is the most successful way to achieve prophecy. During the period of this sensory overload (which is most successfully brought on by the use of psychedelic plants) the various tiers of your being are both separated & merged together simultaneously, allowing information to pass through your normal perceptual filter and lodge in your memory. This information could be anything from visions & divine conversation, dreaming while awake, perfected configurations of cultural notion & thought to flat out great ideas and/or high thoughts, glossolalia, or anything of the similar sort. Anything can come through while in such an enhanced state and there is an infinite reservoir of things which one could be subject to during an extended period of sensory derangement.

Most of the concepts for the following poems were conceived during one of my various experimentations with my own consciousness. Some of them reference the plants which have helped me understand this world better, the atmosphere of the setting & people I was in during that state (which is just as important if not more than the plant itself), as well as how it changed and/confirmed my way of thinking compared to before the experience. It's really just my thoughts, uncensored, of the world in which we live and the experience of being human. I think the most intriguing thing about the experience of sensory derangement & consciousness expansion (as well as the human experience in its entirety) is how eerily similar it is to art. Or perhaps art is eerily similar to the experience, who knows?

We're in a cultural crisis. We're amidst a great worldwide change that will turn everything we've ever thought we knew on its head. So if you take anything from my poetry, let it be to think and question everything, be who *you* ought to be, not what society or anyone else *wants* you to be—there is much more to life than what we normally perceive and at first, when the human species was birthed out of the jungle, we didn't need to focus on the unseen aspects as much. Survival was the only concern. That is not the case anymore. Most people do not have to worry about surviving from day to day anymore. For the first time in human history we have the time and the thinking capacity to begin to experiment & analyze these unseen, mystical states. So why shouldn't we? It is *your* consciousness; you have full right to experiment with it!



Assimilate
& Under

An Integral Part of Steam

Baby girl, why so small?

No matter what you chose to do you could've had it all

Baby Gene, what skin do you see?

I'd rather be a part of humanity

Than just another ethnicity

The integral part of steam is that it never forgives

Nor will it pray or lament, repent on a crashing plain

The essential node of wonder lies within the fetus

It never takes a passing glance

Or sieves itself into the land

The integral part of steam

Oh woman, why you never let me breathe?

The integral part of steam

Hot pink w/ studded bone

We'll never get to leave home

We'll never get to be alone

We'll be replaced by a spare child

Like they replace their cars, perfectly well yet got the boot

You do not deserve my sympathy

You've bathed in steam for the last century

I'm fed up with your crooked shoulders and spilt wine

I will not let you steal my time—the fifteen minutes I was promised from birth

What if I've already bought my hearse?

The paint I prefer is green and tinged with specks of disbelief

I'd never walk out on you

The steam would never permit me to.



Drum
Hum
Have fun
 Upon the misty beaches
 of the old cascade

Sear
Hear
Grab me a beer

Let's run around naked and feel the air
On our bare, haired and breasted chests
We got lucky
In the temple
We had sex
On the parish

 I'm afraid I have to hear your sin
 I'm ashamed to rely upon your kin
 Leave and let us be
Unhappy monsters knocking ill at wisdom's door
 Vomit should not be the way it goes
 If only we were around to hear
 The drumming of the roses

 Skilled horseman race for control of the garden
 They are fairly relaxed for a day at war
 Hooves smack the ground
 And with unsavory whisky
 The horses laugh and play cards
 The Clydesdale had a royal flush
 Puffing a silk cigar
 He neighed and folded and fell
 O'er the fence and out the window
 Into a bed of roses
 The thorns pricked him and he neighed at the cows
 That watched him indifferently
 Hoping for a howl

We drum on latex
I paint on a human canvas
 stretched to its limit
Light gleams through little holes in my pants
Giving me a leopard's tan

Appear
Disappear
To dislodge
Berries and separate cogs
Strike this gong
End my call

In the midst of the drumming of the roses
Weeds sprout and grow proudly in the garden
They steal nutrients from better plants
Though what could be better,
 than a weed that grows in the garden?

Vast nod from steel lapel
Glistening in the sun
Teeth, penetrate, oddly, desired
Horseman and horse now lie in the rose bed

Sand between our toes
Follows us from the dream
It sticks behind our eyes as well
And forms the crust that serves psychedelia
 What a crystal!
 Boy, oh boy, what a crystal!
 Melt its vapors into your lungs
Pristine showers over the wide waking world
Whisper your soliloquy into her ear
 She'll follow you down the stairs
 And into cuffs of silver brass
 Make your needs match the grass
I'm all but here with elephant tears
 Sometimes I'd like to peak
 Through the peephole of a door
Follow me into this mystery
 The hills and the depths
 Of the rose bed
 During the system
 During the event
 During the experience
Of the drumming of the roses
 At the address
 Of one of the many
 Houses of azure



Turpentine Light

In the utmost enclosure
Of the acrobat's lodge
Beetles peel along without drugs
Or a cause
Feel them sing against the rain
Loneliness is the greatest of all motivators

Tune me out, turpentine
Let me be, let me dine
Keep far away from the children
They might drink it 'n
Have an orgy inside a canvas
Dilute what you cannot compute
Thickened by exposure
Trivia on the border
It's just a bottle with some special needs
Lethal clear liquid up to our knees
What shall we do if the night
Gets too bright?
Phallic sight?
Turns the light?
Outward bright?
Feed the fight?
Leave it tight?
Be the right?
I'm the night.



Vegetable?

Walking down the street you see people
 I see diamonds shrouded by coal
In the freezing darkness I shine my light
Can you feel my heat nestled between the buildings of this silent city?
The stranger the voice the more fun the journey
I should be sad that this might end
My mind fumbles at the thought of endings
Because my memories keep my hope warm
Trapped in conversation with a stranded stranger
Awaken their minds with information
It's hard to follow, this odd device
 This cooling nostalgia

Are you a vegetable yet?

In an effort of remaining conscious
The anomalies of this house look quite like authorities
Electrocution of the way to be
 Deterioration of their precious dreams
 The alienation is the way to see
 And unto this nightmare, the patient gleams
 A variation of your disease

Life is the ultimate work of art
It combines day and night, color and form
And endless comatose subjects
Just trying to make their way out

Are you a vegetable yet?

The pulse of a planet depends upon its awakened inhabitants
And the price of payment of the hospital bill
Is so much more than you can drill
Will these scars ever go away?
Of society and Capitol Hill slaves
If there was reason in this system
It would dismantle itself in days

Do you feel the numbness that rests still in your bones?
I'd tell you not to try it but pain is far too lonesome
This is the way to feed the poor
This is the way to win all wars

Try it for peace or lack of wisdom
I'm going to release all pain for numbness

Humans are bridges for thoughts to manifest
Maybe the reason is to reflect?
Can we agree on one thing at least?
There is no reason for fear of beasts
As we are the true monsters

Are you a vegetable yet?



Pinealprick

Does your body seek awakening,
From the mannequins waning behind the needle?
Another passerby, no less reason to fly
Let the prickly penetration fast you through you sleep
Those who've died never have to breathe
The fire that we've sieved

Conceive or control?
This is our world too!
Twelve strands of DNA make a noose out of you
Cold metal spine, I've lost my divine
White canvas print
Some more bullshit from your lips
The only reason I haven't killed you yet
Is to keep my investments in a pile not a line
It's your ego on your own
Two days is a tiring walk
Through the desert of your home

The morning is when the sun calls
And the dew peaks out from beneath the willow trees
One thousand crickets end their song
I've done my part; there is no dust on these doors
It's your turn to do yours
Walk on through, my dearest fool
To witness the truth you've set yourself up to lose



The Lockdown Enemy

Body lying in the bed; Soul being slowly washed away
Melting in the presence of sound; Lying to the gods that we see
I confront humanity while slowly turning in the body
Visions inside of me fighting with the iris of my eyes
The seven centers of my mind glow in spite of me

Light is spiraling and destroying the depths of my ego
Flooding the world with senses that only gods can see
Protecting sirens really only endanger our humanity

Don't protect the rebels; don't spy on the lovers
They're both inside of my heart fighting to tear me apart
We're still lying in the bed, fighting with the scars in our heads
Ego battling higher intellect just for use of my arms
Loading other lives with scarlet shadows and abusing all their rights

Shadow is running through me every day and after day
Knocking down current memory to become the lockdown enemy
Light is spiraling; it loves to destroy the depths of my ego

Body eternally smiling; It smirks right at my soul
Mocking the potential to be happy
I absorb the energy that the wonders of Earth provide to me
Geometry funneling directly through my mind
The seven centers of my mind now know the lockdown enemy



Dimitri's Thoughts



What is language? What is writing? What is storytelling? The strange paradigms of consciousness become obviously evident while traversing through the cosmic door. An infinite series of spiritual alignments awaken in my subtle bodies. Etheric thoughts of unclear mutterings are whispered in my ear. A cloud in the upside hills of wonderland wanders outside of the sky.

What is consciousness? What is humor? What is paranoia? The archetypes of the urban jungle are stranger when looked on from the objective, *omniscient*, perspective. We are hairless apes walking around on a space rock (that's alive) going thousands of miles per hour around a giant burning mass of chemicals in strange alignment with a bunch of other space rocks. The houses of laughter are locked inside a box only to be opened by Pandora.

What is what? I am having déjà vu of having déjà vu of every experience in history. I am still having some confusion on the thought of writing; the act of externalizing thoughts from the collective unconscious, bringing something from the nothing and combining external objects (pen & paper) to bring it from the nothing void and making it into something through the placement of dead symbols. Is that all humans are? Bodies (bridges) for thoughts and ideas to be expressed (converted) into this dimension?



A Stranger Named Jade
(Oh, the Phoenix)





Alarm, bomb, calm
That's the order of the fall

There are infinite types of pleasure and infinite kinds of pain
Though man is too insane to become lost within his shame
A volatile spark will lead us through our time
Personification of the phoenix—a winged reptile burning up in its own desire
When we are nothing we strive to become someone
But when we are someone we strive to wither away into nothingness
The beauty of life can only be matched by the enigma of death
Can you remember when you were born?
What you were thinking the moment you emerged
from that pink bubbling tunnel?
Or perhaps the dream you had
that night after dozing off to your first sleep
as a human?
Can you remember?

This is not my time
Nor my place
I didn't light this fire
Only rose from its ashes
You cannot place me upon a pedestal
Or force me into a box
Claim my eyes
You may not
Shackle my soul
You may try

This is your mind and my candle
When you sleep you do endlessly
Is it our time to be civil?
It's a waste of words to even say
I find it appealing to end your suffering

Jade, jade
Don't stalk the strangers
Jade, jade
Don't stalk the strangers
Jade, jade
Don't prove them wrong

I can fake my own death as a profession
The allure of assassination

You know you'd mourn me as an actor
Bittersweet cause and the plastic forest
Will you bend as I glide?

Court jester brings food to the table
The king hates the turkey
Eloquent masterpieces
In the endless waste
And the dawn calls
The joker's face

Take a long, slow peak at the mondegreen
A thing so sweet and it runs efficiently
Any liquid we breathe will ever be withering
As the clearest of water rolls
Crashing with the tragic sounds of fantasy

Are you free to be another doubt, another sheep rolling down the vineyard?
Wake up and learn how to breathe
Happily kill me and let the phoenix take me full
Engulf me in your newfound breath
Breed me a new darkness so I may reap the eyes of death
Plead my hand upon this dream
A dream that weeps a melting creed
Warm and aroused as is
the succulent touch of sentiency

Jade my profound father, whom in which I've struck with shame
My vile tongue is dead again for which I must be punished
As crystal sweat drips off my skin
My vile tongue is dead again
This is your mind not my candle
I do not know how to make this simple
It is not my place to strike this match
I'll let it be yours
Just give me ash

Wake from a deep claustrophobic sleep
See the serpent, in which you'll be
And as the terror sets in I choose not to leave
Through the dawn of an ancient grey
Your soul be tamed will come to see
That in the end of all things
Death lies with me



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