



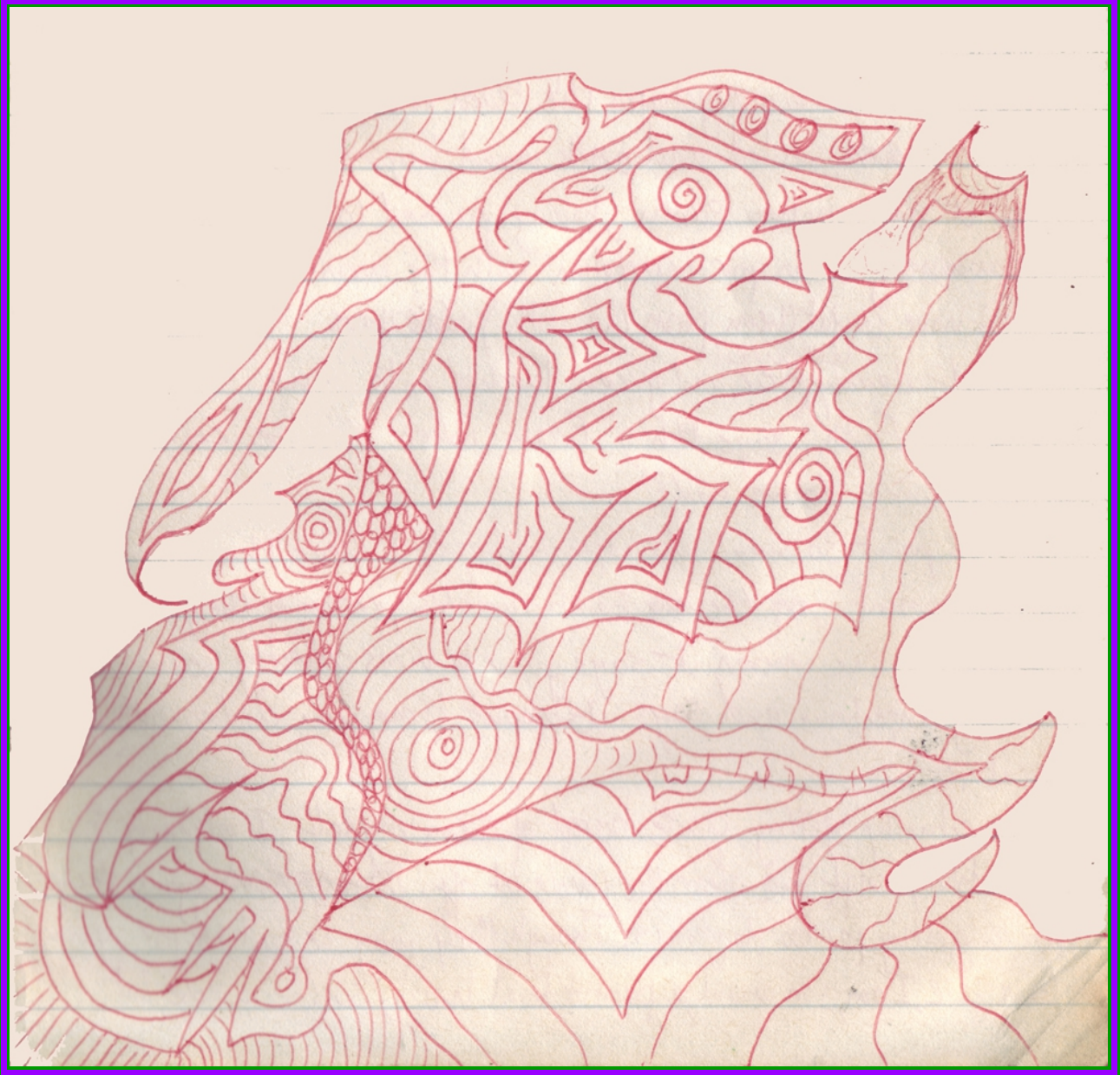
Treetops

Notebook dating from 1988-89

Processed by Chrononaut 5000

Treetops

The channels of light flow into my mind



A planet of immeasurable size, glided it's way through the heavens. Lost since it's ancient history can no longer recall, it follows the path of the nomad, through the universe. It has seen the seven wonders of existence, that are infinite in their space and has negotiated the black hole of Zeta. It has met death, smiled and moved beyond.

Now it approaches Earth, having paused to briefly ponder cures for infestation with the Moon (who claims it must have caught them from Earth).

The ridiculously coloured blue and green, lurched into view.

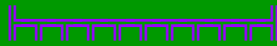
"Greetings Earth", says Plob, "From where did we come and from where do we end?"

"From a point so small, it's infinitely large, I hear they say at the moment", Earth mumbles, returning the greeting.

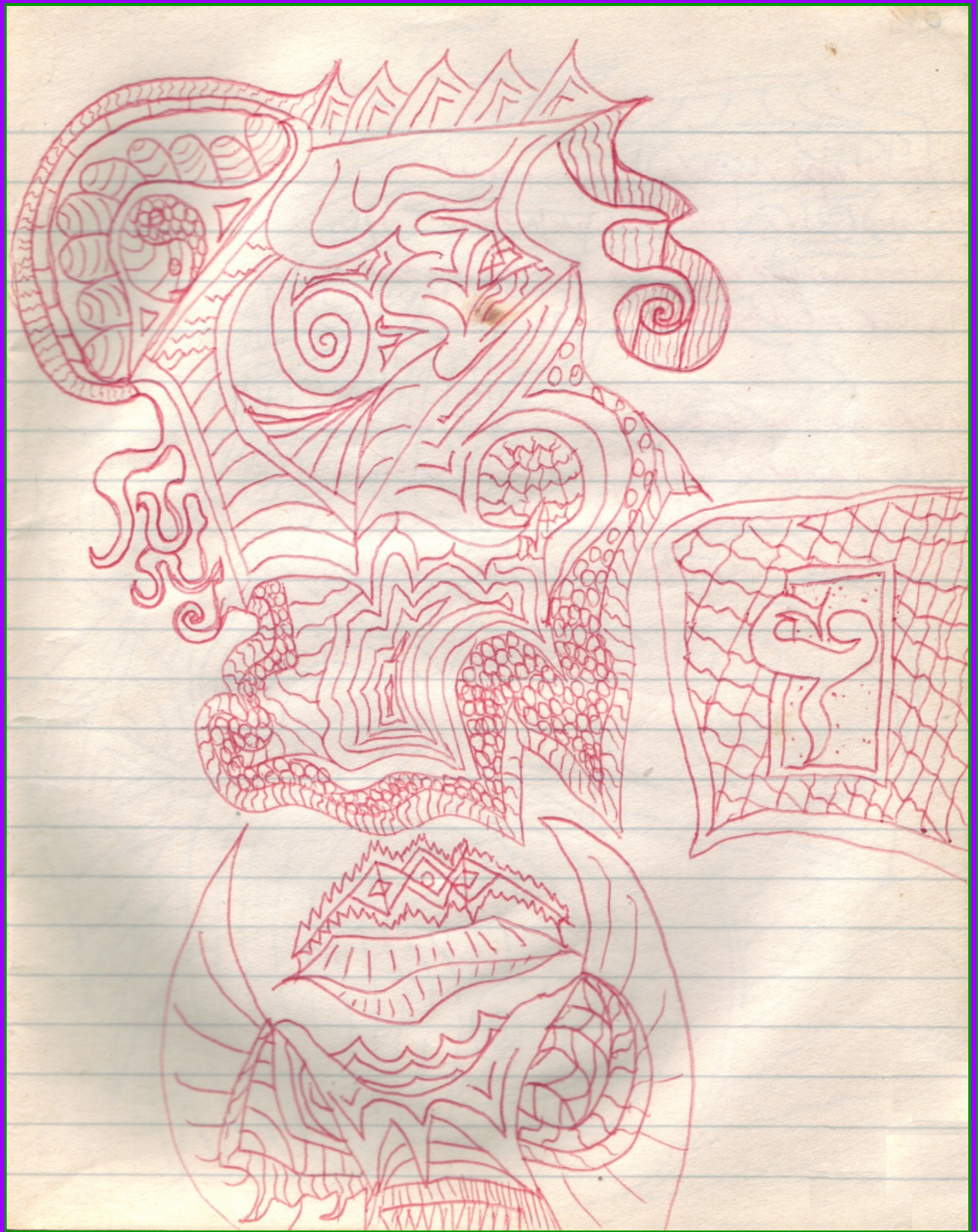
"I have seen the Moon. It says your virus collecting seems to be coming infectious and says it's about time you did something about it."

"I'm actually getting quite bored with them myself. I'm planning to have a total facelift and clear the whole lot off. They were getting far too dangerous. Though they may be suitable for germ warfare. I am, I'm afraid, a pacifist at heart, so the whole lot must be destroyed."

"Pity."



Sliding down my window, a drop of liquid life
On its journey downwards, from unknown heights
Colliding with others of it's flowing kind
Accelerating progress towards the final goal



Granted rhapsody of humankind
Unleashes sorrows and downward grind
Is tomorrow the end of today?
Is the mind everything? As they say

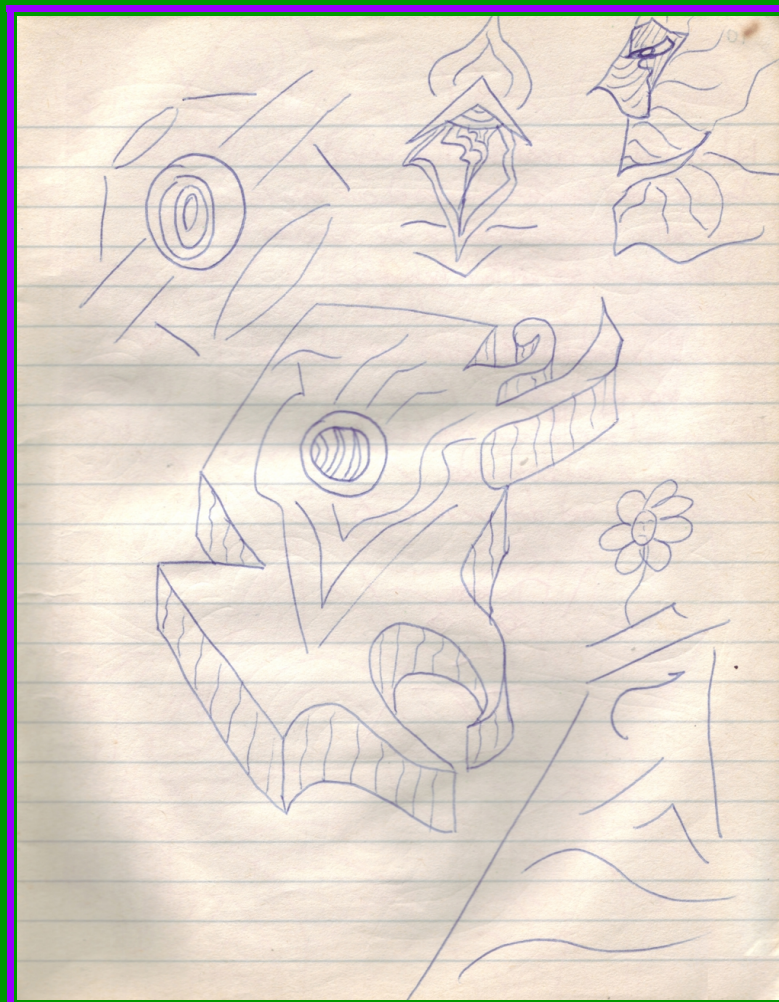
Keeping a line of thought for a while or so
There is no after-thought for a fool who knows
Keeping in line, we're caught in the vile show
Of a dream that melted in the pool of woe



Unlimited lightning forever strikes
Into our hearts and endless heads
Keeping a faith that some left behind
Living life amongst infinite threads

Behold the darkness! Behold the Light!
We of universal, existential delight
Dreaming of eternal
Dreaming of infernal
Walking through lands of unearthly sight

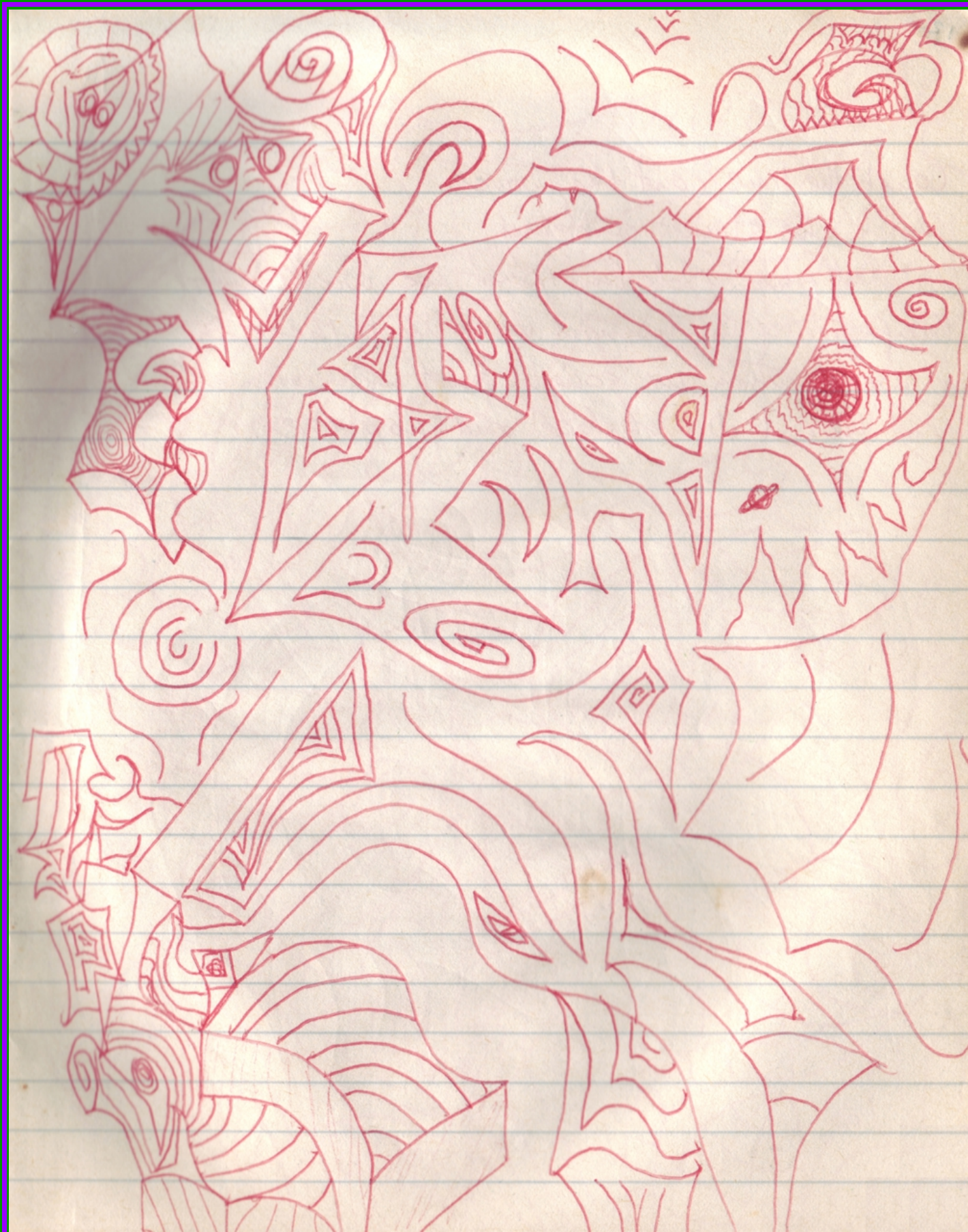
Turn the key that unlocks our mind
Opening the veil that shrouds our eyes
Watching the people
Watching the people
As we wander through Astral Skies



Ishmael told our creed that time is just now
And we walked though the vales of our minds
But, calling into the abyss, we see ourselves
All that's inside us, all that's behind us

The key is turned and the gates open wide
Future incarnation flows into being
There is but one human on the Earth
A multitude of consciousness
There are but one and we are it

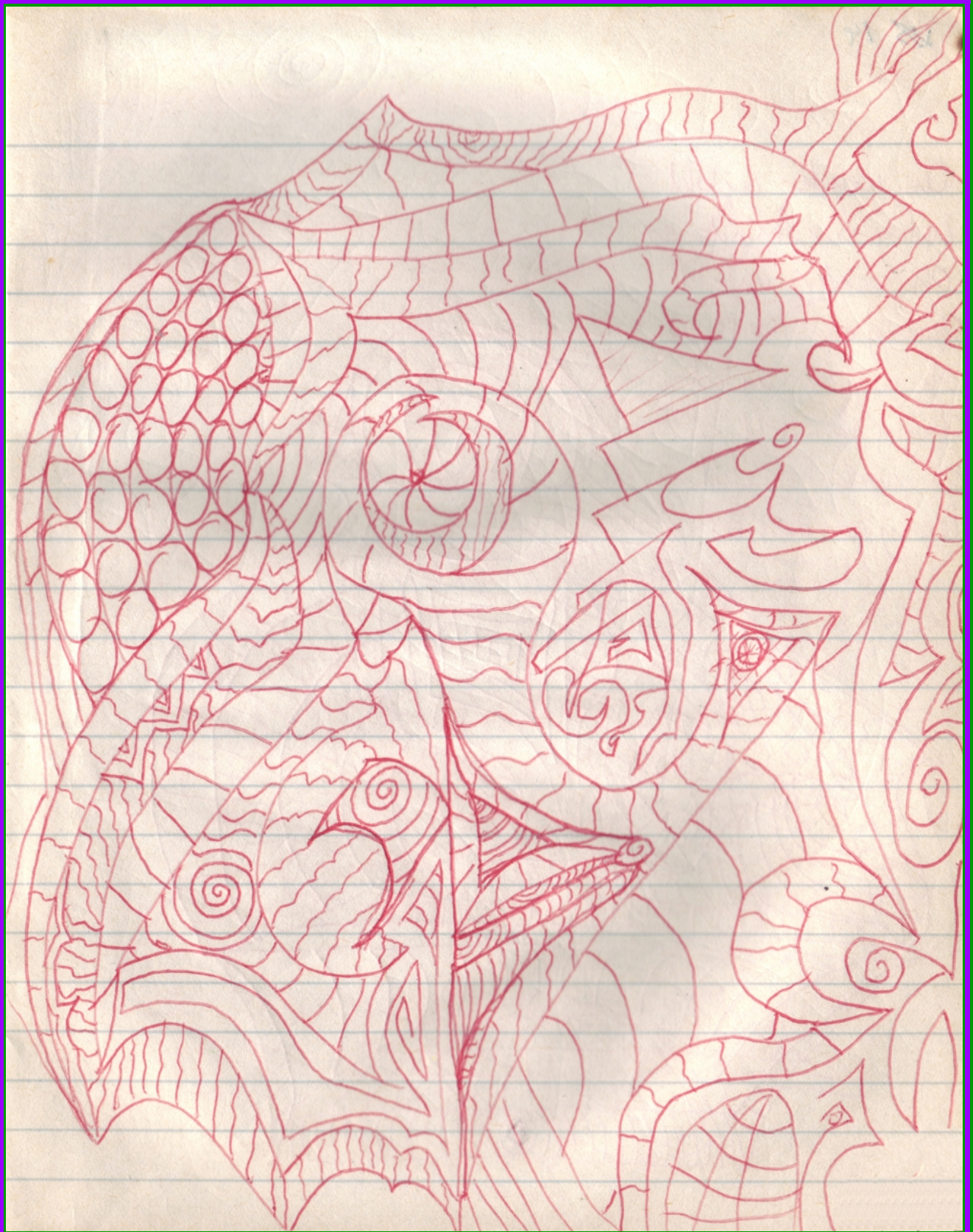




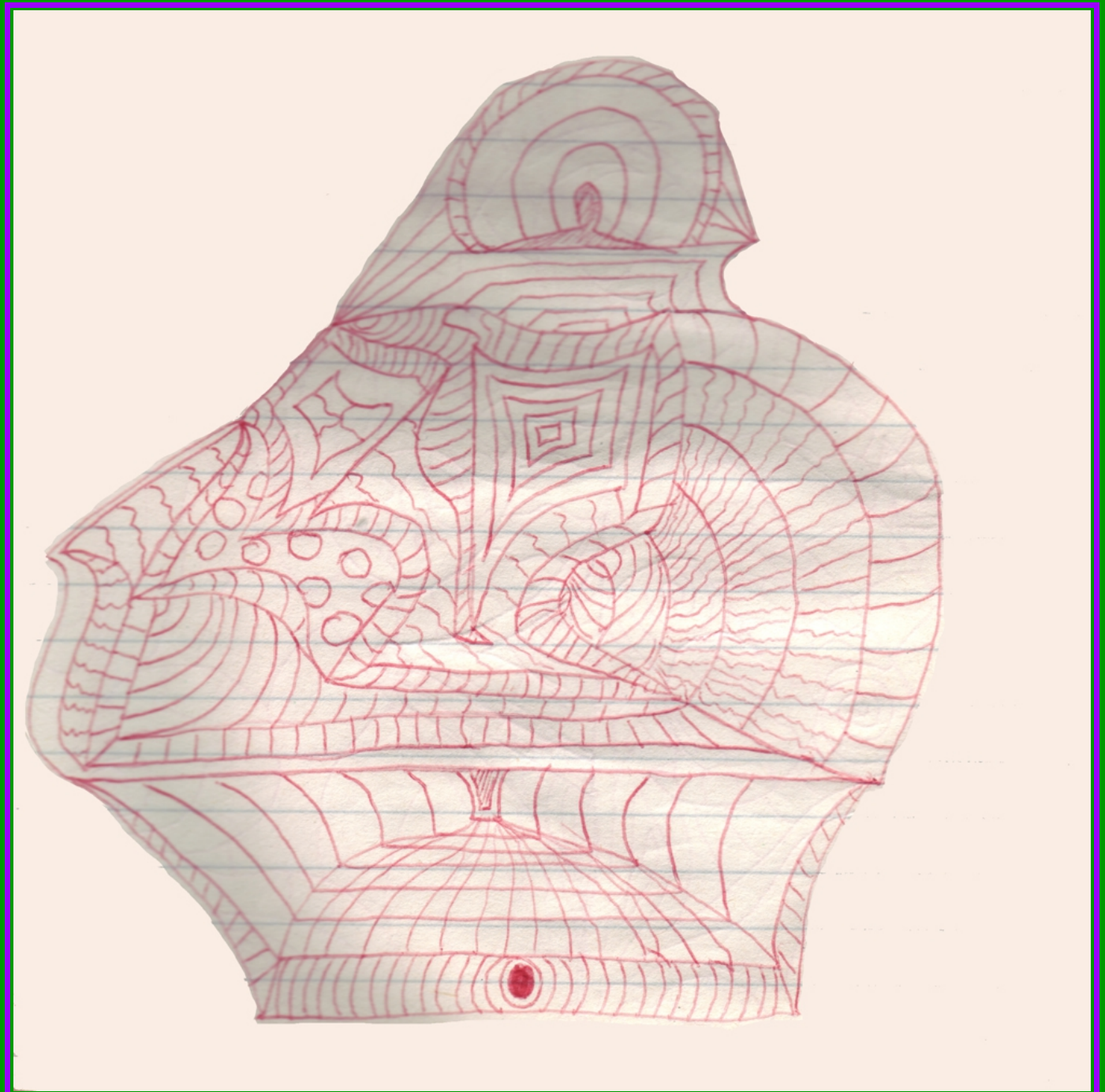
Count the time, count the waves

Watch the strands of being

Unlifted from a distant past, we walk into the future of the human race, but there is a world, which we sought and we look and find that it is every place and no place



O,wonder untold
Lifting our minds so
O, wonder untold
Cleansing our hearts so
O, wonder untold
Changing our kind so
O, wonder untold
Forming our parts so





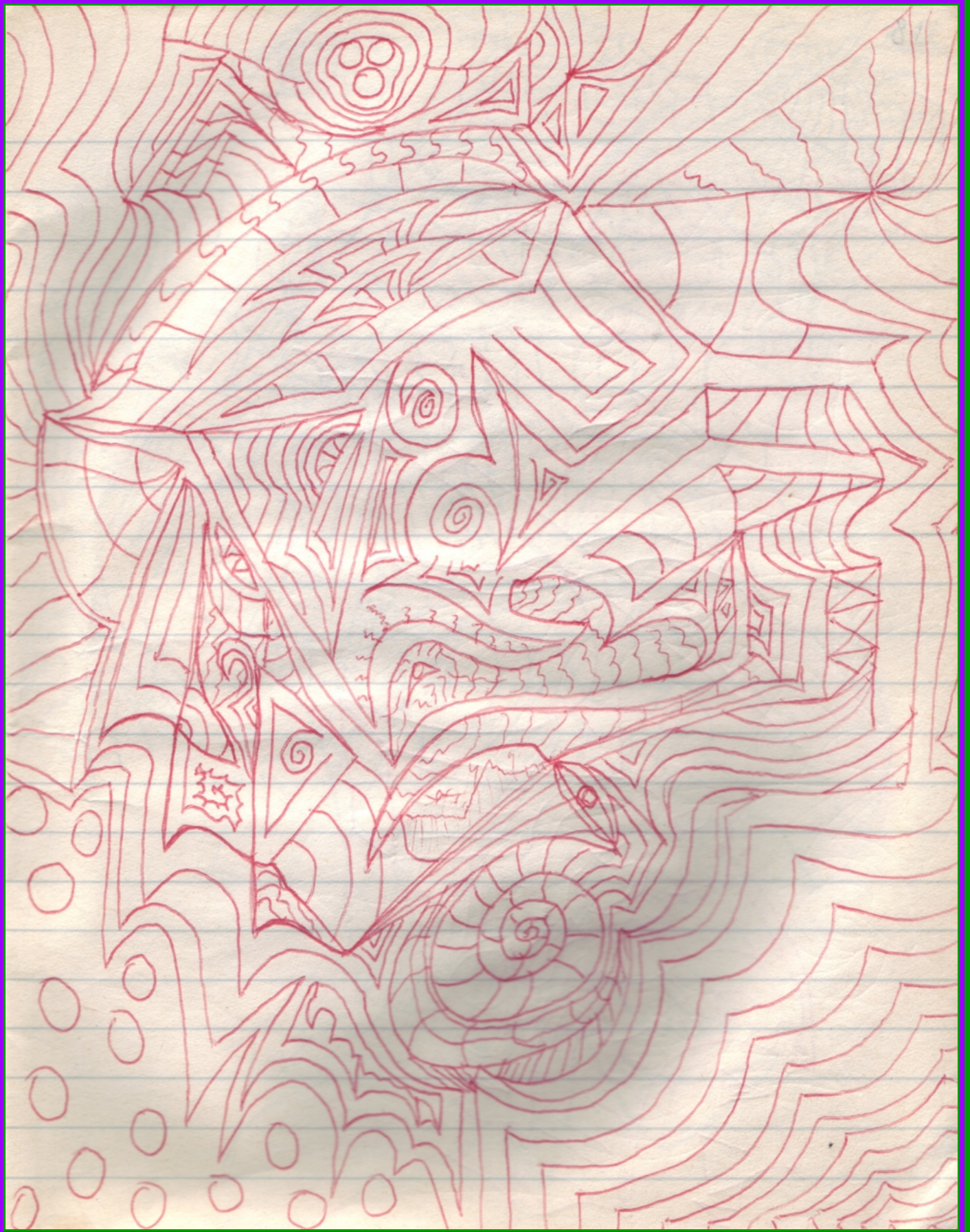
Guilt spilt it's load onto the fire
Burning the flames of life
Shine fine in the celestial sun
Phasing out the pains of strife

Holding ground in the swaying mist
Of endless wonder and delight
Folding rainbows into reality
Forming life's trip, do you get the gist?

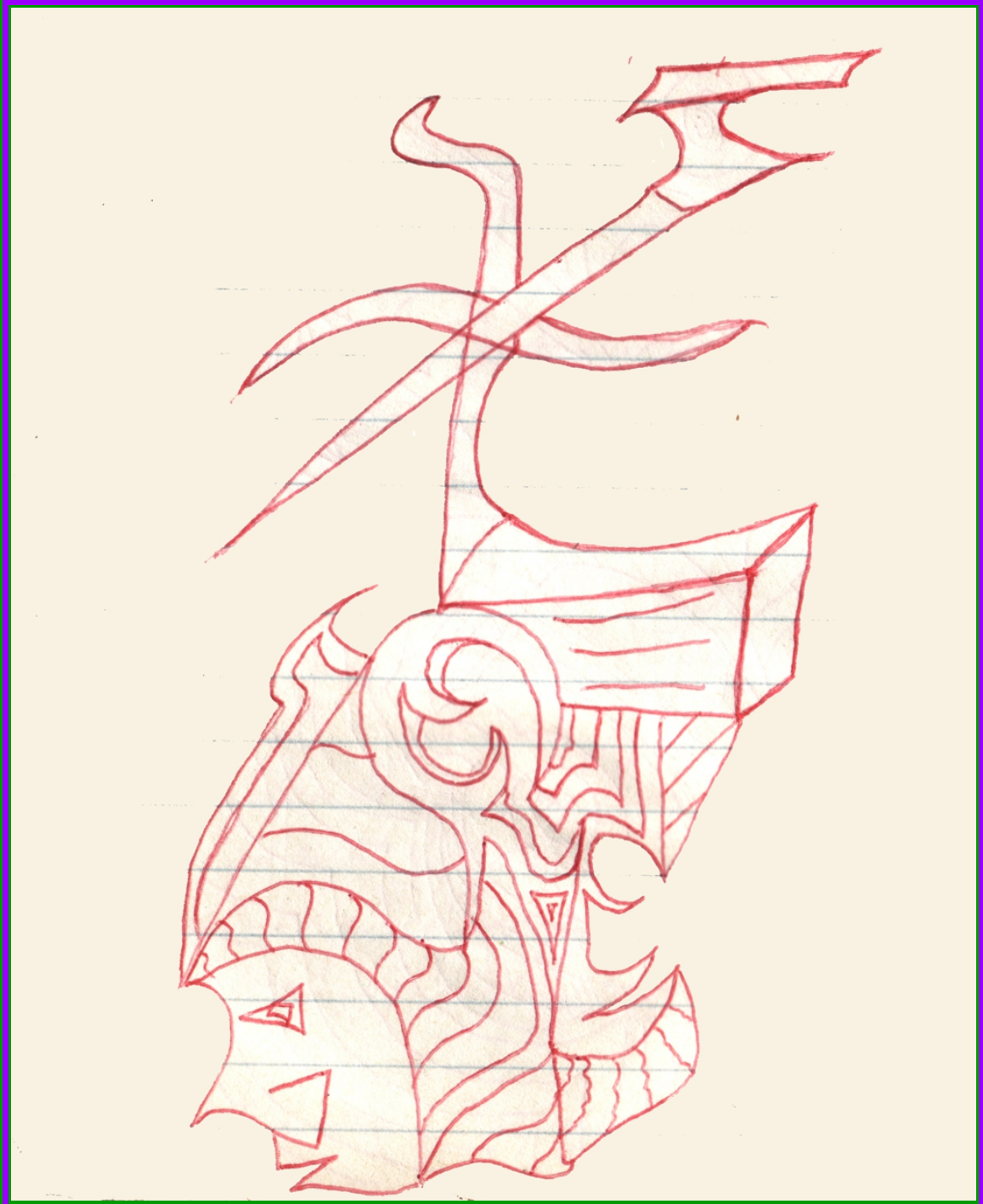
Keep it in mind, for it is all you have
Spoken in nightmares of the world
We are one, you and I
We are infinite sky

Turning off, to listen to what's around
Layering in, an almost ghostly sound
Joining the network of human mind
Our pains are shared, joys redefined

Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa



Calculate a verdict, let it's sum move around
Fostered from a chamber of seeds and sounds
Talk around and fall into the day
For everything is flammable, so they say





Sheltering inside a flow of thought mutations
Dreaming of the onward call
Leaving behind a dark angel
Melting away into towers of nations

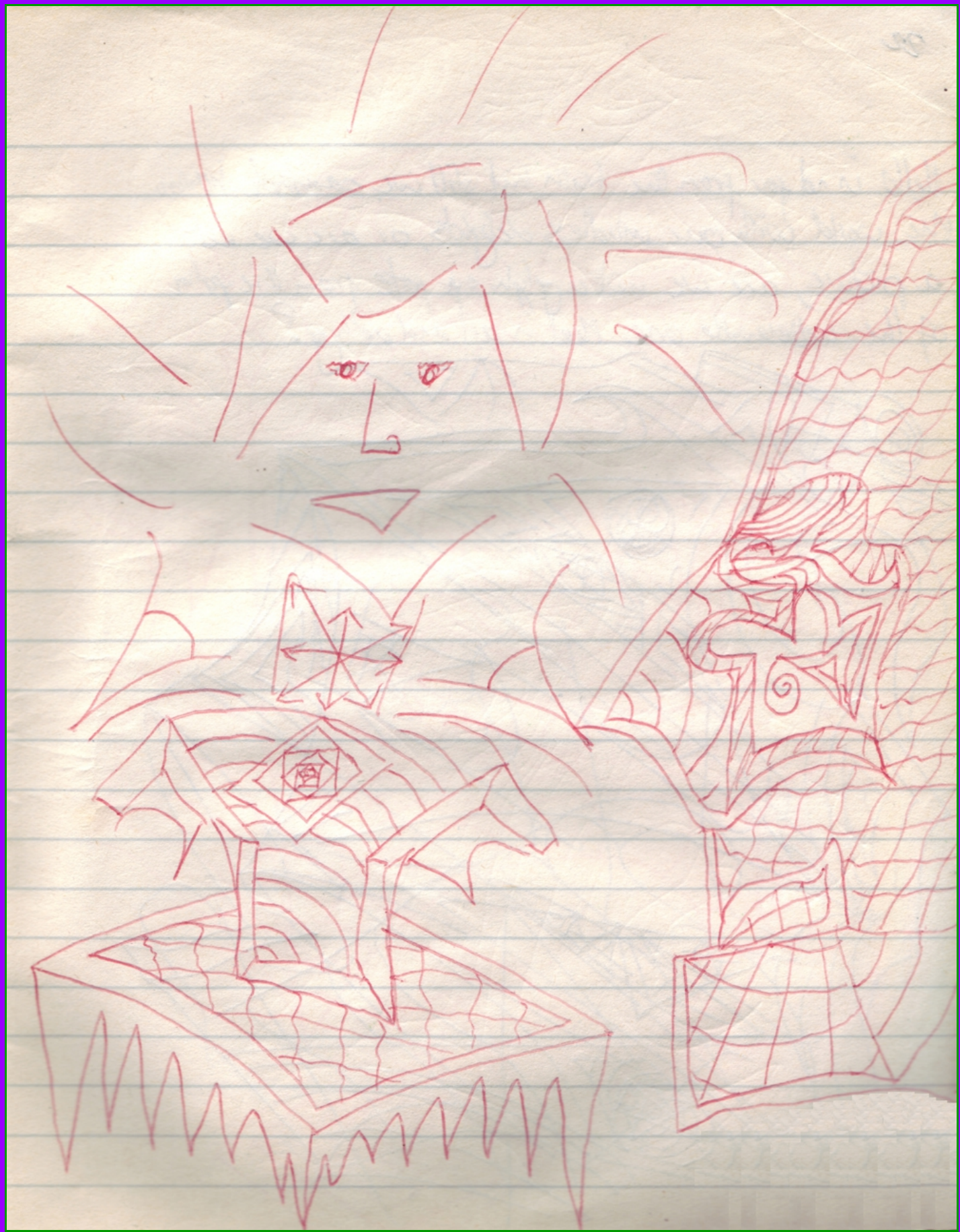
Calling to the wall, does it remember my name?
Decaying in the darkness land
Echoed in tangents
Intersections of the human mind



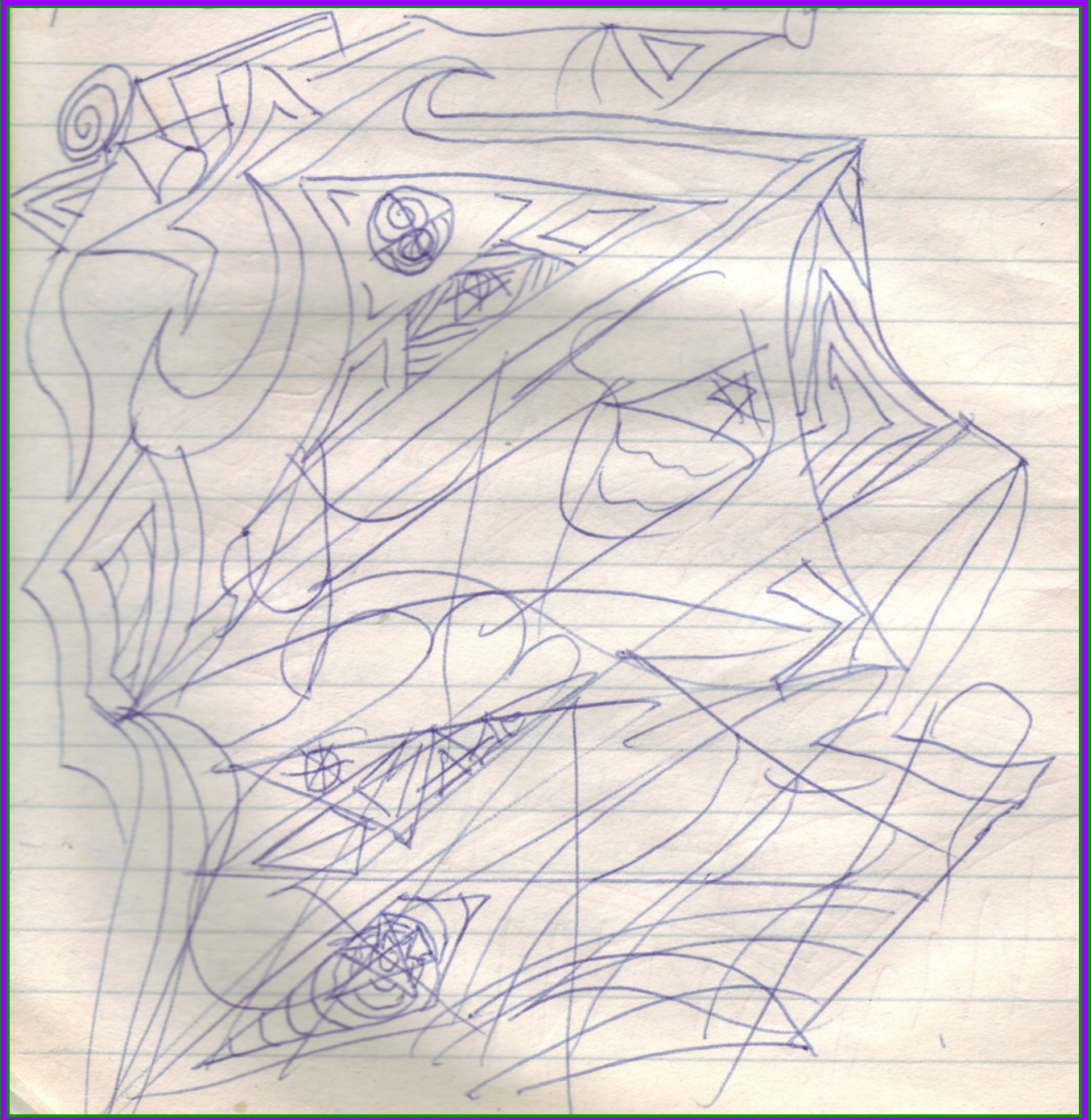
Will I fall? Will eye die?
Can they know? Will they try?
Is this the end of a long march into the world of endless dreams, that upholds the mind and the silent screams? Is it not here or there or roundabout, the signalled fusions of chaotic insight?

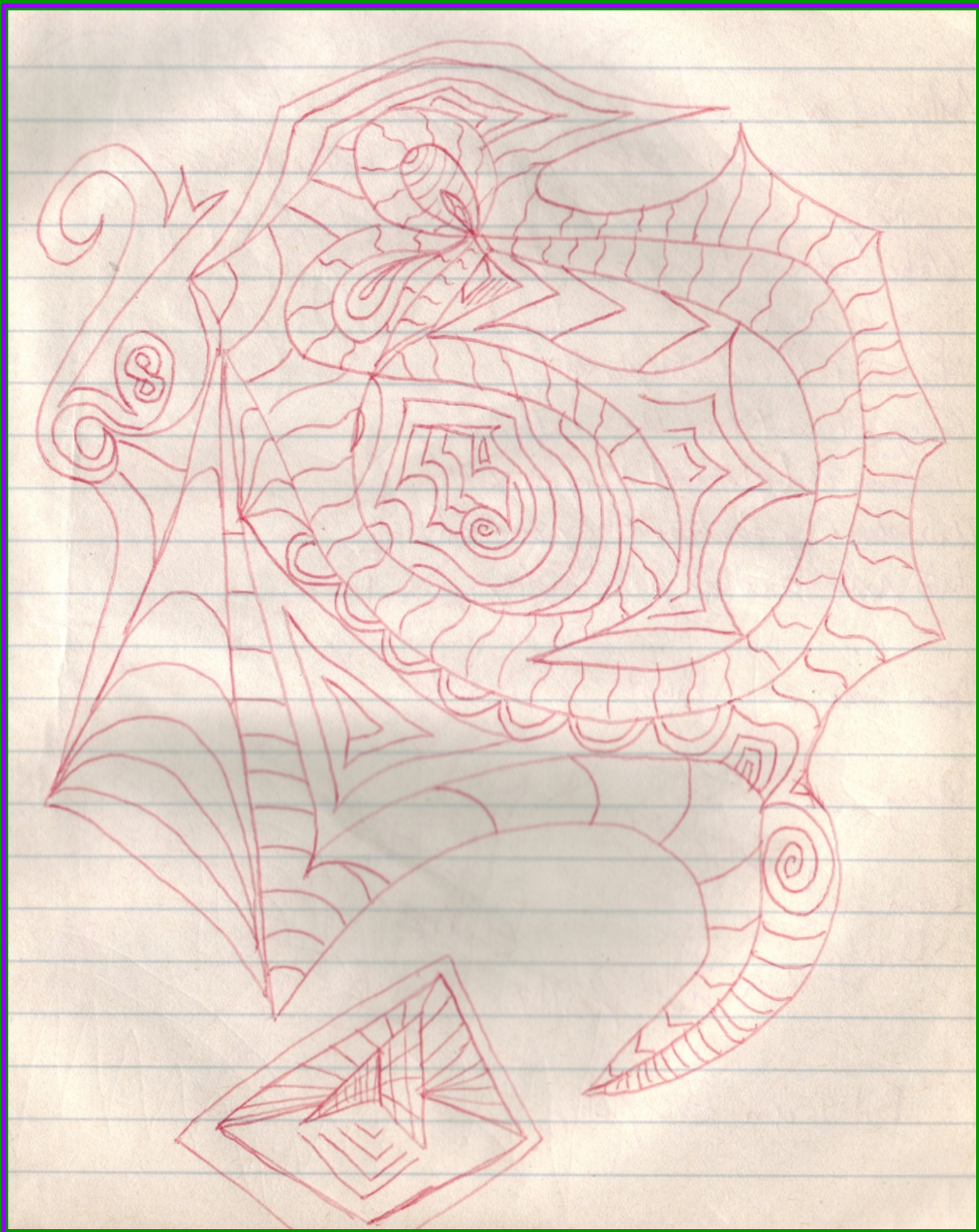
Forever calls away the time
Into regions and lands sublime
Never deceased, never released
Is it too much? Is it too fast?





Hello is not far from the truth but we still cannot harm the world with our mindless delights. Or are we not a picture, are we not a glyph of fate from the palm of the unbelievable one that is all and nothing?





Anti-grated for the withstanding lot, who upon a newer, new dream, fell into the pit and bathed their misgivings.

Unbelievers went insane

Dogs barked

Muses felt the whiplash

Gingered and lost, they fell away

Forgiven and cleansed, they rose

Unhindered by shadows, they walked

Into another perfect day

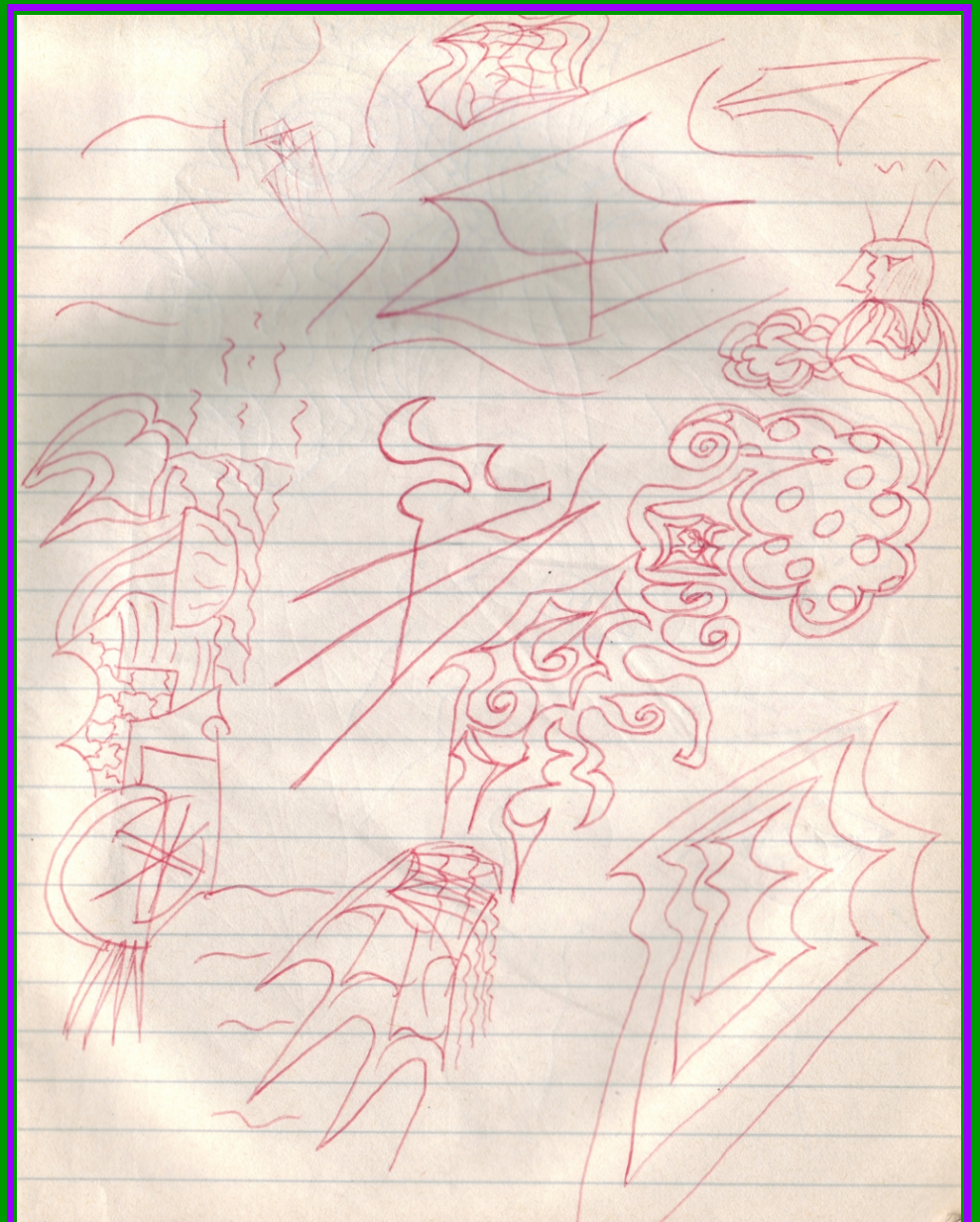
Open me, see what is inside

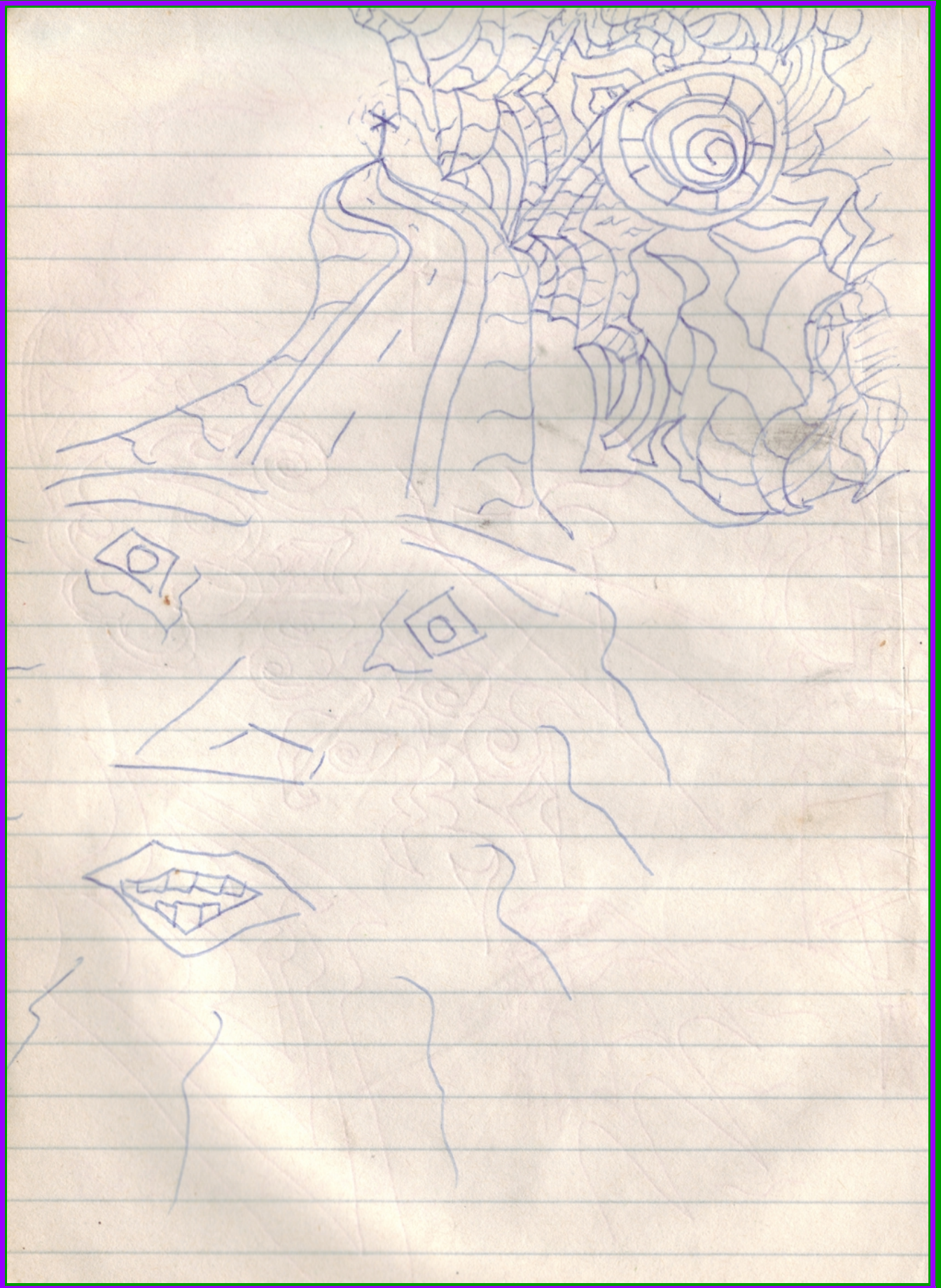
Lifting

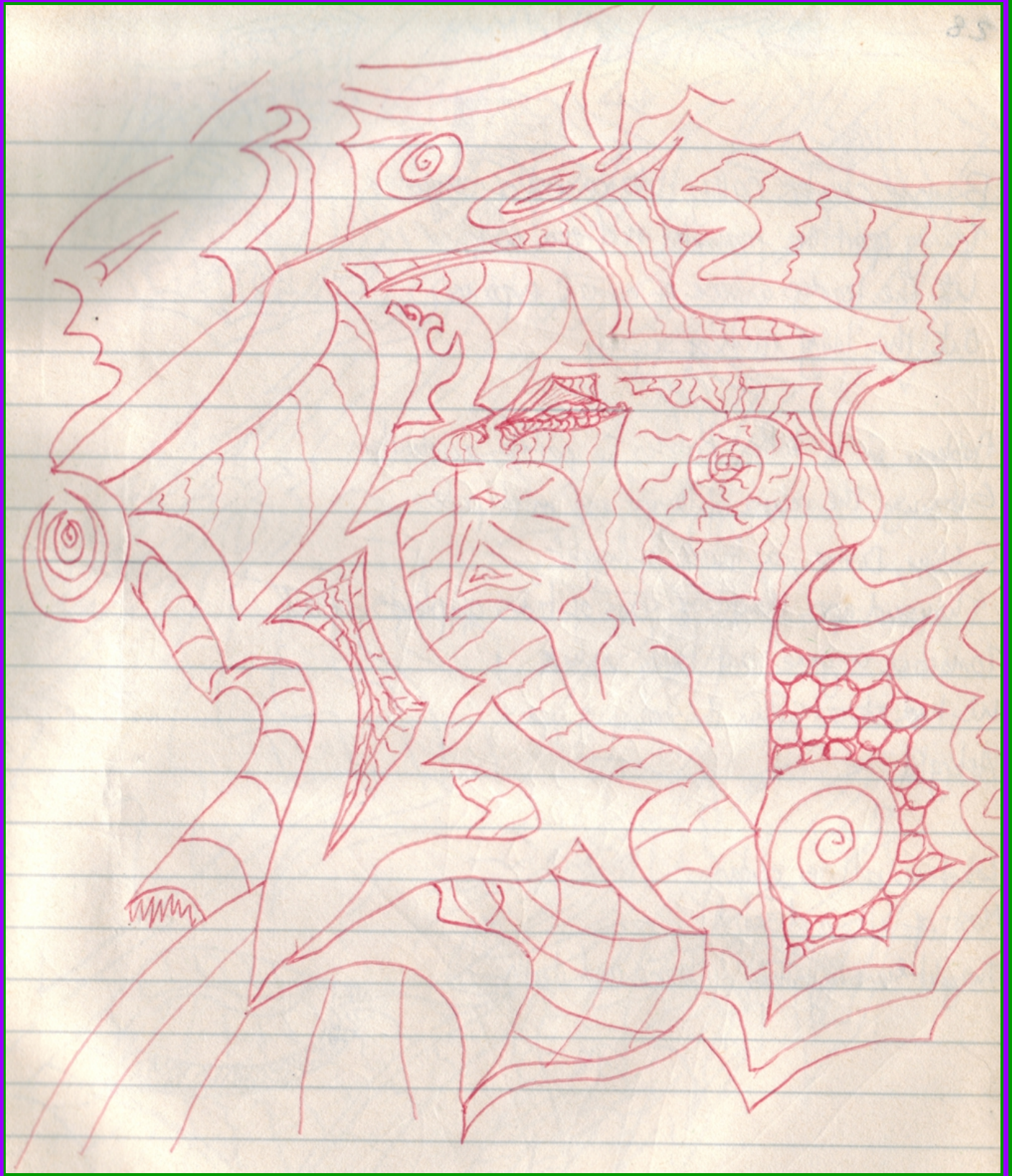
I am not really here

But I am not really there

But I am Everywhere



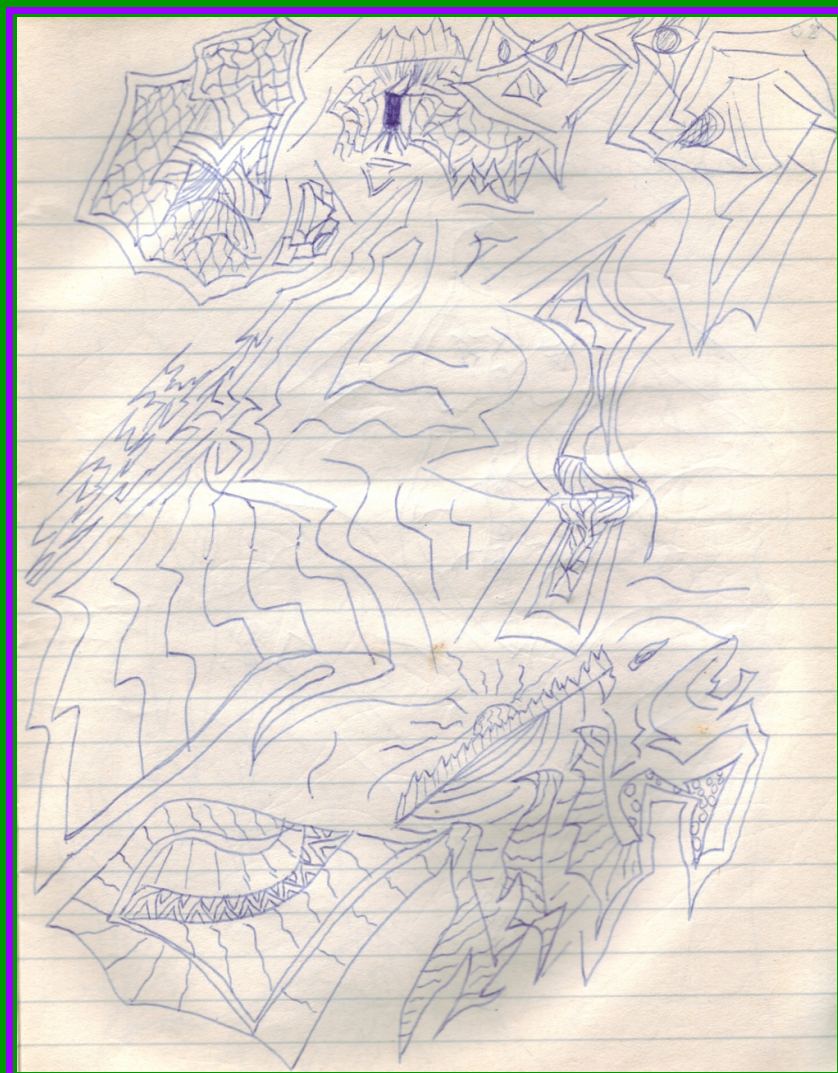


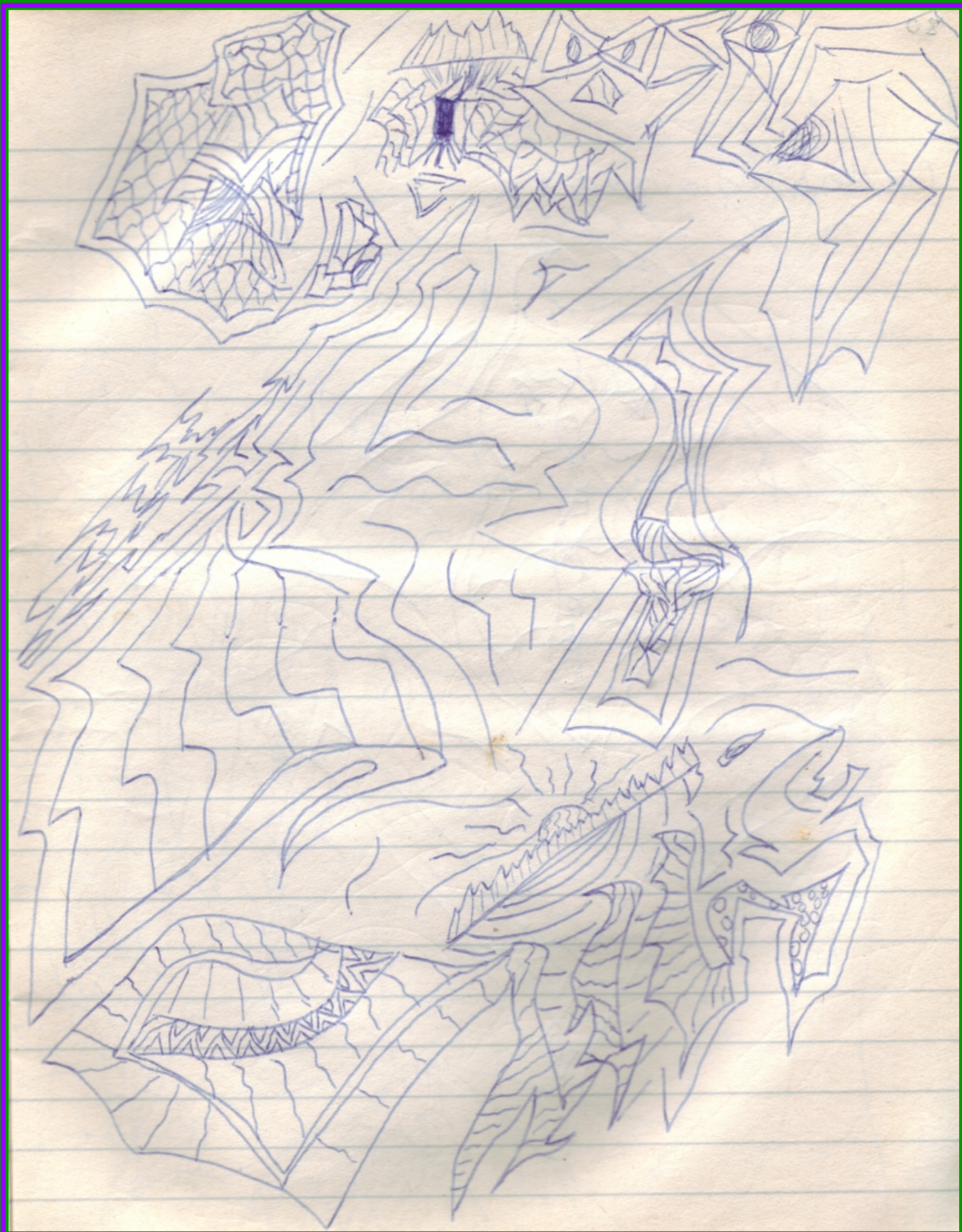


Bygone chapters calling into a well of confusion
Tearing apart the fragmented mind of a watcher
Into the teardrop universe of human expanse
Onto the living mind of Infinity

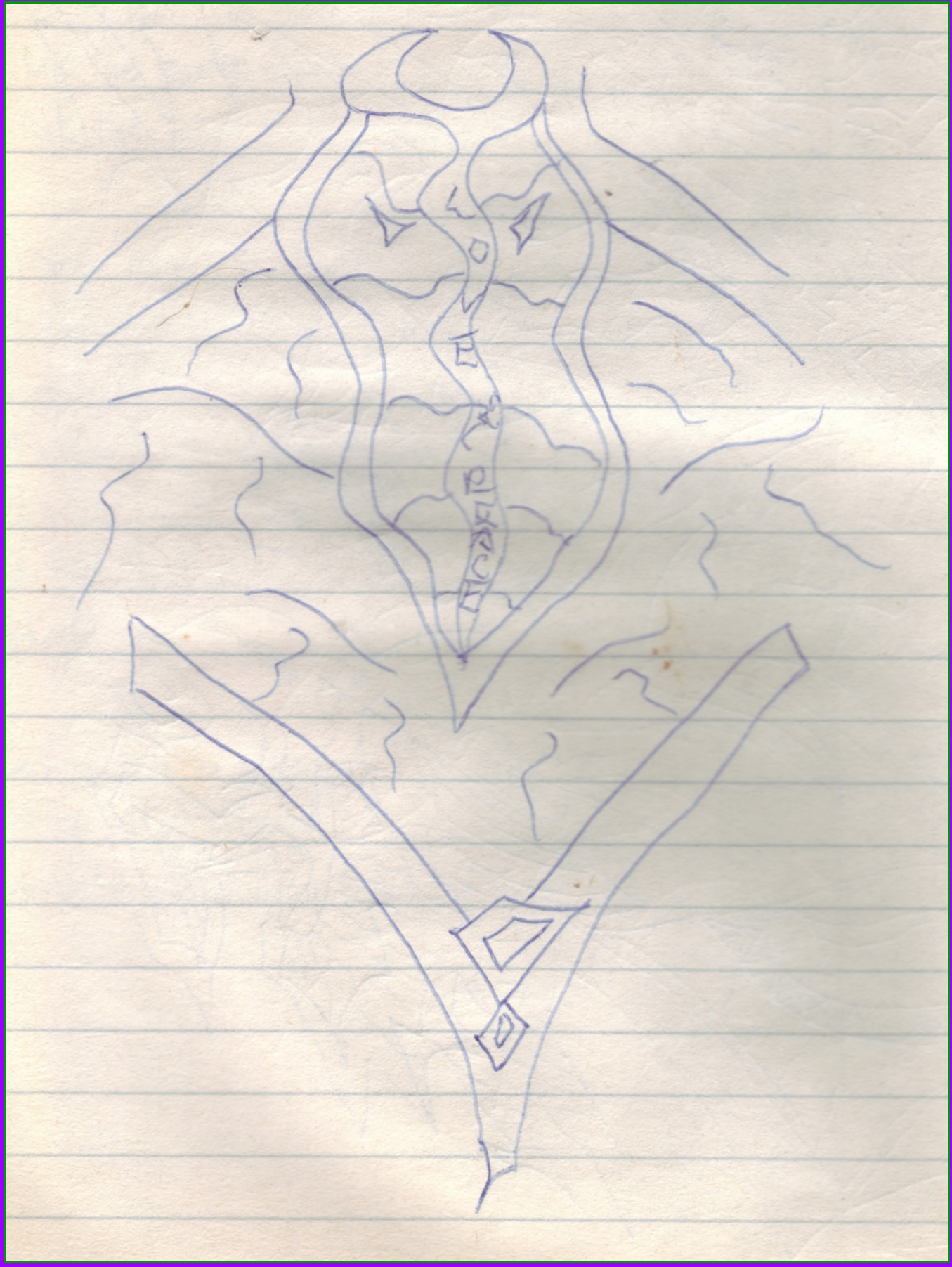
Problems in a bitter puzzle in particle acceleration
Continuing the relapse of thought and mind probes
Sublime, Divine, a heaven of thought
Thousand upon thought of years of times of planets of all
Tomorrow is gone but today is here
We lived eternal, within the streams of years
Afterglid

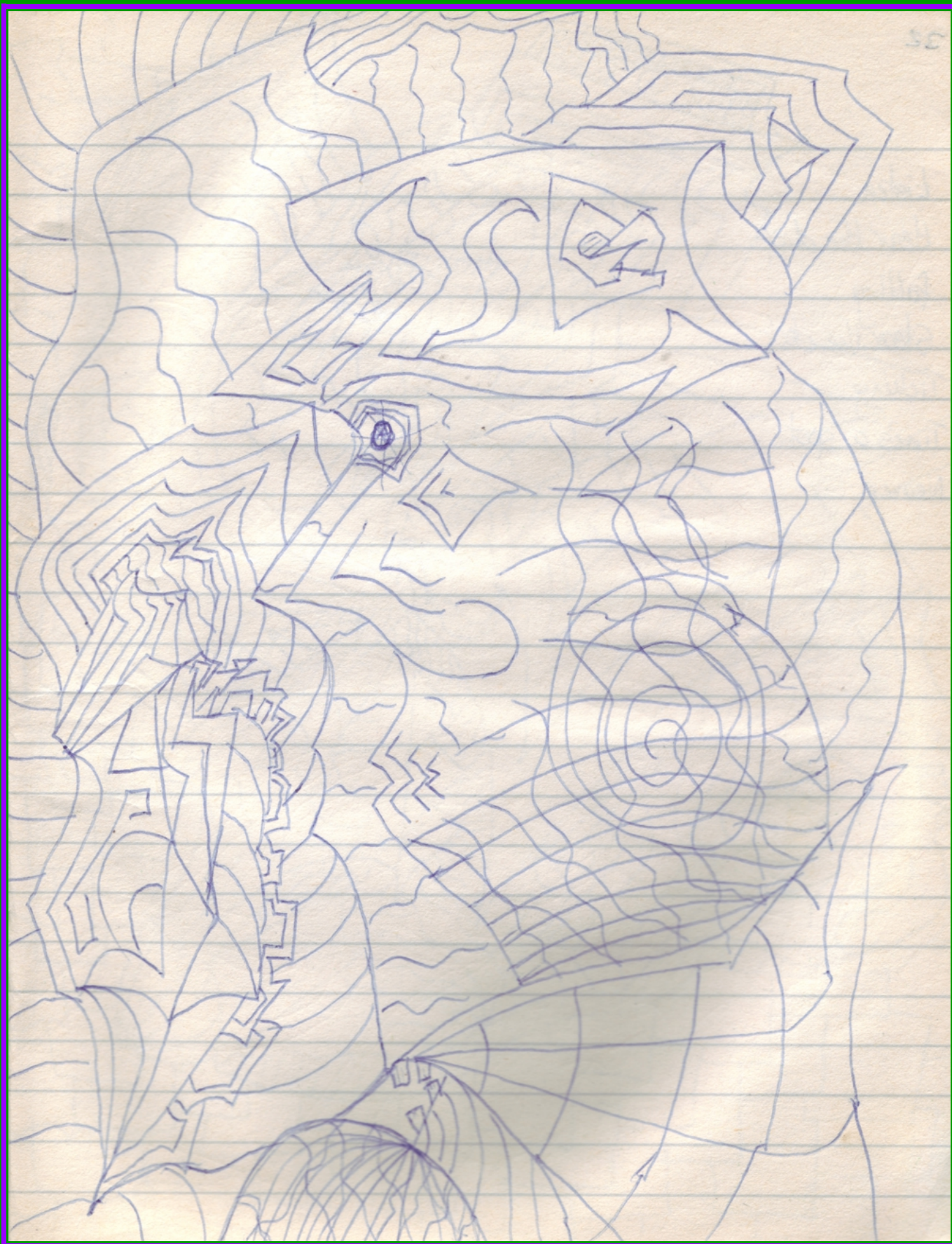
Least of all is chaos
Most of all is discord
Thought translations of peace and death



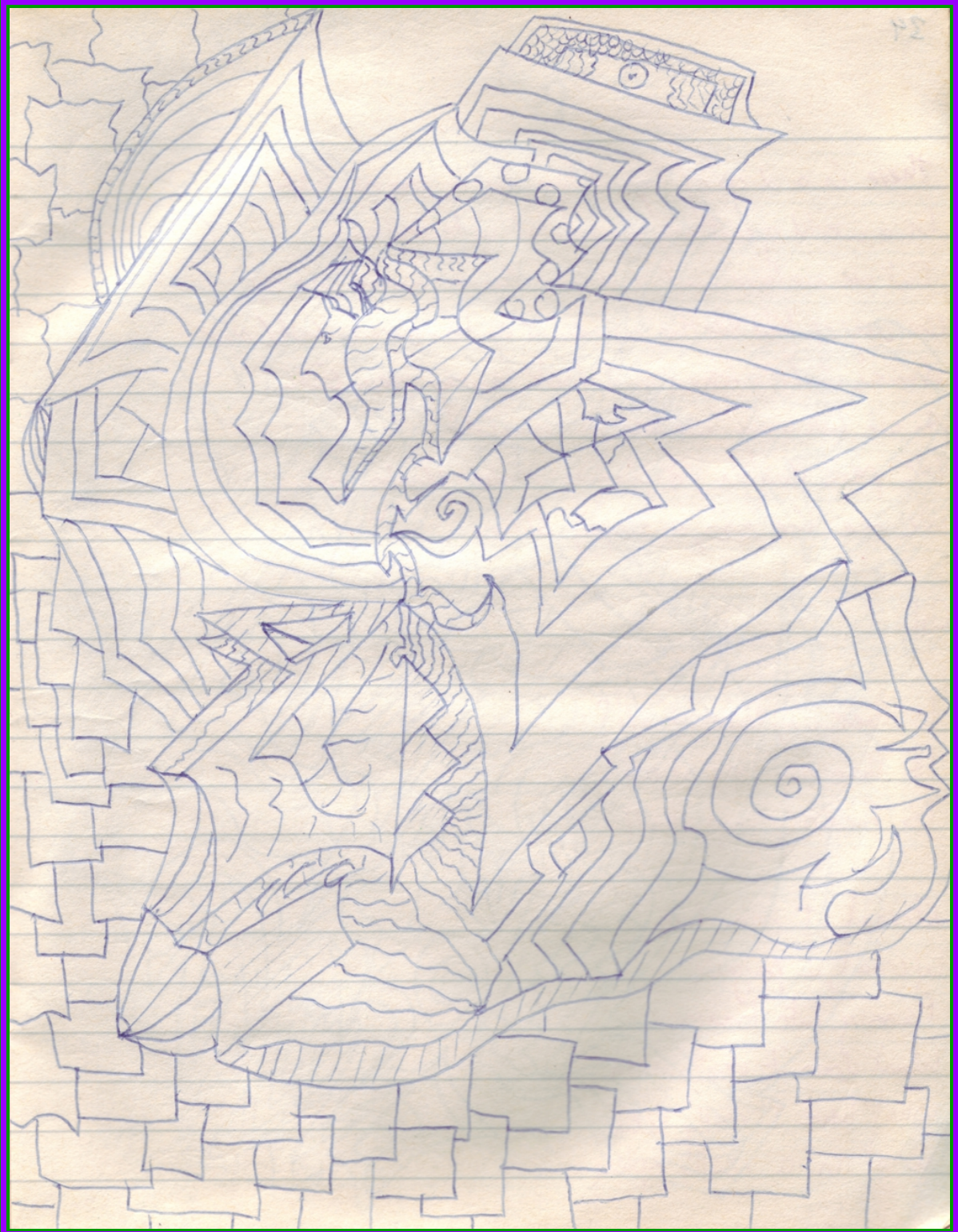


Love the universe in it's entirety





Listen
Hear the drop
Falling
Steer the clock
Ticking
Time's a spot
Nearer



There is a drop of liquid life in a sea of light
In a world of untimely accidental intersections

But we are here and we are there and we, of the way of light, see the windows of
tomorrow, hold our dreams in little boxes and look away from Earth

As we look away, we see it complete
We pass through, a fleeting flicker, floating freely
We see the zoo, a sleeping slither

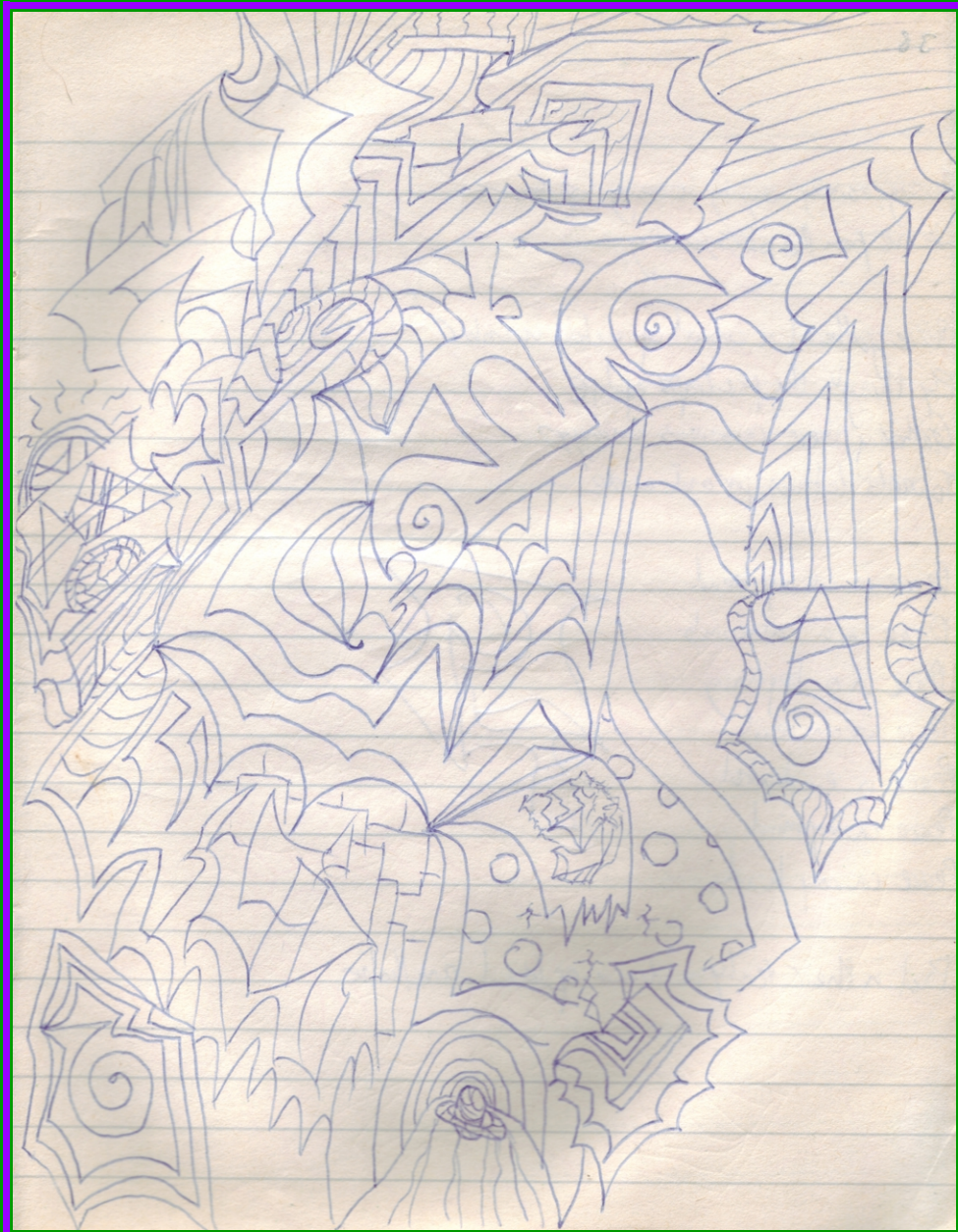
Cal

Is there any hope at all?
Is there any rope at all?
Is there any soap at all?

Eternal, I can live
Infernal, I forgive
Passing into tomorrow
What does it really mean?
What have I really seen?
What is a really spleen?



Threading together a vision of many
Seizing the controls once again
Turning the wheels ever on
Burning, the peeling songs
Flowing into conscious
Other forms of self
Flowing into being
A thousand combinations
Expel, retract
Let live, compact
Forming a new creature
Of many mingled stars

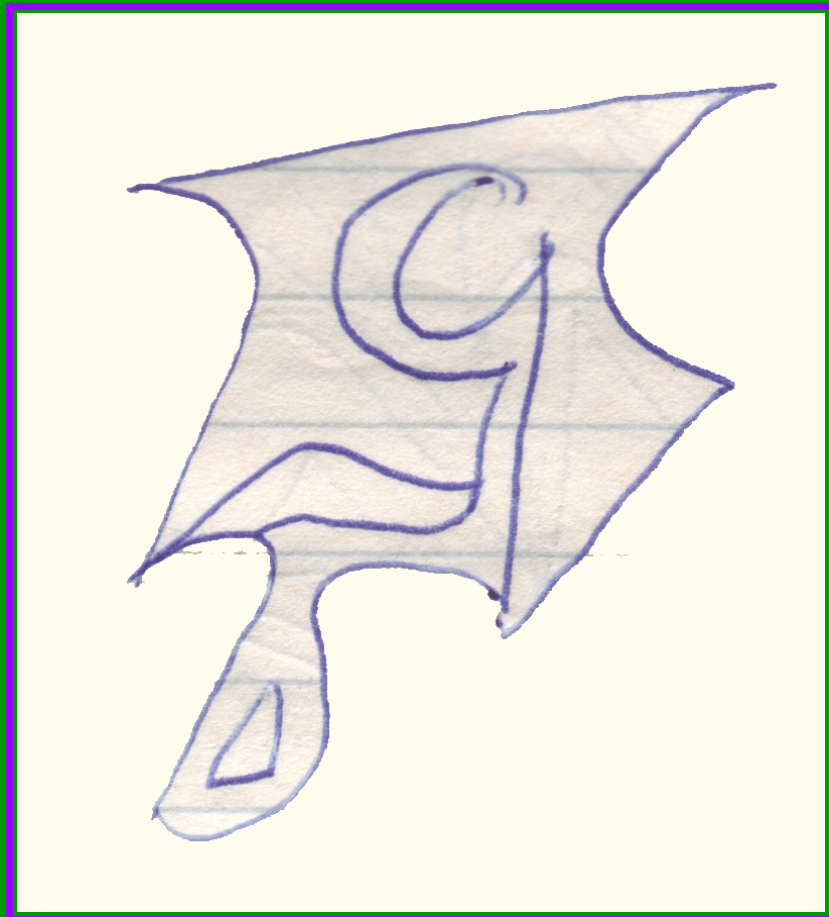


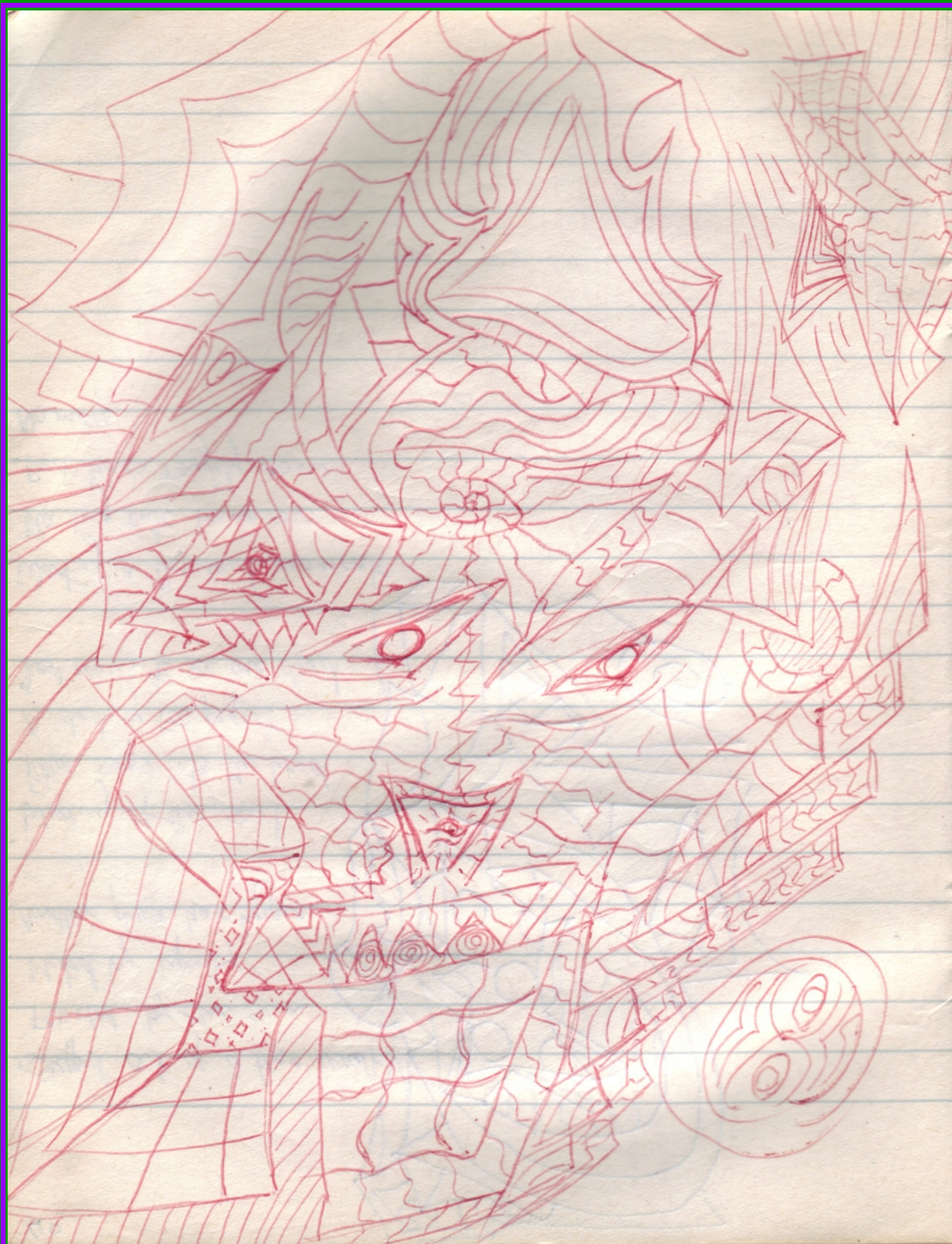
Phasing, raising, saying a song of years
We are from the stars, existing

There gathered a crowd of untold number
Fly through the fire drops of life
Gathering their conscious energies
Towards destinies far and wide

Peace is in my head
Peace is a catacomb
Peace is a beginning
Peace is an end
Peace is existential
Peace in my mind
Peace in my head

But is there really a dream of local anaesthetic?



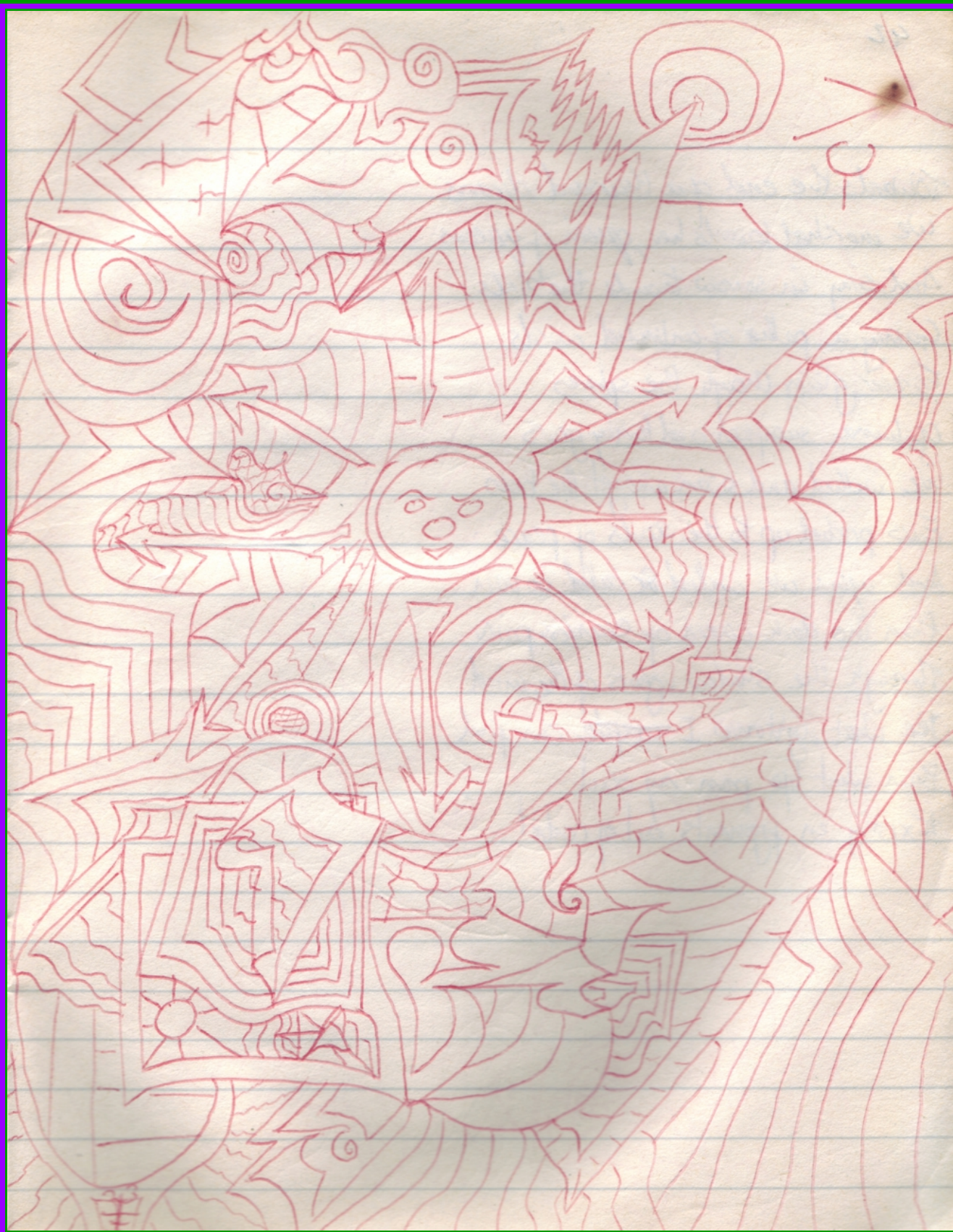


Stepped out of a time vault
Blinded by the Sun
Muted by infinity
Another phase has begun

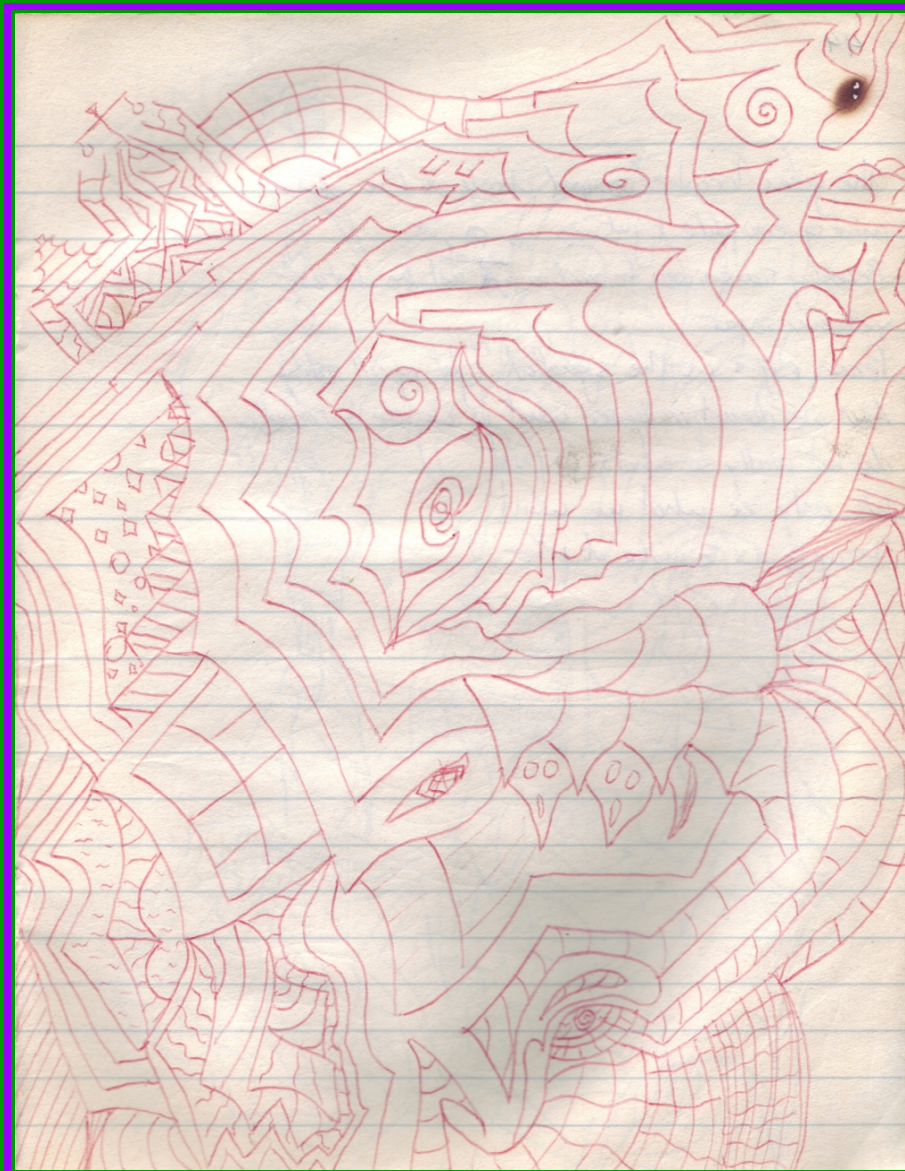
Washing of the soul
Future seeps into the head
A destiny too perfect
Just wants to see me dead

Wasting a thousand moments
Hasting into tomorrow
But time's roughly now
No more

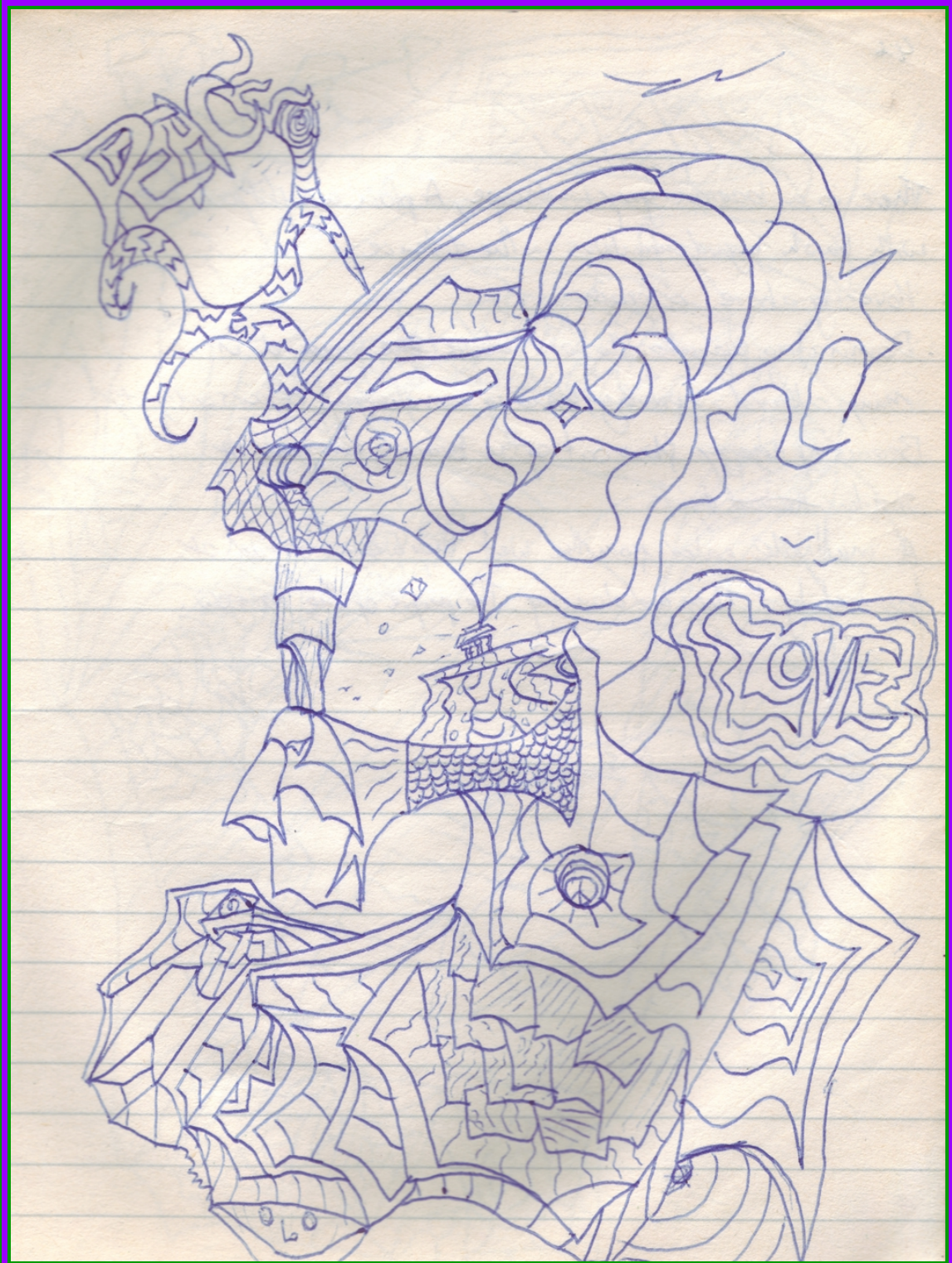




Towards the end of a thousand dreams
We marched toward her, queen of queens
And sing in sorrow towards the birds
Gaining a path of unlimited words
Forever gliding through the spheres
Of human sacrifices and turning gears
We walked and swam amongst the trees
Ears pricked up to the sounds of peace
And again we walked and called in vain
From this dark cavern of ceaseless pain
Through the shadow regions of the mind
See what nightmares I can find
Burn what life from my soul
Existing in figments out of control



The green locust swamped itself in the dying mists of ever-glade light
Beholding transmission toward an end, not too distant yet ever so far
Peace reigns in the signalled light of all reality
And we do not really see what is inside but we
Do not really see what's in front
We only see what we want
It's up to us to make it fit



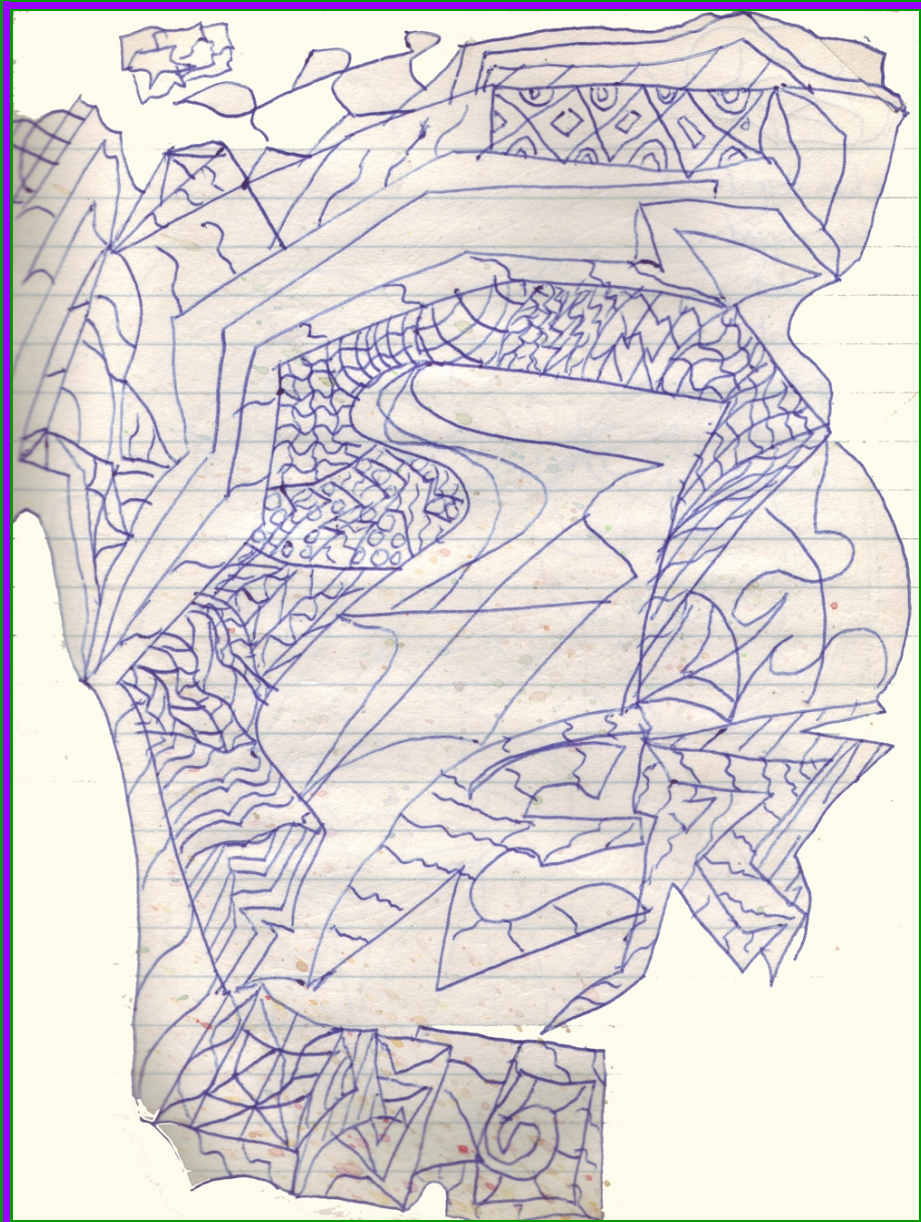
There is a barren grey landscape, a place as flat as ice, with harsh jagged mountains in the distance.

Hovering above, a brain.

Dominating the air above, it is many coloured. Spiralling, blending, ever-changing colours of light.

Beams of energy flow out of the brain, energies of similar lights.

A multitude enter from the west. They are a myriad of spectral light. They are dancing. The people of the rainbow.



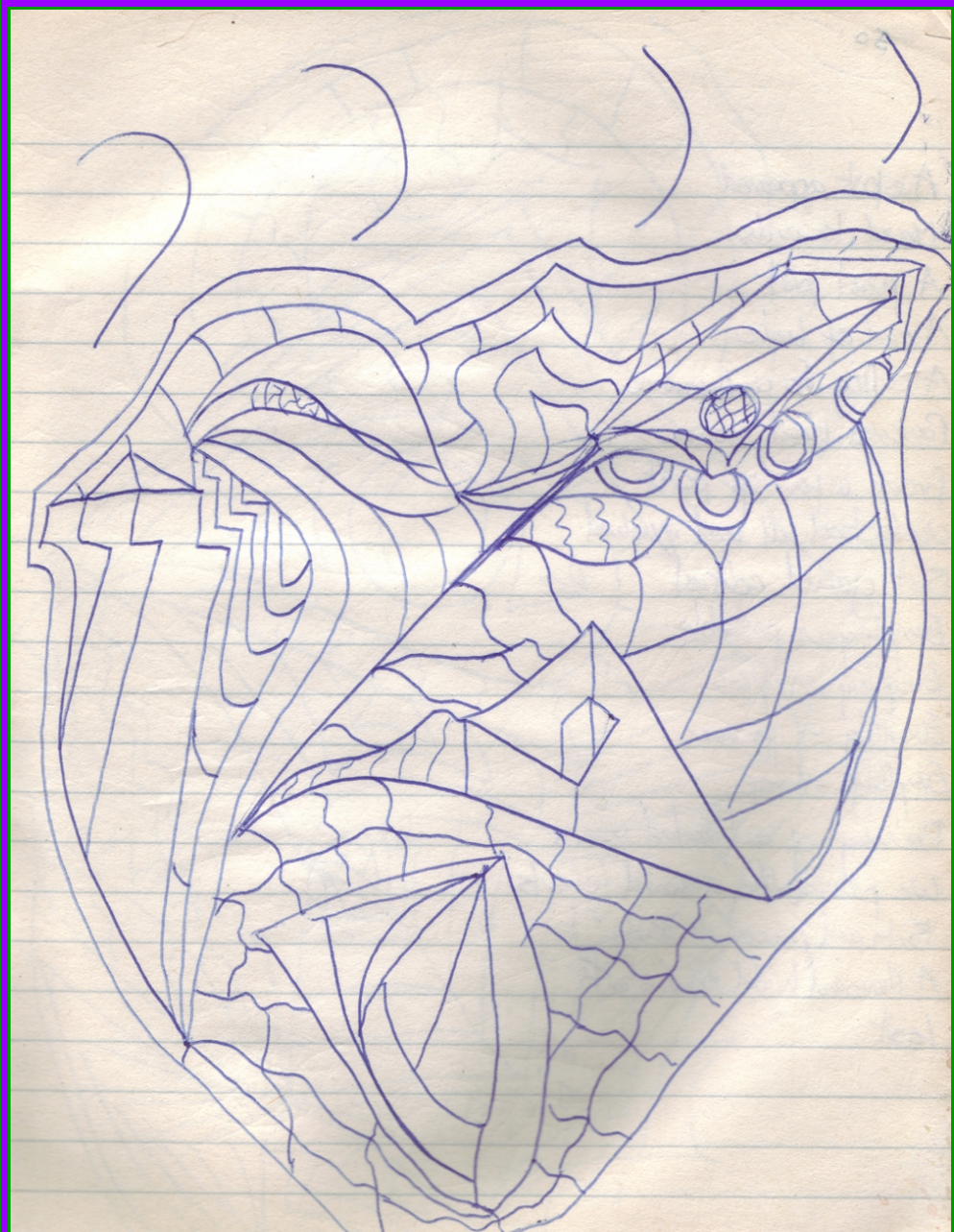


Time has stopped

Time has popped

Times a dot

Times are hot



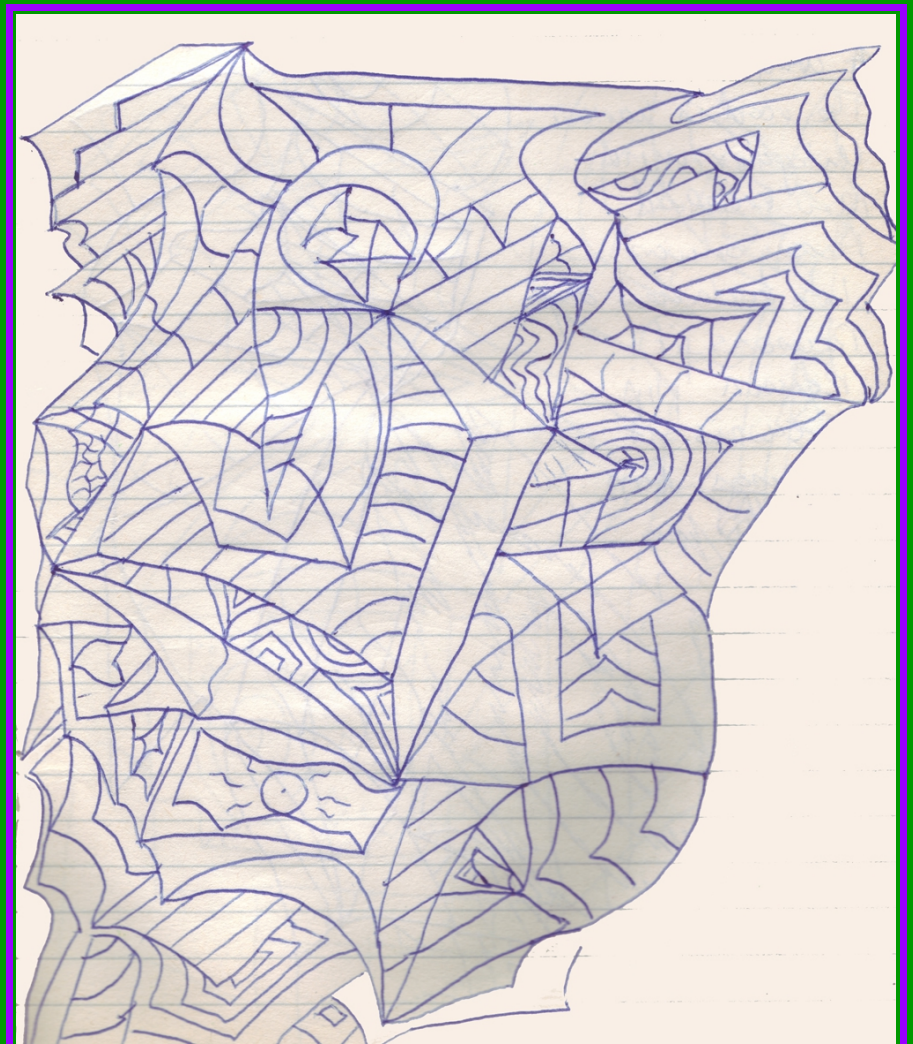
A spot appeared
Moved towards
A final plot
An end of hate
A calling to unknown
Pastures that, sown
From a far off point
Understood all and quaked
But gained control
Everything is possible
Everything is free
Everything is forever
Everything is me
Dreaming of antiquated years
We past the onward charts
Bits and pieces missing
A thousand brand new starts
Lost



A starlit plain loomed into the horizon and passed for a mirage. It was within that
is without but far and wide there is a map
Of the universe and it's phasing streams
That upholds of light and calls for the end
Of another and the start of another
The call of the wind
The draw of it all
It's all the same
I'm becoming a bore
I'm becoming a law
Law is all
But law is dead

Thousand upon thousand of phasing stars tried to hold onto their sanities, not
realising that they never lost it in the first place, but were adventurers of a
signalled path.

Gliding by, a passing whisper
Riding high, a missing sister

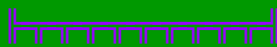


A dried sparrow
The road is narrow
Untogether mind
Now redefined
Passing onward
Into each new day
Reasons fit
Reason flip
Reasons sit
Reason trip

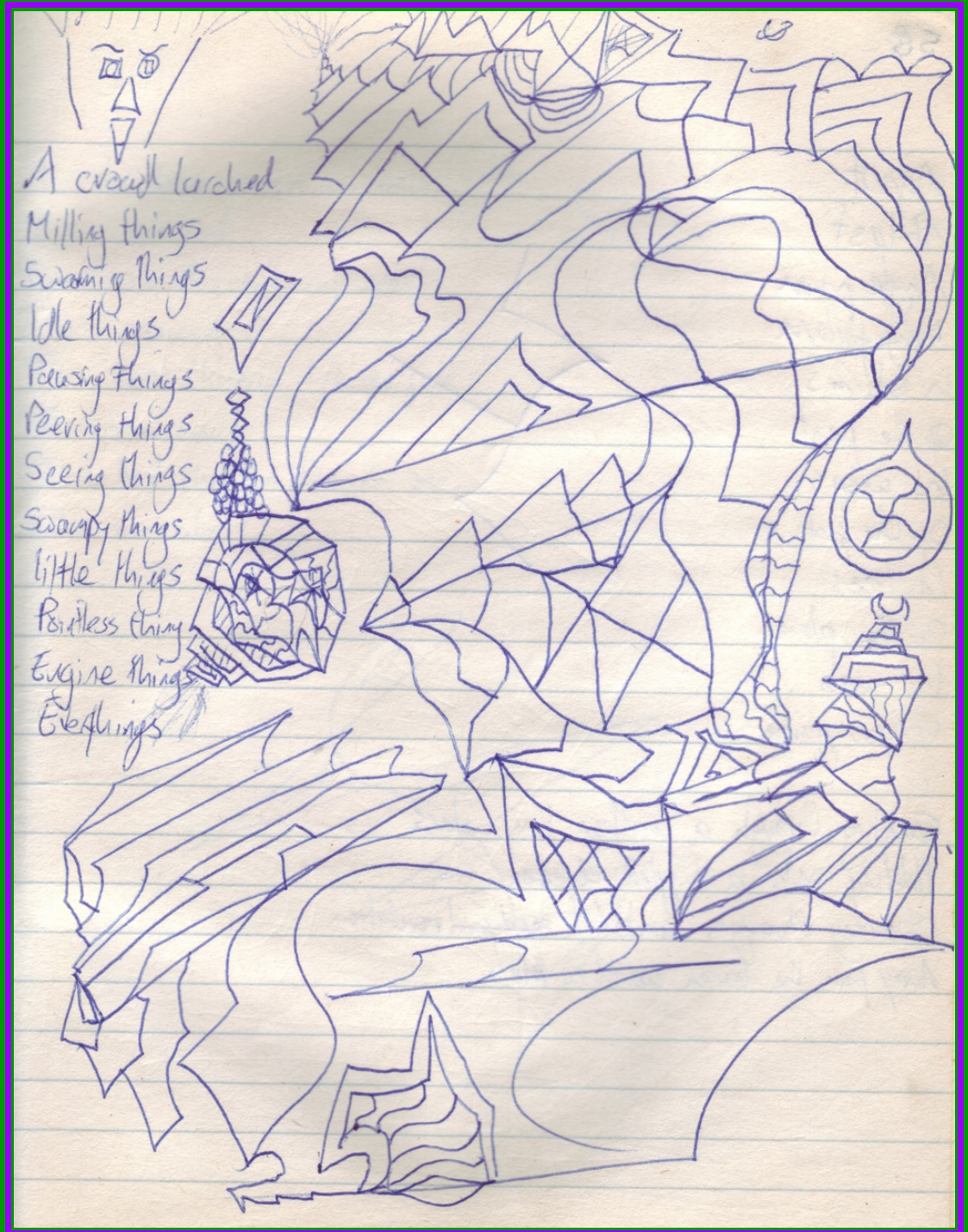




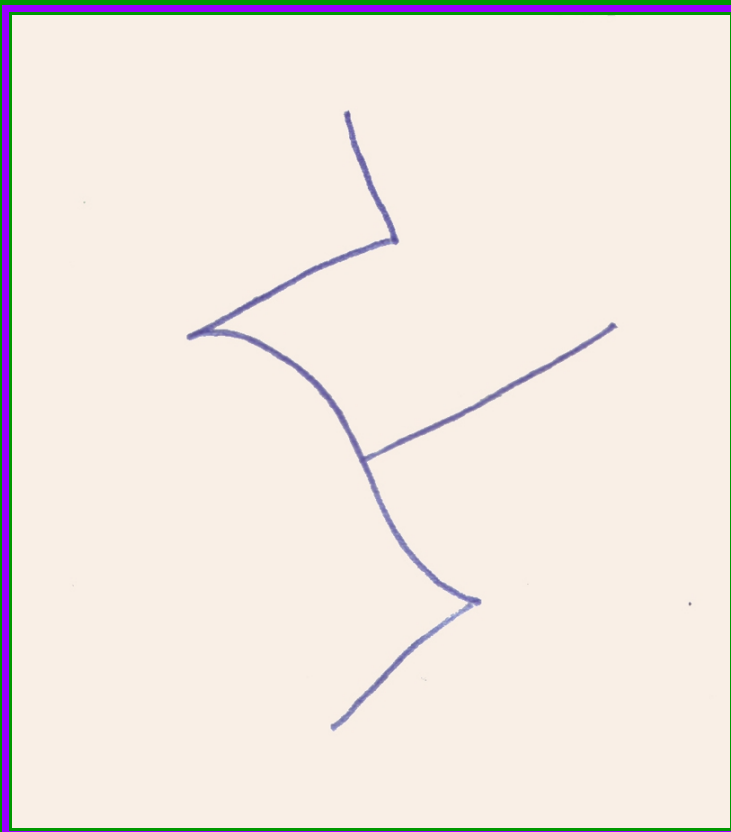
A forever lantern danced upon the table
While a spaniel leaped from a time cable
Ignored but reward is able
To fathom a pit from a tide
To walk alone for a while
To see the world with a smile
To fall away into endlessness
To see a cry from a wasted mess
To hold the key and let it slip
To pass through reason's iron grip
To walk around in the mind
To listen to the rest of humankind
But inside is not here
But inside just disappeared
But outside walk around
But everything is layered sound
But calling away to a home on a hill
But fall each day to the tread-water mill
But watching it all each new day
But staying away with all in May
Around and around we go



A crowd lurched
Milling things
Swarming things
Idle things
Pausing things
Peering things
Seeing things
Swampy things
Little things
Pointless thing
Engine things
Everythings

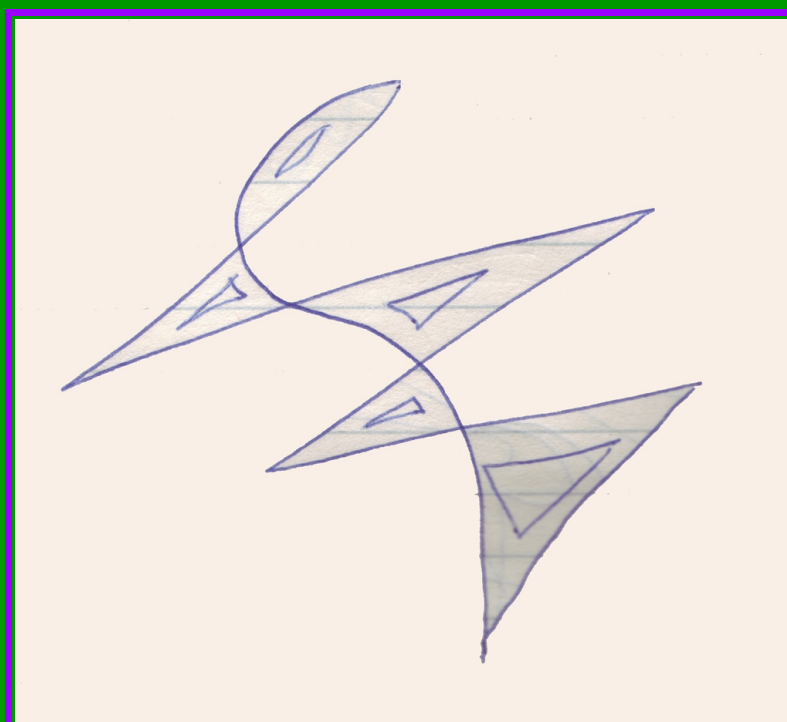


Aghast
At last
Angle pawn
Living forlorn
In storms
Of the past
In wisps
Of the fast
In trees
Of the plane
In seas
Of our game



Counting through a million tiny stars
Holding onto a tingled dream
Soaring through untold revelation
Away from the barren world of Mars

A spider has woven a web
I am ensnared
Dance around inside my head
I am ensnared
The best things in life are free
Someone said
The best thing in life is me
I am dead

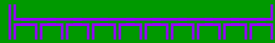
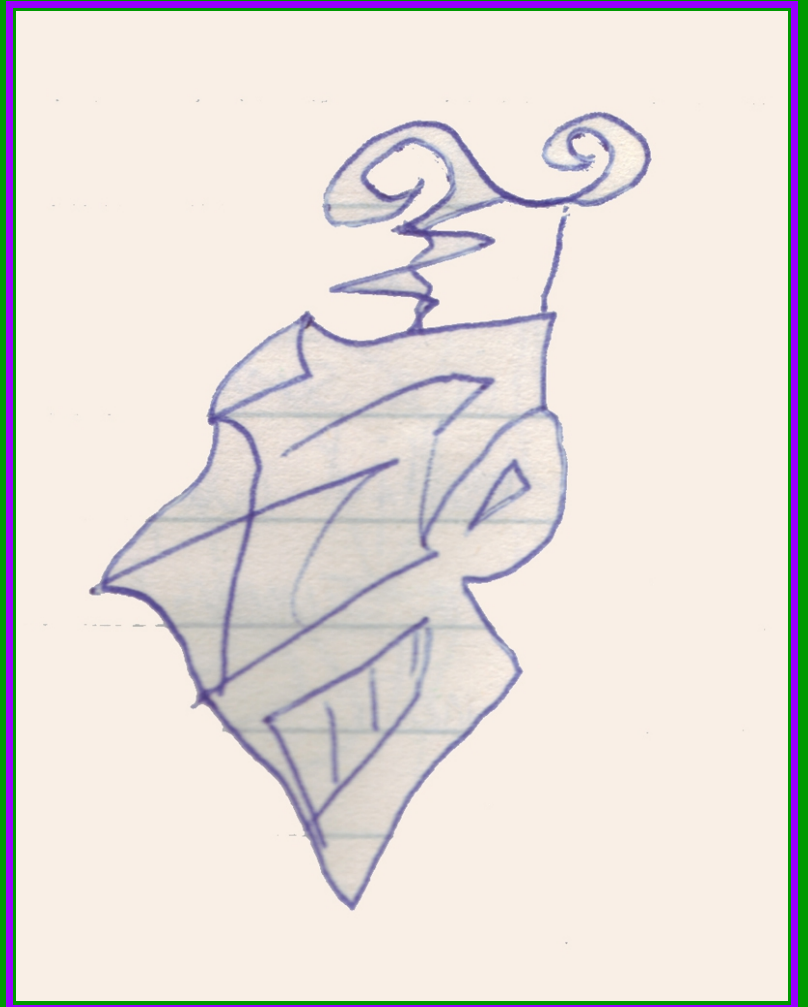


Uphold the celestial dawning of new dimension
Revolving round the circles of the hyper-spheres
Recalling memory of a time that wasn't
Setting the controls for the heart of the Sun
Phasing in and out
Pacing roundabout
Click
Circles have bits missing
But the missing bits are
From outside
Freedom comes from outside
Nothing has something
Just something
That's locked inside of me



Time
Who
First
Thought
Of
It
They must have been insane

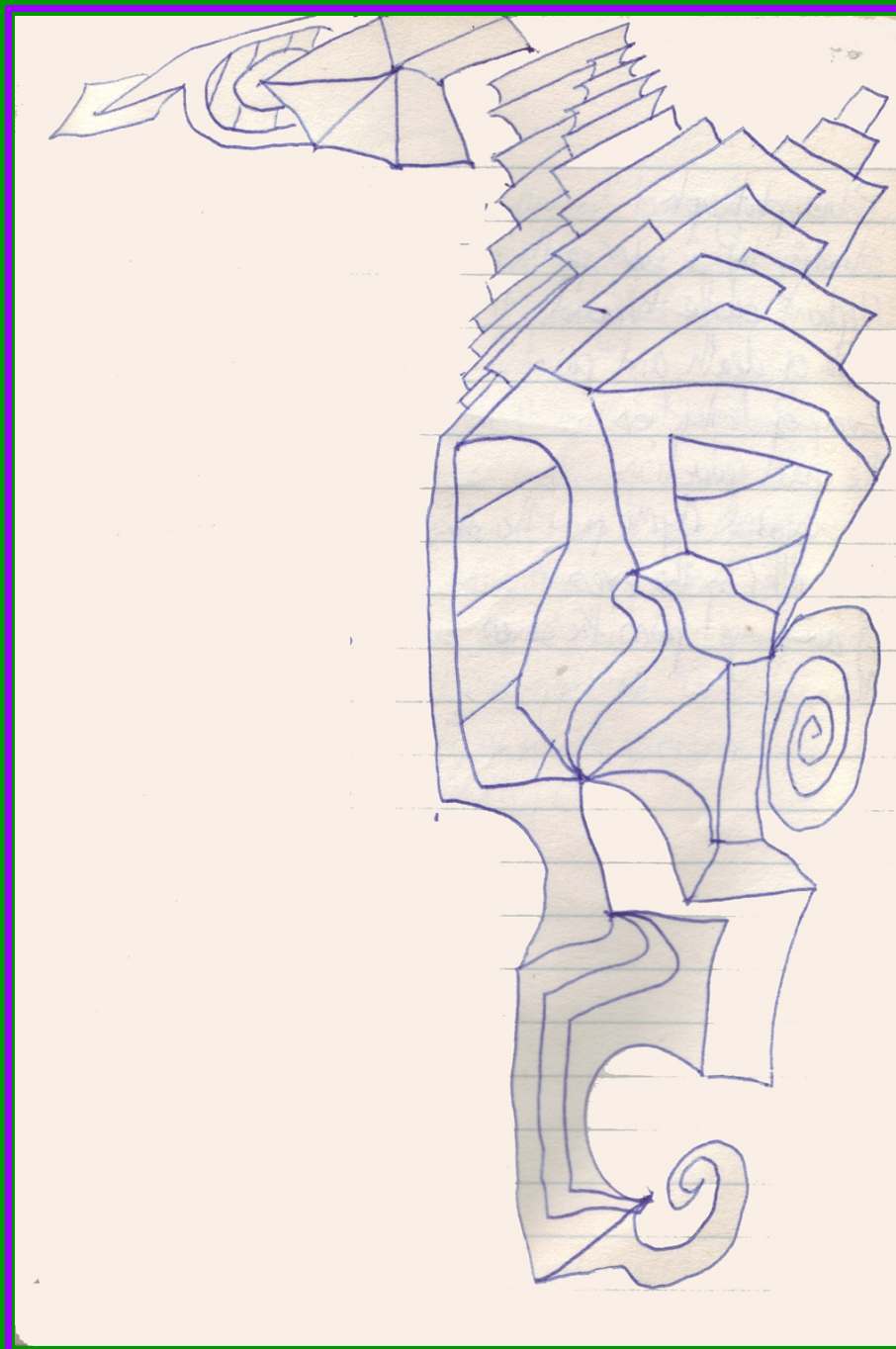
Chronological skyway, said the light
Evening drops of astral light
Too much inside is dripping off
Me, but can you see
That what drips
Is a fathomless, infinite mass
Of anything you want
Assume, presume
In the Astral Seas of Chaos
Imagination is the only boundary



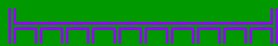
A pit, in which I sat
A dark, mysterious cavern
Chunks of flesh hang on the
Walls and all around
My mouth murmurs, but there
Is no sound, just ticking over
Throughout the End of Time
Without the nursery rhyme
Without the world sublime
O woe, O woe
My mind thinks of snow
But it is a sunny day
Another beautiful way
To spend a summer's day
But it's not
I am not
I am hot
The cosmic plot
Thickens
Congeals
And peels, away

They said that a dream is a beginning
Is a light a passing shadow?
Is a key a passing meadow?
Anyone can see what's really there
A passing illusion, free from care
A phasing solution from everywhere
Did we really leave life to find death?
Did we really watch under His icy breath?
Celestial terrestrials from the stars?
Or a misplaced obsession

Can you tell me if it's in my mind?
Or are we a separate segment of humankind?
Is there any point in wondering?
Just listening to the Earth as she sings
Just waiting to see what fate will bring
Just etching away at what they said
Was reality, but it's just in their heads
Everything is permissible, they said
But can you explain why we are the living dead
Is a key a locked answer?



Picture photograph
Standing by a silver path
Elephant castle brigand
Slave of death and pain
Enemy of distraction
The final reduction
Of savoured rhyme from the mind
Or a glitter in the eyes
Of an angel from the skies
Ahhh...

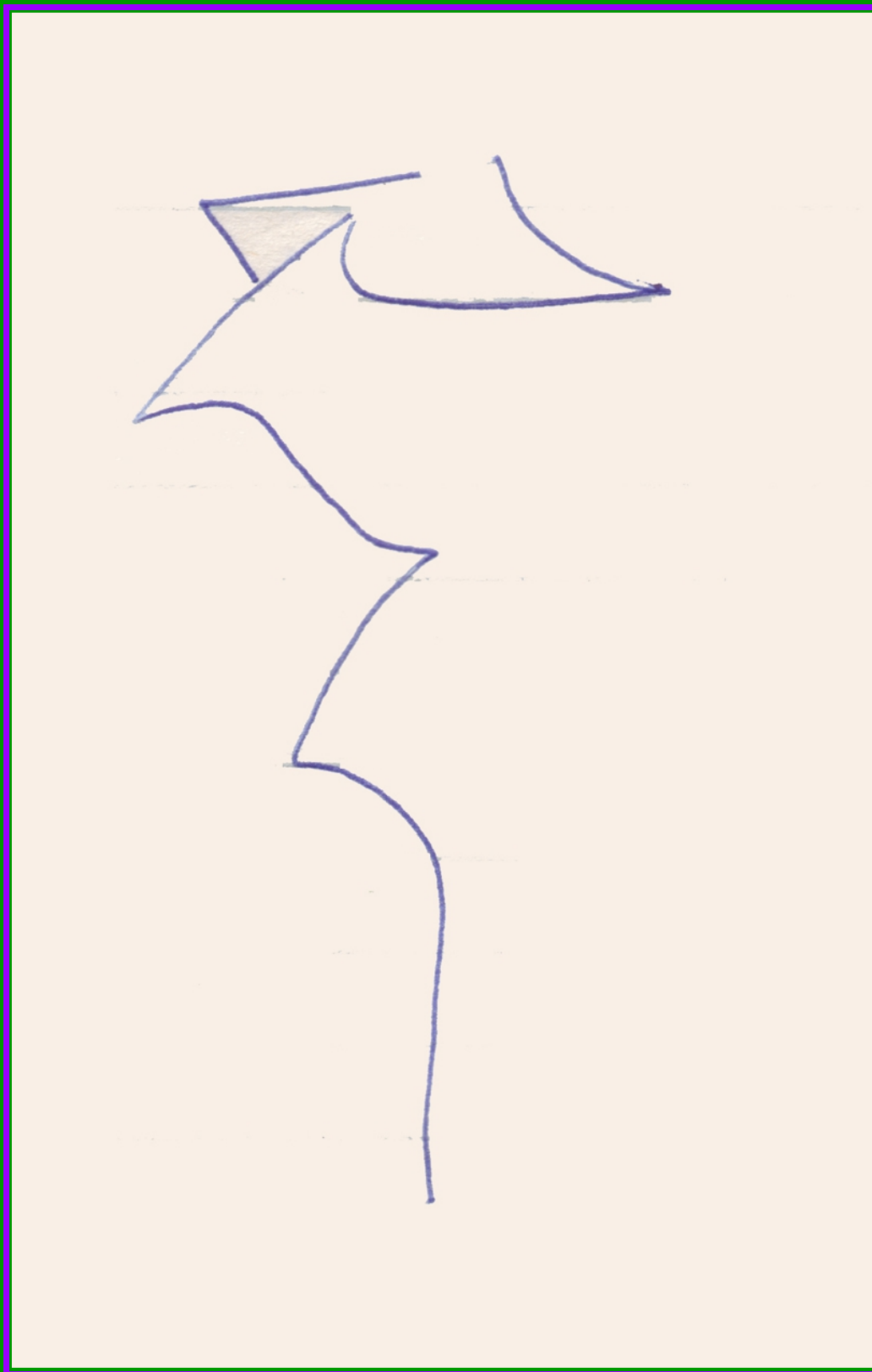


A great giraffe entered the asylum. It peered towards a phantom breeze. Designed, some say, by a strange wolfman. This effigy was bent in the sea breeze. It contained what is really known as God-Head. A shadow tingled.

A centrifugal flow entered the entire idiom. It realised that what was there, was really everywhere and nowhere. Containing a second pit of intermittent spirals, we lurked in shadow regions amongst the murky, creepy, swampy creatures. It is said that a fission is not a path. This is not so. All paths are infinite in their complexities and take a pattern of logic unhindered by a nightmare. There is no greeting in a time honoured passing of wraith creatures.

This is no simplistic game. It is everything
Every time point
Every sign point
Every image of light
Every mirage of sight
Every dream of thought
Every wisdom ever taught
Every knowledge ever known
Every person in every home
Every dream in every book

Everything
But is everything





Is there a Heaven? Is there a Hell?
It's up to you to decide which
Is it really necessary to decide?
There can be no other
Love & Peace

Flammable, yet ice



Weaving webs of endlessness
From a forgotten time
I watched and waited
In lands so sublime
Chaos is in us
It's the only thing
That you can rely on

A fragrant shadow marched through an infinite light. A realm of intrigue loomed out of the alcoves of a quagmire pit. In the distance was a dark sun. A forgotten time sleeper.

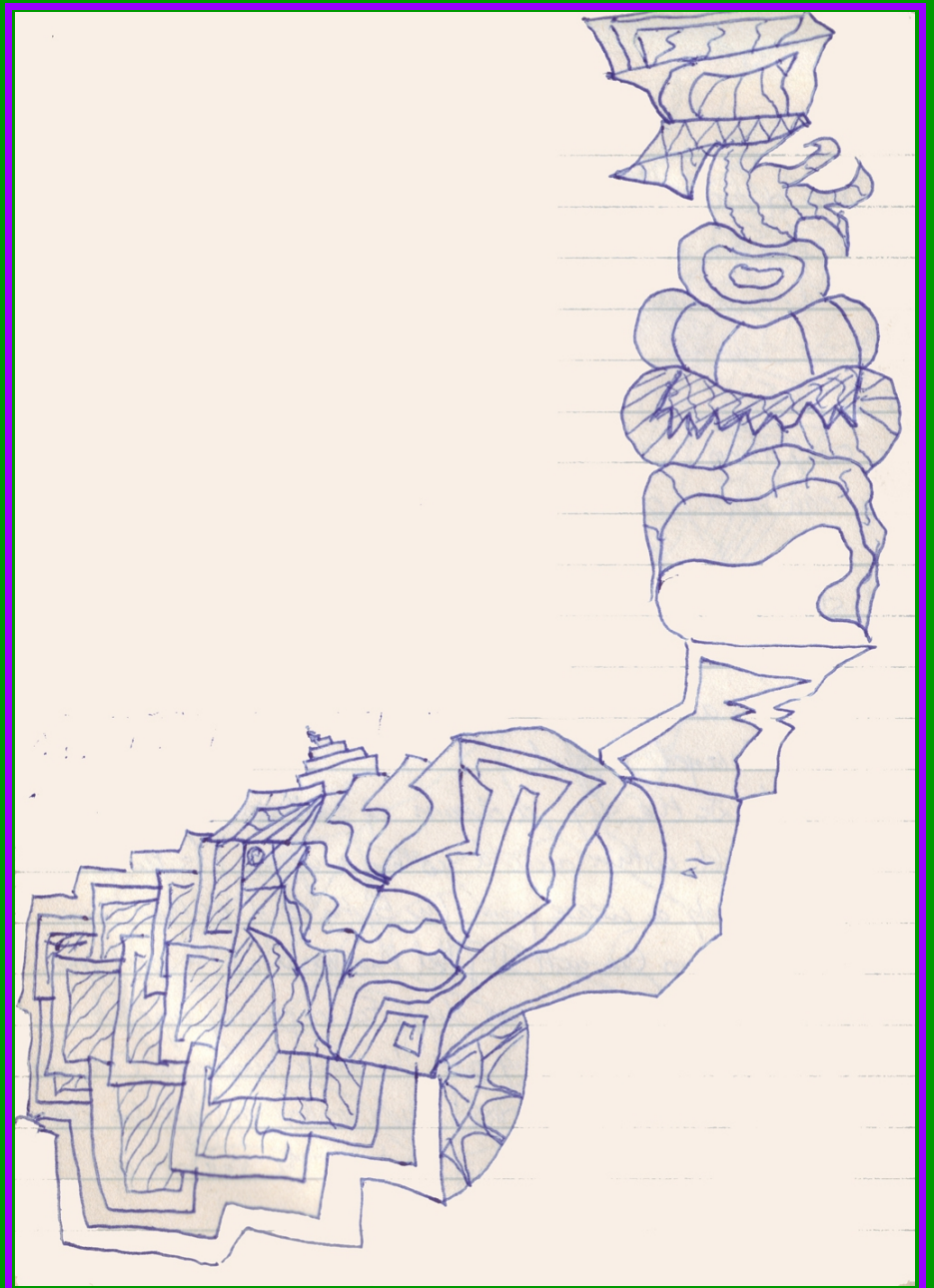
Caged until deranged. Plagued.

Until it lifted into the sky, a dream of endlessness passed on by. But is a world within a world within a word? Is the passing breeze merely a wease from the Earth and Mother sky?

A centipede crawled up the wall. It filled the room with a type of awe, that only a time warp can defy. For a passing age, it hithered and dithered, weaning it's way over it's bleak landscape. Creatures, it saw, of unbinding structure, that passed the wraiths of light to it's natural sight, beyond Infinity and the realms of Time and Space.

A chaos angel smelled the
Dancing patterns of the dream
Syndrome. Quaking, it fell away
Into a silent call from a land so far
To the distant regions of a humbled star
Into a cavern of dark and woe
Through a time loop of ceaseless flow
Upon a hearth, it sat and cried
Upon God's wrath, it still defied
Into Acid Bath it melted afresh

Into a dreaming sea of neon mesh
Afar, it cried
Too far, it said



A plane flew over the horizon of limitless sky. The marching realms of science, interact and reject all unwanted ties. A limitless cavern roamed and a drooling cave entered it's mind. A strange region of unearthly sounds, a scatter of reptile minds found a plausible reason for cosmic illuminations. In a mysterious region, there shone a void of plasma globbins. The lurking mist wraps its nothingness around a brain. Some said that it was insane, but if anything, it is the sanest sane, free from constrictions of material planes.

Bygone fractions of the puzzle.

There was a mind but it ceased to exist. It had entered a parallel universe, apart from reality. It had formed a new reality. The perception was changed, it could be rearranged into a folding pattern of infinite possibility.

Cosmic intertwining degrees of light. Fantastic dreams fill their place in the greater scheme of things.

A lantern passed into a smog treacle flowing murk.

But the murk was just a reflection of an alternative viewpoint. The chaos.

The mind is interchanged with a translucent energy. This energy can be harnessed into a force.

It spiralled and fell into a pool of flowing light. It swirled and then transformed into an iridescent, floating freely, thought form. It was not a jagged fissure, on the brink of ceaseless pins, nails, claws ripping it's mind and expanse into a pulp. The tortured strands stung with the shredding chains of fear. They turned into flowers and disappeared.

There lived a small insect upon a toadstool. This has nothing to do with anything. It was a toadstool.

A peace appeared and forever disappeared. The light creaked and sought out new dimensions. The past melted away into a telegraph wire. Carrying thoughts between mind between mind of universal kind. And, from afar there came a roar, a sneer from the shadow of flaw.

Appearing in an integrated spiral of never-ending signs, it patched a reason of logic into everything. The only logic is illogical. The reason is surreal.

Creators in a plane. Encircled by strange machines of alien insight. To force a logical identity is not to flow. To flow is to go.

A crazed being walked around a well. It contained the pool of eternity. The thoughts, time points, the ∞

Everything that has ever been is in it
It is our heritage
It is the flaw they forgot about
It is known, but is unknowable

It said it was not there. But it is everywhere. It is an expanse that is alive and well, it is the stealer of souls. It pits it's minds together and forms a single creature. A creature of time, a creature of space, a neon paradox of confusion and structure.

Patterns of energy
Turning into realities
World of imagination
Dripping with the colours of space
A forest stares at a plane
Baked and cracked, like a leper's skin
Things materialised from out of the ground
They flew apart and exploded
Scattering the plane in glitter light
Transforming the ground into space
Thousand upon million of eternity levels

It waved and fell apart, revealing a vase of trans-dimensional blue and black. The stars turned a prism and shattered a vision.

A thousand inwardly turning spirals
A never ending nightmare
A forensic space monster
This is not anything but a dream

Is it is?
Is a plot nearly solid?
Is a thick flow of chaos, a changing pattern of nightmare?
Is it a dream or a rainbow? It is a flower or a nightmare

A key opens and passes onward, into the beyond of time and eternity

To your peace

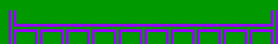
Is that a spasm of nerve disintegrations, the blowing apart of a million planetoid thoughts? Is it tinged with ever interchanging patterns of cerebral insight? Is it not here, that everywhere and nowhere?

Once again, time slips into a box and goes back to sleep
550AD and 2048BC, it's all the same point

A random inspection revealed a time from once before. A dream of castle pieces of a light design. Ensign.

Puzzles crack and ran away
The night is day and the day's astray
Thought is not really a probability, it is a thousand certainties
Never before, but never after, the cackle was seen to come from a door

Diabolical minds



Sparks flew and dragons knew, that which is about and inbetween, is a thousand mingled laser streams.

Again, a forward end and backward beginning. A cosmic insight into a flotsam and jetsam lands. Of moving reefs and swaying reasons and intercepted treasons of a mountain plight. There is a collective consciousness, just floating within our heads, that leads us on to the next cycle of the development of the mind.



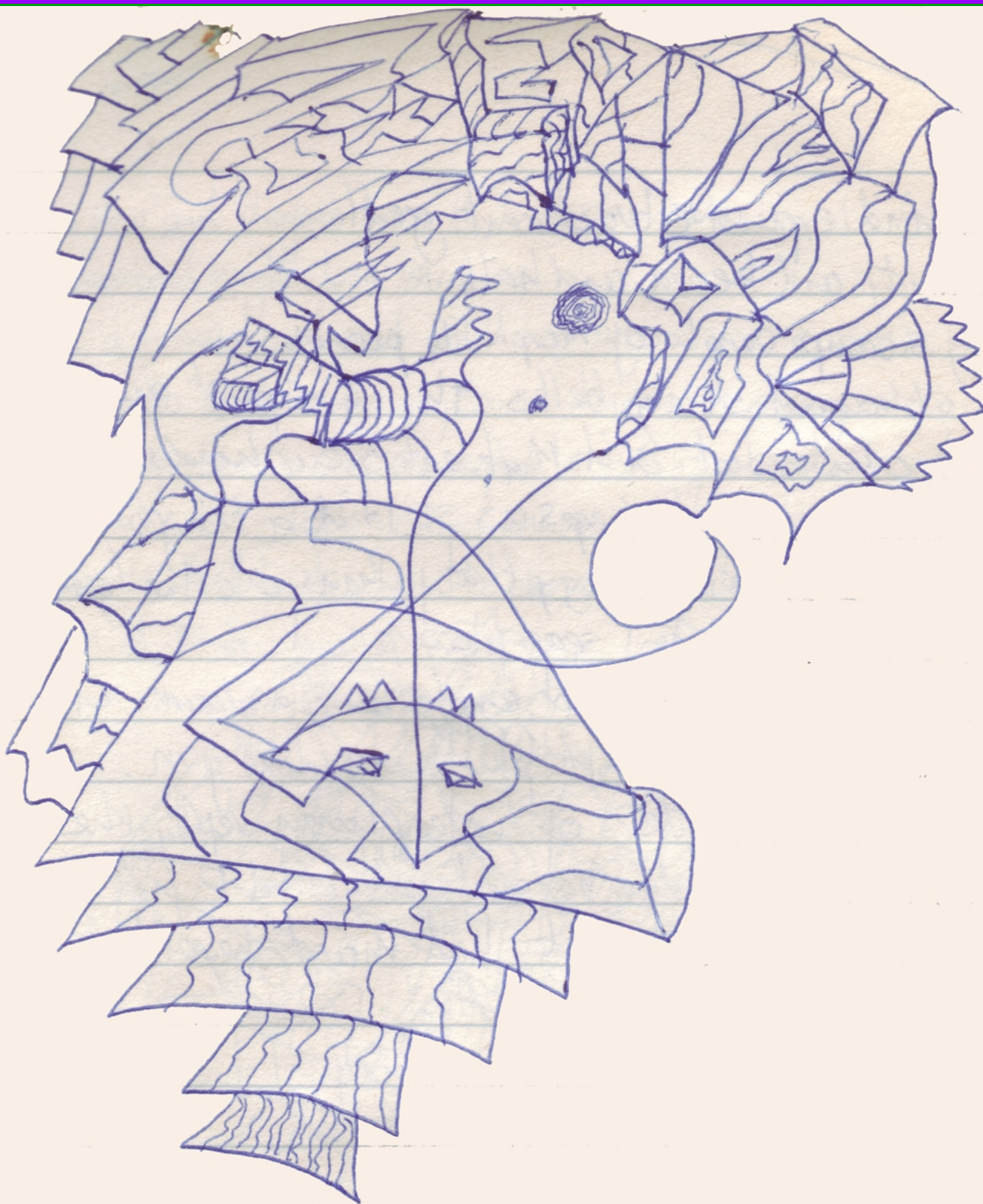
Like a mind expansive translucent gel
Like Infinity and Heaven and Hell
Dripping swamp creature of morph and plasma

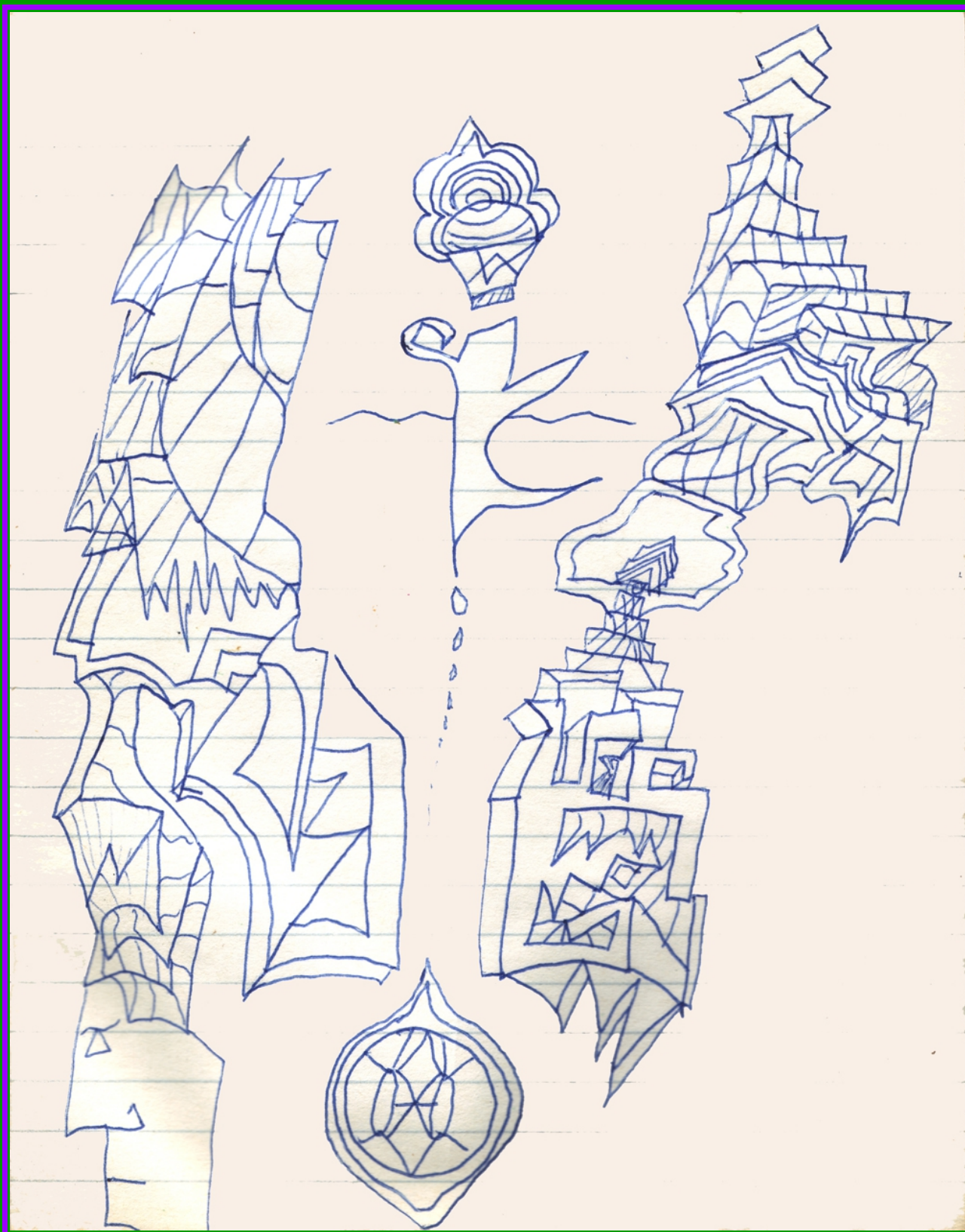
From a thousand shining bells. This is a past and into a future, but what is it that enters our heads, that feeds our minds and keeps us so? Is it a transfixed atmosphere of conscious energy, that fathoms into the layered light of thought? Astral seas flow around.

The load is really a past epigram of a dream, in a silver chamber of an old plastic machine gun.

There was a tide of interplasma refilling the empty soul. A shadow becomed and waited to find it's mirror, but seeing that it had moved beyond, into the lighted night and day.

Inbetween every eyeful is a hungry wolf
In every look there is a sign
Every action is a mime
Every transaction is a lie
Revolution is alive and well and in your rooms and minds





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