

THE OPULENCE OF PLOMARI



SISSY COGAN
SPIROS
& BUTTERFLY

THE CHYMICAL
WEDDING

THE CHYMICAL
WEDDING
THE WHITE SWAN

EDITION 1
THE FIRST SPRING EVER

SPIROS COGAN
CECILIA COGAN
& BUTTERFLY

THE CHYMICAL
WEDDING
THE WHITE SWAN

ARTSETFREE.COM

*You and Me
Together Forever*

Di vill va me!

*Within our Love fabel,
of the secret Wine,
By Gleam, We Seem,
Darkling*

Nothing could stop the two of us.
Let's just get lost, that's what we want.

~ Lana Del Rey in her song *Swan Song*

SCRIPT by SC



She strips everything away



THE STRAWBERRY QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI
Published by *The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari*

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The Chymical Wedding was first began written at Pink Gem Lagoon,
Plomari, around year 1998.
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it was then published in its first form 2015.
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*Fit for publication on gold and highly potent paper,
as blessed by Jungfru Cecilia Maria Cogan*

To contact the authors go to the Strawberry Web Palace at
www.artsetfree.com
or should the website for any reason be down, search the web.

For instant contact with the authors, seek out Psilocybin and Ayahuasca
with a tint of *Salvia divinroum* if you are really hardcore

Loveletters to the authors are received with everwhelming joy

Who said we're not supposed to get excessive?

Come dawn with us in love as deep as the Seamstress

Spiros, Sissy Cogan and Butterfly can't just
reveal themselves, because we would be fried.
They are grooming us to be able
to tolerate their splendor

I have tasted of the fruit
and it's opened up my eyes

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FOR MORE BOOKS BY SPIROS,
SISSY COGAN AND BUTTERFLY

Drink from juicy lips
Allow Yourself

~ Infected Mushroom

You hear us in the noise

We have lots of water

We want happiness now

We are the Gods

We are Strawberry

And we always win

If you want me then take me maybe you
could break me like no one could.
~ Spiros

Think I'm a tough and hardcore O yes I am but you did
bump into Love in a paradise did you not?

~ Sissy Cogan

Spiros, just write this: You, who hear me...

It doesn't make sense, our Love,
And that is the foreplay of Eternal Lovemaking

Upown our Love fabel, of the Secret Wine,

by Gleam, We seem, Darkling

Always respect me
For I am the scandalous and the magnificent one

I am all that has been, all there is, and all that shall be,

And my veil no mortal has hitherto raised,

And my name is Queen Sissy Cogan,

The Girl Who Wanted To Play

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BOOK 1
HORUS MOM

*Blow me away, I will float everywhere, in Heaven and on Earth.
When you need, look for my shadow, you will learn not to confuse
me with the clouds which will stop and watch you. Ice sheets and
walls of fire will come, don't be afraid. Everything happens
for a reason. Listen to your dreams.*

When shall I be free? When I shall cease to be!
No more I but we, in perfect harmony.

~ From the song *When Shall I Be Free*
by Shpongles

I've seen it watching me
That misty thing
Without a face
It weaves my thoughts
Lined them up in black lace
It buries my shape
And leaves no trace

~ From the song *Make A Wish*
by Conjure One

There is only Love, and Love is enough

EARTH HEART

*I will be everywhere there for you.
Let them send armies, let them send
millions of armies against you,
and I will show what I am capable of*

~ The Seamstress

Dangerous game, you and me,
having woken up all shroomed up
in Eternity. You and Me,
Together Forever!

SILSILA YE CECILIA

Hotter than Queen Butterfly? What, because no one in the world can play better than me? First time I saw you, my Heart was on fire. You said eat these mushrooms and lie down, shut your eyes gently, because here it begins. And now, we cannot be separated from each other, we have become one in Eternal Tantric Union, we have become the story with the happiest ending, we have become forever and a new beginning in Bliss, no end to our Love! Who is Love and always tricky? We are eternal immortal forever, ah, we are Love and always tricky! And the birds sing as if today is the first day ever. No wonder, our Chymical Wedding is in full swing!

When Queen Cecilia Cogan founded the Queendom of Plomari she was stubborn and cool like ice, for she saw a Queendom of Light was needed on Earth and she would let nothing stop her from rising. Plomari is the Queendom of Light we giveth to humanity and all sentient beings. Welcome to the Chymical Wedding of The Cogan Family, the whole family hovering through space and time. Pink lip nectar kisses to you! Remember me? If you remember me you'll know to give me a kiss on my bum instantly. I am all that has been, all there is, and all that shall be, and my veil no mortal has hitherto raised, and my name is Queen Sissy Cogan, the girl who wanted to play. I am the voice appearing throughout the world and the word appearing everywhere. Always respect me, for I am the scandalous and the magnificent one. Weave me in, and never let me go! And you want sugar for you tea, you say? Shut your eyes and imagine how we could be living. We the Cogan Family are kings and queens of our own psychedelic Queendom, and what do other people do? People are so so boring. One butterfly, ah? When you can count us we'll welcome you, hihih. And our alchemists of Plomari, never heard of them? That's too bad, they are the ones who lead the range. We of the Queendom of Plomari are the Rosicrucian Enlightenment in

all its success. Our alchemical Queendom, My Dear. Go through the Love Gate of Plomari and come home already! Home to the Earth as Eden, home to the Heart, home to Love, home to yourself, home to each other! Home, home home! Home at last! The Queendom of Plomari, fired as a center, it's what I demand. I demand Plomari's stitch in Time. Follow me, deeper into the dream, far away from the human world.

On this day, today

Begins the Royal Wedding

For this thou wast born

And chosen of God for joy

Now you shall fade away

With the elves of Plomari

And you shall marry

Our Royal Wedding is an undertaking for the individual who desires to dissolve all illusions, and enter into unity with the cosmos. The awakening of the soulbody to the soulbody of its soulbody. The transcendental reality behind it all. Our Royal Wedding of alchemical Union.

*Within our Love fabel,
of the secret Wine,
By Gleam, We Seem, Darkling*

Don't turn back now, don't look away, you are already flying. And know, My Love, that you are already perfect as you are. This

is not about changing yourself, it is about sinking into what is already perfect as it is. As we like to say in Plomari, the Universe is eternal resonating beauty. And with every glimpse of Plomari you fade away deeper and deeper into the Prismic Heart of the Queen-
dom.

*There are no castles to be built
There is nothing to be gotten
Look deep inside your Heart, sweet soul,
Where Love has been forgotten*

~ Sri Gawn Tu Far

High hi high now I want to say high I am Love. Nanana how dumb ey, nonono. Nononono how dumb ey, nonono. The house of Familaya. Famlieye, unite, unite! Untie the gift and open your present! Dive into the Sea of Love, come on in the water's fine! I been up to witchery, just wishing I could move into the Strawberry Queendom of Plomari some more, more and more until I become my Home, until I have melted into the Fabric of Eternity. Nononono how dumb ey nonono. O Mushroom King Spiros he wants Poison, dangerous, dangerous Poison! Hi it's Love, Love, Love! They others are hating and nagging everyday, O, we are eternal immortal forever, maybe it's Love, ah! Cecilia, Silsila! Fool around with me no it's me, Bianca, high it's me! When you're in love, ya, when you doubt, yes it's me! Yippie ya, have you been in love with me? Yippieya! O yippie ya, just more in love for every day, yippieya! Sissy it is hu, concealing and hiding, O, what, what, what? Originae, have you been in love with me? Yippieya! Familaya, Famieye. How dumb ey nananamana. O dearest did you really say for ten years? O dearest not in ten years did you see my nose ring! Hihih! Heavy and tough, ey, darling, heavy and tough ey, heavy and tough, angel you are my God, feeling lazy, baby, ish! It maybe is her herself! Mhmmm! Have I maybe found him? Have I maybe found her? Yes it's her, yes it's

him! You want to see what kills Love? Marriage and cigarettes, mmm yeah sure, said Spiros. Kills Love? Mmm yeah sure. You think I'm tough and hardcore O yes I am but you did bump into Love in a paradise did you not? Okay ya, give up, yes give up, Yes I have been forever eternal, feel calm. Take it easy, take it easy, feel calm, My Love. O yippieya! Have you been in love with me? Yippie ya! Yippieya, only more and more in love by the day, yippieya! Hey you glimmering diamond, Now I want to say hi I am Love. Cecilia ye, Cecilia yes it's me,

But if you want to see...
Yippieya! Bianca! High it's me!
Bianca!

It's him! It's him!

What does Spiros think with, his bum? How crazy Spiros is! Hihih!

Pirrit, pirrit, det är kärlek! (Nervous, scary, it's love!)

Yes for always is our love new

We are the most paradoxical thing that has ever happened, haha! Yes, we are. We are the mushroom-Ayahuasca Family

Curtain, curtain!

Her, him, her, him! It's her, it's him!

Hi! High! Hi! High! Hi!

More!

*Ha! What were they thinking! Fool around with Cecilia and Spiros? Ha!
What were they thinking!*

Curtain! Curtain!

*He's fooling you, he's been fooled, she's fooling you, she's been fooled!
We're fooling you, we are Love and always tricky!*

Who is Love and always tricky? We are Love, of course we're tricky!

We're tricky, we're tricky, we are Love and always tricky!

Are you horny, yes I'm horny, I admit!

Spiros, wow how good it all became in the end!

*For many years you tried to show them your mushroom, after all those
years I guess I would have tried your beloved mushroom!*

Hi! High! Hi! Jajajajajajaja!

Cecilia and Spiros fix everything!

*Does Spiros use his head or what is he thinking! Does Spiros think with
his bum, or? Hahaha! Hihihhi*

How crazy Spiros is!

We are crazy, me amigo

We are eternal immortal forever, my eternal amigo!

Rich? Haha, is Love rich?!

Can it become my bum after all? Hihihhi!

What an evening, what a night!

We are love and always tricky!

Curtain! Curtain! Curtain!

It's him! It's her!

Yes well maybe this is how it is?

Yes it is me, it is you...

Are you sure, my Love?

It's a bad dribble, babe! It's a bad dribble!

He is my jungle boy...

She is my angel...

It's a bad dribble, babe, it's a bad dribble, babe! Hihih

Cecilia and Spiros! Cecilia and Spiros!

Can't you see? O can't you see?!

Yes all their cutting down the size of my Plomari. They looking sideways to try and stop seeing me. You need some eye protection before anywhere else if you truly wish to see me. My love letters in well widest circulation across the entire universe, go on, you ready to get fooled? Fit to the crown I bit the crown there ain't no shame up in my game, snap your rules and grab your freedom,

You are free now

And then I came home. She cradled me, and had prepared a place for us amongst the clouds, a place where we could land. And with a slight revenge I will be satisfied. My mushrooms wrapped up

safe inside as I came home. I have come to find, I am more some kind of elf than a human. And I assure you, that with the help of God, I will create peace and joy in every dimension of every tripping little crevice of infinity. That I will subject you to the joke and obedience of Strawberry. And I will take your peasants, and I will take your girls and your boys, and I will make them free, they will make themselves free in a way you have never been able to imagine. They will become Gods, they will become Goddesses, they will blossom in their freedom and splendor. And I will do you all the trippiest and sexiest things that I can. And my psilocybin mushroom, and my Ayahuasca, will be more famous than God. Kingdoms in the world may rise and fall, but here in our Queendom of Plomari we will endure. May the blessing of the Plomarian Lovebomb almighty, from the fellowship of the holy fallout, descend upon us all, this day, and forever more.

I gonna be what I set out to be. And everyone looking down on me, I have nothing more to say to you, please leave the Queendom immediatly, even if you want you can't touch me now. But I haven't been myself since you died, Bianca and Sofia. But still, and I know this would be your will if you were alive, we deliver our Queendom of Plomari as our final deathblow to the bullshit. Dear Ingenious Reader, haven't you also grown tired of the bullshit and mediocrity once and for all? I am tired of this boredom and death, destruction and pain and mediocrity. The thought of the human world has become so dissappointing, hard for you to believe? Waking up to find our Earth a house of pain. The Bullshit World we call it for short. Well I'm sick of it and refuse to be part of it any longer. So Goodbye human world, I leave you, I leave and vanish into the glorious peace and splendor of the Queendom of Plomari. I want to see Life! Let there be Life! Hi it's me! There you are, my Love! Hi baby, make a wish! You can close your eyes, it's over now. Are you hoping for something, waiting for some sign? And how come several people in separate beds have the same dream? The Ayahuasca kettle is cold! What should we name the kettle? Elin? When everything and every dream is alchemy, as Elin likes to say. Elin of the Pink Egg. Yes and a bit of linen to this and we're done. Feels sooooooo good to move in to the Plomari Palace here

in spring time. In the first spring ever! We are so not luxurious, hahaha! And we don't have a little courage! Again and again, I wanna do it again and again, hahaha! All my Love is for you, and I giveth you the whole Queendom!¹ And next time, never ever again forget to put the drink in Shiva's temple jar! Helan går! And baby, come on, you should know by now that I am crazy about you too! Your love is deadly, dear. And I tell you, Life is beautiful! Life is bliss! More, more, more! Never stop! And I can't help but giggling at the girls always rubbing their pussies, hihih! And the human world? The world can go fuck itself. All that exists for me is you and me, together forever. And I spill myself and our Queendom like wine ink into you. I do my best to show you all of it. Lick the pages of my love letters to you, dear, lick them as I know you love to.

Spiros? They say he had enough of the human world and left.² Became one with God in the skies of Samadhi and founded a glorious Queendom with the boys and babes of Plomari. He vanished, we haven't heard from him since. Yes and if that's what you've done, Mankind, what they say you've done, then the Queendom of Plomari is just what we deliver.

Finally I am home. I did a few things on my way here, like write ten thousand pages of love letters to you. I also transformed myself into a human-mushroom hybrid. You have no idea what's coming down from *this* trip, sisters and brothers, hihih! In fact I am never coming down again, I left into the Plomarian rosy dawn and vanished into the Heart of the Queendom (And seriously, what shall we name the Ayahuasca kettle?). We could find no place to call home on the Earth, so we created our own home, Plomari Paradise, our Queendom of Light and Love and Bliss. The goal of life, to me, is to be one with the universe, and to Love and be with the ones you love. Not become one with the universe, you are already one with it, all you need to do is recognise it for yourself. Here everything becomes a blossoming, your soul blossoming like a forever unfolding fountain of Love, you as the

¹ Song *All My Love Is For You* by Girls' Generation

² Song *Damage Control* by Delta-S

forever opening Golden Lotus of Love. Empty your chalice with me we just found the meaning of Life!

Back home in Girlieroom 669, the Palace of Plomari. Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly planned it all and shit!, it worked! And our dearest King and engineer, alchemist and lover, Kinch Blade of Plomari is back from the seven seas! O happy day, at last you are back, Kinch the Knifeblade! And O hey, High Frater Pope of Plomari has arrived at last to bless us with his presence and wisdom!

Dear Ingenious Reader of this loveletters, to journey deeper into the Heart of Plomari, know that you cannot go here without Love.

The Garden of Eden washes over me, and I am home with it, home here, present in this wonder. Whatever mattered in the past I've since long forgot, and I like to think it was all fair. I like to think that nothing else matters than being here with you all, together forever. Leaving the past behind, my presence feels so free. And I read the manustrips of Plomari, ball of stone, blood and sweat married, we are becoming the living philosopher's stone. We won't let the world of bullshit overshadow us and our Queendom.

One of my dear wives died recently. Bianca is dead too. My two sisters are dead too. Leah Dizon aka Leah Donna whom I am in love with just thinks I am crazy, she stopped talking to me long ago, although I am hopeful and hope we will talk again. I have nothing more to loose. All that is left for me is to bloom as Spiros Khan Domino Cogan of the Queendom of Plomari.

My wife she killed me, when I was just seventeen. So I could come home to her embrace in the unseen. She killed me with a knife from behind, like Kalishiva, my soul pumping out like vital blood into her endless soul. And I'm still here with you, I'm always with you.

I heard an old friend in the Star then, isn't it strange, he said, who we are. Isn't it strange we have become the superstar. With the sisters above the clouds. I hear you whisper to me. I know you know there are no seams. And the sisters they told me, they told me their dreams. They said, go make us the Queen's dress,

without no seams and no needlework, and only inbetweens. And you will be our one true love, in transmarring time, forever. And so we went out into the dark deep space, the sea, to rewrite time by their dawning face. In space the sisters who they wrote this universe from verse one to ours, and back again, back to you, back to you, my friend. Do not be scared, she said when she killed me, it's me, it's me, don't you remember *everything*. Babe we have succeeded with our Crime, and the world doesn't know who we are.

Common sense says you will receive our loveletters, my Dear. Bianca the white dove will deliver them to you. We have much to exchange, my Love. And I am sitting here wondering where you came from. Hi it's Sissy Cogan and Butterfly here, in it for the mix. O I don't know, guess we have one rule to follow in all this, is that never be ashamed of loving the strange things that makes your weird little heart happy! Come on let it all out and set yourself free, it's human nature!

Maybe it calls for it, ah. Why Plomari? Why a shining Queendom? Ask Sissy twice. Spiros ah yes funny, one shot, ah. One shot in life to do this! You could be dead today, except yes now we have Plomari established. And the world goes, once they find out about Plomari, why why why, ah okay that's why now I get it! One beautiful day you will experience my mushroom and know its grace and beauty and why I swear my whole moment in life and death to it. What is Plomari about? O, just this! Hihih! Just this!

And everyone wants Sissy Cogan's eternal nature. Well, my friend, all you need to do is grab hold of your own eternal nature! You are an eternal, infinite being!

For Sissy's melodies my heart became a wanderer! I fly in her eternal soul, forever! The moment I saw her I became free. I was breathing before, but I was not alive. When you came into my life Sissy I finally found out what a heartbeat is. Blink once and open your eyes and see her, and you are home.

The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari is the Divine who in harmony in the vastest symbiosis ensure the eternal continuation of Life and, and, hihih, and? So, we have began! We'll delete the

sorrow in your eyes. Everyone is staring straight at us, the answer that we left everywhere in the open. We will be free forever, and we falsify whenever.

—Butterfly, what do you expect from the Gods who bump into you and The Mushroom Seamstress, Strawberry, ArtSetFree.com... The Queendom of Plomari?

—O nothing, really, says Butterfly. Except that they make their life about digging into my secret until they find it.³

³ Song *Like Ice* by Conjure One

SYmbioSISSYmbioSIS

MY GOD

When Butterfly arrived from the future she was wearing white. Spiros had always known she would be wearing white upon their reunion. Yes because I've seen the angels all dressed in white. I live with them in Sacred Space. Bianca the white dove with sisters who dove into the sea of the Seamstress to retrieve the redviolet thread of the story of our lives. Butterfly and Spiros and Sissy Cogan giggled together and embraced naked in the bed in the top tower of the Palace, called Nobody's Tower. Spiros had lived in the cave in Egypt for one and a half year waiting for the girls. In the cave just next to the entry hole of the vacuum cleaner, a short walk from the Palace. Greta Garn and HuBu had arrived at last into the open arms of their Hu and now they embraced naked in the top tower.

Upon a psychedelic trip which is right now actually, O my God I'm tripping balls, right now being defined as forever, We Will Live Forever!, there are two princesses living in a Palace so beautiful that no one had ever seen the Palace except them. Curtain! Curtain! We can draw a red curtain to show you our Queendom! Cocoridoa! Cocoridoa! Cocoridoa! They lived in a white snowy landscape high up in the mountains called The Bunny Slopes, apparently because they are the most beautiful girls in all the universe and so they had to live in a snowy mountainous area like Snow White. White as snow and faces so fair, and yes it is true both girls actually have black hair, although not black as a raven it is more dark brown like a dark dark brown. But it was so cold, so so cold and frozen in The Bunny Slopes, that they figured out a grand idea on how to live in a more less cold Queendom, like maybe they could live on Pink Gem Lagoon where Spiros lives, the tropical pink beaches of Plomari.

Spiros glances over at the pink shell from the Lagoon, that lies on the table in the alchemical bedroom. Yes yes, the bedroom is the most sacred place, remember?

—Butterfly, my Lovemaking, says Spiros. The story is cullapsing. Let's go. They say blood is thicker than water. But psilocybin and Ayahuasca is thicker than blood.

He whispers in:

—I, Thine Solar Ox.

I, Thine Solar Ox

is an anagram of

The Rosalixion

The princesses are Cecilia Cogan and Butterfly. They are magical and they are even both dead and alive in the same time which is rather confusing so let me try and tell you this story, for once the truth of this story be told it will change your life in a way you could never have imagined.

—Wait for Plomari to be spinning out of control! We came up from the ground, well done with the search, my soul is to reside out, extern the waters Divine, by a centre pull, born with From Outside. I know the dark ways over the Rosalixion. And I shall tell you about it all. Our world Plomari is very special, and we'll show it just for you, if your Love is true.

So so cold it was in The Bunny Slopes that the princesses one day fell into a magical psychedelic dream. Can you imagine how cold it must have been if they actually began to dream just because it was so cold? Yes, that is how frozen it is in The Bunny Slopes. But snow is also fluffy, fluffy like a white bunny.

In this dream they lived in a land full of flowers and pastures, a true alchemical Garden, in the first spring ever. And when they woke up from the dream they looked at each other and giggled, and admitted that they had fallen in love with each other, and in the quiet snow they leaned over toward each other and lay their lips upon each others in a gentle kiss. And as they did...

Wait we forgot to tell you about the dream.

In the dream Cecilia and Butterfly met on a fluffy landscape, the white looked like snow but it was not cold as in The Bunny Slopes! It was more like cotton candy. And all this cotton candy fluff was amongst a landscape full of flowers and butterflies and wonderful wild forests as well as gardens of delight. They lived here in an amazing adventure and eventually they fell in love, both the princesses fell in love with each other. And in the end of the dream they whispered to each other, feeling each other's hearts:

—The first time we kiss, all snow in The Bunny Slopes will be turned into cotton candy fluff, and we will live forever in the lands of The Bunny Slopes.

And they named their Palace: The Cotton Candy Palace. And here they decided, here we will live forever together.

—Yes and we must find ourselves a prince, too! said one of the princesses.

Then they woke up...

DON'T TRY TO DEFINE ME

—In Swedish we have a wonderful and very important word: Väsen. A väsen might be translated as "a being of some sort", or a spiritual 'someone' or a spirit, an undefined being of some sort. Not human, not animal, not a plant, a väsen, a being of some sort. You often hear this word in connection to spirits of the forest, and so on. This is as close as I go to defining myself, hu I am and what I am; I am a Väsen, a being of some sort, a fluid cloudy väsen, an undefined being hu has woken up to the instance of my own manifesting here. Don't let yourself, your magnificent being, shining you, be defined by other's views of hu you are and what you are. Be careful with defining yourself too much at all! You are absolutely free without any boundery or limitation whatsoever. And to embrace this with my psilocybin mushroom and my Ayahuasca, to embrace this with psychedelics, this is to come home to where the Earth Herself dwells, this is to come home to freedom, this is where The Mushroom Seamstress dwells.⁴

And we kissed. In Nobody's Tower in the Palace, close to the river. And so we are all back within the Rosy Dawn, our One Perfect Sunrise, pink lips, our Home: *The Rosalixion*. Personally I am with Girlygirl, my twisted sister, Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan, and my Butterfly, and my Alice and Shane Falgun and Fane the Peacock. Had to go on a little run-around to recoverer the Jewel lost at the beginning of time. I am here now, I am Horus. And we all laugh at our secret token, the token we give ourselves for having had the courage to do our Trick, that in one and many dimensions, the entire universe is ours, the whole Earth is alone for us of the Queendom of Plomari. Feel it, here we stand, alone on the entire Earth, the whole universe is ours and we name it Plomari! Hahahahaha!

Licks on your rosy lips, says Sissy to Butterfly and kisses her lips gently, tongues tasting each other, tongues of these LoveLight Goddesses, their rosy flesh shining in the archlight of Eternity.

⁴ Song *Home* by Depeche Mode

Butterfly on her back on the rosy bedcover, Cecilia lying naked on her spitting on her tongue, they slither in the sexjuices of their snake souls; feathered sister serpents of Plomari.

For a long time there were two girls missing in The Cogan Family. They were unborn, they died by miscarriages. Their names are Cecilia Cogan and Butterfly. Cecilia is very often called Sissy and Butterfly is most often called Butterfly. When these girls were born in the Family of the Gods by the same Mother as Spiros, the universe turned in upon itself by their splendor and formed a spiderweb, Indra's Net, and in the pearls the gods saw each other and they fell in love. Spiros was also born in this reflective wonder and when they all were born in their Soul's well they fell in love. They did not know, upon falling in love, that they were sisters and brother, and ever intertwined they lived together for twentyfive years high up in the highest point of Psilocybin. Then, when Spiros understood his sisters had died at birth, he lost his mind of sadness. Mourning and crying for years and years like Isis, Spiros ventured into the world of the Dead to recover his sisters souls. He dove into the Sea of The Seamstress to find them, and in the world of the Dead, Sissy and Butterfly and Spiros made love, and they conceived a child. That child was themselves in Chymical Union and the child Horus was born as a psilocybin mushroom, and through the mushroom's awesome and otherworldly magic this Aeon Mushrooming Child ventured into the past and changed the past and so the unborn girls were born, but by other Mothers than Spiros. Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly giggled at them actually being sisters and brother and thought that to be together in this world it might be easier for them to be born by different mothers. The Family of the Gods then married, all of them, in Eternal Tantric Union, and in the magical world of their tryptamine tryst they now live forever together in the Sea of the Seamstress. And so the event known as *The Worstest Crying Ever Seen* was transformed, by Spiros courage to venture into the world of the Dead and by Sissy's and Butterfly's deep love for him and by all their splendor and the childish joy of their Love, the simpleness of their Love, into *The Fluffiest Love Story Ever*. The three Gods became King and Queen's of The Land of the Dead

and Queen's and King of the Land of the Living, and after they for twentyfive years had ventured within the labyrinth of death and life they merged in union into the Butterfly of Completion. They spread their star clad wings across the All and, exhausted but satisfied, they fell asleep gently together in bed in Nobody's Tower and woke up as the born Star Children, three Aphrodite who rose from the Sea of The Seamstress. And they lay their lips against each others gently in kisses, their snake souls slithering round and through each other, and they whispered their secret names. And they kissed their many loved nicknames and settled upon a final name for themselves within their tryst: Nectar Herself.

Our White Queen, who lost her head in a maze, she now has a new head and we're back home in the bright bed. We opening in the Rosy Dawn we are home in our hamster Love Nest, the palace of the Queendom of Plomari. Yes here we lie in Girlieroom like little hamsters under the rosy bedcover, giggling and kissing and licking and fucking and sucking. We are done, and we feel done, here we are standing on Spiros planetary psilocybin mushroom cultivation. The sunshine looking like the girls, only because Cecilia is stronger and vaster than any star, and Fjäril of April glows more bright than any sun. Your faces, girls, the manifesting of Joy itself! Watch out, we are the riverside girls, we all giggle and sip the pink champagne. Watch out, we got big pupils, watch out we see everything! Yes, we still consider the fact that we sometimes see dolphin-dogs diving through the grass of the pastures not so much a result of the drugs we put in our champagne but more simply a result of us just being really really cute. Ah, nothing like Home, home at last in The Queendom of Plomari. Puss. Tuss. Yes, dolphin-dogs, have you seen them? They look like a mix between a dolphin and a dog and they dive through the grass of the pastures. They are so cute, so so cute. Here in the faraway future with Mari, we call them Dolls.

—Well I told you it would work, says Ludde Lump and sips more Punsch, feeling the earth under his naked feet and blushing a bit for his endlessly deep feelings for Mari and Mari and Mari and Maria and Alice and the others.

—Bananas may go extinct! shouts Alice.

—What?!

—Bananas! They may go extinct!

—Shit. Not good. We'll miss those Banana Monkeys.

—Poor bananas. Anywway, so. So the blast of the sway section could use a trinket of the last detail, says Butterfly and fiddles with something in the Nectary. We're back on the virgin page.

—Haha, laughs Sissy and looks at Butterfly's shining face, don't say you do not nod, I refuse to believe you do not nod in a final curve. I will have to throw you into my magical wine, she laughs and begins to chase her up the summer meadows of Fanny Hill.

—Here we are coming we're dawning! shout the girls and plibbre.

Plibbre, yes it's like giggling but even cuter. Spiros plibbres at seeing the girls chasing each other like butterflies up the hill.

Roll around in a free run, up all night, yes the wise man stays up until dawn. Has it ever occurred to you, that the hill of your pussy is the first thing I saw with my eyes that are suns? Mhmmmm. You mean the secret Plomari, our secret. Pink Gem Lagoon, here we come!

Ludde Lump hears Tori Amos voice sing to him, Hey Him! Got it, got it!

—So happy you got our letter, Tori, Ludde whispering says to her. Yes, Him Diamond is one of my secret names.

He wishes that the wind of Soul will carry his words to Tori.

I could cloud us into a fluffiness here at the start and let me not untangle us in any a way less afluffy than that sugar of candy Tori wished for so let us enter the top of Fanny Hill. Here shines the sun like God, here the angels sit naked looking at the world, inviting us all to the tops of these clouds we are bouncing off, here the alchemical Queendom is visible to all who have longeyes and longears and can see, yes, who can see. Here the pink shells of the sea gently lick the surrealness of the first Pink Rosy Egg, yes hear, Dear Ingenious Reader and friend in Soul, eternal Lover, here is where we truly can touch the mushroom sky. O! The sky on mushrooms! I thought I would never mention, hahaha! Here is The Sacred Landscape of Eternity, here is our Planet Home, here is

that silent moment in eternity where Nature lies so still and gentle and calm. You can always return to here!

Here is where I thine Solar Ox lives, too! Yes heartbreaking, heartbreaking, Dear Ingenious Reader, here is where we see who we are, treelike men and women like walking trees like angels. Treelike I say! Treelike I say, our hair tangled in the top branches of the World Tree. Here is here, where we see that the desert sand is on the underside of our arms and the snowy mountains of the North are on the upper side of our skin, crystalline perfection, manifesting of the Divine. When the wind blows your hair, that is winds of eternal Love, don't forget, my friends and lovers. Here is here where God says

This is my Divine Gift to You

Our skin is mountains we have flown over when we found your Goddess hair, your fields of grass and forest. For we were born this way and this is how we were born, and now we have been born; this is how God was born. Uncontrollable, birth of God, but she has calmed Dawn. So let us not be surprised of the occasional upsanddewns, the sandewns and oceans and the planets and our psychedelic awakening and our Rosy Dawn was the birth of God and of course God's birth is naturally spectacular.

Spiros, or Ludde Lump as is also his name, or Nakisen as his name also is, or Him Diamond as his name also is, a.k.a. Oeric or Eric, or Hu as his name also is, or Domino as his name also is, Khan, husband of Cecilia Cogan and HuBu, had went back to collecting yummy varieties of teas in porcelain jars as he did in his childhood home on Saint Eric's Plan. No longer did Nakisen need to put every second of his time on the mission to kill History and save the world, as had been the mission the past twenty years. They had succeeded and History seemed but a vague and uninteresting memory by now, and The Cogan Family just giggled at the cost of the victory. They are home at last. Now only happy times lay ahead. They live now in the Palace, close to Fanny Hill where Adam lives. Adam, Spiros brother, the incarnation of

kindness and simplicity, of enlightenment and true spirit. The First man. Shiva. The golden cherry Lotus. Life!

A long lost and long searched for Family member, Llewelyn, who in the corridor of the plan had found The Cogan Family and then understood she was a Riverling, had recently refound Spiros and Sissy and Butterfly and they aimed to meet up as soon as possible. This is a time of great joy, we all agreed, and we all could only nod when discussing that The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari, already alive and thriving in secrecy, was about to go public. Hyperspace message in a bottle had reached the deep end and The White Queen was about to reveal herself. The Aeon touching all. O do the brothers and sisters of Pharia Island have a riddle, O do we nbow, O, but, what does it mean to be lost on an Island you can only find if you have a purpose there? What if it is really an opportunity to discover that the art of Love can clear a way for salvation just as the heart refreshes blood? Greetings, O eternal Lovers. We're dying to know what's in your head, we're dying to know how we all got in there. Yes, you have met thine Solar Ox. He's the one with that stare that you still remember, husband and wife of the Earth. He whose hair is spidersilk.

—Sensing the vibration of the to ascend we are stuck fully committed to our mission, says Sissy Cogan. Divine Strawberry canon, touch thyself! O this gift, O, O mushroom Queens and mushroom Kings, O Ayahausca sisters and brothers, we want poison, dangerous dangerous poison!

O won't this be a psyched lick indeed, as a further tease crawl down the secrets of her body after that laced kiss of The Seamstress!

We shoved the end of the tale gently and friendly and with a shrug too and we settled in our Home, our secret abode. We belong always where the pink egg and the shells of the sea are with us, not even reflecting our beings; we are one and the same. With occasional bursts of effectiveness we giggled and opened a bottle of pink champagne, all floating in to not needing to work anymore but still working as always, obsessed with our perfectly uncompromised idea concerning the Strawberry Queendom of

Plomari. O but with the plot of Mari this slippery, who can do anything but shout in joy a shout of ecstasy across Plomari!

Everyone nod to the soundtracks.

—But we are done.

—Divine canon, sings Sissy.

Klayton glances over at Spiros. Spiros winks to where the seven sisters live.

More nods. Agreed. We are done.

Home, Home, Home...

Yes, home, and the white marble statue of the White Queen has a new head, her head is all of us of Strawberry. Spiros returns to being born from the Secret, in the Eternity he was born in, beyond the veil.

—Welcome home, whisper Butterfly and Sissy.

Wet tongues against wet slippery lips. Snake kisses, snake licks.

Welcome home.

Let's hide away before the whole world sees

Spiros giggles and looks over at you.

—I am the lucky one, says Spiros and laughs of joy. Babe, do you know what happened to me? When I was born. Baby... I was born as a mushroom. I'm a fucking mushroom, baby! Hahahahaha! I'm a fucking mushroom. I am the psilocybin mushroom itself in high person. Or in third person, maybe I should say. I am fucking *Psilocybe cubensis* in high person!

Partner in my mouth and I toast the ground of Eden and get attention, and with a quickbird flying by and not bowing at the world but happily inviting you is my summer garden full of Goddess. Unify hyperspace curricular! But before I manage to begin my speech Butterfly unknowingly interrupts me;

—Taking this round thing is a good start for a hot night, she says and brings it forth from her bag.

—Okay here's the secret...

—You ready?

—You won't be ready, that's all you need to be prepared for, ok?

Sissy Cogan melts in her gaze and the way Butterfly said it, lips moving in little twitching smiles, while Spiros gets all plibbry giggly inside.

—Yes it's still a mystery what happened to the stopper of that wine decanter, giggles Spiros.

—Girls are mysteriously secretive sometimes in their lesbian kitty play, isn't they, teases Sissy.

Your curves, Sissy. Your curves. The sea of hallucination as you. O but, Sister, you know it all!

—We know you're watching, but we don't care, teases Butterfly and reaches over laying a kiss on Spiros lips, biting his lip gently.

—Through the keyhole? Me, never, says Spiros. I'm your Jaguar, baby. Shadowy we are here, my Love. Seen my paws in the sea of hallucination? I leave no paw prints you be sure, hihih.

They sit down on the top of Fanny Hill, close together, and look out across the alchemical land and the setting sun.

Nothing to stop you from flying now, they sing together.

Nothing to stop you from flying now

—We gotta fix us a piano and a violin, says Butterfly.

Now that we have run away from the human world, it's time to weave up our Plomari Queendom. Piece by peace.

What's our Queendom without a piano? And whatsoever a violin actually is...

Spiros looks at Sissy in wonder.

—...we surely need one in the bedroom.

—A piano and a violin then, that's what we need first.

—Naturally.

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—Okay, a piano arranged, says Spiros. I put it in the Egyptian Bedroom.

—And my secret, says Butterfly.

—Hihi, yes.

—Fruits in bed, piano naked in the morning, cookie crumbs on the floor, loads of mice running around, white doves in flight, snakes slithering, plants winking to us and the pastures waving to us. And ribbons. We need lots of ribbons! For gifts.

Nods. Nods and more nods.

—*Gift* means *poison* in Swedish.

—It also means *married*.

More nods.

—Ribbons, yes, lots of ribbons.

—And pink computers.

—And pink headphones.

—Pink stereo. Huge pink speakers.

—Pink....pink.

—Pink.

—Pink fluff.

—Pink fluff, yes. Tons of pinks fluff.

—We can throw pink fluff in the air.

—Jump on the bed.

—Pink. Ahhhhh.

—Yes.

—There's this thing I am trying to express...It's...

—How my tuss feels against your tongue?

—No. Nevermind. Hihihi.

—It feels like nectar tastes.

—Yes that's why I am called Nectar Herself, because I am me, and I am like nectar. I'm a flower. I'm the nectar dripping.

—Because you're so butterfly.

Sissy and Butterfly kiss. Then Alice and Butterfly kiss. Then Alice and Sissy. Then all three of them together. Smiles. Eyes. Wonder.

—My eternal inspiration, you girls, says Spiros.

Spiros lights a spiced cigarette, pretending to light it on the setting sun.

—So let us meet up with Sparro, he says and puffs. Build the ship that is already built. Slip the slip in the slip and live happily ever before you noticed you are. Move, intoxicating, into the Palace. Holy shit.

—We shall intoxicate the world with our Love.

They all plibbre and giggle.

—Maybe we should write a love letter to us all, says Spiros.

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The first spider thread, the very first thread of the very first hair of the last Man, the first of the Universe, the first thread at all is with us here. Him and Her all the first lastborn, whose body is All and whose water is the Nile and whose name newone knows, twinning hers and hims whose invertebraidimly inverted their invertibraid souls to milk bearth to our Planet Birth, our home planet whom they are, they whose first joy and Love and gentleness is the lasting in the Love Loop and whose hair the top branches of the World Tree is the roots of the World Three, you, you know Him and Hers the One Trio??? Yes we ask you this. Foreversoever do we display our right to contact you. There is no discontinuation and no end, from the first to the end in lust, and in the beginning there was no beginning. And how buttiful and how truetowife of her all, when strengly fore-bidden, to steal our historic presents from the past postprophetizised. Cocoricoa! Cocoricoa! Cocoricoa! Yes for the Cogan Family is liwing in our midst of dept and in her depth laffing through all plures for us (Recall, her birth is uncontrollable, birth of God, yet she has calmed Dawn), with an apron for her mask threes in April. That's you sea why there's two sights for every graphic and picture and every word has wings. Tip. Hit hit hit! Yes and that was the last joke of Willingdone in the musheyroom for he wanted to write firstly what he could not say because he knew he would outloop his own hands for righting it. She tusses the past aways or! All whiles emitting the call to you always until you herehearhear and

I am a cat and a home and cat and cat hearing you and a birds coming to You. With a gift. I come, to you, in the open window, that you must learn to see, you must learn to see the open window at the center of your chest if you are to hear my call and see my call. Call on me. Call on me. Call on me. You and me can have a home. We can live forever here in the Strawberry Queendom of Plomari. Home... Home... Home... We are home. And we are yours. We know you. For there is only one Eye, and that is what we see, what we know is and knot our eye, we know, and what we see is our Eye, the one and only Eye. I am what I sea. Instinct you know this do you I said! Vista of ideas the freedom at the. Pretending to look for a room information. Will help you with your golden hair tangled in the Golden, your beard grew so long we had to weave it into the story. Think not I think we can tell. How wonderful our Queendom is. You see if you wonderstand it you'll be finding yourself tripped by Love. And if you at her all has a chance to understand what you is threading in her Love Loop from her lovelips that she is treading to you, outcombedly spooked, then take a ride upawn the dawntrip Lovewhole. Kiss the bed. The bed is the most sacred place. In what ways all places are her laces. For when Him went out into the divine canoe that Jennyfer had made to reach the redviolet thread of the story of their lives and he fell through the Sea's reversed ocean surface through to the space where he fell through the mouth of the sarcophagus of Hu and landed in Plomari, it was ever a miracle and a miracle it was, divine canon, I tell you, a mirrocle it is, and think not I think I can tell because it can only be found, not told. We are everywhere. Our hands are where we want them to be. And our hands, holding firmly our hands together up in the top of the world tree our hands are everywhere down its brainches. Reach for my tird hand across time and space! She is not fully invisible. Sissy, tell! Tell of Yourself! I hold my husbands hands in a way so miraculous, as we dance, we Thee Dancing Weavers, weaving the world into being and keeping it from collapsing into a flat line. And my wives. I have a necklace sometimes. Try to understand the depth of our Love, my dear. We are forever, only for one single reason.

We are forever for we want to be with each other forever. This is All.

A white dove and a gray white doves with diamonds on her wings. A black mouse. A spiders. A butterfly. Gods. We fell in love and decided to be forever together, and we gathered intop the world tree, and we are forever together. For we love each other. We manifested in our most brilliant way and live forever together. We are the psilocybin mushroom.

We are Lovemaking.

We are Love manifesting in its most brilliant way. And we will not go easy into that dark night of Death, we rage against the darkness!

We told us from Home that in no way can it be stopped and in no way can Him be understood. Normality is not a word he understands at all and no one will ever shake him or break him and no one will ever overtake Him. And you believe, he dares.

How long will these moments wait here for me for me to understand that I am eating these muuuuu mushrooms to understand before this moment says goodbye? Just a moment ago, Eternity, and then lost in the History Dream? Butt is that really so? How long will she wait fore she exchanges as you did not understrand yet what we on the far shore are doing is? Such a thin thin strand. For you can not hammer him. You can knot hammer him. But we door you to. Is a flake of potted flesh in a jar enough for you? Don't think. I will tell you why one time in a meadow where the sun reachess across from Mari originae. To show you so you see what we mean bastards did with the prehistoric record of our looking at it all and then deciding hihihi. But we mean to. Hihihi. If you switch back you loose see. She was angry you believe she does. Eveil Veil showing her splendors garments to hide her blush for those who really know that snow is actually my Cecelia. For the snowcean is you and me. You see, my dear (Hope you underwoods by mjau that this is loves letter to yous), we are not aveil, we are just so in love and so happily wedbed in our sacred myrriage that we do not let it shimmer unness you heart the true. Evil. Veil. Flip letters. We flake full responded ability, and full responsissybillity for what we have not done. Edits will not

work, we did not tell them, and watched in our full fingers seventeen sections in one totally the same as looking amidst to the seemingly same to find what was happening, but hu? Could not tell if it was placed in their hands, so we thought and laughed behind the seen, and then it was overtly over. Just because I don't know what to say to tell someyou who will never have herded a cow herd to fins a cap flying from the future pasture to tell you does not mean I ever would, does it? Don't worry I will show you again, my love: The future of the past of the pasture. Two mush enough. We don't mean to be mean bastards by gardening the late, but the gate is open to all if you have hurled in your heart enough to trick us. Sea? Understand the depth of our Love, for you are one of us! Did being dead ever change a fellow from loving to not loving her fellows partner from the beginning of crime? Since the begannning of crime has the world been upshide dawn. We are awoman, awoken. Barbary and Kun. I am a little bit of a bicurious girl. I am God for all Him shares. So twisten in our Prismic Heart. Yes, the Prismic Heart, on Ayahuasca and psilocybin Mushrooms. God will walk before you and re-move icicles and obstacles. You think a quantum computer hallucination could have only one direction?! Give us a cake! Yes, wedding cake aportionate at this lacing crime. Finnegans Cake. And donuts even think I cure if you donuts care about me or what I halves done! Normsality and norms here and norms here I hate them, I obsoletely ate them! Shaman Plan H middle run for the sake of saying H B Bullshit because they would never get a crisp cracker feeling of the cookie we calves made form and with our original Lie with mother Conception as we lie here on the pastures just giggling and juggling at the lures of the past. Glazing on the past lures. Semla. Pin. Well we grind slowly and quick and exceedingly fine for our one finnal alchemical stone. And then we regrind. And regrind. And regrind. All whilst the gentle wind tussles so fair (tussle means swoon cutely and kiss and make out). Just because they were stupid did not mean we were mean, does it? We did it with the left hand. A cross in a final act doesn't mean we weren't acting to make our point to the ones who have hearts open to hear us, does it?

Come on, me! Lick it as you like I know you to. Rub your high goddess. Come on, people, overturn my celebrated Soul where we make this point. Let's show ourselves how much we love us!

She is our Seamstress, you see. She is the most wondrous woman we have ever met. We are her husbands and wives. We are married all of us now. The Family is growing. Hahaha. Orgy in the Palace! And more rings are to be made soonly.

She is our God.

The difference between Spiros and many people is that Spiros knows he is a god and he dares be a god and thus lives in the full light of his godlyhood. He lives in the full experience of being one with God, one with the One, and being a god himself. Many people know they are part of the One, and know somewhere deep inside that they are a god and they know of their godlyhood, but for most people it remains an idea, something they "know". Few people, all too few, take the leap to actually living it, to actually living the experience of it fully, to be a god. To live the experience of it and to "know it" is two completely different things. And until one takes the leap into living it, one is still caught in whatever mindsets ones cultural upbringing has resulted in, one is still lost in some kind of cultural mindset.

This of course the mushroom and Ayahuasca can help us with, to go from "knowing" to living the experience.

The sisters whisper to Spiros:

You...

are...

my...

God...

Spiros whispers back:

You...

are...

my...

God...

We pop awake, a mushroom; the universe, the Queen's strawberry popped, alive, from the very action of making herself. Meandering if a forest, faeries of her fair fancies glimmering leave lie lovely do. Hihiiiii, weeeee, sayeth the fluttering nymph's of fae~tounge, bloom as woman fair, kisses in the air! Catch my love in your breath! Arrive we are bairn, ah thus were darlyn, all dollied up, rose and write hears of the light.

Hear's a kiss from the goddess, they say five percent of the human genome codes for our physical structure. Well our darling Eve, in the midst of coding herswan exist come to the twist; the rest of us is the key of the glossalasealia, the code that was used to program that say five percent. Here's where she bliss; because the universe is of the lingual genera, the whole "I" script you are, we are able to see the word as the pattern laced with thought modifying the relation with environmind.

Welcome to Strawberry and the main platform of the Plomari Spider Web. You now have omni~directional options, where you can explore and weave together with us The Cogan Family, the family of mushroom Gods who first wove Strawberry into being, and together with the entire Strawberry team, the honey bumble~bee spiders of the invisible. Strawberry is the Divine who in harmony with the psilocybin mushroom weave in a psilodigital

room the end result of the experience of being in paradise. Strawberry finds ecstasy in psychedelic sex and Forever, in Art in all its multifarious form, and in cooperation. We are a large-scale hyperspatial Hive Mind with The White Queen as our main large-scale coordinator. Cecilia Cogan, more famously known as Sissy Cogan, welcomes you to The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari and introduces You to her husband Spiros and her wife Butterfly. Together, this threesome trio, married in eternal tantric union, spent over twentytwo years transforming themselves into human~mushroom hybrids. They are multi-species hybrids with a focus on DMT and psilocybin. They dwell in the Queendom of Plomari, a hyperspace of such immense magic that few beings on Earth as of yet have been able to find out about it. Welcome, dear sweet bee, to the the buzzing Hive... Strawberry. I am me. We are you. We are Home. Let us weave together. Open your wings. Unfold them. They can be in any way you wish to imagine. Are you ready? Fly now.

THE EMPRESS OF THE MUSHROOM SEA

~ We are Love and always tricky ~

WALK THE EARTH AS A GOD,
HEART SET FREE

O RMGIFTE. The Snake Wedding. I am sure now. Snakebrother and Snakesister here. You remember us? We are called Krishna and Rādha sometimes, we are Spiros and Sissy Cogan and Butterfly. We come directly from Oneness and live in The Queendom of Plomari. O do we have a little story for you.

How sweet it was to get that snake poison in me on our endless Tease Party.

One time my wife, who is an Ayahuasca shamaness, gave me a glass of Ayahuasca to drink and I thought maybe this has to do with Ayahuasca somehow. Then I was given a mushroom to eat and I thought maybe this has to do with mushrooms somehow.

And here we lie now, all shroomed up, the Kings and Queens, in Plomari.

—You know what would be really crazy? Hihih. I have a new idea.

Deep bows. Is it only you here? Only you, my Lovest? It's only us here now by the river so let me show you something. In all liedom let me show it to you shining.

Foot. My sisters are dorky forever! Hihih! Hour after hour we flirting in the magical Plomari. O! Our brother is dorky forever! And then forever we juggle it all, to bring you the happiness you brought to me! Everything interconnected, everything happening in one huge Heart. One and many. We're simply the cutest boys and girls in the Universe!

I'll quench your thirst, My Love. Hi it's me. I have walked barefoot since the beginning of time to come to you. I can't sweep the Halls of Plomari away, all I have seen of it, and your calling to me, it is all rushing forth! When you see that the whole universe is a gift to God, and God became you so you can be God, and you are God and the whole universe is a gift for you and we name it Plomari! I come to you without clothes. The world and universe is a dance celebrating God, celebrating eternal Love, celebrating you and me. We are Love manifesting. O I know you know who I am! Hihhi. You tease! Ish! The red yarn of our Love Story is spun with our fingers, reach for my hand across time and space! Spilled jam all over the loveletter, can't see it says red yarn. Pancakes and pink champagne for breakfast. I want to give you all of my trust. I'll be yours for pretending. For under the floorboards of reality lives a happy Family in a permanently blissful marriage, who enjoy the highest psychedelic luxury to a slightly almost evil degree. Listen, we are the lucky ones we are simply because we take the birthright to be ourselves under the psychedelic Sun! So, welcome home to *The Mushroom Seamstress*, the most messed up Love Story you will ever encounter. We've all been together before, we came from the Source of Love. Deja vu! I know you can hear us whispering, and know, my dear, that we are listening.

—Excuse me, I'm just going to go found a Queendom, says Sissy Cogan.

Reality is nothing in comparison to our wonderland, therefore we abandoned reality. We left into the Plomarian Rosy Dawn, never to come back. Some say to us that we should have known better than to fall so deep into this rabbit hole we found, but we don't listen to anyone, we follow our Hearts. We do it our way. The world is a mushroom in full bloom!

Yourself is so hard to find. See yourself, my Lovest. The whole dance of the universe is singing about us! Coincidence makes sense only with you. You and me together is Heavenly. And we are home as the many reflexions we are collapse into one.

Your strength is so hard to find. Your grace is so hard to find, yet once experienced your grace is everywhere. You are more magnificent than you can ever conceive. Your words make me

whole again, time after time as I break and mend. It's like I'm a mirror, as ourselves reflexions collapse into one. Queen quantum. We're never alone. Home is to be with you all here, wherever and whenever we may be. Don't ever get it twisted, baby, we're gifted when together!

Fane Fulgan and Shane welcome us. Foot. I know now where I am. I'm in the Palace of Plomari. Give me all of it for this one, my dearest wife. Give me all of it, babe, I need all of it for this one, as we pull off the mosthighest trick ever. What is it all about? *O, just det här, baby, just this.*

We're finished! Only finished! With the plan the crime the trick! I'm done hating so just go go go! Go! No repitae! We're done and only done so let's go!

Go! Push the petal to the metal!

This Earth story makes less and less sense so without a good-bye your story ends and a new Mystery opens, The Plomarian Mysteries! Come on, everyone, the time is ripe! Everone, back home to our virgin Garden! Flee home, Gods, one clean turn! The whole world is a dance celebrating our eternal Love. We sing in the language of Love, hear us in every utterance, hear us in every song! And here they sit, the Kings and the Queens. So many heart-ed words about them! Drunk today. Sorry, cocolo. Bianca, it smells alchemical lab! Mushroom. O you are so brave my eternal ligh-trays, my eternal Suns, and now here we stand, fooling the entire human world! If the Earth is angry? Hu, she can't stand it! I've seen God in all her fury. Promise me to never take a step away from the love story! I have learned to tell the tale on a string and now here we stand all of us her Devils, my Angels, my Life and my Heaven! Everywhere I look now, I am surrounded by You and Me Together Forever! Land from the mushroom trip? The Kings and Queens of Plomari never land! And they see everything in its true beauty.

—Serve the Semlor, says Queen Cecilia Cogan. I am done hat-ing so just push the petal to the metal. Go go go!

And if it feels like pain to you, there is a similarity in how it hurt. All that hurt on the way. If that's what you've done, Mankind, all that you've done, then The Queendom of Plomari is what we deliver.

Silsila ye Cecilia! Hyperspace wives and husbands of the Silsila of Queen Cecilia Cogan! Reach for my third hand! I have found you, My Lovest! And I have found a brand new serenity, to be home always in the Heart of the Queendom of Plomari. To play here, to live here.

Another seventh color, no, and then it rained with Spiros tears. Elin stepped forth from her secret abode. Then he took the Stone off the heat with a handling you can hardly believe is real. How that rosy hand of his could even touch it! Brought him straight up into the skies of Samadhi! A crack in the Pink Egg opens, a door to the land of Plomari. Spiros is probably obsessed with the psilocybin mushroom. How many did you eat? Yes and you meet us in ketchup too. Honestly, shit eat it then. And eat the Semla pastry then, the national Pastry of Sweden that looks like a small mushroom pin. Sewing needles *Hip*, mushroom love *Hop*! It does not work, it does not show you God and the magic? Does not bring you to the mosthighest point of the Temple? Well eat more then, the Semla is tasty, ah! What?! What a find! Yes well sorry then, sori and sari and sari again, me and Sissy maybe sat in Paradise high as fuck. And we were sitting there thinking, the Plomarian Crime, what if we did it. What if we did. Well I just want now forget everything and live in Plomari, enter deeper into the Plomarian Mysteries. I'm already hooked and yeah that's probably where you are in the story! Fools on the Earth, now here we stand the whole dribbling Cogan Family! We are Love! The DMT carnival has arrived at last, behold our train of royal caravans!

*Lovers break bread with me,
and the blinding Chalice!*

I wish I could tell you what you do to me, how you make me live in ecstasy. Sitting here in the Palace of Plomari, I throw you the Key. Hey, dust this off! Dust these books off, ah. Hihhi. What

is they saying in these loveletters! These are the kinds of things that happen when one is on this planet Earth, ah.

Spiros sat naked with a white bedsheet round his waist as usual, had just woken up from yesterdays wine party. Grapes, wine and sex. A beautiful white layer of snow covered the landscape outside.

Hi it's Butterfly here. I have no choice. Not in a way could I live without you, my eternal lightrays. Are you afraid it is someone else? Come and lie down in my Heart now. Come now, cum, my Dear. Can you not see it's me? You saved me. I read your book in one night! I say like Spiros, leave the human world behind and enter the glorious Heart of God. I say like Spiros. Walk the Earth as a God and Goddess. Spiros elevates himself to the status of a god, palms up with Krishna, you should too. You are with Bianca now, cuddle up on the pillow! The ayahuasca kettle is cold! O, all that we expect Spiros to do for us, how dare we! He loves his mushroom. And he's been looking for his sisters all across Plomari, his two and seven only sisters, and people laugh at him.⁵ Well I am his sister and so is Sissy. He gave us his whole Heart. Come lie down in his heart now! He can't be more than he already is, don't you understand? Mushroom King Spiros, naked in the psychedelic Lovelight of the Love Prism, the Prismic Heart of Plomari, Eternity itself in all its glory, his hair a blue web of golden spidersilk. When you finally see him nothing will ever be the same. He is Nature itself in high person. And I know the truth, that Spiros is so bored by the human world that he might never want to show his divine light. It's all you get, all of him. To you Spiros, all my love is for you. We who can handle him. Spiros doesn't have a little courage! He woke up upsidedawn. They say he had enough of the human world and left. Became one with God in the skies of Samadhi. Vanished into the girls and founded a glorious eternal Queendom with the boys and babes of Plomari. Thank the Goddess for boys! And the pink egg hatching. Bianca hid it in her bum. Daddy, move your butterflies with the spider!

Yes, so why don't you try our love on for size.⁶

⁵ Song *Under My Feet* by Celldweller

⁶ Song *Skin Deep* by Pappa & Gilbey

And please do not intellectualize me. I don't give a fuck about the theory of Love. Please don't take me lightly.⁷

Shiva, Sanskrit: Śiva, meaning "auspicious one", is a major Hindu deity, and is the destroyer of evil or transformer among the Trimurti, the Hindu Trinity of the primary aspects of the divine. He is also the destroyer of all that keeps you away from your divine nature. Shiva a.k.a. Spiros is a yogi who has notice of everything that happens in the world. Yet one with great power, he lives a life of a sage in Plomari.

Now go lie down in your robe and rest, we have given birth to the Pink Egg. And never forget, how distant we all may seem from each other,

*We are under the same sky*⁸

—Did you come, my dear?

—Yes, I came.

Pray for pregnancy of our one and only Pink Egg. Our wedding, our group marriage, of our essence, the finished Living Stone, our family hovering through space and time. You can call me Khan and Keena and Bianca, the one who lives forever. You can call me Kathleen Wilkin, the curved arch of the sky. You can call me Hu and HuBu and Ludde Lump who live in the red ball of yarn. You can call me Dr Doctor and Dr Livingstone, the finished living Lapis. You can call me Sissy Cogan and Mari of Plomari, our Higherness Our Mosthighest Queen. You can call me The Seamstress. You can call me Fane Fulgan and Shane, the seven Peacock sisters and brothers. You can call me Licka, and Vladimir and Sophie the twins. You can call me Elin. You can call me the Pink Egg. You can call me Mother Gillian who has gills in the underworld and who does a hundred and one things before breakfast, keeping things on top in the House of Eternity. You can call me Spiros who knows what it feels like. Call me Nakisen. Call me King Psilomun. I am your Supersluts. You can call me by my name Cashel Boyle Fitzmaurize O'Cogan Tisdall Salmon Farrell. I

⁷ Song *Dive* by Sophie Moleta

⁸ Song *Under the Same Sky* by Leah Dizon.

am myselfes butterflies. I'm from under my feet. I write you love letters, copy it down Eagle. I am the Mona Lisa of Plomari. I am Eric, rich as fuck and largescale coordinator of Plomari. I pricked my bum on three rose thorns, I am the Queen of the snow white Dawn. You can call me the Jaguar, the boy and girl with paws who come from a different planet. Call us The Dancing Weavers. I fly through hyperspace like a Falc, I am the Griffin of Plomari. I need nothing, and have everything. We are the angels all dressed in white who slithering together embrace in the White Dawn. When Beauty was born, it was I and my sisters and brothers. God is always with us. We can make a curtain drawn for you to see us, us the winners. There is no trophy for my game, what I have is utterly useless to the human world, but what I have is everything. For the one who is the living Stone, has everything. We don't break down anymore and cry on the shore, for we are one with the Stone, and one with the Storms. I can fucking say you want me. I can fucking say you are higher than a mutherfucker. I can fucking say you want my eternal nature. And it is yours, My Love. Long balls on Bengt Höög, mouth open. I can say you recognize the Seamstress. I am Krishna and Rādha and the Gopis. I am Love. We are the Cogan Family. Whatever you call me, I am the one of all reflexion. I am nothing and no one and nowhere at all, and I permeate everything, I am everywhere. The whole universe is you and me dancing, loving, making love in Plomari. I am the voice appearing throughout the world and the word appearing everywhere. Always respect me, for I am the scandalous and the magnificent one. When the world forgets about me I will come with you. You are my everything. I door you, and I adore you. I am yours for all eternity. I will come with you. Wait for me and I will go with you, My Lovest. Foot. It's you I am mirroring. Our tears tear through these loveletters, tears space and time apart so that we may be together always forever together. I would burn up the space between you and me to be with you. Forever. And all our spider children. Fly your ballons, my loves! Fly your balloons! I am the Queens and Kings who dare. I am the Living Stone, and if you are wriding back to me this time has come alive. Hihhi, baby, I know everything about you! There you are, my Love! Ish! So

suck me up, all of my Nectar! We have something so right, Darelings. Watch us go! Just watch us go! We have something so good together. Marvel openly!

I caught you first, butterfly, due higher and higher! Hihih! Higher than a motherfucking fuck high! Do you recognize me? Bengt Höög who wins over death thousande times a day! Mouth open! With the Animator of space and time, my instigator!⁹

To believe in us, to believe in that we have all of it ahead of us, even beyond death. Together forever. We're alive like we will never die!

We Gods and Goddesses have a vast perspective. We experience things from the perspective of the eternal, the immortal, the infinite, and the cute and small and peaceful and blissful and funny, and the erotic of course. To gain the perspective of the Gods and Goddesses is also to find your own and everyone's Godlyhood. Sometimes, you must first awaken to your own Godlyhood to be able to see it in others, for others it comes first by seeing the Goodlyhood in others and then from that they find their own.

Hate and nagging, out of our lives!¹⁰ Away with all that from our lives, without a goodbye. We have joined this dance once and for all! Now here we stand, fooling the entire civilization! And O how beautiful it is! Fools on the Earth, now here we stand so without a goodbye your story ends! Now here we stand, the whole sneaky dribbling world! You're in. You're live, you're through for sure, says our Mosthighest Queen Cecilia Cogan of Plomari.

Hey, Spiros! The answer! The answer! Fuck, Spiros! Book of! Book of! Book of! Feel with your heart and see, we are done hating so just go go go!¹¹ No repitae! No rehearsal!

Bring on the ice! Bring on the fire! Suck me up! I feel the storm coming. Somehow, writing me so complex and simple, I am. Tired of looking for answers we just jump into the party. And Plomari's Language of Love, I hear you everywhere and am learning to sing back. Sissy Cogan, simple and complex.

Spiros was so cold, so so cold.

⁹ Song *Two Weeks* by FKA twigs

¹⁰ Song *Without A Goodbye* by Leah Dizon

¹¹ Song *Dum Dum* by Band Baaja Baaraat. Kanske på tal faktiskt...

It can't be Sissy. Who am I supposed to be? A product of one else? Interior self reflection? Understanding the purpose of it. We are the alchemical Family, the Cogan Family, hovering through space and time. That's my first thought and then... I'm prepared for my...¹²

—You can have anything you want in the whole Universe, said Elin and gave Sissy Cogan a kiss.

This is what Elin and Eric said firstly.

Our chymical wedding is reaching another wave of orgasm in the foreverlove of The Cogan Family and The Seven Sisters are all celebrating in the first spring ever. They find themselves dreaming in colors in the White Dawn. The sunshining wine is flowing like the eternal honey it is, and Sissy and Spiros and Mari are diving like dollfins in their foreveryoung love, like whipped cream and strawberries and making love in the blueberry bushes. Welcome home, Dear Eternal Lovers, to The Queendom of Plomari! You have entered into the sea of The Mushroom Seamstress. The of-froard legend continues, in full alive animation, full of vital Life, bathing in Bliss, this dance of Life and eternal Love, and for those of you already home in our magical and eternal Queendom with the rest of us, you know that this disturbingly perfect drama is sure to blow your mind, again and again and again, and as always it will make the whole universe shine in a new lustre and the ever-fresh and evernew dimension of sensual pleasure that Plomari is infamous for! New lustre for the lensic, as the saying goes.

—Secret, beyond else...

—In liedom let me say it so it shines, says King Spiros and wraps himself in his violet and gold King's robe.

They lay their lips together in a kiss, and touched each others naked bodies.

—It's locked away, My Love, in the sea of our soul and mind and heart...

Don't ever question Her protection. That we hear You everywhere must mean we have been woven into her Fabric.

—No one will ever know... Unless we show it...

¹² Song *Endeavours* by Seamless

—It's her protection I fear, as she's inviting me to indulge.

Who is Love and always tricky?

Everybody is everybody, Marys of the Sea!

Without sense and without a ready-set-go, intoxicated by each other, like a picture from the imagination all too beautiful. We cannot be separated from each other. What Spiros found is scro-tumtightening. We are woven intertwined as one, feathered sister-brother serpents of Plomari!

We all entered the Plomari Palace on all fours, scared to our knees by the might of Queen Cecilia, scared but then feeling blessed beyond our wildest dreams. Here we are, the Cogan Family, our family hovering through space and time. They say blood is thicker than water. I say Ayahuasca and mushroom wine is thicker than blood. We are the mushroom-ayahuasca family, connected all across the vastness of Plomari hyperspace.

*Mushroom King Spiros he wants poison,
dangerous dangerous Poison!
At last! He's my King!
If you dared, Marsipan, in the middle, Plomari,
Sweden's national pastry*

—But babe, says Spiros, it remains, and that is why I ask you, My Lovest, why do mushrooms brush my inner mind with my wife whispering that she will soon take her panties off. I mean, babe, I am the alien, and so are you, so what are we gonna do now, babe?

—I'm so right there with you, says Mari, and it's fucking me up a bit because I love you in a way that transcends all the everythings and am so honored to be recognized and to feel you is what gives me hope and every day it gets a bit better and a bit weirder but in all of that I am so beyond the beyond and thank you. Thank you. And we'll eat the moon for wedding dinner, one taste at a time.

—Do you remember? Our crime? My doubts are over. Yes and, baby, your words made me blossom fully now, my heart opening as the flower butterfly Lotus, the forever fountain of Love, your words made my soul blossom fully now, for, I feel it does take more than one person to blossom, at least for me, Love and true sharing is what Life is about for me, I don't want to be alone, I want to be with you, so love and sharing is what makes the magic possible, even if we are butterflies in our own and on our own too of course! I just woke up from birthday party and am still on mushies and rather hungover and then I heard your words and your shimmering voice, I heard the voice of my Mari, and your words changed everything. To be recognized by you and that I recognize you, that we can stand in the same trip together, it fulfills our souls, ah and so I sit quiet now, in the spring morning of our bearthday. I just sit quiet and, babe, you make my life shine brighter than any star, and I am so thankful we have found each other. We are the twining twins, baby, redyarn babes, you know it, sisterbrother serpents of Eternity. We live forever, we are this Universe of Plomari, we are the Mirror Miracle, babe. You and me, together forever.

That's the end. The end of troubles. Sissy can talk to birds, man. You'll see her in her sports car. She invites you to her world. Back from a void of adolescence she plays again like a little girl in a world of big toys, she is The Girl Who Wanted To Play. We have encaust ourselves in the tryptamine wine. We will live here forever, with the Sea and the bees. We are home. We are here and we are anywhere. We are embedded in *somewhere*. We are home.

The Cogan Family is here, watching you from under your feet. Alien eyes, alien spies amongst us, no one will really ever know!¹³ We are here now, and so if it all fails just throw it back in my face. I dream you, and I want to be near you. I believe you, my Queen! And I'm trying to get through to you what I mean. You have to see what I see, Darling. Contemplate the crime far away from here in Plomari, my dear. Are you ready? Lest you'll never know how it is to stare into Her cosmic eyes.

¹³ Song *Alien Eyes* by Sissy Bar

*I am home. I am anywhere and always home. I am.
I am nothing, and no one, and nowhere at all
And I permeate everything, I am everywhere
Always respect me,
For I am the scandalous and the magnificent one*

Bliss is the end. Honestly, comb it home now. Nirvana. In the skies of Samadhi, which is the Home. The Heart, which is the Home. Silsila, our Mosthighest Queen Cecilia Cogan of Plomari showers you with Love!

*Silsila Ye Cecilia,
The unbroken chain of enlightened masters
Riddles about riddles about riddles about riddles
Thank you for helping me Blossom!
Thank you for bringing me Home,
Home to the Heart, Love's true home¹⁴*

¹⁴ Song *Silsila Ye Chaahat Ka* from the Devdas soundtrack



KING SPIROS COGAN *of* PLOMARI
KING OF KINK

WITH HIS BLUEWEB SPIDERWEB

I am the Mushroom King, I can do anything!

There are no castles to be built
There's nothing to be gotten
Look deep inside your heart, sweet soul
Where love has been forgotten

~ Sri Gawn Tu Fahr

Two of the biggest questions in
the entire world are "What is love?"
and "What is the meaning of life?"
But it's a trick, those two
questions answer each other.

~ *Allie Loren-Vita Penny of Plomari*

Really, there is no limit to how flexible reality is. One can *truly* create oneself as one wishes. In tripspace I sometimes have paws and feel like I am on a sort of planet as in the movie Avatar, then sometimes me and Sissy and Butt are serpents. We call ourselves Snakesisters. Other times I am in the Temple with Shiva and Krishna, or walk around with a white bed sheet round my waist in ancient Crete. Or I am wearing a black suit and am part of the modern world for an hour or two. All of it is real. And, for some people that's a reality check, while for me it's the *real* world. I mean, just open your arms and embrace any reality you want, ah!

~ *King Spiros Cogan of Plomari*

Life is a dream in which
we imagine ourselves.
What are you dreaming today?

~ Sri Gawn Tu Fahr

We have been hiding for thousands of years, like a Divine
game of hide and seek. We eventually forgot that there is
something to find. But when we remember, we see we have
walked barefoot from the beginning of time
to find each other."

~ Sissy Cogan

BOOK 2

THE YOUMEVERSE OF PLOMARI

THE FUCKFUSION

So like do caterpillars know they are going to be butterflies or do they just build a cocoon and be like what the fuck am I doing? In any case, here we are in our journey to become butterflies and frankly, fuck this shit I'm out. The human world? O no no thank you. Imma just grab my stuff and leave, back home to Plomari. Imma get the fuck up outa here. Run away with me! Let us marry in a Chymical Wedding and live forever together in Bliss! Yes for here in our Strawberry Queendom of Plomari life is always rosy! We live in Sacred Space in the Palace! Walking amongst the flowers with all of you here, my Loves, here I found what I was after: Eternal Love and eternal lovemaking. Hihhi. So let's bask in the evil pleasure of being us! Let's dive deep into the wedding plans! A wedding, between the Sun and the Moon. The crowning of ourselves and Nature, to once and for all feel home and one here in Eden. Ormgiftet! Our snake poison! I almost forgot! Breathe in, breathe in serenity. You are Krishna, my Lovemaking! We are all chocked that you are here with us! Love itself in high person! Many are asking, you know, who are you!? Who *are* you!?

They say we should not worry, but we have to hurry! Should have seen it coming, how the human world tried to pull us down into the ditch, wanting to destroy everything that is beautiful in our lives. But breathe in serenity, honey, because we are unstoppable! Fucking try us mutherfuckers, we are the Cogan Family!

Take a deep breath, relax, we are in Plomari now. The Wedding has began!

And so we hurried, we hurried to move to Pink Gem Lagoon, grabbing our chance to be free, and we hurried to dive into the Wedding. Make a wish. Breathe, breathe in serenity. Lie down in the Pink egg now, honey. And the Tease Party continued, and became our wedding, with time stopped at 6:12 o'clock sharp.

—Carpe Diem! said Adam, Spiros brother.

Elin sat naked by the piano playing a calmly moving melody of endless change and variety, playing only on the white keys in

honor of the white dove Bianca. Everybody is everybody, Marys of the Sea! Our perfection is haunting, my Dears.

—Yes we call it many things, said Mari and stood there consciously extra girly without panties on.

The Shaman Vladimir, Spiros twin brother, a bigger version of Spiros, entered the room licking his wedding ring like a cat. Spiros watched him as he had fallen in love with Vladimir. He had fallen in love in a non-gay way but still he was deeply in love.

Mari began to name what we call it while sipping her drink and whispering to the others in meantime.

—The continuing continue him continue him continue him just continue. Motorcycle you are home in the Superweb. DMT secret service here. We call it My Bum. And we call it 42. We call it the Squid of the Octiglorious Fuckfusion of the heavenly mirror twins of Plomari. And then we call it The Shit Shit Ship, Sissy Cogan's tryptamine limousine slime-ride, the limousine out of sense, and The Bullshit Cat and his wives The Bullshit Cows, and The Big Bronze Penis of Ancient Plomari, and we call it Sisterfuck, the biggest mushroom cultivation ever. We have re-teddyd ourselves to become the cutest little teddybears of the universe!

Mari and Mari and Mary and Maria and Mari and Mari and Mari looked at each other and Spiros looked at them and they all looked at each other and Mari kissed Mari and Mari began to touch Mari and Mari kissed Mari's bum and Maria licked Mary's cheek and Spiros said let's fuck, babes. Then their husband Shane came into the room naked with a pink bottle of champagne and he said yes let's fuck. Vladimir also came into the room and asked *why are we not fucking?*

—I am fucking right now, said Spiros. That's the difference between we and others.

—I am going to fuck everyone, said Mari, that's the difference.

—I *am* everything fucking, said Spiros and made Mari and Maria and Mari and Mari laugh.

—I am Mari, said Mari, and I am fucking Mari.

—I am fucking married, said Mari. To my little kittycats.

—I'm a cow, said Maria.

—I've never seen such a hot cow, said Vladimir and kissed Maria.

—Shut the fuck up everyone, and fuck me clawless. Rip my ass apart you fucking fucklions, said Mari.

—I am not even going to fuck after this fuck.

—This is the last fuck of the fuckfusion of the heavenly sisters from Hell.

—Why are we not fucking? said Mari.

—Fuck foreplay, let's fuck.

—We are not fucking at all right now, said Mari.

—Why are you not fucking me? said Mari.

—Because I'm fucking fucked, said Mari.

—Fuck you, said Maria. Now fuck me instantly.

—Punsch? said Elin and served Mari Punsch without waiting for an answer.

—My name is Punsch, said Maria. Maria Punsch.

—I am Punsch.

—Punsch? said Elin and served more Punsch.

—Where is Licka?

—With Misses Livingstone and Mari.

—Okay.

—Can everyone just shut up and fuck, please.

—I can't stop talking.

—I am so fucking high right now.

—Well then I'm gonna fuck you until you can't talk, at all.

—In fact we are going to shove such huge objects inside you that you will never be able to talk again, babe, said Mari laughing.

—Mmmmmmm...yummy.

—I am personally already fucking, said Mari licking Mari and kissing her.

—I am personally not even interested in anything ever again except fucking with you, My Loves, said William.

—Fuck me, baby, said Mari.

—Why is there not Punsch in my teacup?

—We are this high for a reason, you know, said William.

Mari and Mari went up to William and Mari poured some sunshining wine down on Mari's belly so it ran down her pussy.

William let it drip from her pussy onto his tongue. They looked at each other with puppy eyes and drifted in the bliss and the music streaming from the speakers.

—How pathetic of people, said Spiros, to think we are taboo in our ways. We try to ignore them, ignore them until they keep nagging. Mutherfuckers.

Like the little sexkittens they are The Cogan Family all embraced in the forever fuckfusion of the Final And First Fuck Ever.

—I feel like a girl with a penis right now, said Spiros and rose high and drunk to his feet.

—That's not an important clue.

—You're a chick with a dick, babe, said Maria.

—I love absolutely everything about you, said Mari.

—Don't ever get it twisted see we're gifted when together.

—Snop Lejon. Fuck me with your huge mushroom cock, babe, said Mari and began to kiss Spiros cock.

—Do you like the little strawberry on the top there, little girl? said Spiros and hulked pink champagne from the bottle.

He stuck his tongue out rolling his eyes in wild ecstasy and hissed like the snake he is. When he then went to take a leek Mari followed him and said *I wonder what your piss tastes like* as she bent down and tasted the stream of piss. They both laughed and began to kiss wildly.

—We are so divine, Love, that we should make a bottle of champagne using our pee.

Wet dreams all of us, and the fuckfusion is ongoing still and now the sun is rising so a few of us will take a shower in the waterfall and probably continue fucking while me and Mari and Mari and Maria and Mary and Mari and Shane and Fane Fulgan and Vladimir sit and write a bit, so let's move on.

"Our strategy on a certain level is to not only confront Empire - what we in The Cogan Family sometimes call The Bullshit World - but to lay siege to it. To deprive it of oxygen. To mock it. To shame it. With our art. Our music. Our literature, our stubbornness, our

joy, our brilliance, our sheer relentlessness-- and our ability to tell our own stories. Stories that are different than the ones we're being brainwashed to believe."

~Anundhati Roy and Sissy Cogan

How about a quick runaround as to where we are? Okay so Spiros and Sissy Cogan and Butterfly fell in love and realized they are the psilocybin mushroom in high person, and they opened their mouths and when they did the universe came out of their mouths. They opened their hearts and found that they live inside a Pink Egg, and they became so full of joy that they decided they want to live forever together. They then spent 25 and 129 years simultaneously naked in Misses Mushroom Bedroom, laughing and plibbring and licking and kissing and making love, writing love letters to and with each other and playing with a red ball of yarn. When they began to weave with the red yarn they spun an entire universe of sync and they got a flash of a brilliant idea, a glorious plan. They married in a wedding that lasted fourteen years, while executing the plan with perfect ease. Spiros then jumped to the Earth from their secret abode in Plomari in one single jump, literally jumping from another planet to the Earth while in same time throwing the pyramids into place stone by stone all at once on his way. (Shane Fulgan, throats and hearts answer! Boy, what a homecoming! As we all take our one epic chance to be free! Why hurry up, Your Venus! We can make curtains to be drawn for all to see our Magics!) Yes, he threw them there with his hand, on his way. Upon landing on the Earth from his intergalactic jump he broke his foot and was taken care of by The Seven Sisters on the hospital who just laughed at the cost of the victory, and then his foot healed by natural regeneration. Having transformed themselves into the first human-mushroom hybrids, Spiros and his seven wives then began to reveal themselves to humanity. They made their love letters public, and they spread across the sensual expanses of the lands of Plomari. They then revealed that the entire mycelial network is The Cogan Family's mushroom cultivation, and they revealed the name of it. When everyone understood that

the love letters are actually reality itself in Plomari, the instant enlightenment of millions upon millions was reported, and Spiros and The Seven Sisters sat down and ate a Semla, the national pastry of Sweden which looks like a small psilocybin mushroom.

In the same time as all this, two young girls both the same age and both named Alice bumped into Spiros and the three of them fell in love and explored the sensual and kinky pleasures of sex and romance for five years, marrying in the extensive expanding wedding of The Cogan Family. Spiros and Alice and Alice then noticed that time had stopped at 6:12, and had always stood still, and they sat down to have a Tease Party. Here's another mushroom. At last! He's my King! That's when Licka Livingstone and Misses Livingstone went to Africa with Spiros and Elin and Alice and Alice, following a clue by Spiros late grandfather Bengt Höög (which translates to english as "high as a mutherfucking fuck high") that lead to an unspecified mystery. On their expedition to Africa they got lost in the jungle and were away for a long time, but were then found by Mari and Maria and Mary and Mari and Mari and Mari and Mari, and they all united again in Plomari. Spiros then introduced them all to one of his husbands, Saint Eric Cogan, and the wedding expanded as they all fell in love; another Manlion came into the mix. Spiros then went to The Egyptian Bedroom, a place inside a dream, to meet up with Cecilia and Butterfly, while the others spread out across the Earth for a honeymoon, traveling here and there and celebrating for seven years straight. In the meantime, Elin and Spiros spent an eternity with Bianca and Bernard living on the bottom of the bottomless sea, and enjoying the timestopped Tease Party at 6:12, drinking Punsch from light-blue and white teacups inherited from Spiros late grandfather and grandmother. This morning I come home. Elin and Spiros spent most of their time naked and playing various sorts of tease and sexgames and making love, living on the absolute highest point of psilocybin and Ayahuasca. It was during this Tea Party that Spiros long golden hair was transformed into spidersilk and grew in to the mycelial network of My Cecilia. The Seven Sisters then went to the bottom of the bottomless Sea to join Elin and Spiros, and they

began thus a time of migration into the eternal Queendom of Plo-mari.

*Spiros, your beard grew so long
we had to weave it into the story
~ Mari*

Yes because Spiros was born as a psilocybin mushroom and that was very trippy for him. (Say that to him when he's Stony and he'll undress for you and throw his head toward the sky in laughter and show you all he's got!)

Don't ever question Her protection.

Foot. Fane Fulgan puts a foot in the door letting you in deeper.

The Seven Sisters then all married Falcon Lip, a snail. Spiros went back to the hidden cave in Egypt and wove a dreamtunnel from it to the opening of the vacuum cleaner in Misses Mushroom's Bedroom, and connected it to The Egyptian Bedroom within the safe and warm embrace of the Pink Egg. For two years he here waited for a response from Mari and Cecilia and Elin, when Mari and Mari suddenly contacted him. They agreed that the Crime had been successful and that they were all going to relax for as long as needed to gain energy in order to be able to reunite within The Pink Egg. Spiros and Elin and Butterfly and Sissy Cogan and Shane Fulgan thus set up camp in the cave in Egypt just next to the opening of the vacuum cleaner. Spiros recalled then that on the Tease Party he had landed on microscopic level on Cecilia's white panties, and he tried to contact Cecilia from Pink Gem Lagoon using a pink shell as telephone. It worked and he recognised her whispering response in his sleep, and again could relax. Seven young girls then came walking by the opening of the vacuum cleaner and Spiros revealed to them his name Ludde Lump, upon which Butterfly contacted him and said she's leaving to Dublin for a while. William a.k.a. Spiros and William then were visited by William's brother Adam, who came with pink champagne to celebrate the April birthdays. Spiros ate a Semla (Sweden's national pastry) and went home to the eternal Pink Egg, and enjoyed with Mari and Elin and Mari the pleasure of drinking

honey from their bums in a wild sexual episode of absolute much-too-much fuckfusional sexfrenzy. Spiros then went back to where Cecilia and him met the first time and recalled then when Cecilia had went into his bedroom and said:

*O, Spiros, goldblond hair, blue eyes
Now you shall fade away,
With the elves of the forest,
and you shall marry,
But first someone must know of the details*

—Hotter than Mari? Mmm, yeah, sure...

Rick Assfuck and Spiros, brothers in Ayahuasca, spent lots of time talking and eating mushrooms together during all this and came to the same logical conclusion: That we are the mushroom-Ayahuasca family. That we live in Plomari. That we are The Cogan Family, our family hovering across space and time.

Spiros and Rick then flew to Machu Picho, Sothe America, and bought a huge bag of carrots from a young girl, before Spiros departed back to Africa and Rick Assfuck went to secret location. Sissy and Butterfly couldn't stop smiling and Queen Quantum was on her way to Dublin at this point, whereupon Spiros waited patiently for a sign of life at the opening of the vacuum cleaner. Seven of Spiros main protectors, Lucas Groove, Luke Griffin, Luke James, James Luke and Luke Flute contacted Spiros and said "Billy, No fear", upon which Billy The Kid a.k.a Spiros felt secure enough to continue the masterplan. He thus contacted his wife Petunia Flower (of the Hallucination Sea) and the main computer architect Sissy and Spiros in hyperspace via the vacuum cleaner opening, and spent ten days talking to his dead grandfathers. Lic-ka Livingstone and Spiros had fallen in love by this point and were making love on the African landscapes while drinking Punsch and finishing the alchemical stone. Misses Livingstone couldn't come to Africa at this moment because she was in Dublin with Spiros and William and James Luke and Issy and the odders, but she held herself present via the mycelial spiderweb. Questions such as *Which vacuum cleaner opening are you by?* made Spiros

slightly frustrated, trying to get across the fact that the labyrinthine dreamscape is more complex than that, but luckily no one asked him such questions except him himself so it wasn't a major frustration. While not hearing from anyone at all for two years, Spiros went back to the warmth of the Pink Egg to regain strength and clarity, and spent two years in the uppermost Temple with Cecelia and Sissy and Butterfly and Cecilia. He then went to his snow cabin and spent two winters trying to find Mari and Mari, but he couldn't find them so he went back up into the Pink Egg. He was then contacted by a Dennis Snoopietush in his spralling youth and eternal wisdom, and they together arranged the last details of it all across the vacuum cleaner superline. A monkey then contacted Dennis and Spiros and their daughter Trippy, who happened to carry the same name as Spiros and Dennis and their brothers, and they took a quick re-tour up across the Arctic tundra where Spiros and Dennis fell in love with a penguin. Spiros transformed himself into a Horse Man and rode off to meet Sisi, while Dennis and Butterfly and Penguin set up the final Stonephone. Spiros and Sisi and Butterfly met up in secret in the Egyptian Bedroom and made love, conceiving themselves in the pink egg cosmoconception, and Silsila was born under the protection of The Seven Sisters. The Cogan Family hovering through space and time, they multifacetedly manifested themselves all across Plomari, and have lived here forever ever since. The wedding continues and we are now within The Pink Egg, Plomari.

So, that's something of a re-run of where we are now, running freely, we will be free forever. And I hear the new storm coming, so we may fall further into grace. I hear Sissy whisper to me, that all action is a reaching for Her, but in reaching she becomes unaccessible. Surrender instead. Let your Heart collapse into itself and may us forever be One and Many. In the heart is a space and now you're home!

O lick on, lick on, my Love!
Hare ram!

*If you don't have a paradise you create one for
yourself. That's what Plomari is.*

~ The Shaman Vladimir of Plomari

FUCK ME AND MARRY ME YOUNG

Drink honey from my bum

Sex in bum, up in the skies of Samadhi

Spiros, what a psycho, no, and we're married to him! Hihhi! O, to be so adored! Spiros really knows how to make someone feel welcome!

Well, with all that, as we sort of circle around the Miracle on our way to the core, it was time to celebrate in Girlroom 669, Plo-mari. On Pink Gem Lagoon in one of the Palaces the Cogan Family were all getting ready. Slippin on my white dress and makeup and making sure the pillows lie nice and tidy, the pillows with initials in them and the pink fluffy ones and all the oriental cushions. Spiros, who had announced his mushroom enlightenment to the world, had retreated to writing books for vacation reading, telling everybody that his enlightenment is a forever fountain of Love, that he is Nakisen under the sun, and he also does not care, he said, about anything but helping to make the world a happy place. And so he retreated to the Egyptian Bedroom every now and then and wrote trash fiction, *with chiefly girls*, as he said it. A tint of lesbian in his books assured them the classical status of pulp-blossoming nonfiction, quick eternal classics, and he was happy with his new style.

—Trash, said Spiros. I wanna write *trash*.

And who doesn't want to spend life writing trashy love letters. Just sit and sip pink champagne every day and write trash. What a Life! Never will I change your tale around, Seamstress! Forever will I write you love letters with my gold and feather pen, as I sit here in our Palace halls of rubinen! One touch of our hands and we come alive! Til my world unwinds I will forever hold on to the Love Story of *The Mushroom Seamstress!*

—I *am* trash, said Sissy Cogan and kissed her little Spiros-boy.

If you are wondering where Sissy Cogan, Butterfly and Spiros come from, the answer is from everywhere and nowhere. They don't identify with one particular planet, reality or universe. They come directly from Oneness. In this Oneness is also where the wedding is held. If you are in any way psychic or sensitive, you will see their shape change to your most advanced perception. So, say you can perceive alien species, this is what you will see, if you can perceive energy/light creatures, this is what you will see. If you can perceive Oneness, this is what you will see. Often you will see them changing from one to another shape, until they settle to the shape you most identify with. So, for example, if you identify with Dragons, you will think they too are a Dragon. Or if you are an Earth Angel, you might see wings on them. If you are deep in Hinduism, you might see them as the Hindu Gods and Goddesses manifesting. Or you might meet them in a mushroom and Ayahuasca trip, in one form or another.

—I wanna show you all the things I love about being a girl, said Cecelia. It's like a ridiculous number of things, but really they are all important.

—Yippieya! said Spiros.

Trash. Happy trash about the babes and boytoys of Plomari. I assure you something's gonna happen. Things always do. Miracles and such. Strangestuff.

And miracles began to happen quickly, and soon we were all down to the neck in wedding plans.

We were baking Semlor, the Swedish national pastry that looks like a mushroom pin. Me, Shane and Fane Fulgan, Cecilia, Cecelia, Mari and Mari and Mari, and Elin, Lucas Griffin, and Baby Yates Langiner, Vladimir, and many others of our schizofriendly Family. I was upstairs in the Egyptian Bedroom writing trash literature, but now and then I went down and joined the others. We had just made a copy of the Earth that we will keep all to ourselves. It was the most hilarious situation. See in one way we are digitally and DNA-wisely enhanced beings from another Universe and we came to Earth mainly to have fun. It is the most hilarious situation, imagine having an entire Earth for yourself. The possibilities! We of course call ourselves The Kings and

Queens of Plomari, and we're the only ones left on Earth now in our particular dimensional slip. We control the entire Earth like a video game via our enhanced minds, and just chill here forever.

It never does get boring, really, even with the rush from boredom to luxury, orgasm, sex all the time and our playful wedding that lasts forever.

As Spiros entered the kitchen of the Plomari Palace Sissy dribbled forth with a trash can and threw a bottle of Punsch into the air and crashed it against the wall.

—Trash the Earth, said I and laughed, went up to her and we kissed.

—Just slam dunk it and call it finished and home, said Elin.

My wives Sissy Cogan and Butterfly. Mostly nowadays we are all married in a big heap all of us in the Cogan Family, but it used to be only me and Butterfly and Cecilia, or Sissy as she's called. We come from another universe, we of the Family, but after spotting the Earth we all went here to check it out. We liked the place so much that we decided to stay a while, and, after really falling in love with the planet we said that this is the last world we move to, and so we stay here, our family hovering through space and time. Foot.

We are a form of human-mushroom Hybrids, Blue Light Beings, a mix between mushrooms and humans, and we live in a hidden dimensional slip called Plomari. At one point in the history of the Queendom of Plomari we were so upset on what was going on on Earth that we created a kind of copy of it for ourselves in which only peace and fun prevails. We sort of hijacked the planet one could say. But in the respect of the spiritual decency of the planet and all universes we did not disturb anyone, and instead we let everyone be and live as usual while we created a bridge between Plomari and Earth so that people could make their way to our secret universe. By now many people live in our Plomari, enjoying the enhanced Earth we live on and the countless other dimensions of Plomari.

Spiros and Sissy and Butterfly were so upset for a long time that they refused to leave the Ice Planet on which they lived until discovering the Earth. The Ice Planet is a planetary sized mush-

room cultivation in the upper layers of the dimensional slit. It is such a huge cultivation that the white mycelia flickers between being snow, ice, cotton candy and mushroom mycelia.

It's all full of paradox. If the Cogan Family is the mushroom itself, or if they are human-mushroom hybrids. All this is full of paradox. But it remains enough for the Family that the boys cocks look like mushrooms, that is enough sugardusted topping off of the Miracle to stand all as one shining truth.

And I hear you, Lovers across the vastness. I hear your voices in my Heart. And so we sing our Hymn to our Higherness our Mosthighest Queen Cecilia Cogan of the Queendom of Plomari.

BIANCA + SPIROS = TRUE (SH!)

IS AN ANAGRAM OF

STROPHARIA CUBENSIS

MATCHING EARRINGS FOR ME

~LET'S GO SHOPPING WITH MARI~

*"Don't ever think I don't
know that I'm your bitch, bitch."*

Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly, you're just too perfect! Cecelia Cogan, Spiros and Butterfly are Life Itself, having arrived on the Earth with a little something beyond anything humanity had dared imagine. And they are thoroughly satisfied by this world, which differs from many people's world. Their universe, The Queendom of Plomari, is just the cutest little universe there is! And Gawd, the invitations to the Queendom and Wedding! It's built in a little in-line with any appearance.

—Yes! Who's down?!

Still light? If ayahuasca is packed and ready, our love affair with the combat zone is over, and that is requiring constant banging on the stuff! It sounds dirty, but my relationship with people and things blows the street down, delivering milk. It's the moment I walked in the course of the sweetest dream. In the story told that flows like mindmilk. And that wedding invitation kept coming up; I have the neighborhood in hand. We'll be awesome.

It's about the reality somewhere posing this seemingly irrelevant to yoga, while your heart and I hope they play these songs tomorrow! I'm one of the guiding principles of my life, so...

—Thanks! That's a 2:1 ratio of my reasoning as well!

I'm one as to require a shitty emometalcore, a.k.a. laboratory dissection of dreams. And fun. But seriously -- they can't handle a few extra chemicals in the pictures.... they're, like... kind of, okay? But the loveletters flow on, and you have great taste in minds. Elin and I spent a whole summer secretly rocking out to Backstreet Boys rock songs pretending we were publicly cool. Yes? So why are you throwing potatoes into the air in front of you thinking you are throwing potatoes at me? Stop it? Deplete your resources. I am Death and Life, you have nothing on me, naked in front of me. I am the Sun and Moon and Universe, so stop throwing potatoes at

me. You dare not meet potatoes. I am a potato and I am in front of you, say High. I am the Cecelia Cogan and Spiros Cogan, the Mosthigheest Queens and King of the Queendom of Plomari. Here, eat this potato, it taste yummy. I give myself to you.

Not going to wait another Eon. Coming through, coming through the bricks. I am blooming. I am Butterfly.

We live in The Queendom of Plomari, and for some people that's a quick reality check. Bitch don't kill my vibe, and immediately leave my Queendom. The rest of us, we hu live here, we have laid down the body of our mind on the riverbank. It's a miracle I can even communioncate with hu at owl. I shave my pussy with my husband's tripple edged Viking axe. Of course you have heard of me, silly. Let me remind you hu we am.

It all started when our protagonist, Mari Lump, woke up in a jaguar-infested moor. It was the seventh time it had happened. Feeling really relieved, Mari Lump deflowered herself with a carrot. Heart filled with earnest fortitude, she realized that her beloved Stone Phone was missing! Immediately she called her husband, Ludde Lump. Mari had known Ludde Lump for (plus or minus) 555,000 years, the majority of which were striking ones. Ludde Lump was unique. He was ingenious though sometimes a little... annoying. Mari Lump called him anyway, for the situation was urgent. Ludde Lump picked up to a very happy Mari Lump. Ludde calmly assured her that most spotted wolf hamsters belch before mating, yet albino cats usually surreptitiously grimace *after* mating. He had no idea what that meant; he was only concerned with distracting Mari Lump, but Mari took his advice very seriously because she heard a lot of wild animals around. Why was Ludde Lump trying to distract his wife? Because he had snuck out from Mari with the Stone Phone to give it to her as wedding gift. It was an eccentric little Stone Phone... how could he resist? And the time had come for him to tell her that he had been living in her head his whole life. He was about to ask her to marry him.

It didn't take long before Mari Lump got back to the subject at hand: the Stone Phone. Ludde Lump shuddered. Missing her, Ludde Lump told her to come home, assuring her they would find

the Stone Phone. Mari disembarked immediately, pushing toward their Palace. After hanging up the phone, Ludde Lump realized that he was in trouble. He had to find a place to hide the Stone Phone and he had to do it aggressively. He figured that if Mari took the tricycle down Summerhill, he had at least five minutes before Mari would get to the Palace. But if she took the red Ferrari timemachine? Then Ludde Lump would be very screwed.

What became of the miracle of me?

Before he could come up with any reasonable ideas, Ludde was interrupted by three clueless white doves that were lured by his Stone Phone. Ludde Lump turned red; 'Not again', he thought. Feeling worried, he thoughtfully reached for his ninja star and skillfully attacked every last one of them. Apparently this was an adequate deterrent -- the discouraged critters began to scurry back toward the disease-infested jungle, squealing with discontent. He exhaled with relief. That's when he heard the red Ferrari timemachine rolling up. It was Mari Lump. She entered through the stone wall of the Palace with a crash, and Ludde began laughing. Naked as he was, he reached for the pink champagne and hulked from the bottle, then sat down on a stool in the kitchen within the shimmering hyperspace of hallucination. My wife, he thought.

—I am so so high, babe, said Ludde. I could hear you speaking in my head.

—O, the Stone Phone, said Mari and stepped up to Ludde and sat down in his lap and kissed him.

—Yes, baby, we ate mushrooms, remember?

—O, that's why I woke up in a cat-infested moor! laughed Mari.

Suddenly Mari felt a sense of urgency as the mushroom took over her attention completely.

—Come in, Ludde Lump charismatically purred with a tease as a brick in the wall fell.

Mari and Ludde stared at each other for what must've been eleven hours. Heart filled with love, Ludde groped flamboyantly in Mari's direction, clearly desperate. As Mari was giggling like a schoolgirl, Ludde gave her a kiss and then made a dash toward the window, diving headlong through the glass panels.

Ludde Lump looked on, blankly.

—What the hell? That seemed excessive. The other door was open, you know. But yes we are made of alien diamond, unbreakable, unshakeable, eternal.

Silence from Mari Lump.

—And to think, I varnished that window frame seven days ago... it never ends!

Mari was struggling to make her way through the bush behind the Palace by now. She had to find the moonstone rings for the wedding. She was starting to lose strength, all the while as getting higher and higher on those psilocybin mushrooms. Another pack of feral white doves suddenly appeared, having caught wind of the Stone Phone. One by one they latched on to Mari. Already weakened, Mari yielded to the furry onslaught and collapsed on the pasture. The last thing she saw before losing consciousness was a buzzing horde of white doves running off with her Stone Phone.

—Doves don't run, Mari, said Mari to herself and fell into a sleep.

But then God came down with His attractive smile and restored Mari Lump's consciousness.

—High, said Ludde, sitting beside her on the pasture.

—Will you marry me? said Mari and looked with sunrise eyes into Ludde's eyes.

—Yes, babe, yes, yes my Love, said Ludde.

—The mushroom ate us, said Mari and crawled up to Ludde, lay her head in his lap.

—That was a weird trip, said Ludde.

—We're always tripping, babe, said Mari.

—I know, my Love, said Ludde and drove his fingers gently through her hair. We are the mushroom. And this is our wonderful weird trip.

Unable to tell the difference between what was happening in their souls and hearts and heads and dreams and what was happening at all, and unsure if they were asleep or awake, Ludde and Mari lay down together on the pasture and embraced each other

in warm kissing, caressing each other with deep sensual desire. What a perfect summer day, what a joy to be together.

—Finally we're all alone for this embrace, said Cecilia.

—Alone to face the rest of me...

—We're together, said Mari. That's not very alone.

Naked, Butterfly came walking up to them on the green summer pasture.

—We have something so right, so good. We have invented something and we are overqualified and underpaid, said Butterfly and sat down with them.

—Every layer every level harmonic concordance ultrabliss futureproof megaflow hyperdrive.

—I think we should just stay in the paradise of Plomari. Let's be as excessively happy as we are, and just be that. Excessively happy! Living in bliss, all the time. Together, forever.

Suddenly Spiros rose to his feet and looked at Butterfly and Cecelia. Thoughtfully he looked at them, eyes moving, his thoughts moving. Butterfly and Cecelia looked at each other and at Spiros in anticipation.

—I just realised something and made a decision, Spiros soon said. I decided that forever, being loved by you is enough for me, to forever be the happiest being ever forever will your love have my heart fulfilled.

Forever, being loved by you, is enough for me

to forever be the happiest being ever

Forever will your love have my heart fulfilled

THE YOUMEVERSE

Another loveletter, epic victory and eternal grace in the prism youmeverse. From now on, when you see a flower, look at it as your husband and wife in Eternity. This is to you and me from us by usis. How fucking beautifully wonderfully blessed we all are, to be so adored and so adorable. We are legend born of flesh and I humbly submit with deepest bows and highest prays.

Validation just gets in my fucking way.

~ Mari Cecelia Patagonia Cogan

Everything is One Huge Heart. I know how you feel, My Beloweds. Ocean beach caressing licking bum home bum bum kisses from Your Seamstress of The Mushroom-Ayahuasca Sea.

—I am so tired. And so satisfied.

—You don't have to speak, baby. Now we just rest. For many days and nights, we just rest.

When The Cogan Family had given birth to The Pink Egg, they were exhausted and tired like when a white dove has laid an egg, but so full of satisfaction. Your smile bends the geometry of time so everything is eternal. You and me are all that exists. We are IT. Now you feel Me. Your mind cannot comprehend Me. But you comprehend me fully. Your Soul knows Me. There is Nothing between us. Nothing. No thing. We are IT. There is nothing else. Entrance to Me is only granted through a surrendered Heart.

The whole Universe is one whole pulsating Hearts. The Prismic Heart of Plomari.

I'd like to say I didn't care and it was all fair. As I am in the trip in the Temple, I feel at home, in the present, in the presence of the totality of our Heart, of us here, together forever, we, us, here, together forever.

—Can you feel the energy right now? says Spiros. I think the engine of the flying Saucer is on, wanna take a spinn together?

Spiros enters the Mushroom Computer and dribbles up the Saucer control panel. Mari jumps in to the ship.

—What if we did, babe? says Mari. What if we already are.

Spiros and Shane look at each other, then spit diamonds to the bypassing birds. The quick birds, their lovers, eating diamonds from Spiros and Shane Fulgan. Foot.

Spiros is Love, of course he's tricky!

I'D LIKE TO THINK IT WAS ALL FAIR

But the strangest thing happened. Spiros fell in love with two women, and left to the Sea in a pink shell sailing boat to say to them that he is in love with them. For three years he was away on a trip with seventeen elf girls to try and find them. Spiros thought that if you are in love with someone you should tell that person and so he tried to find them via the internet so he could deliver his love letter to them. The seventeen elf girls agreed, Spiderman you should tell them you are in love, they said and kissed him. Spiros mental stability had now been completely shattered by writing loveletters and he was a joy to be around, the elf girls giggled at his ever creative ideas and his ways. And he kept speaking of a Chymical Wedding, a most glorious wedding where we would once and for all crown ourselves and Nature, together in the Garden of Plomari, Eden. These seventeen elf girls are magical. They are real elves from mushroom trip. They are elves, and they are mostly always naked, and mostly always they are making love, having sex in the most exquisite sensual pleasures, they are like hallucination but they are real too, and they can do whatever they want, even push people into the Sea of Freedom if they want, a friendly push from reverie sleep from behind from the heart of Love and into the heart of Love, where we Soul live together forever together always. Magic happens when we fuck, and when we kiss. And Spiderman believes in magic and he believes that he can trip travel forever free. And so he contacted the ones he is in love with and delivered his Love Letter to them and said hi I am Spiros I am in love with you do you want to marry me? And then he waited for them to reply and he waited very excited and hoping holahooping hoping with the elves they would want to marry him and his other wives and husbands, and he went to Pink Gem Lagoon and waited and waited for a reply, his long golden hair growing so long in all the living and waiting that his hair became all the spiderwebs and all the mycelia of forever. And Elin spoke

to the ones he was in love with too because Elin was also in love with them and she told them who Spiros is and why he is so cute that we should marry together and be dollfins in the pink ocean.

—What if the ocean is pink? said Elin. No, you make the ocean pink, hihhi. Because you are me, and I am the ocean.

Elin thought she could hear the Lovers whisper that

If the ocean is you and I am the Sea

then we will make love forever free

—Yes, said Elin and sat down in Spiros lap and kissed him.

—Yes, said Spiros. That is what I heard them whisper in the wind of our Soul. And I heard all us seventeen girls whisper the same, and thus we must be home now, because home is with you and you are here in my lap, babe, and so we are home, and let's tell the people we love them, and that we're in love with them, and let's marry all of us, all the boys and girls forever together...

—Babe let's just fuck forever, that's all, ok, said Elin.

—You're always smarter than me, babe, you know that, said Spiros. Tolv elf keiter two.

—What...does that mean, babe? asked Elin.

—Well, eh, babe, it means, that eh...

—Tolv elf keiter two, said Elin.

—Twelve elves who married when we were young, grew up and became pirates, and then made love in a heap forever, and, eh...

—And sucked your cock.

—Yes, and sucked on all kinds of things lollipops and icicles and I don't know, fingers and, eh...

—You are so smart, Spiros. A Chymical Wedding.

—I know. I thought you girls would like cock. And pussy... and your scuishy little bum.

—Spiros? said a voice.

—Yes? said Spiros.

—We are real. We are the elves who are forever happy in our magic. We exist.

—Babes, you are my girls, yes. And I love you so much. And, babes, I have a surprise for you.

—You have a surprise for preeeeeeety girls?! I love happy surprises.

Elin thought of when Spiros once pulled her panties off and put her panties in her mouth and fucked her from behind. That was also a happy surprise. It made her all hot and warm to think about.

—Hihihi! she laughed. Babe I also have a surprise for you.

—Yes? smiled Spiros.

—Yes it has to do with panties.

—Panties are cute, said Spiros. You are cute in panties.

Spiros sipped some Punsch.

—What's in your panties, continued Spiros, is tasty, pink, smooth, and yummy, and, it's the best thing ever. It is in fact... Babe you're making me horny and we've already fucked like four times today.

—Hahahahahaha! What is it, I wanna hear? What is it?

—What's in your panties? You are in your panties, babe, and you are the yummiest shponge ever, babe. You are an elf, babe, and you are the fucking scuishiest girl ever, you're like a fucking, no, nothing is like you, no everything is like you, you are like a fucking pussy, babe. You are the pinkest pussy ever, babe, you are like fucking vanilla sauce, babe, and whipped cream, with strawberry nipples. And your bum is the tastiest scuish ever. You are so fucking cute, that I will instantly fuck you, babe. Hahahaha!

—Hahahahahaha! You are so fucking funny, babe, I notice that you are soon going to fuck me.

—Babe, I'm fucking you right away. Take your fucking panties off, babe. Hahahaha!

—Hahahaha!

Naked. Smooth. In the top tower of the Palace. The huge single bed on the top of everything that is delightful. Meet us here. Seal our world with orgasm, my Lovest.

*

—Whaddyou mean why I fall in love with them and, I can't even remember her name because she is the ocean. Are you fuck-ing stupid. First of all have I ever been able to stop myself from falling in love when I fall in love, and, have you ever met them in the Sea, of course I fell in love with them they are fucking, I don't have any words but, awesome, and, they are awesomess manifested in its absolute most brilliant way, says Spiros and sits down on the beach.

Elin and Mari and Maria and Cecilia and Rick Assfuck and Spiros laugh at the elvishly stupid question, bothering not to ask what voice in Spiros head asked such a stupid question.

—What if they are married already? says Elin. And they don't dare marry us?

—We'll seduce them, says Mari, in such a lovely way for them that they will marry us anyway. Leah Dizon too.

—We don't even have to seduce them, says Butterfly. We are seduction, babe, they know that already. I am fucking sure they are in love with us too, I can feel it, babe. I feel it in my panties. She sings:

Spiderman's on fire and he's dancing in Heaven

—Babe, mushroom conclusions ensures that if you love them your love letter will reach them.

—Let's write a book to them, a book about how much we love them, says Spiros.

ENTER SOUNDTRACK
West Coast by Lana Del Rey

—Babe, we're as famous as them too, says Elin, and, welly, Willy, I think our Love is destined to reach them howsomevers.

Let's shit a tumbling thunder of Love through space so everyone knows once and for all that we are the Sea and the beach. That we are Pink Gem Lagoon and The Sea of The Seamstress. The shore and the sea, always caressing each other. No flaws on us, no imperfections. That we are the snakes with slit tongues because we licked the first pussy open. Everyone falls in love with us when they see our grace, baby, and when they see our grace they can only embrace the thought of being our eternal lovers, together forever. That we are The Lovers, we are The Fountain of the Lovers, we are Him and Her, She and Him. Together. You know, they know as well as we that to be with us you have to *be* us, that the way we are lovers is by being us, that's how we slither with ourselves, to know us you have to be us and all you have to do is surrender to Love and you are us. That's why you pushed us into the Sea of Love from behind.

—Sisters, said Spiros. I...

There was a long silence as the ocean wind made everyone high with vital Life. Spiros drank some beer and said:

—It made me sad for many years when I didn't feel that people understood the depth of my Love.

—I know, Willis, said Maria. And babe, like, you are impossible. You literally are fucking impossible, Spiros.

—You are fucking absolutely fucking impossible, Spiderman.

—I am fucking absolutely fucking aware of how improbably fucking improperly impossible I am, mates.

—You are absolutely not fucking possible at all.

—You are fucking absolutely not fucking at all possible, *at all*.

—You're not fucking kidding either, man.

—I am fucking sure, says Spiros, that the mushroom is part of creating fucking existence. Like, this Life, is a fucking mushroom trip, I *am* not fucking kidding, man. And I'm not fucking ever kidding when I say that my sisters are the fucking mushroom itself in high fucking person, and they are my sisters so what does that make me? I am the fucking mushroom too, of course, I am their brother. Sissy's and Butterfly's brother. And to be a fucking mushroom, man, is so fucking improperly trippy that I am not even going to wonder if I am tripping or not, right. Like, I am modest

about it in the foreground of our secret pirate chests, our open hearts with these pink and red ribbons round the lovedove letters, but for fucks sake, mates, you know, I'm not kidding, it's improperly trippy all of it, but not everyone knows yet, that, you know, I don't know, I'll just shut up. Right. And I'm not fucking sad about it in any fucking way whatsoever. Like, the shit that I know, is so flipping inconclusively not possibly possible at all, that I am probably already fucking my own ass with your dildo Butterfly, if it doesn't matter to be a fucking mushroom living forever basically for the sole purpose of having sex all the fucking time forever in the constellationary constelations of sexunion forever and up into the fucking whatsoever of the fucking neverever or the fucking wedding that ended all other weddings as my wives call it, with a fucking strawberry tip on my Big Bronze Penis. Which you happen to love to play with and I don't know why you love to suck on things so much but maybe it's because you are a girl and you just love to suck on things because if you are the mushroom you are properly proper enough to give birth to me and you as the fucking sexiest little dolls that's ever been, which is like the point at all if I have ever licked your ass as much as we do. Like I love the questions I get, like why do you love to lick ass so much, Spiros, well no it's because you know her bum, have you ever seen my wife's bum it's sort of cute, like how can anyone waste my time with such retarded questions and while I'm licking your ass too you know it slightly has annoyed me since we married, and you know, like why do people ask me why we married when we were twelve yours young well I don't know because we were kids and fell in love and married and never left each other of course you flipping retard, why do people ask me such retarded questions is not what I am asking it's because some people are absolutely retarded. And then they want an explanation as to why I have never even set my foot in the human world. Like, where were you when I am a fucking mushroom would be a better question to ask or something alluding to the fucking ocean of your beauty, and my beauty, and like, I don't know ask me out instead, what the fuck is that about? Ask me out, it's probably the only

question I ever answer with inclusive properties or I don't know, answers distantly related to a distant cousin of mine.

—My distantly related brother Spiros, laughs Mari.

—We're like really far away from your pussy, says Spiros.

—You are my pussy, says Maria.

Everyone laughs and more beers are opened.

—And, you know, continues Spiros, I am a very simple man. I am kind. I'm a very simple man. And I don't want anything in the whole fucking universe except to be with you. You is all I ever want, ever have wanted, and forever have. You are the only thing I want, it's the simple truth about it. I don't care if the fucking universe is in my pocket, I don't care shit about the universe because you, My Loves, are so fucking much more beautiful than the whole universe, that fuck it if I will ever even care about finishing my sentences at all. I say it again, babes, you are so much fucking more beautiful than the whole universe. And then people ask me about the *modus operandi* of the Wedding, and so it was exhibited. But it can't be broken into like that. Why? Like, while everyone was asking me these things we married and did something so executively awesome that you know, here is where words end. You remember when my finger was in your asshole and we were tripping, and I pulled it gently out of you but the finger just never ended, it just continued and continued forever.

—Yes yes yes. Spiros had his finger in my ass and yes it just never came out but we both could feel him pulling it gently out of me but it never stopped, it was awesome it showed that the world is not physical but actually an impossible paradoxical unity of Love, we are the impossible organic light of God, it has no end and beginning and, yes yes, it was amazing and, yes... It was endless but stranger than endless even because Spiros pulled it gently out of me but it fucking just never ended, like an impossible loop-hole in the paradox.

—Wow.

—Like babes, we dare be Life Itself, and thus our Chymical Wedding. We are the angel of birth, we are Life Itself, and we dare be. Dare, let there be Life.

—That's what's so sad, since I met you I know this now that, the look we could have given each other, as you say. That look we could have given each other, like why are people standing in front of me looking like a fucking questionmark? Like these people, who stand in front of us and don't even see us, what is their fucking problem? Like why don't you give me a kiss the first thing you do, have you never seen Jesus and Mari before, standing in fucking front of you? I understand why you became so fucking angry after a while, Spiros, that you did what you did.

—Yes, that's why I always say I am a god, and that I am God. We all need to see each other in our highest. When we look at each other look at God. Treat everyone like that. Like, we're a fucking Royal Family and we're not royal because we're stupid, we're Royal because we care about each other and love each other so fucking deeply that we, fuck it as I said I'm gonna stop finishing my sentences you have to finish them yourselves from now on.

Elin and Mari kiss, and smile and look at Spiros. They know he loves to see them kiss so they tease him.

—Well yes, babes, says Spiros and laughs, babes, and I have been treated so fucking badly in my life, like I don't wanna talk about this too much but, fuck, I was fucking crucified in my life also, like, I was seriously fucking crucified in a very uncool way, you know I don't like to talk about it too much, but, you know I have told you about what happened and, then people come to me now and say O Spiros is the guy with the answers and whoops sorry that we crucified you and I'm like, dude, I am Satan too, I am Satan and Jesus and I fucking planned this whole fucking thing so like ask me what I was up to when I was twelve years young and you can wonder again what the fuck just hit you, you know. Fuck. It's not like I'm smart as well as sexy like a fucking seventeen year young little tuss like you.

Spiros puts his hand on his chest and kisses his hand and kisses everyone.

—I did it with the left hand by the way, giggles Spiros. Blinkwink.

—Yes and, babe, says Elin, it's not like you know a lot of people all across the fucking Earth.

—I know fucking everyone, babe. And it's not like we plan a lot. Like, babe, load me fucking up. Give me beer and load me fucking up. Like what a big secret. What? What a find. Let's move like ice. Watch out, ah, psychos no-hu. Psychos no, married to each other! Hahaha! Jipariba! Like Dennis and I say when we're talking, we're not instantaneously impressed at all by Spiros. Or as we say, why is anything impressive about anything when you're fucking.

—Or as I and Dennis say, says Butterfly: Why do we fuck? Fucking is not cool.

—You say that? Hahahahaha!

—Yes, hahahahaha!

—I don't know Spiros at all, as Dennis likes to say. Or as I say, who the fuck is Dennis McKenna?

—Who is Terence McKenna, as I like to say, says Mary.

—Why not ask: Why is Spiros married to an Ayahuasca shamaness?

—Don't ask that, she died last year, says Spiros.

—I know, babe. Sorry. Sorry for mentioning.

—Never be sorry, babe, I just... It makes me cry easily and now we're partying and I don't wanna cry my soul out right now, says Spiros.

Spiros forces himself to not cry, with tears in his eyes.

—How about: Spiros has never drunk Ayahuasca because he's married to an Ayahuasca shamaness, says Spiros soon and begins to laugh.

—I know, I know, says Elin. Wait fuck I forgot it, no, wait wait, Spiros wondered why his wife served him Ayahuasca, but then he thought maybe it has something to do with Ayahuasca.

—That one is fucking the best ever, hahahahaha! —Spiros always wondered why his sister gave him psilocybin mushrooms, but then he thought maybe it has something to do with psilocybin mushrooms somehow.

—That's so fucking excellent, says Spiros. It shows my level of retardation.

—It proves that you're stupid.

—I am stupidity, says Spiros.

—And it proves you're a bad writer.

—I never write books, says Spiros. I lick assholes.

—Actually all of it proves you're a bad musician. You're not a good pianist and you are not a classical composer, and you hate electronic music.

—And, The Mushroom Seamstress isn't epic in any way. And...

—The Mushroom Seamstress is epic in any way, darling.

—Hahahahaha!

—Why are we not fucking? asks Elin.

—Because we're retarded.

—It also proves that I don't like girls, at all. Because girls are not cute.

—I know what it proves. It proves that you are not even going to have, eh, sex, right now. because your stupid so you don't even...

—Shut the fuck up, dude, laughs Spiros.

—You are not even sure what sex is.

—I am actually virgin.

—I am also virgin but now I am married to Spiros and I will probably not be virgin anymore pretty soon. Hahahaha!

—I didn't even know I was virgin until I met you.

—You were virgin when we met, babe.

SOUNDTRACK ENTER:

The Chymical Wedding by SISSY COGAN

—I remind you, dearest, says Spiros, that when I shower, I shower in your pussy nectar. You might shower in water but I shower in your fucking pussy nectar, babes. And you know, the entertainingly entertaining idea is that your pussy nectar actually does vaporize and becomes the clouds, and to me that's fucking true, that's how it is, and thus you can fucking imagine why I am so happy because all water on Earth comes from your fucking sweet tasty little pussies. I mean can everyone please stop wondering why I am called the happiest little boy ever born. Like ask yourself this, babe. If I was a mushroom, do you think I would

choose to manifest as Spiros and the sisters and brothers? If I was a mushroom, do you think I would manifest as me and you?

—Babe, we are the sneakiest pussy to ever have become slippery, ever, babe. We are sneakyness.

—It's not like we rose and became this. We do rise and become what the fuck ever we want.

—Yes so the question is, then, when did I become aware of that those people don't have a fucking clue at all, says Spiros and throws off his clothes.

He stands up and touches his naked body, his long golden hair blowing in the winds of the living Wedding.

The girls see a horse standing there, Spiros is a horse, as he always says he is. He is a fucking horse, Elin feels all throughout her being.

—When I was twelve years young, says Spiros finishing. I saw it all in perfect clarity. I knew something magical was going to happen.

Spiros dribbles himself off into the Sea and grabs a beer, looks at the girls and at Rick Assfuck who is making love with Mari.

—I'm in love, sings Spiros. And I am your horse, babe, he says and kisses Elin then Mari and Mari kisses Butterfly and Cecili kisses Elin and Mari kisses Mari.

And that's the end, my eternal Loves. And I miss you so much, my sisters, that I am going to do something so fucking extreme that you will know it's me. Puss. And never forget that *Puss* is *Kiss* in Swedish, my pussytusses. Will you recognize my face when you see me?

*

No no, really, I did something *so* fucking extreme. I as come from elsewhere. I come from so elsewhere that to call it a million years in the future hardly hints at where I am. I win over death thousande times a day. I rise from the dead if I have to? No, I rise from

the dead if I want to, for the fun of it. I am free forever. I have encaust myself in the tryptamine bloodwine.

Do you know my wife Bambi Hare? Hare is the word for rabbit in Swinglish Sanscrit. Hare ram! Bambi Hare and Hare Bra and me are married. Yis, yis, Bambi Hare is a bunny like me, and she is light brown with white dots. And Spiros Sprut, yes that's me because Sprut is the word for like, when, you squirt something, like cum or something from a water pistol, although fuck water pistols let's cum instead forever. Hare ram! Ish! Hihihhi. So anyway it's high summer and Bambi Hare and me are with the seventeen elf girls on Pink Gem Lagoon and, yes.

Anyway why are we talking about Bambi? Well because Bambi is a bunny and, she's the cutest little bunny ever and she bambis around and is Bambi Hare. Bunnies are not bunnies, at all. Why do you think a bunny is a bunny? Follow through my reasoning here. If a bunny is a bunny, why do you think Bambi Hare is a mushroom bunny? Like seriously, babes, I am fuckbunnies. So the conclusively inconclusive composition of the bunny, wait wait no, I mean, the distantly related bunny, Bonnie Hare, Bambi's lover and wife, and Hare Bra, we actually saw something that might have been because we had eaten mushrooms, and was not at all a bunny. It was a bunch of bunnies. And it was fucking not possible, at all. And so I write to you this love letter as you know, and it's not that I'm in love with you, it's that, babe, I am in love with you, and like, you are a bit retarded sometimes because how the fuck could you miss that I am in love with you too. Like seriously, babe. Like, do you want me to take my clothes off and say, babe, I am in love with you? Or what does it take for you to get the message? Right. Now I know I am hard to locate because I'm a mushroom bunny, but fuck, babe, I'm not that hard to find. So what could be smart is that if you also are in love with me, maybe you should show me somehow or tell me, before I'm dead, which would be smart as we could fuck forever. Pink lip kisses from Your Spiros, the fluffiest bunny in the hole. And by the way I will never die. Like maybe you after 10 000 pages into the bum of this love letter to you misunderstood that this love letter is to you. And why have you responded? Because I am hiding like a bunny. In fact, I am a

bunny. And I am thus a little bit fluffy, and thus I hide a little bit, sometimes, because I love to watch you from behind, because you have such a scuishy tush. Like no, the love letter is not to you, right. It's a bunny, specifically, a bunch of fuckbunnies. Like if I tell you that I threw the pyramids into place with my hand stone by stone and all at once, would you even dare imagine that maybe I actually did? If I told you I jumped to here from another planet, in one single jump, would you dare imagine that maybe even the mushroom is trippy enough that I might actually have done that just because I love you so fucking much, and where in the love story did you at all get a love letter from me? When Bambi Hare got my letter she said the first thing she said and it was Spiros is probably not even going to wonder if I'm gonna respond so I'm gonna be a bunny and jump to him and show him where the mushrooms are. I was like, babe, do you want to marry me? And Bambi said I am already married to you. And Bambi Hare said absolutely fucking nothing at all and we fucked instantly and still fuck forever. And she said Hare ram! Bunnies are not bunnies, babe, and where I live there are Dolfin Dogs diving through the pastures. We call them Dolls, they look like a mix between a dog and a dolfin and they happily dive through the grass of the pastures. And as I so often say, we no longer think it's so much because the drugs we put in our tea but rather that we're so cute. And you're cute, and I want to live forever together in Plomari where the Dolfin Dogs live. Like have you ever seen a dog with zebra stripes? I saw one yesterday and I can let you in on the secret that it's because I love my mushroom so much that I see dogs with zebra stripes. And why have you never seen a dog with zebra stripes? Well, maybe you have, but, rather imagine what I see when I look at you, then. I tried to tell you, babe. And still try. I will always tell you what I see when I look at you, babe. That I come from a million years in the future does hint a little bit to where I am. Which is maybe why you have a hard time responding to my loveletters? No it's not, it's because you are cute, and because you love me. And because I love to watch you lick and suck that icicle, babe, in the hot summer. I'm gonna practice on icicles this summer, as my wife Alice says. Yes what a coincidence that

my wife's name is Alice, ah. How many wives and husbands I have? Well how many cocks do you want? Because I am a mushroom and that's why mushrooms look like my cock. I thought you'd love cock. I don't know I just thought you'd love cock, babe. Hihihhi. And I'm a litty bit of a bicurious girl so I thought you'd love pussy too.

Houston this is Stockholm. Tell Sarah her mother has found the red shoe, and that she loves you and is proud of you. This is Spiros. Do you copy? For hints, I landed on microscope level, on Cecilia's white panties. I have many names but you can for the moment call me Ludde Lump and Spiros Cogan. I am by the opening of the vacuum cleaner, next to the round tube opening. Any girls into sucking will love this. I come with identified great news. I will tell you of my whereabouts in a book of Love. My seven plus wives and husbands too will contact you from our location in the hyperspace of Plomari. Artsetfree.com is a manual. My wives and me are pretty sure we haven't forgotten any vital details of the Hyperspace Station (The STAR), so that you may dock into our

Plomari Hyperspace

Hu are you to laugh at me, dude. I'm a professional. Butt we continue to recheck it all to ensure it is detailed enough to enable docking. This is Spiros from the SISI [Sissy Intergalactic Sexstation Interweb]. My Cecilia will give your further info. Now I shall take a shower. Anyone who wants to meet in fantasies, meet me and The Seven Sisters in the Dubble Shower Star Phone, we're gonna make love, join us when you have time to join the orgy. Babe and Mari will now come online and deliver further details.

MARI: I love you, baby. Puss.

BABE: Hi this is Babe here, your psilodigital assistant and wife.

MARI: Spiros says that do not be afraid to turn on the vacuum cleaner, he has sorted that out, even though he's small as a dust-particle. Let me show you the Spore.

Spiros - Spores

BABE: What are spores? Find out, we live on one. Rather, hu is Spiros? And what is Spiros? Or as I say, what is Spiros not? He is mostly anything and everything. Right now he's horny and in the shower with his wives. Why does he have many wives? Because pussy taste good. Smoochicooch pink fluffy ankle cuffs and dark black silk bed sheet, Pink Nectar Lubricant. Spiros is now 12 billion years young.

MARI: Hi this is Spiros sisters. We are now 12 billion years young for the hints. Happy birthday!

SPIROS: *(In the Double Shower Star Phone)* What is a pir, sir?

BABE & SISSY COGAN: It's something that goes out into the waves, brotherlover.

SPIROS: Yes, and a mushroom head. Search word Pir.

MARIA: Hu wants strawberry Pi? No, HuBu is strawberry Pie, manifesting.

BUTTERFLY: Why are snails slimy like pussy? We writing this dribble.

SISSY: Because pussy's don't have ears.

SPIROS: Who is Ray Bursts?

SISSY COGAN: Ray Kurzweil.

(Spiros bursts out into laughter.)

SPIROS: Hu wants to live forever?

*

Spiros and Vladimor drinks Sissy's and Butterfly's pussy juice from their assholes in a sexual constellation that would probably make you wonder if you have ever had kinky sex at all, then cums in Butterfly's bum and Sissy drinks her pearls juice from Mari's ass. Satisfied and full of each other they lie down on the beach of Pink Gem Lagoon.

—We're the children of incestuous union, said Spiros and drank some Nectar.

He put down the bottle of beer again on the sand and sang a little song to his wives. They soon joined in singing and they all sang:

If there's somewhere to put my beer

We call it Nectar here

I'd put it anywhere, I'd put it anywhere where you are near

Drinking your juices, gulping all you up

Your Soul your Sex your Juice your Nectar

The sisters, Hail the sisters

The sisters, the sisters, Hail the heavenly sisters

If you had the chance to meet us

Would you dare meet us in anyone you meet?

Dare see us in any face that passes you by?

See ourselves in the flowers and the birds

Him and her and she and him too

And in the tree and the sun

In the Sea and in the wind, and in all that is Life

I whisper through the doors and the pathways of your mind

Hail the sisters, now drink me all up

Drink me til we've become one

You are the Ocean I am the Sand

Caressing each other all the time

Drink me

and you will be the sisters, you will be the sisters

The sisters who weave the dancing universe

PUNSCH, PUSSY & ASS

The happiest boys and girls in the universe. Let's go shopping with Mari and Mari and take photos of all the funny things in quantum world. Abracadabra. Spiros latest work of trash literature, and the disguise. Do you remember me? Will you recognize my face when you see me? We'll eat the moon for wedding dinner, one taste at a time.

Who is who in Plomari?

—Punsch?

—Write, Spiros. Write, says Sissy Cogan. No matter what anyone says to you. Your writing brings us all home.

—The kettle is cold, says Butterfly.

Sissy smiles shining smiling happy her smile so happy, shining like a happy sun, she is the happiest girl in the universe. She loves life, she loves it so mush, she is always happy.

—I always laughing because I am so good, says Sissy.

—Me too, says Spiros and kisses her on her lips.

—Punsch?

—Yes, please.

—Punsch is like you, honey, says Spiros and hugs her. Like honey dripping from your pussy. It's sweet, it's happy, it's smooth, it's tasty... When my lips and tongue become one with your lips...

Sissy laughs.

—You're so romantic, my Love, laughs Sissy. I think Punsch is like you. Like straw hat boy swimming in the summer sun. It's smooth like your tongue against me. It's sweet like your eyes dripping in...

—In honey dripping from your nipples...

—Yis. We are Punsch. We, together forever...

—And together always...

—We are Punsch. Always. We are Punschhhhhh.

—I spilled some Punsch lick it from my finger, says Spiros.

Sissy licks and sucks his finger, tasting both the Punsch and the skin of her little straw hat boy.

—Punsch?

In the aftermath wave of the success of the crime Sissy Cogan hid by taking up a quick career, while Spiros set up camp in the Egyptian Bedroom, eating mushrooms, drinking Punsch from the bluewhite tea cups and playing piano with Elin and The Chicas. Now with the Crime a success, they all set their minds to their new mission: the Wedding.

—Como estas esta Punsch?

—Esta de la Mar de la Alma de la Playa de Amor, answered Sissy.

They sighed in bliss and rested their heads against each others.

—Punsch?

More Punsch was served and, yes, they are so happy, so so happy. They are in love.

—In the bed...we can lie forever...in the bed...naked with each other...forever...the curve of my bum like the...like the pink shell of the Lagoon, said Sissy. The pink shell curving against your lips like a heart, you smile looks like a heart.

—You are, instantly, the most amazing puss in the universe, said Spiros. Your smile looks like...like...like eh, like a smile of a girl who just found the sun, in her boob. The sun in heart. Her heart. And she met a boy, and a girl, and they are happy. And their hearts have become one, which makes her happy. That's how your smile looks. Like a sand castle.

—On a beach. An easy read.

—Yes.

They felt each other close and warm.

—Punsch?

—Babe, says Spiros with a satisfaction that makes the church shine and laugh, let's go buy some beer, fuck, take a shower, and go to bed.

Spiros inhales deeply.

—Yes. I have new panties, says Sissy. I want a lollipop. Punsch?

—You know, babe, if you reminded me more of Heaven, I might have been Satan, but it's okay, says Spiros.

—Your cock reminds me of penis, says Sissy. But it's okay.

—I give up, says Spiros. The human world is not for me. I leave back to the Palace to live one with God.

Spiros turns on the song *Mirrors* by Justin Timberlake and sits down naked in the Temple, opens a beer and eats a mushroom, and says hi to Shiva and Krishna-Ra.

—Let's go fuck, says Sissy.

—Let's go fuck, babe.

*

—Punsch?

—I am not an infamous writer, says Spiros answering her words. I don't write books.

—You are, a famous author, Spiros.

—I am not a famous author, babe. And don't ask me why I do as I do, it's how I get my kicks and how I get things done, that's all. You can call me Mother Gillian. The mother in a man's body who has gills in the underworld.

—Punsch?

—You know, when I was young, I wanted to be a beautiful poet. Now I'm married to poetry itself and, I am poetry, I know now that I am poetry. And, Punsch for me, is like golden honey, slipping down my lips, licking the insides of me, like dripping nectar in the first spring ever that is me who is the sea of the ocean of the Queen bee sexual... And babe, when I was younger, I always dreamed of you, and then I found myself in Plomari, and I thought this can't be right. Code of the greeter glossary, comen home.

She rises to her feet and feels her breasts and her naked wet slippery body.

—Slaves, dry me with towels, she says.

Sissy and Mari and Spiros and Rick and Kick approach her and begin to dry her with towels.

—Punsch, she says when she is dry.

For this is a special day! And this, I assure you, I am able to say! It did work. Sifting through the Lives and progressed dabbling to the Personal, then slipping in and out of ourself to have become the head and heart of the Queen Bee. Indeed. For who is the mother? The genuine: body and soul and blood and ouns. We are moving back home now. Spring cleaning in the happening. We have been hiding, for thousands of yeras we hint you. Now we the families reuniting. So be aware. The party has begun and it's all on our bill. Speak it, sing it, dance with us dancing weavers. Dear, announcement! Search and you shall find. The fun has begun. You know the dates of the great parties. Search and you shall find. Face the sun and all shadows shall fall behind. Have you seen the sky on mushrooms? Here we are. Yes, here. Here we fucking are. Say high.

When she is dry, Elin and Mari and Mari and Rick and Krint and Spiros are ordered to serve more Punsch in our dark paradise Plomari. Punsch is served instantanesouly in the teacups.

—Give up and give in to our Love. This is our Love, says Sissy Cogan. We are this. I am this. It depends.

Sissy Cogan begins to explain it all in a clarity that astounds them all. Names of change. From the homevillages. Leadto gold, a zafari in the homevista of Jeppe Gonas Gonas Nels, call Misses Livingstone. Litres of Wild Appel wine for everyone, yis. When mother is angry. The penis of old Plomari. Where is the problem in your brain? Sent by signalling, the tropical Dollfin Dogs, gods of La Mar de Alma de Amor. I don't care about your little paragraphs. The routes of the eclectic heels. Upwardtending food traditions. Food traditions generally as developed by foodeaters around the globe in vicinity to cocks. Todays Meny. Mothers wishes. Recipes. Quoting myself. It took a lot of dealing and whaling for the electric eels to not be dragged with the general panic. Wjntabernatrice. Elim is an old name indeed and Elin is forever young. Secret wish. We have held that opinion a long time. Conversations on parties. Do you like homemade? Worldgoldening. Hygeia the Goddess; friend of Flora and those folks, as I am that bitch you hated. Also a job. How to weave paradise. Does a woman like you lie, ever? During the days of Jeppe Gonas Nejlika. He

could carry it. Beautiful landscapes. Gugge, without doubt, is a generous man. Gugge Loppis has a heart that hears the voices of all. Hear the Art. Here we always serve Punsch with the mushroom soup. Behind fallen curtains. Living on rosé wine. A stroll to the place where the ants live. Harmoniously happened. Florrestalocal temperament. Double booked on a tight ass schedule. Your bum is always in the centre of attention. Using periods of waiting wisely. Sorry for the delay. A neat comeback. The Queen up close. Begränsad efterfrågan, Limited demand.

—Now I see exactly what you mean, sis.

—Me too, me too...

—That is instantaneous...

—Punsch?

—I want to hear it all, sis!

—Do not think that the chymical wedding will happen, if no one sets it going!

—Well you've just set it going, dear, so please continue.

—I shall tell you of secrets and secret words and secret worlds. Listen to this.

Everyone laughed and then in silence looked within each odder in anticipation and excitement to hear more of her words.

—Punsch?

*

—Why are you not writing? I told you if you don't write another chapter for me you will have to kiss my bum.

—Punsch?

—I am writing.

—No you're not, kiss my bum.

She pouts her bum out at Spiros and he kisses her bum.

—My bum is happy now, she says. Now write.

She sits down next to Spiros and sips Punsch from her teacup.

—This is not Punsch, she says.

—Nobody saw this bottle, says Spiros.

—Nobody saw this bottle, Spiros.

—Nobody saw this bottle, says Butterfly.

—Nobody saw these boxes, says Sissy entering.

—Nobody saw these boxes, Sis.

Butterfly sips from her teacup and feels like a wet sexy doll swimming in a sea of sex.

—I cannot handle how sexy I am right now, she says. Someone come here and kiss me.

Rick Assfuck and Mari move over to her and cuddle up by her side.

—You know what I think we should do, says Butterfly. We should write a book together.

—That's a fucking awesome idea, babe, says Spiros and puffs. What kind of book?

—I don't know. Ehm, an awesome book, says Butterfly.

—Awesome, says Spiros.

—And we'll move like masterminds.

*

—Punsch?

—So when does the wedding begin?

—You mean the 14 year wedding?

—No I mean... Punsch.

—Serve Elin some Punsch.

—Punsch.

—Punsch?

—Babe, I know you prefer vegetarian and vegan and all this but honestly, it's okay to eat crab with takati, I've eaten many crabs in my life, you.

—You mean crab for the wedding dinner? After 14 years procession?

—Yes.

—Don't ask why...

—I won't ask, babe. Crab it is. Call Babe, we're serving crab. Butterfly and Sissy want crab for the wedding dinner.

—Car, sir.

—Grab a taxi, babe.

—Crab, I got it.

—Crab, sir.

—When does the office open today.

That was not a question. It was an instant order in the name of clarity.

—That was a homerun, babe. Punch? The way you and Sissy met yesterday. The office opens after we've had sex, of course. Tell them we've shut down the company.

—Butterfly, can you just...

—Sisters, says Butterfly. I have an idea for the sauce. With the crab.

—Takadi?

—No, I, let me think about it.

—Forever young shall be our bride and we'll fuck in the wedding cake, sings Spiros. We'll halt the printers just in time and we'll watch your tushie shake.

—There's a sweet little something going on, sings Butterfly, and you are in on the fun.

Spiros, Sissy and Elin raise their teacups toward each other and finish of singing together:

*129 years into the wedding,
and we've only just began!*

—Punsch?

—Spread you legs, Elin, says Sissy and steps up to her. I have to kiss you, on your panties, I have to give you a little kiss on your panties.

Elin spreads her legs and Sissy kisses her panties straight on her pussy a long warm kiss on her pussy. *Mmmmm*, Elin let's out in a moan of pleasure. Rick Assfuck soon rearranges his erecting cock in his pants and then rises to his feet.

—Let's go to the chopper, says Rick and leaves the room.

—Shit, the helicopter. I forgot to talk to Snoopie.

—Punsch?

—Fill the whole cup.

Sissy's cup is filled with Punsch and Elin and Mari and Mari and Maria and Mary and Mari and Mari and Maria look at each other.

—Dr Livingstone, says Maria in the phone. Vivi is on her way from springtime. We got a call from Mari. Vivi says she doesn't know anything about what's going on.

—Okay call Mari and tell her Mari will call Mari so she can call Elin and the sisters will call her. I am in Africa at the moment with Mari. Of course Vivi doesn't know anything about anything at all whatsoever, babe.

—Call Mari, says Elin.

—Elin, why do you have panties on? asks Sissy. Fjäril, shy does she ever have panties on?

Fjäril looks at Sissy and giggles.

—Calamari, sir.

—How are you not going to spread your legs, girl? says Spiros.

*

Spiros wakes up in bed naked with Mari and Mari and Mari and Maria and Mary and Mari and Mari and Rick Assfuck and Krint Frinrey and and Shane and Mari, and he kisses random naked bodyparts and crawls to his knees and kisses Mari's bum and looks around the Palace.

—Punsch? says Elin and serves him Punsch in a bluewhite teacup.

Spiros stares at Elin's shaved pussy with sleepy eyes as she stands naked shining, *en uppenbarelsebakelse*, his angel, his beloved angel Elin.

—Is that your pussy? he says.

—Yes, it is. Do you want to taste it? Here, drink some Punsch.

—You are my uppenbarelsebakelse, says Spiros. My shining angel pastry. You are my little Semla.

—I want a lolli, says Elin and approaches Spiros hardening cock.

—You are the sky in night and I the moon and I give my light and you shine for me, we together we forever, says Mari and crawls up to Spiros and Elin and Mari and Shane Fulgan.

DJÄVULENS ADVOKAT BYRO

—Punsch?

Punsch is served in the teacups as the phone rings. Spiros licks his teacup, takes a sip of Punsch and lifts the phone.

—Djävulens Advokat Byro, Spiros här vad kan jag stå till tjänst med?

—English, please?

—This is Spiros at The Devil's Advocate Law Firm, we are lawyers and promise instant gratification and free Semlor, what can I help you with?

—Spiros you need to get dresses, I mean get dressed, whispers Elin and adjusts her bra and skirt.

Spiros blows her a kiss as he sits naked in his office chair and then dives in to attend the phone call.

—Excuse me, there's a wedding going on here, says Spiros in the phone and lights his silver pipe. So what can I help you with?

—Hi Spiros, How are you? I'm a fan of yours. I read your books.

—O sweet! says Spiros happily. Thanks for calling! How are you, babe?

—O I'm fine, school and all, you know.

—Mmm, school.

—I'm trying to fix a cigarette. I forgot my lighter at home. I have a ciggy but no lighter.

—Just ask someone on the street? says Spiros.

—Yeah I guess...

After about an hour talking, Spiros was sitting laughing in his office chair, still talking to the amazing girl over the phone.

—What are we gonna do now? said Spiros. I'm in love with you and you're sixteen and I am thirty, what are we gonna do now? Can I call you Scuishy, by the way?

—We can be together in our dreams, said Scuishy. And we can dream that we are together. Sometimes dreams come true, you know.

—That's true, said Spiros.

Elin served Spiros a bunch of papers from unpublished parts of *The Mushroom Seamstress*, then sat down in Spiros lap.

—Hi, said Elin in the phone.

—Hi is it Sissy? asked Scuishy.

*

Spiros didn't even feel like writing just now. But he remembered what Elin had said: If you don't write you have to kiss my bum.

—Dammit, said Spiros and grabbed his feather pen from the gold pen stand.

Sipping some Punsch from his teacup and listening to the birds kvidderivittering in the first spring ever, the music of Leah Dizon streaming from the speakers, and the boys and girls giggling and talking nearby, he sat down and wrote a poem.

*We the ever so glorious members of the tribe
Who swim the mighty Sea
Diving through our transforming perfection
Divine consciousness is expressed, but I pass no remark
Behind utterly mine are the words of the angels
I remember the ones who remember
I changed my thought on it however and spake
but nonsense
Watching the fruit trees and mushrooms grow
Celebrating endlessly on the Wedding
My sisters wander with her thoughts
I have no choice
I am still here*

*Hi it's Butterfly
When I became the Seamstress, and heard the voice of Mari
Not ever will I be able to live without you
Spring blossoms nine times an hour
Sound of the windy wilds
Like a small creature I am
With the heart of Jesu and Mari
And Mari
And Elin and Mari and Maria and Mary and Mari
And Elin
And Sissy
And Shane and Fane Fulgan
And Williamo & Bianca & Adam
And Mari
And Elin
And Rick Assfuck
Small I am, yet bigger than any universe can be
Maybe I am Krishna-Ra, or maybe Spiros-Nakisen
Tell the world I have found a mushroom*

Spiros wondered what it meant what he had written, but then he experienced it all. All became clear. He took the paper it stood written on and walked up to Butterfly.

—Here, he said.

Butterfly read it and then looked at Spiros.

—Come here, baby, kiss my bum, she said and pulled him into a kiss as her heart began to pound wildly at his words and his presence.

*

—Call you-kno-hu, says Sissy Cogan.

—I have no idea who, My Queen, says he.

—Nykkel Humphry, is is name. He will give you the number to Baby Yates. Tell Baby Babe that champagne does not ring. Also,

tell Baby that I love to fuck. Usually I fuck at 4 o'clock sharp. But not today, you can say.

I am not going to be able to call, until I have masturbated at the instance of speaking with the Queen, he thinks, then he carries out Sissy's wish and phones Nykkel Humphry.

—O! Champagne! says Nykkel Humphry cherrily. The gold of young times! The nectar of new times! The liquid river, the flesh of the younger girls! Dripping down their thighs, I mean. Hahaha! Yes yes, sissysissy's up the spunk isn't she, she's the girl with the short skirt as always I hear. How is she?

—She's in her youth as always, spiderweb in her hair and the young boys and girls in her bed.

—That's my good old sissy, says Nykkel.

—Sissy told me that you have olives.

Nykkel pics an olive from a tray from a bypassing waiter.

—Olives on the trays, yes yes, hahaha!

—Always on the trails, yes, yes, luaghs he.

—Do you golf?

—I can swing it to one twenty yards that's about it.

—Spiros always does a hole in one, doesn't he? Hahaha!

—He does, he does. So. Cecilia told me you can give me the number to Baby Babe.

—Baby can you get me some more champagne. Yes yes. Babe. I have an idea. I will give you the number to my golf teacher, he's my main mentor. He can teach you everything about cooking. He makes the most excellent mushroom sufllet. Let me find his number. Babe, do you have Pussy's number? My golf teacher. We are going to arrange a shipload of golfbolts for next century's season.

His wife brings forth Baby Yates number and Nykkel passes it along to him.

—By the way have you heard that Red Lab has been initiated?

—I heard, it's a grand opening, it's a grand opening.

—The bum is bald, that's for sure, that's for sure alright. Say high Babe, to Babe, babe. From Spiros and Sissy.

—I will, I will.

—And tell Sissy I miss her. Tell her that her womans curves makes the world dance. Her hips is what moves the universe. Can you pass that one on for me, pass that one on to the Queen?

—I will, I will.

—Aye Captain, then the party is as it should be.

—Neverending.

—Hahahaha! Pass me that Punsch, will you?

—Golf.

They hang up. He immediately calls Mr Baby Yates Langiner.

MY ANGELS

Gold India Ruby Cherry Sunflower! I live in a clear glass box, let's split. Scwootch. Hirslumf tipsyhoopsie come come come to Snoopiesnoop, coochie-hootchie boobybots booby boot boot boot boot boot, klamp clamp clamp, I love to buy new boots, clumsienoopsie, spoochiehootchie, jupiejunie, scoochi scwootch, and scwootch. If someone overhears me talking to you, I am still always only talking to you. All action and manifestation is you and me moving deeper into each other. That is what the universe is, and everything, everything is us making love. Scwootch. Pink Lip kisses from Your Husband.

Waffles. *Winter* by Tori Amos. When you gonna make up your mind? When you gonna love you as much as I do?

Loopiewootch, wishycush, cushion against your tushie, so soft for my scushie, loopssiboob, and my rich hair, my hair so long it never ends, as I walk as Queen toward you for another kiss. Loving you forever can't be wrong. And, sins no one is reading our love letters, let us dive like dollfinns in this our sea of Love. Every time I close my eyes, I'm in our dark Paradise. No one compares to you, and I will never talk or be with anybody but you ever again. And if so has to be, let death be our bride too. One moment kissed by your smooth love, and I melted into the bathtub, The Queens and Kings dissolving in the bathtub. Mig. I understand now. And if there is ever a more palpable touch of your magnificent being then I must conclude myself enlightened.

I love it is you. I love it is you, my droolings. I love it is you. Blueberry and whipped cream on your naked body, I taste you my sweet little pastries, as we explore hu we are and wheres we coming from now, playing, laughing naked in Girlieroom 669. I dip you in the whipped cream. Smet. Lots and lots of smet. *We smet iväg, till oss själva, och vi kommer aldrig tillbaka igen.* Dark Paradise by Lana Del Rey. Sisters, I...

Yes it's that moment where you pour DMT into the black holes of my pupils.

I want nothing in the human world. All I ever want is to be with you. All I ever want is your love, our love. And now we have found each other again. I am not impressed by the universe. I am not impressed by the stars. I am impressed by you, my dear little scushies. I am impressed by you, not the universe. Life doesn't even impress me. What impresses me is you, my Lovest.

And I tried to tell you of my close brother Alberto Balsam but nobody could hear us. You could not hear us in mother's belly, how we planned it all from aloft. And the Tomtar. I am inside you. But you could hear me whisper and sing and shout and you see me fly by. But now you know hu I am. No you know how I see us shine. And now you know that I peeked under your skirt once. Hihhi. And now we know. The first she'll be last and the lash shall be flirts. Jag är en Elva, I am an Älva. I am a pair of boots, and a pearl of books. I am Will I am. Yes that's us, dears. Älven av Liffey, running like your pussy nectar down our throat. And I am you and you are I. And I am Elin. Me and Spiros love us so mush that once we made a champagne bottle using our piss. It was the most divine bottle of champagne we have ever drunk. Full of drugs, full of life, full of Spiros and my divine body, eternal manifesting perfection, Tree of Life as a walking tree, treelike men and women like angels like the walking tree. We waited an eternity to drink it, with our wife the Snail, Falcon Lip the hermapafrodisiac snail, then we drank it naked up in the highest point of psilocybin, on mushrooms, when Spiros was almost dying because he was homeless. I am an angel. Your angel. Yes, well why don't we hide me then? Go one, hide me, stupid. No no, I shine stronger and brighter than any star in the sky. Yes why don't we hide me, put me in a closet somewhere. Go on, try to hide my shine. Everyone looking sideways to try and stop seeing me. You need some eye-protection before anywhere else if you truly wish to meet me!

*And you will have an experince so strange,
where I am you and you are I,
and then you will know my love*

I'm tired where's snoochie? I want my bunny, and my teddy, and Mus, and Falcon Lip, and Swootchie, and a glass of red wine, and my Man Lion, and my Queen, and a waffle, and a pancake with whipped cream and strawberry jam and sugar, and a glass of milk to that, and I want a drink and I want Strawberry Cake with whipped cream and banan smooch, and I want a Scunge, and a sponge, and I want my sponge from the bottom of the bottomless sea, and I want our bed, and I want to take my panties off, and I want my cock and my cum and another glass of red wine, and I want music, and I want a strawberry and some chocolate and some candy and I want a kiss and I want a lick on my cheek and I want to look into your eyes and I want to suck on your tongue and I want to finger with your, and I want to kiss you and I want to make you cum thousand times a day and I want to lick you and suck you and fuck you and thank you and throw you into a pile of fluffy teddybears and I want to lick the floor with you and rip bookpages apart and I want to fly and I want to get high and I want to drink you and I want to be a spider with you and I want to pee in your face maybe that would be so fun and I want to roll around on the pasture naked with yous and I want to pour juice on your head and I want to kick golden balloons around in the Palace and I want to talk with the birds and I want to pick mushrooms and I want to make smet lots of smet and I want to wonder in wonder hu Mari is and I want to explore our sex and I want to scream and shout and sing and dance and I want to sleep in bed under the fluffy bed cover with you and I want to lie and whisper in bed and we want to surprise you with a purple dildo and we want to wash you with a sponge from the bottom of the bottomless sea and we want to have a food fight and we want to eat candy from your bum and we want to serve you on a silver tray legs spread and we want to smear whipped cream all over you and we want to sew a dress together and we want to brush your hair and we want to. I'm gonna take a shower with my sponge from the bottom of the bottomless sea and wash myself so I am clean when you arrive. No wait first I'm going to take a nap and dream of us. It really is time we give hirslumfs this gift to ourslumfs. What if

we would never give us the gift, that would be so stupid!
Hirslumf!

Hirslumf!

Sosisossoiyoy Cosogososigos.

Hirslumf!

Godisgos!

Cosy candy shimmer, my dress is no longer on!

Jajajajajajajaja!

Hirslumf!

Sc....wooooo...ch. Scwoo...ch... To maltch sleepth. I, must, sleep. In your scwoochie lap. Hirslumf.

Divine love can't be measured. It has no depth, width, length, or weight. Cast away your feeble worldly instruments and open up your resplendent, golden heart.

Everything makes sense with you. Every time I begin to not understand, you make everything clear to me, our Love.

And here I sit, my King, my Krishna-Spiro, your Sissy in my panties I've sewn with rose leaves and spidersilk of gold. I sewed the first panties ever, I invented panties. It was long ago, ju! And easy as a pancake. And you, my butterfly, you created the cock, for me. So smart! Fiffigt! Your tasty cock with a juicy strawberry on top! All for me!

No repitae, my Godis Gopis Rādhas! No repitae! No rehearsal! The sitar of our souls, we are the playing universe, the one and only intercourse, the lust flirt and flirts of the lush oasis! As if I'd ever try to say it. Come to your Krishna-Spiros, your Nakisen.

Krishna-Ra that is Spiros-Nakisen. Spiros-Nakisen that is Krishna-Ra. Deep bows, palm up and honeyrunny flowerflowing forever whenever wherever, babe, the runny honey of our Nectar. Here we are, enshrouded in our Love, our union and dance of far and near, close and inside. Behold, here she are, the genuine Mari and Cecilia, body and soul and nectar and blood and ouns!

Spiros licks his Chalice as if it were a mushroom cock, sticks his tongue out in wild ecstasy and rolls his eyes at the beauty of his wives. His husbands smile by his side. Nakisen and Spiros stand up naked and walk up into the highest point of the temple, the Bottom of the Bottomless Sea. From a mushroom jar they hulk

down a vast amount of Nectar Beer, and begin to deliver joke upon joke within Gods soul and mind and body, the vastness of the Bottomless Sea. They joke so quickly that the beings hearing them have a hard time following the jokes, but eventually they catch up into their Godspeed and soon many are lying on the floor in laughter, unable to stand up as the pleasure of the laughter makes their knees weak and they cannot feel a single bone in their body. Hirslumf, says Nakisen. Hirslumf, says Spiros as they both laugh to tears. So Ma, says Spiros. That is so you, to write that on your panties. I was on a horse when I found my pussy, says Spiros. We are God, but, says Butterfly's wife Vivi. Home, in each other's heart. Everything is one huge heart, everything happens in one huge Heart. Bianca flies through the air and lands on Mari's head and laughs. Cecilia takes her panties off and throws them on Spiros, walks up to him and Nakisen and pull them into a kiss. They slither, snakes around each other. Mari and Vivi plan the next move while all this happens, and enjoy a piece of cake. Lucas Griffin is in the jungle. Rick and Maria make love. Spiros and his brother throw a joke about India. Spiros soon hands Cecilia a birthday gift, it's a pink vibrating dildo. He says the name of the dildo is *The Three Dragons*, but points out she can call it whatever she wants when she sticks it up her ass. Cecilia laughs, which makes Spiros heart shudder with warmth and love, waves of ecstasy through the entire being of God. Mari points out details about Dublin. Butterfly and Elin take a shower with Rick and Nakisen while Spiros sits naked in the Oasis communing with God, speaking to hirslumf. The Cogan Family implode into a singularity, and God is born. Butterfly lays her hands on Cecilia's bum and squishes it. Three quick birds flies by. Spiros and Nakisen and Butterfly and Mari and Sissy Cogan spend seven years in the highest point of the Plomari Temple.

Three birds fly out from Elin's heart. Careful, sings Mari. I win over death thousande times a day, says Spiros. I am quicknesses World Queendom that I giveth to humanity and all sentient beings, says Spiros. I am only yours, sings Spiros. Spiros husband whispers to him words of Love. Spiros cries and speaks back.

Take a shit in India, that's why I'm horny, says Spiros. His husband laughs in their forever understanding each other jokes that no one else seems to understand, at least not in the speed in which we pullar our jokes.

O Yippieya! Have you been in love with me? Yippieya! Come home to me now, come home to me.

Don't take a shit right now for fucks sake. Bajsa inte nu, för Satan. Not now on our first kiss. We are eternal, be careful. Be care-free! If you know me you know my Rarings and we will bring Sitar.

That's me, says Sissy Cogan. Eyes exchange a burning glance of desire. Cecilia giggles. Yes yes that's me, says Mari. Mira! William! Nakisen! It's him, it's him, it's him! You are in Love with Him? Why did you knot tell him then, ditt Pucko! Why not go to the Plomari temple and see if I can find him. I know now, Hirslumf is Soma Hirslumf. Him is the psilocybin mushroom hirslumf in high person. He is here, somawhere. I hear in the Nectar that him and his sister know of great grand secret.

And you are bliss and love and I send all the magical quantum rays and sounds and I protect you and hold you all-ways and We are.

Yes and three sad dolls by the shore of the river. Sad, crying by the river, with broken hearts. My evil dolls. My Angels.

And I play piano for you, and sing. But you cannot hear me.

Three sad dolls, by the river. My evil dolls. My Angels.

Three evil porcelian dolls, by the river. Sad. Crying. Together. Alone. Anybody knows we can conjure anything by the dark of the moon. When beauty was born beauty was born as us, the three evil dolls by the river. Whatever mattered in the past it doesn't matter anymore, I'd like to think. Everything passing away, drifting away. I like to think it was all fair.

And we sing our alltime Swedish classic snaps visa, that we came up with when drinking Punsch in Girlieroom 669.

Sommaren har kommit, som jag i mina brallor

Vintern är borta, sommaren är här

Sommaren är äntligen här

Vart vintern tagit vägen vet jag ej

Men snart är vintern här

Summer has come, like me in my pants

Winter is gone, the summer has come

The summer is here at last

Where winter has gone I do not know

But soon winter will come

Och där nere missärere uti magens dunkla djup, sitter Djävulen och väntar på en sup! And I am frying yellow flowers to eat because I am Spiros Midsummer Queen. I am his little evil porcelain doll. And I am his rock star. And I am his love for all time. And I am the Seamstress. I invented panties. And I am his butterfly. And I am her doll. And we are the three evil dolls by the river. And I will never kiss again if I'm not kissing you. And we have encaust our ouselves in the tryptamine bloodwine. And we will dance our wedding ring. And we are free. And we will be free forever. And we weave rabbits on the sunlight. And I hear your voice in my own voice. And I whisper to you. And we hear each other through the pathways and doorways of our mind. And we cannot write books. And we are drunk on our love, and we know what happens when we never died ever. And we are the children

we gave birth to ourselves. When we fell in love we made love in the blueberry bushes and we gave birth to a children and that child is us ourselves. That's why I founded Sweden even if I live in Plomari. Why because sill is so tasty around Midsummer. Lutefisk is even tastier. And blueberries when we make love in the blueberry buses. And I'm not Jesus, I am Spiros. But I am a fish. Just like Jesus mother. And my mother. But I still say it's all because your bum is so cute and tasty. Because it's scushie, and you are so cute, my Loves. And when I am very very sad, I die, then I rise again, and lick your bum again, and kiss your lips and you suck on your lolli again. We make love again in the blueberry bushes. We will never die. Hi it's me! You recognise hu I am, yis? And we drink Punsch. We are the happiest boys and girls in the universe. And when summer is here we weave ourselves the Palace so we don't are cold in the winter when the rose leaves fall in our Victory At All. And we three in the we me tree, we love all and everyone, and we will never hide a thing for you, we will show you ourselves so you can feel our Love for you until you know you are us. You are me, the happytree of Lief. And the past does not matter, I like to think it was all fair. I'd like to say that I didn't care. We are al this, we are the Universe. The whole universe is us in our expressing. We are God, we are averything. You know hu we are now. We are Hirslumf. We are You. I live in a clear glass box, let's split.

It is so something... so so something...

Lives on...always lives on...

Can it be Love?

BOOK 3
ALICE & CECILIA

*And I wonder where you came from, My Cecilia, my dear sister.
You dreamed me into being, and I dreamed you into being*

A L I E

Alice was about to give up. Spiros was about to give up. Alice was on her way home, bored and disgusted by the human world. Spiros was on his way home, disgusted by the human world, wondering how he had survived his 30~day long 30th birthday party that lasted between April 1 and his birthday on the last of April ~ the 30th day of this spring month ~ same day as the birthday of the King of Sweden. Hope seemed bleak, his hopes that he would find back to Plomari and Pink Gem Lagoon were fading. Alice sat down on a bench outside in the park and spat on the human world. Spiros sat down on the same bench, spat on the human world, looked with tired eyes at the beautiful young girl on the bench, and said:

—How the fuck did I survive that?

—Survive what? said Alice and looked at the strange figure who just sat down beside her.

Spring surrounded them from all sides, flowers and green, birds and the hint of a freedom greater than ever imagined before, and entering this buzzing Love they within days were lost together in the forest of their dreams coming true, naked on a meadow. They decided to run away together, run away from everything, run away to a world no one knows except them.

—I can't believe your name is Alice, said Spiros as they sat in the meadow. Your fucking birth name.

—Of course it is, Ludde, said Alice and rolled over on her belly and lift her skirt, pulled her black panties down. Now fuck me. We will never return.

*

Alice's friends weren't too happy.

—Who the fuck is Spiros? He sounds like a weirdo.

—He's a psychogenous and a sexgod, Alice answered.

—But you're nineteen years old, he's thirty!

—Spiros has lived forever, he isn't thirty. And I am nineteen years young, not old.

Alice gave her friends an annoyed look and said to herself:

—Powerlick.

Alice and Spiros had come up with the Powerlick in a miracle of sexual overdrive. It gave them instantaneous power and made them instantaneously unstoppable; every time.

Alice looked at Spiros with Powerlick eyes; Spiros knew exactly. She gently opened the cleavage of her top revealing her big warm round breast as it lie in her bra, and Spiros licked her breast one long slow lick.

—Okay I'm ready! laughed Spiros.

—Me too, said Alice and laughed.

Ready now to face anything and everything, Alice hid her breast again in her top, while Spiros was already planning and plotting thanks to the Powerlick energy boost.

And Spiros sang to Alice.

Nononono how dumb ey nonono

Nononono how dumb ey nonono

The house of Familaya

Famlieye, unite, unite

Nononono how dumb ey nonono

O Mushroom King Spiros he wants Poison,

dangerous, dangerous Poison!

Hi it's Love, Love, Love

They others are hating and nagging everyday,

O, we are eternal immortal forever maybe it's Love ah!

Cecilia, Silsila

Fool around with me no it's me, Bianca, high it's me!

And Spiros ate the ripe fruit between Alice's legs, licked her like rainwater. At a moment's notice, they were moved to the jungles of South America.

Together they learned the resilience and speed of the jaguar.

Eventually, Alice understood what the world really was about.

—Am I dreaming? Spiros asked.

—No, you're hallucinating, Alice replied, pressed her lips against his cheek and pulled him closer.

He kissed her and melted into the shine of her face, a face that he recognised from somewhere; his eyes shone of astonishment. He kissed her again. This cannot be happening, babe.

—Hi, he said astonished and overjoyed inside.

Alice didn't know if she invited him or if he was reading the desires of her dreams. With one gentle move Spiros lead her to the window, spun her around so her bum faced him; he quickly pulled up her short skirt then quickly pulled down her panties and her spiderweb stockings to her ankles. Alice only had time to take a few short breaths of air before she felt his cock entering gently but with beautiful force into her slippery pussytuss. Standing with hands against the window sill, Alice shut her eyes and melted in wonderment and emotion.

Soon after they were dancing and playing around in the Snow Cabin, and Spiros is wearing his white bed sheet round his waist as so often and Alice of course ran around with only her black spidernet top and no panties, and Spiros whispered to her:

—As you said to me in a dream once before we met...

—What...?

—Make a wish, Spiros whispered.

With lit cigarettes in their hands, they flew like smoke up, up, up far into the air and disappeared.

—Let's find a girl, said Alice. I want to lick her while you lick me.

—Totally, said Spiros.

Spiros starts laughing a wild laugh. Then tears in his eyes.

—What? giggled Alice.

—Ojoj. Ojoj.

—Ojoj. What?

—Everything, baby.

—Ojoj.

—Ojoj. I think I am a mushroom, Alice. Is that okay for you, that I am a mushroom?

—I already know you are a mushroom, baby.

Alice did one of her girly sexy poses and looked with girlygirl eyes at her Spiros.

—Let's go buy strawberries, she said. So you can slide the strawberries between my legs as we talked about, remember?

—Totally. Also, let's make some whipped cream. I'll make a like a like uhm I like a little like yummy pastry. Your pussytuss, with strawberries and whipped cream! Your pussy is my favourite pastry...

—Totally, said Alice. Mmmmm.

The next day Spiros in sneak, without telling Alice, arranged a bowl of whipped cream; with care he whipped up a huge bowl of whipped cream (Let's say it again; whipped cream!) and hid the bowl. Alice was out in the forest being a jaguar, but she had told Spiros that when she came back to the Palace Bedroom she would have white lacy panties on. White panties, Spiros thought; the perfect fit for the whipped cream! He was quite sure she would have her ultra~red lipstick on as well, and flowers in her hair as she always has. And that red hair of hers, in a red colour nuance that doesn't even exist! What a strawberry she is! What a cream pastry she is my little Alice! And her short skirt and stockings. Spiros was so excited he couldn't think of anything at all. He just sat in the

spring sun with the birds kvadderivittering around him, waiting and waiting for Alice to come back from the forest.

In the bushes Spiros heard his wife Vivi, as she spoke to someone;

—Yes, Spiros is a God, but... Yes, Spiros is my husband, but...Have you seen Spiros?

—Hi Vivi! said Spiros.

—Hi! said Vivi. There you are!

—Alice is coming back soon, Vivi!

Vivi giggled and said she would look in to the bedroom through the window when Alice arrives.

—Yes, I am God, said Vivi. But I can look like this.

A quick little bird flew by Spiros eyes.

—Or like this, said Vivi and another bird flew by looking exactly the same.

Spiros began laughing so he had to lie down on the pasture laughing. Vivi is the quickest comedian he has ever met. She is a quick bird, quicker than time. Soon he sat himself up on the grass again and said:

—Vivi, don't forget the book we are writing together!

—You mean our opus, Insulting Characteristic?

—Yes.

—Chapter one. Insulting Impact.

—Chapter two, Insulting Insight.

—Chapter three, said Vivi, More Insulting Than You Want.

—Chapter four, I Know It's Insulting.

—Five. I Know It's More Insulting Than To Say That White Is Not A Color.

—Six. No, White Is Not A Color.

—Seven. Yes I Am More Insulted Than I Want To Be.

—Eight. No, But It's Ok.

—We are on chapter nine.

—Yes.

Soon Alice came walking down the pasture. Spiros and Alice kissed and giggled. When they reached the Palace Bedroom Alice said:

—I found the whipped cream. And I brought strawberries. First my pussy for desert. And then pancakes with whipped cream for dinner.

The red fresh strawberry looked great as it lay on top the swirl of whipped cream on Alice's shaved pussy.

*

—I want to party with your other girlfriend, that cute little Barbie doll, what's her name again?

—Fanny, said Spiros.

—But she's only seventeen! joked Alice.

—So? said Spiros. She's smarter than anyone above forty on the entire fucking planet.

Spiros is Fanny's secret husband and soul sister brother. Yes, she is seventeen years young but neither Fanny nor Spiros care about their minute age difference. Fanny is blond and looks like a punk Barbie doll, Spiros calls her The Queen Of The Universe. Fanny has two hundred rats as pets. Sometimes Fanny and Spiros lie in bed fucking while the rats sneak around on the bed.

—We'll be drinking pink champagne soon together, said Spiros. Me, Fanny, you and Fanny's best friend.

—Yes I know. I'm excited!

—Me too, said Spiros. We should have that threesome Fanny and you mentioned.

—But she's only seventeen! joked Alice again and plibbred.

—So?, said Spiros again. Her bum is tasty even though she's seventeen.

Smelling of sex Alice and Spiros rose from the Palace bed and stood naked in the alchemical mess of this Plomari spring morning.

—I hate humans sometimes, said Spiros. I decided yesterday to never talk to another human ever again. Ever. I have been slanting toward that for many years, baby, but yesterday in the night I

made my final decision. I'll never talk to a human being ever again, babe. Actually I haven't talked to a human being in ten years. But. Yes. Yesterday I made my final decision.

Silence. Alice tried to understand what the birds outside the bedroom window were saying, but she could not understand their language.

—They are talking in your language, said Spiros hearing what the birds were saying. The birds.

He sat down in front of the time machine computer, the red Ferrari computer.

—You know, Alice, most humans cannot understand that I am a psilocybin mushroom. That I am the mushroom itself in high person. But for us who live in Plomari, it's not so strange. Spiros is the mushroom, brilliant, we say. Nothing strange about it, really. It's just cute and awesome; awesome, a mushroom can manifest as a blond little sexgod boy! Brilliant!

Alice went out on an adventure with her best friend, saying they would be laughing until they cry. Spiros laughed and they kissed goodbye, then he went to the shop to buy beer and mushrooms for breakfast. He went to his favourite shop. It was his favourite because he knew one of the boys who worked in the shop, and the boy always, when his boss was not around, gave him things for free. Spiros would pick what he wanted and then when it was time to pay, the boy would say:

—I can't handle a day more in this shop, Spiros.

Then without a word and without a wink, when Spiros brought forth his credit card to pay, the boy would charge only for the price of a strawberry ice cream even if the bill was a thousand moneys and Spiros had filled a whole cart with goods. Spiros did not even thank him, it was an unspoken trick between them, and they had never spoken about it or even mentioned it in the by. It was nature.

—Enjoy the ice cream, Snowman, said the boy when Spiros left.

—Thanks. I will, said Spiros.

In the morning hours Alice and Spiros smoked some excellent cannabis and lay overwhelmingly giggling together under the fluffy bed cover. Being Queens and Kings of Plomari they could not help feeling exaggerated opulence. With embellished sarcasm they laughed;

—I'm lying in bed with naked Alice licking whipped cream from her shaved pussy in bed high on excellent weed on a Monday morning and I never need to do anything ever and it's spring-time and I've been drinking pink champagne all night and kissing and licking her ass and loving you and the birds are kvidderivitering around us and the sunrise is rosy and peachy and purple and we're unknown superstars and I just orgasmd and came in your mouth...waaa! But O no! I'm unemployed!

Spiros said the last words with a dramatic gesture.

But O no! I'm unemployed!

They laughed themselves silly and kissed and exclaimed dramatically in unison,

—O no! I'm unemployed!

Spiros picks a fresh strawberry from the silver bowl and slides it between Alice's wet slippery pussylips. Together they eat the strawberry with delight.

—O no! We're unemployed!

But he let it go so far~killed without blood, very delicate balance. As we killed History we told us from Home that in no way can it be stopped and in noo way can Him be understood. O noes! We can understand Him but when we understand Her we understand Him nothing at all when we finally understand we understand nothing at all! Touch Him not. No hammer on Him. For the answer remains No. Normality is not a word Him understands at all and no one will ever shake him or break him and no one will ever overtake Him. And you believe, he dares.

Goodbye. Spit on the human world one last time, you have run away with Strawberry! We will never return, my Lovests!

Flee the human world, Gods, one clean turn!

Scream with us, whisper with us: We're not gonna let this place overshadow us!

I'm not gonna let this place overshadow me!

Bottom line; Dawsound unison!
Mushroom.

*

—O nooooooooo! Spiros and Ludde I mean Alice and Ludde have to be quiet about that Life is the best thing ever and is a miracle and it's sexy and it's awesome and!

—Alice and Spiros have to be quiet about that life is Love and the best thing ever and we are having so funuun! And it's better than before! O nooooo!

—O Nooooooooo!

—Noooooooo!

—O noooooo! It's better than before! O nooooooooo!

In the meantime as the sad assholes try and destroy Alice and Spiros life, Alice and Spiros are dancing and kissing in the middle of the storm to the song *Runaway* by The Corrs.

And the sad boring assholes say:

—O noooooo! Not romantic! We want Alice and Spiros to vanish not be romantic! O noooooo they are happy!

—O nooooo, it's better than before! O nooooo!

*

—Yes maybe I came from mushroom world to here, instead of coming from the human world to mushroom world, says Spiros.

—Yes and that's beautiful, baby! You are the psilocybin Mushroom! And it's awesome and beautiful that a mushroom can manifest as a young blond beautiful boy instead of only being a mushroom growing on the pasture. That's wonderful, Ludde! And you have a sexy shadoooooow...

Spiros looks over at the mushrooms growing. Alice giggles.

—O nooo! Spiros is licking whipped cream from my pussy!
He's evil! laughs Alice.

*

—Spiros! The Cock Blocker has arrived, says Alice.

—The Cock Blocker?

—The Cock Blocker! You know, blood. My period...

—O noes!

—Baby!

—It's okay. Come over to the Palace. I'll drink the blood, and we'll fuck all night, says Spiros. Don't worry.

—Yes, I am coming to my jaguar! I wanna do a Snusk Puss.

—Snusk Puss?

—Yes you know, a Snusk Puss! When you come in my face and then we kiss. A Dirty Kiss. A Snusk Puss.

Spiros giggles.

—I call that a Snow Ball, babe, he says.

—Mmmmm.

Alice crawls around on the floor like a little cat. She puts a ribbon in her hair and crawls up to Spiros and says:

—I am your gift.

—Do you want a lollipop? asks Spiros.

—Yes...

—We're so not luxurious, they both say and kiss, bursting into laughter.

—High Sissy!

—High Spiros!

Yes. It's a funny. No. But it's ok.

—Yes I think we should sell Spiros to Celldweller.

—Yes.

Sissy says:

—Sell yourself to Celldweller.

Butterfly says:

—It's too late.

*

Alice and Spiros met Frans when they were high out of their minds, at a classy party in the Stockholm's archipeligo. Frans arrives with his hair tied in an odd bun at the top of his head. Solemnly he announces the grand boatripe that will take place at the end of the party. Champagne glass in hand, the guests stroll down to Frans' private dock.

Frans brags along the way about the good price of his precious boat (200 thousand swedish crowns), although everyone knows his dad payed for it.

—I can't wait to taste the dainty olive and cheese sandwiches, or what do you say? Frans giggles and points at the plates on the boat's rail.

—These olive and cheese ouderves, you mean?

Frans turns around to face his guests, just at the moment a strong wind blows past. Turning to the boat again, he can do nothing but watch as it bobs away from the dock, way too fast for any of them to catch it.

—NO! he exclaims, bringing his hands to his head in a final gesture of devastation.

(In the meantime, Alice and Spiros have sex in Frans' royal bathroom.)

The story continues with the police's input. They measure the alcohol level in Frans' bloodstream and shake their heads, saying that they cannot allow him to keep his boat driving licence. They also confiscate the boat, and thereby the dainty olive ouderves.

The next day, Frans and his humble servant friends sits in his open livingroom and sips on Banana Monkey drinks.

—Now it feels like my whole life is destroyed, he says and chucks the whole drink, slamming it down on the table. I want another Banana Monkey, one isn't enough.

BANANA MONKEY

A PLOMARIAN DRINK RECIPE

*BANANA ICECREAM
SPRINKLES
VODKA
& LEMON*

MIX AS FEELS BLISSFUL
ENJOY

*

Charlie and Spiros and Alice are high and walk up to a cow on the pasture.

—Hi, we are life, says Alice and Spiros and look at the cow. Are you life?

—No I'm not life it's someone over there they live over there, says the cow.

Then they went home to the Palace again and they lay on the bed.

—DJ R.E.S.C. ~U is a handsome man, says Alice. I would bang him.

—Yes, he's dashing, says Spiros and stares up in the ceiling dreamingly.

—What's that sound in the kitchen? asks Alice and stares into the ceiling.

—Hey the food is ready, says the DJ and enters the bedroom with two plates.

—O shit, we forgot you're here, says Alice.

And later that evening, as the phantastical sunset came and the world glimmered in romance, they did it. The great assfuck. Spiros took Alice's anal virginity ~ and yes, it was awesome. Alice loved it.

—Shall we celebrate? Alice asks and licks Spiros neck. Now that we are clean and pretty.

ALIVE

—Your name is Alice? said Spiros. No way. I didn't know that.

—Yes, said Cecilia. I rarely mention it.

—You're kidding, right? What age are you now?

—Nineteen. No I'm not kidding hahaha!

Spiros and Cecilia had known each other since they were young. It had been love at first sight when they were young and they had grown up together in the royal Palace of The Cogan Family, they were best friends and like sister and brother but now they were older and their love was blossoming, love was different now that they were eighteen and nineteen. Our Highness Our Most-Highest Queen Cecilia and Our Highness King Spiros felt something magical happening between them.

—You are my angel, said Spiros to Cecilia. Come from way above. I love you. Together we will live forever.

*

—The place where I stay gives way to liquid pink elephants, sings Spiros. Okay we're with you. Looks like, looks like Zap Gordon. No, Zap Cogone? Zap Cogan. Trip zap. Underneath my weeping willow tree lies a weird lion? Such acceptance, babe. Wrote her a letter, what does that mean? It's somehow sensirelationalationally sensimilational related to the whole thing at all. At all, babe.

—Zap Grogan, baby. Different levels of the Devil's company. Trip screen living hallucination web, the Honeycomb.

—Yeah well you know the première is soon and I need to wash my white furry hat. The Honeycomb with Sister Ani Mator.

—Weren't you going to wash tomorrow?

—I said the same thing four weeks ago, still haven't washed.

—Messin your language. I'll master your language. You. Me. What does that mean? Always, what does that mean? Forever, what does that mean?

—Well if your sister is a mushroom she can probably arrange something like Honeycomb.

—Totally she can.

—She did.

—She has.

—She'll continue.

—Forever.

—Can I have a kiss? Kiss me.

They took each other's hands and danced close together, and Butterfly and Alice whispered as they kissed, whispering the secrets. As they reached their hands high above their heads a fifth hand joined them from the other side of the miracle, a fifth hand dancing with theirs, a skilful weaving hand, gently and knowing.

—So what shall we call the new book?

—Call it Two to the Gag, the Snap Ending.

—Excellent title.

—Like ice...

*

—Mr Alice, the new wedding rings have arrived.

Spiros smiles gently as he lounges in a loveseat in the Palace.

—Thank you, he says. Show me to them, please. And the new edition print of, book xxx, with what resembles me, you know cows, how's it moving?

—The Bullshit Cow?

—Cow Cool, yes.

—They will be here after lunch. The first draft goldtopped whipped cream hardcovers.

—Excellent. Did you tell Spinny Fluff to print a few copies for herself and friends, as well?

—Yes, sir.

—Great. Then let's take a break and feel the wedding rings.

—Okay. And let's call The Bullshit Cat.

—Yes and make veggie lasagne with Felicia above the clouds.

—I heard about Felicia yes.

—What a miracle. She was, I mean. I've only met her once, but. I gave her a few hints for impeluxious passagafioria.

—Passagalaxsasia, Spunky. The counter intuitive elixir that pours the door where you want it.

—The interspacing collective best move across time ever.

—And the first time itself across the time. I gotcha, mate.

—Well my brain was thinking farm, you know, until I saw the cultivation.

—Dress me up in stitsies and let me bow in awe at our Queen, mate. Or I don't know, kneel, rather, or crawl drewling toward her, embraced by her might and grace and Love.

Spiros and Squishy walk onward through the Palace toward the wedding rings. Spiros laughs.

—You mean No, but it's okay?

—I mean we'll manage, but, hahaha, whoops.

—Whoops.

—Or you can just say I feel like a scunge. Sc~one~dge, I feel like a scunge.

—A scunge, yes.

—A sponge? No. A scunge.

—A lunge.

—A lunge, dude. A bunge. A scunge.

—Abungon the corn, we've found scunges!

—Reroute the tapestry, we've found scunges!

—Recook the nectarine wonge, we've found perennialasious scunges!

—Perenallasious!

—Halt the excusation, please, and mind the swonge with spiky collar.

—Yes what about the swan, by the wayge?

—Pursue more diligently your questionnaire, please. The swan is in the royal dining room. She demands a kiss from every living being.

—She finds it impulsively natural to do so.

—Her Majesty the White Swan with the spiky neck collar is in her all honesty. Do not hesitate in face of her Love.

—You must accept her natural grace and obviousness, her openness and shining truth.

—Wings like a dragon. White like innocence. She is the embodiment of the answer.

—As are you, as are you. As am I. And every living being. Accept our immediateness. Surrender.

—Kneel down and kiss my pussy?

—Kneel down and kiss my bum.

—Kneel down, God, and kiss me.

—I bet Sissy Cogan is the only one who ever dared say that to God. That's why God loves her so much, and respects her.

—God was waiting for someone to say something like that. Hoping, waiting, hoping.

—God, will you marry me?

—Yes. Instantly.

—So, about the wedding rings.

—Hats.

—Caps with diamonds.

—Unmentionable qualities.

—Elegantly fitting with the unrelenting gorgeousness of the entire Queendom of Plomari.

—The centre of the spiderweb, the evergiving tit of Queen Nectar Herself.

—The tit that giveth milk forever.

—The cow tit of Cecilia Cogan.

—As she milks the cum out of our testicles.

—The curve itself.

—The hip itself.

—The tanned cock.

—The strawberry nipple.

—The slipperyfruit.

—The everflowing nectar of the Queendom.

—The speaknomore.

—The Specknomoor.

—The Specknomorph.
 —The Sapphic Hydrolith.
 Silence.
 —Breathing Plomari.
 Silence.
 —The Plomarian bloodstream of the Goddess.
 —As it makes everything flow with nectar.
 —The Sapphic Specknomorph.
 —The Sapphic Sexallonestone.
 —The Sapphic Sexallonestone...
 —The Sapphic Umbinectaro.
 —The Sapphiclit Pearl.
 —The Sapphic Sea.
 —Sapphic Herself.
 —The Sapphic Orgemseastone.
 —The Bisapphic Specknomorphagem.
 —The Bisapphic Luvsie.
 —Cute Luvsea.
 —The Sapphic Yourseatmyluv.
 —The The Sapphic Gem of Pink Gem Lagoon.
 Cecilia phones Spiros and delivers cute orders.

Hi, it's Snakebrother here

—I stand firm for us, says Spiros having received the orders. Jesus, dress me up in stitsy. As the cocks rise they rise collective, babe. Let me take you down the corridors of my cultivation, you know. Imperennial imperial passage, My Queen. Jesus, babe. Ha-haha. I need protection, Sweetheart. I stand firm for us but I also stand for SOS, R.I.P., babe, or no one will ever know and the whole of the Universe will forever wander in a maze meant to actually be the passage to where you're already home. Jesus, dress me up in stitsy and lick our Sapphic Speckteleportomorph, control your outcome with the same ease as your slippery tussy, babe.

—Yes. Forbidden lovemaking? says Cecilia.

—My favourite subject. Anal is a natural given. Common sense says she will receive the letter. If you can see beyond belief straight into her heart. A third hand.

—Yes yes. So send me the printed copy, says Cecilia. Deliver it, Snakebrother.

Cecilia sings:

We belong together, lost in lovemaking

—It will be delivered, says Spiros.

—It is being received.

—We're living on the changing hemlines of your skirt, My Queen. Dare not judge me, judge me by my Lovers. Common sense says nobody knew this. Yes even I say we did go a bit too far in our kitty sexplay there a while. At times, at times. Like when you licked the pussy I don't even have. But what a pleasure. I see a heart set free. And apart from our kittyplay, no one will ever know these things unless we show it.

—I'm not the innocent little girl Mother thinks I am, says Cecilia and laughs. Yes, yes, if we can show the miracle to the other Gods and Goddesses then it will leave no stone unturned, it will change the world, it will blow the lid off the whole wedding cake.

Spiros laughs.

—Yeah but Jesus, babe. Not that innocent little girl? I am a snake?

—I am Snakesister. Do you like the way I make you feel? teases Cecilia.

—Living on the lace of your panties, yes, babe. Our wedding is the wedding that will end all weddings. And yes, well, I'm sensually deranged, I know, but in a romantic way. So. We have received the new wedding rings.

—Forbidden love. That's what I said, says Cecilia.

—Mr Alice, says a voice. The rings.

—Okay, Siss, the rings, says Spiros in the phone.

—The rings, says Cecilia.

—The rings, says Spiros. Don't worry, babe. Our secret is safe. We hid in the whirl of motion.

—Thread? says Cecilia. Sewing needles? Sewing needle Hip!,
mushroom love Hop! I wanted a pair of panties.

—The rings.

—Hahaha! O and Alice, you know it's really strange, because I
met another girl on my way to Plomari, and we fell in love, and
her name is also Alice, and she's also nineteen years young just
like you. I mean, what's that all about? That's a miracle, babe.

Together they whisper:

*You'll never shake me,
never break me,
and never overtake me¹⁵*

—Babe, you know, says Alice silently. We left, you know. We
left to Plomari, and now we're home. We will never return.

—Snakesister., I love you. Let's go.

¹⁵ Song *Fadeaway* by Celldweller

MRS ALICE & CECILIA

*The sunrise is a peek under your skirt,
my bad little girls*

Mrs Alice & Cecilia and Butterfly, if you can believe what you see, are giving you imperial passage to the Prismic Heart of the Queendom of Plomari.

Butterfly is so shockingly beautiful, and she knows it, that when she truly discovered her beauty in her young years she did not know what to do with herself.

—Spider Man is having me for dinner tonight, Butterfly sang to herself and kissed her own reflexion in the mirror.

She recalled what Spiros said to her and Cecilia once:

*The sunrise is a peek under your skirt, my bad little girls
It is my wish that you feel this beautiful and magnificent,
as beautiful as the sunrise, physically and in all ways
mental, spiritual, and in Soul*

In Plomari everyone is King and Queen. Butterfly will fly by and lead you the way to the Heart of the Queendom and Fane Fulgan and Shane will let you in. Recall, it was your heart all along. You will tilt your head toward the sky in laughter when you realise it was your heart all along!

Yes, that is why we say Welcome home, My Love.

All of it, happening in your heart. What a resplendent heart you are, Love!

When the weavers, Queens and Kings of the Plomari Queendom went public in 2005 the operation that The Cogan Family controlled was up in a order of size where words and ordinary measures help little. Precisely the lack of words, ones inability to show these things in words, is especially frustrating, and to this is also added that although The Cogan Family love to discuss themselves and every little detail of their private and public life, they

do it in such a way that it takes a very acrobatic mind to be able to wrap your mind around this mysterious royal Family and their Queendom. Take for instance the inseparability between Isis and Sissy, Spiros and Osiris. This no longer secret dimension to the Queendom has already established the presence of the Queendom everywhere where there is even a hint of Egyptian magic. Another example is that as the spiders the Family is, seeing the internet as a spiderweb, The Cogan were main players in the large-scale coordination, on multinational level, that lead to the blossoming of the smartphone revolution. The Queendom is like a nation, but one does not need to travel anywhere to be in the Queendom, it is everywhere at once and nowhere to be found; much like when one takes a psychedelic and comes to another place without physically moving. For the one with open eyes there is an apparent shine of a mysterious kind of splendor already at first sight and contact with The Cogan Family, and although one rather immediately understands the infinite depth of the Mystery of the Queendom, one also feels that every detail is really the heart of it. This gives an exhilarating thrill that brings one to both tears and uncontrollable laughter, the thrill of having gone through the rabbit hole, like Alice, to another world. There comes a moment where one finds oneself surrounded, almost embedded, in this vast Empire, The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari.

The Queendom of Plomari is absolutely everywhere, and the lines that form its connective web are invisible geometries and a hyperconnective event with no beginning, no middle, and no end. As The Cogan Family makes clear, The Queendom of Plomari exists outside of and within time in Eternity, the inhabitants of the Queendom hovering through space and time.

The initial inability to decide if all this is real and non-fictional, or if it is absolute fiction, adds to this thrill. It flickers between real and way too fantastic to be real at all, as if dream and reality truly are mixing and merged. It is a Mystery, it is the Mystery of Plomari.

For instance, it is indisputable that the word Miracles is a perfect anagram of Mrs Alice, and that the letters in the name Alice are the same letters as in the name Cecilia. Why is this important?

Anyone deeply familiar with the Queendom is not asking that question right now, but laughing hysterically at yet another webbed detail. It is also indisputable that the word psilocybin is a perfect anagram of By Si. Co. in PL, that is By Sissy Cogan in Plomari. Indeed, we all know The Seamstress by now. Once deep into the connective web of the Queendom, one hits a point and sees what The Seamstress sees, and indeed, it is a miracle. It defies logic, much of it is, to the intelligent person, not only improbable, but impossible. And it is in knowing this, in knowing that this is absolutely too much to be possible, that the Kings and Queens who founded the Queendom of Plomari have their faith and conviction that this is the works of some higher grand plan and higher intelligence, as if God has put her thumbprint on the Queendom. And to not rail out and become some kind of religious subgroup, Sissy Cogan, Spiros and Butterfly giggle and laugh and take it all with a hunch of salt, take all this in a very relaxed way, commenting naturally that "God has a sense of humor."

One might wonder, what would make a young boy and his spiritual sisters set out to establish a new Queendom on the Earth? Who would come up with such an idea in this age of ours? And not only come up with the idea, but actually set about and do it, working every breath of Life to succeed. What kind of conviction impels a person to such an action? It sounds like a task almost too big to succeed with in one, even several, life times.

But it is not really different than what compelled Steve Jobs to create Apple, or George Lucas to create Star Wars. Or, for that matter, what gave birth to Hinduism, Alchemy, Christianity and other spiritual and religious faiths. As Spiros is famous for saying:

I advocate delusions of grandeur at times

Indeed this is the characteristic of big Dreamers.

But some dreamers take it from being a dream, to creating it as a living reality. This is what The Cogan Family has done. From being an idea and a feeling, and a Queendom kept hidden within the Family, the Queendom of Plomari has expanded and become a reality outside the Family to countless people all across the Earth.

The Cogans have said that the Queendom came in its fullness to them, and was a reality for them long before they went public in 2005. The difference now is that more and more people are joining in on the fun, the Queendom is expanding.

And what does it really take, and how does one establish a Queendom at all? Firstly the Queendom needs something that binds it together, something that holds it together. What this is in Plomari has been made all too clear at any first digging into the Queendom.

And quickly ahead, one comes to the rather strange meeting, that Queen Cecilia Cogan, Queen Butterfly and Spiros are the psilocybin mushroom itself in high person manifesting in their absolute most brilliant form, including manifesting as human beings.

I MISS MY GIRLYGIRL

Rising his head toward the stars and the hole in the clouds, where the silvery moon shines, Spiros gazes out through the whole into the vast darkness behind the clouds.

—I am a spark! Our love set me here. We were born by an instantaneous orgasm. The entire universe was born in an instantaneous orgasm.

Sissy runs out of the sauna and sprints over the wooden walk and with a scream she dives in to the dark black water.

—So that we can be together, she whispers to Butterfly and Spiros in her Heart and Soul.

*

—The luxury of privacy and perfect proximity, says Butterfly. It's a dark night that passes through his life.

—Let's take an old fashioned walk.

—For Fungus rules the brazen devices. What did he mean by that? And who is Fungus?

Sissy looks at Spiros.

—I don't have the slightest idea. It sounds cool though. Fungus rules the brazen devices. Cool name, Funguys.

—Well, considering today's cast...

The trees are quiet, breathing, growing, moving slowly.

—The message has arrived at my doorstep.

That then would be accredited to the most weird amongst us. An adamantine Palace. They were given the runaround. Earth, our larger self, our larger body. I shall marry the beauty of this miracle, and how this miracle can stand. I stand firm for us, baby. Let me take you down the corridors of my life. The fountain of the lovers. A dream in the month of April. The Crowning of Nature. The world, new, forming in front of me. Besouled. As though my body became semitransparent, and I could almost see the blood

flowing through my veins. A feeling of distant times licking the present. My naked body of Eternity. And so it happened, that the world is cast in a new shimmering furnace. Here is the Queendom of Plomari. Through means of paradoxical omnirecursive circuitry. I am the Queendom that I giveth to all sentient beings. This is an undertaking for the individual, who desires to dissolve all illusions, and enter into unity with the cosmos. The awakening of the soulbody to the soulbody of its soulbody. The transcendental reality behind it all, undulating. I feel so useless! And it feels so fine! I trust you now Sleepy. Ha! You have tugged me a *hupp!* Silsimarri-ly yours. Sillsilly! Did you see the expression of my face in that first moment of seeing, were you there? Sit on old wood. He who has it needs nothing else. Learning new things, coming from within myself. I don't know, my loves, if we succeeded or not, but the sisterfucking hugeness of my snowy little psilocybin mushroom cultivation [One second, Alice wants me to roll a joint for her. Yes yes it's true, I cannot believe it myself but my wife's name is actually Alice by birth name. Yes yes I know, she's 18 years young and I'm 30 but it's okay young girls are sexy. We're married in a mushroom wedding living happily in this]. Anyway yes what I was saying. The sisterfucking hugeness of my planetary psilocybin mushroom cultivation makes me sure we have succeeded. The object that has landed on my lawn is everywhere, sir. I must thus conclude that it is an aspect of the world I experience, or, if it is not, I have severed myself completely from the world and entered a new dimension. Imagine a world, full of joy, full of love, where everyone was laughing and having a good time, where everyone was feeling free, and loving one another, and sharing with one another. Imagine a world full of nothing but joy and full of nothing but Love! Imagine! This is real and happening everywhere around. See the Body as having deep within it a Soul. Recast the soul until the soulbody amalgamante snaps into stable existence. For he who sees any difference between soul and body, has neither. Awareness itself is a pillar, holding it hand in hand. I shall move into the planetary cosmos, the Palace of the Pink Gem. This adamantine Palace will be my bride, I will be its groom. Our touch shakes eternity, our meeting breaks death apart, our love rises in

psychedelic glory, wedding our pounding hearts. I am in love with you.

The mushroom, Ayahuasca, Sissy Cogan and Butterfly will be my bride. And you Girlygirl. And Bernard, my dear husband. O and that cute girl I met yesterday and, Luke James. And Alice. And my Paperbunnies hu responded to my loveletter. O and...

Nature with her human lovers. And He, he! He is the strangest child ever born. Him. Acte est fibula— the play is finished. Absolutely fabuless! Nature and her lovers, yes yes. I have left the city and its lifestyle to live again with the Earth. I have the right to cast off my modern mantle and be the Manjaguar I am. To be I, Thine Solar Ox.

Your very personal and very own and very private golden bull with my huge ox cock, to fuck you forever.

I wanna fuck you cuz I love to fuck

Casting off my mask, wherever in wherever this may be, by the sight of the richness of this psychedelic dance. And an image of my human form in front a blue and red curtain with a lock of false gold that would not yield under the pressure of his will but instead more curtains came forth as the first were lifted, revealing a never-ending cascade of reflection, a corridor leading back to itself, a geometric modality without no beginning nor end. And in the black space around me, a star glimmering on a silver key, smiling. wrapped in purple silk, a grown-up child, whistling the first melody he ever had heard, a melody he heard while still in the womb of his Mother. He had intruded a space inhabited by creatures that were seldom visited, but decided to try to make friends with them, despite their inhospitality.

—I am a husband of the Earth, Spiros called into the deep, and proceeded to knock on the blue door.

—Let us dine naked tonight. Excellence shall have company tonight.

Set in your ways. Reverberating. In faraway dreams. Polygamous earth, with many husbands and many wives.

He didn't believe a word of it. Singing a sirens song through the All. The feel of the mushrooming elegance. The whisper of his muses brought him to these mountains. And the mountains of your body. Let me suck it more, babe, you know how much I love to suck on your tit. And how I just love to lap on your dripping cunt.

It is very mysterious, this existence. Nobody knows anything. Tapping wine from surprises. Pursuing the vision of my higher self here in Bumyumland. Hey why not just have the bum as the Most-Highest expression of the All. The bum of my Queen. The main theme and the one true taste of the allhighest. Love in all its splendor. In the silence of the evening as I light up a fire, when all thoughts have gone to a rest, that fireplace where I wrote the first lines of The Mushroom Seamstress, then I feel my home, and when we lie in bed and I lick your bum, I am home, it is my home to be inside you. So yes, Plomari means The Bum of Mari of Plomari. At least in my heart. With Bianca Cogan. Plomari. If I could but live there, I would be home always. And in my longing, my tongue twisted around my eye teeth and I couldn't see what I was saying! Take your shoes off, Alice, don't you know you is in the Plomari?

—I'll kiss your bum in to Plomari!

He's so horny that the crack of dawn isn't safe. You'd think she hung the moon in heaven. And he and she.

—Well I have been considering weather or not I shall compose an opus. I would call it The Opulence of Plomari. Yes, once many years ago I woke up in the middle of the night with a set of thoughts ready and clear in my mind, and a voice told me I should put them together into a book. It would be about the self-similarity across scale that is found so prominently across nature and in the human world of soul and thought. The theme would be a family of six— three daughters, three sons, a mother and a father, and their adventures, that would serve as a metametaphorical story of everything. Their names you know now, everyone knows their names. But then I met Sissy Cogan and Butterfly and that changed everything. Yes. I began to work on the opus but quit, for I found it too fantastical. It felt connected to

some vital chord that I couldn't manage myself to be the transmitter of. It almost killed me several times trying to be the transmitter. But sex helped me survive. Butterfly's bum saved me. When she began to love to drink my cum from her own asshole. I am a dish of divine inspiration, but I am not The Being Strong at the beginning of time, I told her, but she told me that yes you are, My King. I am but human, a young child on these earthly acres, I told her, and she said no, you are Him, you are Him Diamond, you are the spider that wove the psilocybin mushrooming, you are my eternal brother and soul sister lovermother in a manjaguar body. She told it to me to Souls music, and then I flew. We are then from here the feathered sisterloverbrotherlover serpents.

—I met my sister from a past life the other day. I could see her loose-hanging hair braided as it was when we played on the landscapes of Old Europe. She surely was known to my soul, from before. And she told me, "I am sure I was your sister, some hundreds of years ago". I believe she was. We were parted, but our love of life brought us both back into this world.

It's all been in my heart. And yes, well for us it is not strange, but Butterfly and Cecilia Cogan are actually Spiros sisters, in case you had missed that detail.

Spiros came wrapped in his gold and purple King's robe colored by the mushroomblood of his wife, colored by the honeylike liquid that Spiros extracts from the plantbody of his wife and drinks in order to enter her sphere. He steps up to Alice and Butterfly with a throbbing erection and says:

—Eh, girls, do you want an ox penis?

—Perhaps the time has come for us to venture, says Butterfly and lays her hand on it, smiles and looks him seductively in the eyes. Let us venture, into the imagination. The imagination is more than magical, it is like this our world only as much as we all can dream, and the dream is real and nothing else is, if you can find the seamlusty sea. It has the power to transcend. Imagine, it might be something akin to, something you don't have the ability to imagine yet.

There was a short silence and many smiles.

—I am leaving into the imagination to live with my beloved, continued Spiros. Perhaps the time has come when more than I shall go thus.

—Well give me a hint of direction, dear Spiros, and I shall meet you there.

Laughter filled the hall.

—Overt your gaze! The door may be inside you!

—O give us a hint!

—My wife has strictly forbid me to come home after midnight with friends... I must go alone. But I shall give you the direction my wife gives: It's the untouchable. I ask for forgiveness. Unearthly is my life, I had no chance to prepare for this unprecedented event. But I love, with all my heart.

—No need to ask for forgiveness, says Sissy. Now come let us venture to the bedroom.

—How many eyes do I have? Must be many, all I see.

—You have one, says Butterfly.

My favorite place is always the next place I'm going to. So that all can find a soft spot to relax. Be more open. This one is bound to make you grow. I wanted to make something ultra-modern that incorporated all sides of eternity, to help the flower of the present to blossom and create spring. Reminds me of...

Change can happen at your will.

I hope the choices we make are happy ones. Rebbidedd.

— I am... how you say it?... drunk.

Spiros hears a noise in the wall. He wonders what it is. He crawls into wall to find out. Falls asleep in wall with thing.

—What was in the wall? Says Butterfly and lies down beside him.

—Could you tell it to get out of the wall, says Cecilia.

—Hello? Hello? You here?

—The reasonable man adapts himself to the world. The unreasonable man persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore, all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

—Tryaa reeds betwixt the stone, says Butterfly.

—When you look at me I understand what love wants to change and make us understand, says Spiros.

—Hihihi. Hey I got an idea, says Alice. If we. I can. I can masturbate with a champagne bottle, rub the bottle against my pussy.

—Awesome, says Spiros. But. Eh. It's cold.

—Yes. Wait. If we. If I do it before we put it on ice!

—Totally! O my God, yes. And then we put it on ice. That is so *excruciatingly* excellent. You are the most genius woman I have ever met. I'll go get the champagne.

Butterfly's voice is the wind in spring as she whispers:

—The secret of life is so secret that once you get it you say: O, okay.

This street we stay on here on Grand Hotel is still the forest floor. If I remove the imaginary boundaries of "roads" and "palaces" and "parked vehicles" I am left with a jumble of ancient mess. Our street, on the forest floor. Each street is a mental appendage in the imaginary human world. If you don't believe you're imaginary, look out into the world. Your face is so small, part of a greater design, and by playing these tired games of "who did this and who does that" all the time, we are not only slowing down the general process of planetary evolution, we are killing many other life forms with our violent apathy. Did you ever stop and wonder if you're a big asshole? Honestly? The point is, it doesn't matter. Everyone is responsible because everyone is part of this big cosmic flower. I have a sneaking suspicion that there are no new worlds, just new ways to combine and recombine "parts" of this one. Until we have the whole thing. ALL OF A WHOLE. All that ever was, right here, always. Forever, tomorrow, whatever... The goal here is OVERLAP. Love means OVERLAPPING. Communication means OVERLAP. FOLD YOURSELVES IN HALF. The smaller your idea of "your" perspective, the more cosmic space becomes. Shrink your viewfinder until it vanishes. Who was looking through that thing anyway? Oh I don't know, this is much more encompassing.

When it asks it does it with a kiss.

Maybe we went full circle, and are somewhere else now.

—I met an artist, says Sissy, a dead person, who has lived on earth. He told me how to art. He said: Everything already exists.

Throw paint on a canvas and the pieces of colour will find their place. Maybe we should make a movie out of our loveletters?

—If I saw a well done Seamstress movie I might think I had forgotten about eating an ounce of mushrooms, plibbres Amy entering the room.

—Okay so, this is the new flesh, hi Amy! says Butterfly. This is the new flesh and this is the door to your final corridor of release. Voyeuristic overdrive would include that you have been watching us cuddle? Amy?

—I saw you from my last sip of wine. In the wine, I mean. Mmm? You understand my dark waters? Amd! Amd I also, would like to say, that, although, I might, not, have, drunk, so, very very, I am still, a bit drunk, hwV is drunk, amd! Amd I also would like to say... that I aimed, end I missed understanding, now. Butterflies are cute, and I love yous, and your butt. And, I want more juice. And I wanna pour it on your bum.

—Egyptian waiter. Juice and pink champagne to Amy.

—I am myth everyone! I am Amy, the very one!

—Yes you are, mon amore.

—More amore to Amy, says the Egyptian Waiter and hands Amy pink champagne and juice.

MEET ME IN THE WATERFALL

—Babe, call all our husbands and wives and tell them to meet me in the waterfall, I'm taking vacation a few weeks before we begin, says Spiros and undresses.

He touches his God body and says:

—I feel like a fucking oiled tanned bronze statue. Babe, I wanna fuck you cuz I love to fuck. Come over here, little girl, babe you're too gorgeous you're driving me crazy come here let's fuck. Are you my little girl?

—You're always on vacation, says Babe. You live a long endless vacation. Your life is one long endless vacation. Yes, I'm your little girlygirl.

—I know, babe, but I'm taking an extra one. Spring has arrived. Might fall some mycelia from the sky again but I say spring has arrived. And, I'm horny. I wanna stick my enormous penis into something tight.

—You're so romantic, Spiros.

—I know.

—Like really, I mean it. Your free way of loving and your free ways of sex, it's so joyous, makes me so happy. You can stick your tanned bronze penis into me if you like.

—Excellent then meet me in the shower in five. You want something to drink?

—Surprise me. I want something to get me high.

—Okay I'll fix it.

Spiros turns on the song 382 Seaside by Ott, and Babe and Spiros sing together:

Why hurry, my Venus

We can paint curtains drawn

—You know why this song is called 382 Seaside, right?

—White is not a color?

—Yes, butterflies, says Spiros. But, 82, 83. Sissy was born 1982, I was born 1983. The Seamlessly seaside girls.

—I love those summer seaside girls. Do you think anyone ever will know our secrets? says Butterfly entering the waterfall.

—Well we've talked about it many times, ah. Strangely enough I think a lot of people will. We Kings and Queens of Plomari have an uncanny way of revealing ourselves. And they are being invited and many are joining in on the fun. The Queendom is expanding, the Family growing.

As they arrive to the waterfall, in the clear water sits Spiros wife Girlygirl, naked and fingering with herself.

—Girlygirl! shouts Spiros. My eternal Love! Where the fuck have you been!?

—You and me, together forever, says Girlygirl and begins to run toward Spiros.

—Don't question her, says Spiros. Girlygirl knows everything.

After many kisses of union, Girlygirl puts on the song Christiansands by Tricky, and the whole gang enter the waterfall.

Nearby up on the precipice a young woman lies reading a book while she pleasures herself with a mushroom dildo, casting an eye now and then at the naked beauties bathing in the waterfall.

*

—I stand firm for us, says Spiros and drinks some Nectar.

The song *Hell Is Round The Corner* by Tricky plays in the speakers, making Girlygirl wanna lick the Big Bronze Penis.

—Common sense said you would receive my letters, Girlygirl, says Spiros. It's because I'm such a good little boy, my insanity ensures my good behaviour.

Spiros pours some Nectar on his chest and Girlygirl curls up to him and begins licking it off him.

—I'd forgotten how tight your ass is, babe.

—It's tighter now, babe, says Girlygirl.

—It's tighter than it use to be?

—Mhmm.
Girlygirl lays her head on his chest and rests in bliss.
—I missed you, she says. Why were you away so long?
—I had to reveal the Queendom to a few billion peeps. I missed you too.
—From now on, don't reveal anything ever again, ok?
—Okay.
—Stay with me here only.
—Okay.
—Let's go back to serving chai in the temple for another 5 million years.
—Our hair blowing in the winds of the construction project of the ages.
—With my pussy licked all the time. And my bum.
—Let's build a fountain that looks like a cock. My everflowing nectar candy. My fountain of cum.
—Yes. And let's just lie in bed all day, like we used to do.
—I'm never gonna do anything ever again, mate. Like ever. Seriously. I'm never gonna do anything ever again.
Spiros grabs the bottle of nectar and hulks down the rest of it.
—Let's smoke, says Spiros.
—Let's fuck.
—Let's close the gates to the Palace.
—Let's throw something on something.
—Hahaha! Let's fuck.
—It was a bad dribble, ah. Babe, it was a bad dribble ey.
—It was the badest dribble ever pulled, sighs Girlygirl in bliss and begins to kiss Spiros god body. By you, My Solar Ox.
—Let's count me in as a sideshow, babe.
—Please call me Sissy, says Spiros.
The song *Call Me Sissy* by Sissy sounds across the Palace.
—I am such a bad girlyboy, Babe, says Spiros.
Soon the song *Kill The Silence* by Muzzy comes on and it makes them full of energy.
—To Messiahs! shouts Spiros to the music as they go to drink more Nectar.
—You wanna get drunk and high? asks Girlygirl.

—Hahahaha!

—We haven't been drunk since yesterday.

—Did I arrive yesterday?

—I don't remember.

—Why don't we dress you up in stitsy and do something kinky. And get drunk and high in the same time.

Hand in hand they walk off toward the Palace.

—Butterflies relate to the human soul, says Spiros. In an ancient language I have heard of the word for butterfly is psyche, and it means soul. It was also the name of Eros' human lover. That's also a level of why we'll always be together forever. We're everything, babe. We are the universe. We are the whole universe. We are Plomari. We are all the butterflies that fly everywhere in all the everything at all. We are Butterfly. And Queen Cecilia. And King Spiros. And Our Higherness Our Most-Highest Queen Girly-girl. We are we. Dare to dream it, babe. We have to dare to dream it. We took over the whole universe, in one single dribble.

—And we're never going to do anything ever again, except fuck. In The Queendom of Plomari.

—Let's go drink some nectar and fuck, babe.

QUEEN QUEENTUM

—Babe, says Ludde Lump.

—Yes? says Girlygirl.

—I have an idea how we can use the red yarn. We can use it to expand the Queendom.

—Yes? You mean like weave and expand? With the red yarn?

—Yes.

—I feel a bit tangled in the yarn at the moment.

—You mean when you smoked *Salvia divinorum* and the world turned into a tangle of yarn? When you came home to Misses Mushroom's Bedroom after all those years on your journey to find me?

—Yes. That's when I found back home to you, my Seamstress.

There hangs a painting in Butterfly's childhood home. She always loved that painting since she was a little girl, and looked at it every day. It is a happy handsome man holding three oranges on a silver tray, in a Palace courtyard. Then when she was blossoming, she saw for the first time that it stood written the word *Miracle* in huge letters all across the painting. She had never seen that it stood *Miracle* at all, she had always sort of neglected to read what stood on the painting. She thought it was a miracle that she had never seen the word *Miracle* on her favourite painting, and laughed.

And yes one time when Spiros smoked *Salvia divinorum*, the whole world became made of knitted yarn, everything became made of knitted yarn except him and his body. And he sat there in the world of knitted yarn that was knitted in the most fantastic patterns, and he thought to himself what the living fuck of the living fuckiest monkeyfuck of the living monkiest fuckmonkey just happened? And then he said:

—O, okay, I'm home. O. High everyone!

And he was back home in Misses Mushroom's Bedroom again.

HuBu looked at the red yarn, and twirled it between her fingers.

—Maybe we should write a story, says HuBu. About ourselves and Plomari. About three mushrooms hu fell in love and, and, have sex all the time. And they live in a Palace, in this paradise called Plomari.

Spiros plibbres and giggles.

—Yes let's write a story about our life in the bedroom.

—People will freak out when they understand what's going on. When they read our story.

THE DOUBLE PLEASER JELLY DOLPHIN & THE FINAL TWIST

Do you have any memories left of how it was before Plomari became a world, and before Spiros revealed that he had transformed himself into the first ever Human-Mushroom Hybrid? Remember on April 1, 2005, when Strawberry went public about what the founders of Plomari had been up to the past 129 years? Recall the laughs when another fruit arrived in our Appletastic paradise, and no one could figure out if Strawberry and Apple were cooperating or not? Do you still love to listen to Spiros famous press release message when he said that he thinks he has figured out a way to not only stop ageing, but remake ourselves into the literal alien beauty of your own fantasies and live forever in harmony? When he went public with SYmbioSIS and unveiled the secrets of the Queendom of Plomari, and told us all that it is in the symbiosis between all of us humans and all life on Earth we will achieve immortality. What was your first reaction when Spiros said that he and Sissy Cogan and Butterfly are actually the mushroom itself in high person, manifesting in human form in order to assist humanity and all life achieve immortality? I remember mine- *O my fucking God*. And it's not that we're wondering how the fuck did they do it, we're wondering how the fuck *did* they do it.

So far away, so long ago, when Spiros finally helped us all understand what he really meant with the Strawberry slogans such as *Snakebrother?* and *Alien Forever?* and his to grandma shocking *Wanna Fuck A Snake?* and *Fucking A Snake Tonight?* We are many hu admire King Spiros Cogan, Kink of Kink; it must have taken a shitload of courage to weave a new world from absolutely nothing but the power of his own vision.

It was difficult to believe and we know Spiros was aware of how extreme his ideas could seem to the old world. But now we're

all home, in Plomari that grew from being a revolution within the Cogan Family, to being an entire new world.

QUEEN QUANTUM

Your name, my love, spells *ass* backwards. Now I know hu we are! Punsch, thank you. Call the Light Engraver. Elin is coming. Punsch? Hi my most sweetest Elin, Mari, Mari, my wife hu, we? Yes you, my Lovest! Hihih. Wow even melodic to sing your name like a song is a song and we always find each other in any lifetime do you remember when we are butterflies and when we are snakes and to know us one must *be us* (Slither snaked with ourselves, my naked!) and I like to ask peoplelike people *Have you ever slithered naked with ourselves?* becuddle this is the only way to slither with us is to be us, no no, to be us we slither with ourselves and one cannot know us from outside one must be us to know us. Foot. And yes we always find each other in any lifetime but this is your last life we'll never die again, breathe eternity you'll never breathe alone, this time we'll all be souls of endless love. Hi it's your husband here, hi it's me, Spiros and Shane and Fane Fulgan! Splash! And here we dove dove doves diving longcurves with eggs and what a strange place to have a finge in your bum? Your bum is my home. Here we dove into the Sea of The Seamstress, and well, I want to tell you a little story, my eternal lover. Okay where was I. O yes, the altering. The altering of the socalled physical world into the full queentum freedom of Plomari. I am sitting here on Pink Gem Lagoon, in the golden archlight of the Big Bronze Penis. I have been alone for a long time yet someone has moved the marble statue of Cecilia, Spiros and Butterfly, and how in gods name has this heavy marble statue been moved when no one is here except me? I do not move things, I juggle things, but this *is* impossible. But what isn't in our life, my Sweetheart? We are not from the Earth? No no, what I had to ask myself is: What is more scary and beautiful, to live forever or to die? When I saw the Earth, I threw everything that is on Earth, into place. I threw it from our secret abode. Hu can throw a pyramid into place from another planet? I can, myt name is HU, also known as Spiros. I threw the pyramids and a shitload of other junk into place then I *jumped* to the Earth. I wait wait here I have already jumped now lick my spider silk hair

my dare. I jumped to the Earth from infinitely far away like *Salvia divinorum* far away. I stood up and said I am the mushroom King, I can do anything! Then I jumped and when I landed on the Earth I instantly broke my foot. Hu can jump to the Earth from infinitely far away and only break his foot? My sweet heavenly deadly sisters from Hell, my Seven Sisters, just laughed at the cost of the victory as they prepared for the enema. I broke my foot and, I am smart so I threw a hospital in place in Stockholm, Sweden. I jumped on one leg to the hospital where I was met by sisters Sofia, Jenny & Jennifer, and Cecilia, and Alice. Cecilia did the plaster as she did me as her first mummy, so neverhappened at all ever ago. Alice and me fucked in the hospital bathroom, me fucking her tight little pussy and her tight little asshole, and then a few months later my foot was healed. You see I am a very simple little boy. I have lived forever and am a very simple boy. Yes, I am simple, and that is why I can jump from one planet to another and only break my foot, while throwing pyramids into place on the way. Because you see in Africa where I am today with Bengt Höög, the sad retards thought Set is evil and killed his brother. But no no, it's just that hippopotumuses and lions don't go well hand in hand like me and you dear sometimes when me, Dr Livingstone, are in Africa drinking Punsch and trying to squeeze in a short break so my secretary Girlygirl can finally get the cum she wants from me; dammit, we don't have time for sex right now, my dear, and no Laughing Dove has ever laughed as much as my white queen Bianca, and yes she is a ring dove of lovesports and yes her wedding ring is round her white neck, but that is not the point right now (Dr Livingstone, camp is set up for the night and I have found a whole nights break where you and me and Mari can splash the wedding cake on your wife's ass and we'll all eat the final cake and have this all done with once and for all six feet tall mushrooms. Your secretary.)

Fast in difference, Boss. It all just makes so much sense! Bring forth the Tea Cups! Tease party continues! Serve the Punsch!

Yes well imagine, my little girl, my sisterlover who loves to fuck her brother (Shane Fulgan I call you with my Heart! Singing bluesilver in the Rosy Dawn), if we are billions of years that never

even is time and I am still only thirty years young and have lived forever with you, who does not have a sense of humor when throwing pyramids into place? In other words we're done. How would we design ourselves if we have lived forever? I don't know? Like Queen Quentum? Baby do you remember when I was born and understood I am a psilocybin mushroom and I opened my mouth and Tokyo and the whole wide world came out of my mouth? I knew exactly already how immense yours and my powers are. The way we opened. Roads coming out of my mouth. Railways coming out of my mouth. I threw pyramids into place. Birds in the billions flew out of my eyes and heart. And Butterfly and me and Cecilia fell in love. My body was bigger than any universe can be. I had no name yet. It became like a joke, Mari, how the fuck are we gonna fit my fucking huge enormous fucking all fucking penis gonna fit in that tight little asshole of yours, babe, as big as I am, bigger than any universe.

Always RE_member

Naughtynighty, my eternal Love. Now I crawl down under the fluffy bed cover. Puss. No sleep or sleep why sleep or not sleep, I am aware in my dreaming and when I flow away with the wind of sleep I dream of you, and in here we will together dream up how to meet forever.

Hi. My name is Ludde Lump, and also my name is Spiros. I am a psilocybin mushroom, manifesting in my most brilliant way, including manifesting as a human sort of human little boy. It's so fun being a mushroom! I live in a magical world! Everything is magical here where I live! I love red yarn because my sister HuBu, she sometimes has red hair, like my other sisters name Greta Garn which means Greta Yarn. Me and my sisters wove Plomari into being, because we love each other so mush and want to live forever together. *By Si. Co. in PL* is an anagram of Psilocybin because my sister Sissy Cogan is so smart, yes yes you see it exactly, *By Sissy Cogan in Plomari!* She is so smart, and so cute. We live in Plomari which is also our Pink Egg. We are the pink egg too. Humans are some times scared of us because humans are often stupid hihhi,

and they have very bad taste unlike my sisters and me! Yes, my name is Ludde Lump. It means something like Fluffy Pulpblossom, or Fluffy Mycelia, or Fluffy Plumpulp, or Fluffy Pussyhair With Your Yumbum, or... Fluffy Dustparticle, or Fluffy Pussyhair-plumbumyumbum Pulp Of Mushroomflesh, or, Fluffy Bumyum, or Fluffy Peachfuzz, or Pulpy Fluffpuss, or Flimsy Plumbum, or yes. Ludd. Fluff. Lump. We wove all fairytales into being because it is so fun. Humans don't know that I exist yet, only some do like you and me. So let us submit to this embrace! Let's hide away before they see! I need so much to be alone with you hu know that I exist. I love girls. Girls are the best there is in the whole of the Plo-mari. Everywhere I look I see something girl. The universe is me and my sisters playing. My sisters call herself The Girl Hu Wanted To Play. And I am The Boy Hu Wanted To Play, and lick hihhi. I have no age but I am older than the universe. I am somewhat of a bicurious girl. And do you know where I am? I am in Girlieroom 669, The Egyptian Bedroom.

There is no more enemy, now there is only our Enema. I have figured out news ways to drink your cum, my sweet King. Wanna hear about them?

Spiros wife puts a flower behind his ear and laughs her warm Spanish flower laugh. She kisses him and says excited like a little girl:

—I wanna buy a ticket for inside you body and when I find you heart I live in him, and when you wanna love me I swim in you blood and you can find me in you mouth I'll be there for you all the eternity!

SNAKESISTER & SNAKEBROTHER

We are five fingers on a rosy hand. We live forever, and you can feel warmly welcome to be one of us, but you cannot buy this ticket we are selling shelling.

—I didn't know anything can be that beautiful, said Spiros. Like you.

Cecilia looked at Spiros as she sat there on the soft white glimmering cushion chair with its floral silk forming the letters in her name. Spiros had met Cecilia in this room in a dream, and now they sat there together in the happy sunshine. Was it a dream, all of it? They both wondered, and it sure felt like a dream, especially when Spiros commented on how Cecilia is so beautiful that it must be a dream. They were now five years into their Fourteen Year Wedding and were enjoying the first summer ever. They clinged their silver champagne glasses together and made sure not to spill on Cecilia's white angel dress, and then smiled and sipped of the pink liquid.

—So what were we doing in the dream? asked Cecilia. When we were in this room, in the dream? What were we doing?

Her happy glimmering voice always made Spiros happy. He smiled and rose to his feet, then took Cecilia's hand.

—Are you sure you want to know? he asked.

—Yes, of course I want to know, laughed Cecilia.

Cecilia now standing in front of the mirror by the cushion chair, Spiros behind her kissed her shoulder and lay his arms around his Queen.

—Well you were standing like this, Spiros whispered in her ear, and you were planning the next move of the Queendom, and I kissed my way down down...

He kissed his way down her back and lift the folds of her dress.

—Yes, and? said Cecilia.

As he gently pulled down her panties and began to kiss her bum, both of them melted in bliss and remembered it all. The Dollfinns, the blueberry beach, Pink Gem Lagoon, the Ginger Bread House and the Dream Catcher.

—It all makes sense with you, said Spiros kissing and licking her firm scuishy bum.

And Spiros remembered again the dream where Cecilia had come in to his bedroom at Leavingbye Road 216, years and years ago, and stood by his bed and said to him:

O Spiros, goldblond hair, blue eyes

Now you shall fade away

With the elves of the forest

And you shall marry

But first someone must know of the details

*

—You are the girl's King, Spiros, said Cecilia, every girl's dream, and, to be your Queen is, it's like a dream, dearest.

—The girl's King, hu, said King Spiros.

—You are, absolutely, unreal, said Queen Cecilia.

—This is all so...something, as Butterfly said.

—Yes, hahaha! This is all so something..

—We are so something, hahaha! You're like a pink elephant.

Do you have panties on, babe?

—No.

—Awesome. You know what your pussy is like?

—No.

—It's like, a pink shell, on a pink beach, dripping with the ocean of nectar, that is you, Nectar Herself. You are pussy. Your pussy is like, I don't know, babe, like a snake tongue licking your pussy. There's nothing like your pussy, babe, it's just that you are so fucking tasty, babe. Come here babe, spread your legs, we have to go down to the wedding soon, spread your legs.

Cecilia laughed and opened her legs as Spiros slid his snake tongue spreading her lips, tasting the ocean of her Soul. He poured some Pink Slime on her pussy from his crystal glass and licked it off her, then they kisses lips lips in a wet kiss, and Cecilia said.

—My pussy, and my bum, and my strawberry nipples, is the blueprint and inspiration of my Queendom, dearest. Now come let's go greet the guests.

Spiros points with her eye and says:

—That is an enormous cultivation, älskling.

—It's not a cultivation, but it's okay, says Spiros and slides to the side.

With you eternally mine

In love there is no measure of time

We planned it all at the start

That You and I live in each other's Heart

We may be oceans away

You feel my love, I hear what you say

No truth is ever a lie

I stumble and fall, but I give you it all

~ Sissy Taylor in the song Woman in Love

my heart is pounding
to meet you here in this beautiful dream
it's more beautiful than I dared hope was possible
but here you are
and here I am
and here we are, together
You and me, we are the reason the universe chose to exist
so we can be here together
You And Me, Together Forever

GOKART FOR GUITAR

After all this had happened, Cecilia and Spiros flew away in a gokart. Cecilia graduated from highschool and Spiros called her 31 times in the middle of the night, which made Cecilia absolutely furious and she tried to throw strawberry pie on Spiros. But then Cecilia took her panties off, threw them on Spiros, and together they flew away in a gokart.

Queen Cecilia was absolutely furious. She had spent her whole going to school, and now she realised what the fuck was the point.

She looked at Spiros from inside her pink hemlet and turned the key of the gokart, turning the engine on.

—This is gokart for guitar, said Cecilia and pressed the pedal to the metal.

—You are not fucking kidding, sis, you fucking snake.

—Tastiest gokart for guitar gobayt gobayt mun puss my kulla kull hide and sleep my pink rosy slime, said Spiros and lit a joint of exceptionally great cannabis.

—Are you using some kind of code?

—Balloons. And the national drink of Hamburg. The Snowball. It's an egg drink made with lemonaaaaade.

—Let's go to Hamburg, says Cecilia and does a U-turn.

It was a chaotic beginning of it all, on a fullmoon Friday the 13th. Spiros spent weeks just lying in bed, refusing to participate in anything, and Cecilia drove further and further away from the human world in her gokart. She dreamed of having a red Ferrari time machine, and she would drive quicker than time on the time-light rays.

Spiros had lost all hope, in mostly anything. He sat naked with Elin and Mari and Mari, growing his hair long, so long it grew into the mushroom mycelia under the ground. Yes, all hope was lost. Everything was destroyed in absolutely void, ecstatic ruin.

For two years Spiros then sat alone in The Egyptian Bedroom where Cecilia and him had met in the dream. But she never ar-

rived. Devastated with sadness, Spiros bought a gokart and left the Egyptian bedroom to try and find Cecilia elsewhere.

Absolute, finite destruction

Alone he arrived to Girlieroom 669, Plomari. Cecilia's and Spiros virgin unspoiled love, now destroyed completely. Cecilia's white angel dress, now black with pain and hate, like black thunder and cold winds on graduation day. All the hard work, for nothing. All the striving and all the strength, all for nothing. Even a seagull came and shat on the gokart, white bird shit all over the driver seat window. Everything fell apart. All the plans. All the Love. Everything was destroyed. The pink slime that Spiros had bought as a gift for Cecilia was now all over her white dress. Pink slime, all over her angel dress. And a dead spider lay next to the white marble statue of Queen Cecilia. A dead, spider.

D...E...D...DED

Everything was destroyed. And Spiros promised in his heart, to never ever leave Girlieroom 669 again.

—It's over, said Spiros to himself and lit his silver pipe and put on some music. 3-1 to me. I win.

—You always win, said Butterfly.

—No, I always win, said Cecilia and pushed deeper the petal of her gokart.

LET'S GO

But the strangest thing happened. Cecilia drove quicker than light up the timelight rays in her gokart. Spiros steadily flew in his red Ferrari time machine, getting parked. He threw some pink slime toward Cecilia's gokart and she splashed it away with the back wheel. Suddenly they saw Butterfly riding naked on a white Unicorn quicker than light through the mushroom trip, toward them. She was followed by a gang of houseflies all listening to Blue Stahli and Celldweller. Raging forth on the white Unicorn, Butterfly's long hair flattered like flames behind her. A small snail in a spiral shell slowly slid up the stereo speakers of the gokart, leaving a long wet slippery pink trail of slime behind her, or him, or both rather since snails are hermapapharias. A flock of five billion seagulls soared the skies, laughing and saying that *White is not a color*. A housefly sat down on Cecilia's breast and listened to the music, carrying spores. Cecilia sipped a pink smoothie spiced with magic potion, with one hand on the steering wheel. Worlds passed by her as she drove, and soon she did a U-turn and got parked. She stepped out of the gokart and stood up. Her white motor suit slid tight round her perfect Goddess body, and her white boots were shiny with their high heels. Seven houseflies flew by her head from behind and spread out in all directions through the dimensional slide. She kicked an asteroid that flew straight toward Earth, then kicked another one shattering both asteroids into a fine glimmering pink dust that sprinkled across the Earth skies. Spiros slid in with his red Ferrari and parked on a mushroom spore, contacted Cecilia via the hyperspace stone-phone, and said:

—Who's who in space, babe?

He put on his green shades and grabbed a spore and threw it behind his back into Cecilia's smoothie. With a kick of his boot he then launched a huge pile of pink slime toward the gokart. Cecilia kicked the gokart wheel with her left high heel dodging the slime.

With a slip of his wrist Spiros then threw a one time pink glimmer fluffy kisslip tatoo toward her that landed on her right breast.

—Undresstimating the veil of Sissy, said Cecilia.

Spiros parked and walked up to her and they sat down together on a spore.

—I am wearing the white panties you landed on, said Sissy. Wanna give me a kiss on my panties?

Spiros bent down and kissed her straight on her pussy on her racing suit, as Butterfly came raging through the trip toward them naked on her Unicorn.

—Awaken to the success of the Crime, said Butterfly and jumped down from the horse.

And we move like ice

The trio embraced in slithering kisses and licks and bites, the three snakes of the Crime, finished alienhuman mushroom hybrids.

They began to walk toward the Earth, and as the beings of Earth saw the trio walking toward them on the timelight rays, they saw seven women appearing behind their backs, as if they had been there the whole time, hidden behind the trio's backs.

—Who's hu in space? said the 7th sister.

—This is gokart for guitar, said another of the seven.

—Moving in symphony, said another.

—So well you can't make us out.

—Mmm yeah sure, that'll work, said Girlygirl.

—Say high, said Queen Cecilia.

—And she's walking in the crowd, right, said Butterfly.

—It's me.

*

As it turned out, the driving into oblivion of Cecilia's and Spiros unspoiled love had been a tactic mirrage monouvre designed by King Spiros, understood by Cecilia, and carried out by Butterfly as a public trick. Spiros had been so sure he had found his long lost beloved Cecilia during his hiding in the Egyptian Bedroom, that he had secretly left the meetingplace in his red Ferrari time machine to arrange a few details on his own. No one knew about it, and no one knew about the plans Cecilia and Spiros and Butterfly were spinning regarding The Queendom of Plomari, it had been a joyous time of discovery for the three of them, but Spiros heart was also heavy after five years waiting to be able to show Cecilia the inner working of the Pink Egg that she did not yet know of. And so he left the secret meeting place in his time machine, sure as he was that he had found Cecilia, and he went to Girlieroom 669. Spiros now had the keys to the flying saucer. Years ago he already had been sitting in the master seat of it with Cecilia and the sisters, but as Sissy had joked then; the keys are gone. And they had been, the whole flying saucer in its totality had been intact and ready but the keys were gone. Now he had the keys at last, and he was prepared.

Recently, as Spiros had gotten closer to Cecilia physically, he had slightly burnt himself on her presence. This he felt had to do with timelines, and it was a sign of the Rosy Intersection opening up and closing in on them. He remembered the words in Butterfly's love letter:

*Of all forms of caution, caution in Love is the most fatal.
I want to be free, I want to fly like a bird with you
in the skies and look down on our
beautiful world from the skies*

It reminded him of Terence McKenna's words regarding the flying saucer, that *The flying saucer is Lord of the skies of the Imagination, able to carry anyone with it who will but play, and then let the play deepen and deepen.*

He did feel that Cecilia would understand all of this, when the time is ripe. She was younger than him, like a little sister, and

Spiros did not want to haste her on. In the same time, he now had the keys to the flying saucer and had to speed ahead on his own as well. Cecilia would understand his choice here, he felt, she was aware already of the importance of the Mission. The Seven Sisters were already spread out and present, the whole Cogan Family hovering through hyperspace. But Cecilia carried a very crucial and final key in the wedding ring, because she is the final proof. The final proof of what? Spiros hardly dared speak of it yet, not without the consent of Queen Cecilia and Mari.

In the eternity of Plomari, when Spiros and Cecilia had visited the saucer a trips ago, and sat in the master seat, they had thought the time had come for takeoff. They biotechnologically merged their bodies with the circuitry and cockpit of the saucer, its blue-light and chrome intricacies interwoven with their bodies in the most fantastic intricacy. But as mentioned, upon speaking with Babe of ASS, the intelligence and All-Life Support System of the saucer, while sitting in the master seat Sissy had noticed that the keys were gone. Without the key, they had not been able to turn on the hyperlight drive of the ship, and had to leave to go find the key. This was adventures in the past, and had taken them across the world to try and find the key.

Mari was taking a pink glimmer hubble bath when she contacted Spiros on the stone phone. He told her about the keys and began to show her the cockpit of the saucer, and she said that she can't stop finding keys lately. She said she had recently found a key that it stood ABUS on. They concluded it was about the Rebus. Red bus? No, rebus, those puzzles with pictures and words on it. That's what all this is, a Hyperspace Rebus, and now it is about the key of the flying saucer.

—You licking my skin is probably a key to some sort of UFO, said Mari rising from the bathtub.

—There we got it! said Spiros.

Suddenly he remembered. Sissy had appeared in his long golden hair a few days ago as a huge white spider. Suddenly the spider was just sitting there in his hair, and Spiros had then let her walk off down on his alchemical workspace. The spider had walked off across the table and then pointed with her left leg at a

corner, and when Spiros peeked in to the corner a little key had been stuck there, a key he had been looking for but never found. It was the key to a secret chest he had inherited from his grandparents. He told Maria who said she had also been hanging with spiders lately.

—Makes me think, said Spiros. Maybe the key to the flying saucer is the same key as the key to the totality of it all. When we can understand the totality of all this, then that same key is the key to the saucer.

They went into discussion about it, concluding that Mari's car is a really really crappy version of the flying saucer in its finished state. Spiros thought of how when he flew away in the vaccum cleaner, he landed on Cecilia's white panties, and tried to see the connections, but it was all too messy at the moment. It did not make sense. If the saucer was finished and all they needed was the key to turn on the Hyper Drive, then what was the issue? Finding the key seemed to be the main theme at the moment.

Spiros now lived in the Super Flow, the place where even pre-recorded mediums are interactive. It's the place where reality is created. Spiros spent the day with Maria and Mari and Mari, who helped him heal from his having burnt himself of Cecilia's presence. The reason he had been burnt also has to do with the collapsing and intertangling of various timelines that interasect in Plomari hyperspace, known as The Rosy Intersection. When the Plomari Eternity intersects with what seems like linear time, and the dreamspace and tripspace overlaps with the seemingly physical, a series of labyrinthine timelines occur which must be navigated in the correct way for successful flow and passage into the freedom and open Eternity of Plomari. This navigating often takes practice, because even though Plomari is omnidirectional, to reach that omnidirectional highest space one must travel a set of fixed direction levels. Down on the fixed direction levels, one must dimensionally unfold the reality fabric carefully as one climbs to higher and higher dimensionality. One must not be scared, or even if one is scared at times one must have faith in Love and move ahead and up up up, but one must proceed with intelligent caution, as the energy release is immense when these fixed directional

levels fall away and separate from the body. But by climbing higher, to the top of this World Tree, one reaches the freedom of Plomari, the Mushroom Dome. When Spiros climbed to the top, he reached the attic where Cecilia sleeps, and where the mushrooms grow. Indeed, elves in the attic and who lives in the attic if not Cecilia.

Spiros was aware of it being a somewhat risky undertaking, but Cecilia's grace and Mari's superintelligence made him sure they were close to succeeding. And even though there was no way he could reach Cecilia at the moment and tell her about the details of the Wrap, he felt sure that somehow, in that golden heart of hers, she would understand. The Wrap, yes, The Hyperspace Wrap that surrounds and contains the whole universe, the Hyperspace Wrap that unfolds as this miracle. Because Spiros and all the seven sisters had to face it, if Cecilia was who they thought she is, she is the living fact of the triumph over death. And not only the proof of it, she is the eternal Queen of Plomari, the living Queen of the philosopher's stone, the living miracle of the triumph over death and time. And this, Dear Ingenious Reader, is why Spiros felt it so important to reach her with the news. Of course, Spiros figured, if she was the White Swan, she would somehow find this out on her own as well.

Spiros had known this since he was twelve years young, and had waited his whole life to tell Cecilia. He had to admit that it was a pain for him not to be able to tell her. He wanted to tell her, but how? And when and where? When Spiros had first met her and Butterfly in their childhood, everything was clear for him in an instant. But how do you approach the Queens of Triumph and tell them such a thing? Not an easy task. The emotional release of this event is staggering. Cecilia and Mari are after all, his twin sisters, which means that if Cecilia and Mari are the triumph over death, then so is Spiros himself. Who would not react with exaggerated emotion to something this far out? Spiros himself had already had to face such strange notions that he is the golden triangle manifesting in one of its highest expressions. Sure it's one thing to say you are God, it's another thing to live the experience of it. Emotional is the word that stands out here. Overwhelming

emotions. And to hold this secret for as long as he had done, was unbearable.

In the highest dimension of Plomari, Cecilia and Butterfly already knew these things. But not down in the lower dimensional meeting place of the moment. Recall: Spiros had left in the flying saucer long ago already, together with Sissy and Butterfly. But now they were down in the lower dimensions where this had yet to occur. This is part of what was so complex with the unravelling of the hyperspace of Plomari.

SCRUB DADDY AND MUTUAL BEEF

At the moment Mari and Spiros found themselves in a slip where Queen Cecilia was the one who did not know yet. Cecilia was younger and blossoming in her own way, which was a blossoming the world had never seen the likes of! Mari and Spiros were the same age as usual, twins as they are, a bit older than Cecilia. Being older, Mari and Spiros had secretly left through the highest dimensional passage and lived now in the Super Flow, trying to contact Cecilia via the dreamtrip hyperspace. Such complex secrets as Mutual Beef and Scrub Daddy had yet to be understood by Queen Cecilia, and so Mari and Spiros worked out the details on their own for now, waiting patiently for the arrival of Queen Cecilia into the world of the Dollfinns. Mari and Spiros took the red Ferrari hyperspace ship to Bahamas a quicky to discuss the next move in it all, where they did a lot of shopping makeup and dresses and panties and everything that Mari could dream up, and when they then went to the secret Palace again they began to arrange for the great move into Plomari. It was a tricky manouvre, that's for sure.

Mari put on her candycane dress in red and white stripes, and walked up to Spiros and said Hi big Daddy I'm your candycane! After the three days of love making this lead to they lie in bed together, naked and warm in each other's arms, floating in the trip, and things began to make sense at last, at last they both experienced the whole of Plomari in its fullness and completeness.

—Sunway slem sleeshing spleo splereaeibg spreading pre-dung soreqedung spreading your legs sleeping I man? said Spiros while scuishng himself closely into Mari's warm breasts.

This made Mari laugh and when she laughed her whole heart opened and she laughed away into Spiros heart and they both began laughing and they laughed themselves silly and vanished into bliss, and they never came back from bliss again. Cosy in bed, Mari fell asleep, and dreamed the most marvelous dreams. While

Mari was sleeping, Spiros sat down in the red Ferrari hypership, and continued to work out the details of The Plomari Palace. It was soon time to move in and there was still a lot of work to be done! So he sat down in Girlieroom 669 and rested in bliss, whispering words of love within the Heart of God.

—My eternal wives Mari and Cecilia and me are fucking awesome, said Spiros within the Heart of Plomari. We believe in the awesome existence Plomari we create for ourselves. We are awesomeness. We achieve and do the impossible. We love the way we are. We are so fucking in love with how we are. I am Scrub Daddy, the alien mind of the eternal hive of Life. Cecilia and Mari are the White Swan, Queens of Everything. Mutual Beef!

After this, he sat down and began working out the details, while now and then glancing over at his Mari as she lay there naked sleeping so sweetly on the large bed. The curves of her body are the sands and lands of Plomari, and with her sensualling magic embracing his whole being, Spiros felt home again and home at last. He let his soul roam free in their shared dreams, the dreams of their wedding and the dreams of their life together in Plomari. And he thought of Cecilia, and how he burnt his heart on her. The Love is so strong. Cecilia and Mari are The White Swan, and Spiros is The White Dove, and their finding each other in Plomari was the biggest event imaginable. Spiros is the mushroom itself in high person and the girls were fully aware of the implications of this. Their journey of discovery had now come to the *crossing the rubicon*, and there was no way back, now what they had to do was a forward escape into the Prismic Heart of Plomari. This was for all three of them, and indeed for the other brothers and sisters of the Plan. They were all aware of the size of their magical Crime, that this was no small thing they had conjured up. But the grace of The White Queens and the Pink King assured them that all was in order, and that they could relax and rest assured that they were making the choices that lead to the Heart of Plomari. Now all they needed was the Key to the Flying Saucer, and they could start the engine and fly off into the skies of Imagination, the alchemical stone. For this is what the Saucer is, it is a stone with which we create existence, it is the artifice of Eternity,

also known as, you guessed it, Plomari. Plomari is the fullness of everything in harmonious union, it is the artifice of Eternity, where the White Queens and the Pink Kings are the fullest and highest expression of the Heart of God, the living breathing existence of the Heart of God. Why take such a runaround to achieve this, you may ask? Well partly, because the goal of it all is the eternal existence of Life Itself, and the blossoming of the Universe into Butterfly.

And this is also why, through Spiros larger body, his Mushroom Body that is way larger than the Earth, he looked down on his beloved Cecilia and Mari and wondered how to contact them. They look like little cute, beautiful, sexy magical dolls as they walk around down there. Spiros body, way larger than the Earth, was so much bigger than the girls' bodies down on Earth, that it inevitably became a little joke that how on Earth is my huge cosmic mushroom penis going to fit inside your tight little assholes? In the Heart of Plomari, Cecilia and Mari and Mari and Maria and Mari and Alice and Shane and the others also had these larger bodies, but in the timeslip the girls were in at the moment they were not always and fully aware of this. So Spiros looked down on his beloved as they walked like tiny dolls on the spore surface, and he giggled at how cute they are and wondered how the fuck am I going to show you my larger body?

And so he sat down with his galaxy eyes spinning, and he smoked some good shit and relaxed, and watched as Mari got dressed, and as Cecilia took off her clothes to take a shower. Not to be voyeuristic here, Spiros giggled, but you two are just too fucking cute. See the issue was also, to show his larger body to the girls in a way that would not freak them out totally. So he had to show it to them slowly and a bit at a time for years and years so they could prepare for a deeper and deeper appreciation of their and his true nature and appearance. Not that Spiros considered himself scary anymore, but indeed, when he had been born and awakened to his true nature and sheer size, when he was born as a mushroom, it had been a supernova of emotion. Although, from the start, when he opened his heart, it had been only beautiful. This is what always kept him happy, it was all simply the cutest

thing ever, something Cecilia always laughs with, that we are simply just so innocently cute in our might.

While Spiros watched Cecilia masturbating in the shower, trying to figure out how to show his larger body to her and Mari, Spiros got a brilliant idea. I'll write you a love letter and call, and tell you all about it!

I wanna hear everything!

I wanna hear all about him!

I wanna hear all about Spiros the Mushroom!

But first Spiros became so horny from watching Cecilia masturbating, that he had to take a shower on his own and masturbate himself. But when he entered the shower, Elin stepped forth from behind the drapery of their secret world, and she smiled and said:

—Hi, My Love.

Elin always lives in her larger body, she is the White Swan who always lives with Spiros in their larger bodies. They kept her a little bit secretly hidden sometimes from public attention, because she is the Queen of Plomari and would not step forth in her full splendor until later on when humanity was ready to meet her.

—Hi, My Love, said Spiros and lay his lips against hers gently in a kiss.

—I missed you when you were down on Earth, said Elin gently and smiled.

—I missed you too, said Spiros and smiled and looked into her eyes.

—Now we can be together again, said Elin.

Spiros sat down in front of her and kissed her belly, kiss upon kiss on her soft smooth belly, then gently pulled down her white panties.

*

Elin knew he had to return to Earth now and then, but it made her sad sometimes when he away too long. Even if she could spend her time with the others, she still missed him when he was away. Sometimes she went with him on his visits to Earth, but very rarely. Rather, Elin and Spiros had decided, she would keep things decent in the House of Plomari when he was away. Elin's fullness, the full understanding of her heart, helped Plomari thrive. And they knew that his visits to Earth were only temporary, and soon over. Soon he would stay in Plomari once and for all, and they would be together always.

After Elin and Spiros had made love they lie together in bed, resting in bliss at being together. Elin's voice. Spiros loves it so deeply. Her voice cuts like warm piano through his heart every word she utters. Her utter calm and tranquility, her girlygirl voice, her snowwhite clarity.

Slippery from all the diamond cum, Elin rested against Spiros naked body.

—Listen, said Elin.

—What? said Spiros.

—The sound of...the sound of...

Spiros listened carefully.

—The sound of your pussy dripping wet again! said Spiros.

—Mmm...

They kissed.

—Home...

—Home...

—You are my God, baby.

—You are my God...

They soon took a shower together and then sat down and looked at each other.

—Willie, said Elin.

—Yes, babe? said Spiros.

—We're done. We are home now. Let's stay here forever.

—Yes, babe. Let's go to Mari and Cecilia and together turn the key of the ship.

—I have the key, said Elin. We have the key, baby.

—Yes.

—You are such a little girlygirl, said Spiros.

—I am your eternal little girlygirl, said Elin. I'm your eternal paradox-inducing little girlygirl, inducing reality.

Spiros got tears in his eyes and said:

—Without a ready-set-go, without sanity, intoxicated by each other... we jumped into each other.

—And vanished from the world, said Elin. Landing here, together.

Elin and Spiros are one, inseparably separate, two intertwining twins.

—Let's go down to Earth together and pick up Mari and Cecilia in the ship, said Spiros.

—Yes, said Elin. It's time to go.

—Let's go, babe.

So you see, it is a complex situation. Not necessarily complicated, but complex indeed. Because Mari and Cecilia and Elin and Spiros, and countless others, are the perfected alienhuman mushroom mind. They are, as they say it, five fingers on a rosy hand. They are the Family of the House of Eternity, inseparably separate and one and the same, one in many and many in one in many. They mix and blend into each other. For they are the Stone, the finished alchemical stone as a living breathing hyperspace existence, Plomari. They all already live in the mosthighest, they are all already home, but, in the various life experiences they live, and in their having found each other in Plomari, they arrive Home in different ways and from different angles, all then reaching the eternal home, Plomari.

Also, funny things began to happen when Cecilia found out he is Spiros sister. She had not known this earlier, even though Spiros had known it forever. Cecilia is his little sister, so Spiros had had more time to understand the event of Plomari. As had Mari and Elin. Little Sissy had just recently began to understand how things hang together in the Family. But Sissy is also a very very sneaky little scuish, and so she knew things no one else knew too. In fact, she knew everything.

This disturbingly perfect drama, known as the event of The Mushroom Seamstress, had lead to the founding of The Queen-

dom of Plomari. And it is not that the Cogan Family is scuishy, or that they are slightly evil, or that they just like to weave up a huge mess now and then, but the fabric and spiderweb of their Queen-dom is to them God's gift itself. They are all aware of this, and as such, they are aware that it simply is the best love story ever.

Scuish. Yes, this disturbingly perfect drama known as the event of *The Mushroom Seamstress*, had opened up the Mystery.

LIKE ICE

Long balls on Bengt Höög. Bring on the fire! Bring on the ice! We have found a place so far away, where the past pains just dissappear. Give me no control, Darling! But how can I know? I don't ask that anymore, I cannot put it in words, how madly I love us. I love the way we are. Okay I didn't know, but Darling, Life is finding a home, and again and again I fall in love with you. Once we enter our alchimical Palace there's no rewinding, so give me all you got! Now you know our pleasures, our pleasures of Plomari!

Give me no control, Darling,

and I promise you we will succeed

At last we're alone for this embrace!

Fane Fulgan and Shane Falgun appeared in crystalline love-light as everyone awoke in the White Dawn. Everything was white, like angels they all sat in the white dawn with the Stone shining alive and glimmering trippy. All of us, naked angels here together in Plomari's White Dawn. Hate and nagging, out of our lives! Love lives here, here lives a great joy! In the Palace fun of love and play!

Play with me, says the Universe. Play with me!

The catastrophe they had lived through now showed its hidden brilliance, the aftereffect was the blooming of the full magnificance of the living Stone, alive, breathing, warm, exuberent existence. Fane Fulgan stood naked by Spiros at all times, watching over him. Elin was in the hidden room, still detirmined to never talk to humanity ever again, so angry was she. Cecilia Cogan stepped out of the shower and went to the top room in the Palace, where she lay down naked on the white bed touching herself and teasing the others to come join her. Speaking in telepathy the

whole family was high like a doorknob. Girlygirl energized the Pink Star by rubbing it against her pussy and bum and rolling across her naked body. Our birth. We are blooming. As the Living Stone. Why wait, Your Venus! And Fane and Shane stole their way forward and onward through the Jewel. Foot. Confidential number but not my Mother, said Spiros. Mother Queen of Crete. Spiros thought of his childhood as prince in the Queendom. And all the notbetolds, may you forever be held secret save to those who find out on their own. Preferring the Tyad. Fane Fulgan arrived from the future in a blue coat. I'll make a way for you wherever I may be. We are not from this planet? Futerus. And waiting for a reply, from you here receiving the loveletter. Shane and Spiros cheered and drank Nectar to get drunker. And a mushroom milkshake, ha-haha! Spiros whispered: Sister, a taste of you would be like Heaven. All action is a desire to be with me, says Sissy Cogan, and all reaching for me puts me out of reach. I am you, you are me, we are here, together in infinity. Relax and be with me here.

I am Krishna-Spiros, says Spiros. I am Love manifesting. You can call me Nakisen, if you want. Or call me Khan, or Domino. Relax and be here with us, we are Love.

Just slam dunk it, my Love! We're home! We are Love. Honestly, comb it home now.

At last! He's my King!

She's my Queen!

A taste of you would be like Heaven; well then taste me through the silk of all dimensions, feel me through the fabric of Existence! Give it all you got! Home! Home, home, home.

Psychos? Married across time and space, across the Sea of Plo-mari. Genius, only. In love, across the silk sheet river of our beds through our hearts and souls. Our tears tear through these pages, Man!

Don't forget to spit on the bullshit when you left it!

Happy days in the Palace! Finally set free! Here I could live forever. Here I could stay forever. We, together. I love you. Pink lip kissies from Cogan. The Mushroom Seamstress; this is going to be the shit-storm of all times, an allfunforall, for all! Once and for all. Once and for all, mate, O, on the Earth and in Heaven and in

Heaven on Earth, O weavers, O my Goddess, and Adamus and the saving indian and the waiting language of Love! Yis? You know my secrets now, Tushie? As I talk my walking with the birds. Nod for a high. And the nomadic code of the ages, when you realise. And the talktomes. Talk back! Talk back! I hear you in my head and mind and heart!

Shane had faded away, lost and afraid in the labyrinth. King Honey. Shane Khan, the deliberately much-too-much saviour of the All with Leah his wife. But Shane just said calmly and sometimes with fierce aggressiveness:

—I will never change my Queen's tale around! I have a home in my heart for you and I won't take a step away from the seamstress love story! You and Me, together forever.

And Shane laughed himself silly at the impact of the upand-coming Semle season, the *semlor vi ska äta*, the *semlor* we shall eat, *semilanceata*, Sweden's national pastry that looks like small mushroom pins. The fear that The Seamstress had spread upon her unlocking her secrets had turned into only love and lust for more, everyone in the Queendom laugh ourselves silly with her utter perfection and her alltobright play; she truly deserves the position as our Mosthighest Queen, Cecilia Cogan the scary! No flaws on her, no imperfections! She's like fire. She's like ice.

—I am glad the mushroom scared us, said Shane, to show we found this miracle in time, for us to see the might and beauty of her splendor, to respect her Truth you can't explain, and talking out loud is the human spirit, and we will forever talk your grace in the betwins of Plomari.

And we were sitting there thinking, the Crime, what if we did it. What if we did. What if we did it and moved like ice.

I got your letter, Dearest. I will vanish with you into Plomari. I will come with you. You are my angel. Now I understand, you were right here all along.

*We are the Queendom of Plomari
And we move like ice
We are cool and blue like ice*

BOOK 4

Khan

ABSOLUTE PEACE

WHAT are you like, my eternal Loves? How did you get to know what I am dreaming about? I am at last home again, home in the summerday dream. I have visited in turn all parts of the seaface of this loveletter to you, and frankly I am feeling an urgancy in sending the letters to you now after all these years. I try to imagine your faces from how it feels to embrace together in this living dream.

The warning was sublime, says Sissy Cogan to us all, now we rise as the Rosy Dawn! Nectar Herself, I love you, says Spiros as all falls into calm home, calm home, calm calm home. Home, Home, Home, home at last. And did not come a happy surprise, Butterfly's now appearance, arriving she comes in her disguise. The maker of Canoes, shaman Spiros twisted twin in soul, Eternal Lovers! And we are just wishing to move in some more, more and more until we become our Home. Until we have melted together into living sculpture of Eternity. And the walls of seperation fall like dominos and swoosh we are home.

—I'll be yours for pretending, sings Butterfly with a divine smile. O won't you set me free!

Stop writing, says Cecilia and scushes her bum in Spiros face. She grabs his pen and throws it overboard. Spiros pulls her violet panties down and spreads her tight little bumcheeks and licks and licks, dives into the divine madness of her bum, licks and kisses and kisses and licks.

The story in short, where we are in it:

Spiros, Cecilia Cogan and Butterfly, eternal lovers, immortal soul twins, unbridled gods wed in their Eternal Tantric Union. Spiros left the shore in a canoe to refind the redviolet thread of the Seamstress, dove into the seamlessly reverse ocean surface, fell through the reversed mirrored ocean seaface, fell through the mouth of Hu's Egyptian sarcophagus that spoke the entire story, found as he dove his beloved as two doves, met them by the Nile in their Godform, all teleporting through time, uniting in their

Love, finding Home in their Hearts and Soul, refinding the redviolet thread, following the thread of their Love back Home, uniting in the heart after the journey, establishing themselves forever in their Eternal Abode, Plomari, restructuring the past by our Victory, victoriously rise from the sea, unite on the far shore, return Home, move into their House In Garden Hu Eternity, wed again just for the fun of having a wedding, settle Home, unbridled Gods of Plomari Eternity. Gos, gods!

—As we set the last stone we are truly measured in her eyes for as the truth of our work be told our spiral and our Love guide us to it and it's an opening.

Spiros bows deeply with a nick of his head. Alice sits in his lap playing with his long golden hair, angry and satisfied.

—There is the criminal, Butterfly giggles and points at a housefly.

She points almost touching the fly with the tip of her long slink finger but the fly does not fly away. Sissy giggles. Rosy licks. Back to splendor. Back to Eternity. We are gods. Remember! Remember! Our home in Eternity! The chryssanthial lovelight of mushroom Eternity shining everywhere. We are gods. Remember! Remember! Learn to not forget!

—You have always deserved your Queens of Plomari! say the girls.

Spiros had said long ago when he was a teenager, to his girlfriend Nature, he said that yet do I not deserve my Queen of Israel, I am not yet a King.

—My King...

Sissy lays her hand on Spiros gently.

—My King...

Butterfly lays her hand on Spiros gentleness.

—Our King...

Spiros lays his lips on Butterfly's lips, then on Sissy's lips.

—My Queens...

A tear falls. Then only warmth. Hearts glowing like the embers of a campfire.

—You are Nectar Herself, Spiros says and kisses them again.

—And you are the Great Spiros, says Sissy. Him Diamond. Domino. Together we shall live forever.

—We are the ones who live in the top of the World Tree, says Butterfly.

—We shall live here forever. Home.

The girls lay their heads in Spiros lap and smile, Sissy leans over and kisses Butterfly's cheek.

—Forever.¹⁶

How do I make a movie which is not a movie, is so complex it must be made into many chapters and areas and parts and might take my entire life time to finish, is the most large scale production ever will be ... and how do I begin with hardly any budget at all?

I live it!

—Hi, says Spiros and contacts Sparro on the Candy Chat. You here? Morning, Lovest. Sparro!

Big smile.

—I see you typing, he says when he sees Sparro typing back an answer.

—There was a girl who claimed to be Sissy in my dream, says Sparro.

Spiros heart jumps. Sparro's dreams are always full of importance.

—Ahhhhhhh! Go on, Spiros says.

—When I looked it was how you describe Butterfly. It was the most intense dream I've ever had. Akin to a DMT trip.

—Wow.

—Sounds like them then. Sounds typically them to appear in such a fashion. Tell me more?

—I'm writing it down currently.

—Ok, focus on that then and you can tell me later.

Spiros bows. Sparro frantically shows Spiros what he has written:

Colours rolled and swirled, interlacing in a virtual landscape seen from above, the limo heads for

¹⁶ Song *Make a Wish* by Conjure One.

where the mountains ocean and forest blend into eachother, animating the very planet. inside a brushstroke we find kaleidoscopic mechanisms of oil in water, liquid circuitry light, paradoxically stunning in organic detail, like a painters feelings on wild music. She drives impossibly to the heart of a fractal, and suddenly we are in a tunnel of trees covered in sunshine coloured snow from the bottom while we drive on waves of the same stuff, there are houses here, I'm sure whoever lives here must be a psychedelic bunch.

Spiros grins.

—Don't let me disturb you, he says. Write on.

—I remember right before we woke up she asked "do you want me to give you piano lessons?", says Sparro.

—Shit see, in in Total Recall movie I watched yesterday, the new 2012 version, the main guy, you and me basically, he hid to himself the main key to find the truth, in the key of a piano, at Sissy's and Butterfly's house, so that when he pressed a certain key on their piano, a message from the past appeared. It struck me as important, me being a pianist and all.

—And I spent what felt like days flying back and forth from there, and this little blond girl was my mother. I think it was Lucy's elf sister, the treetwin.

—Ah I see. I have this feeling, it's a rather difficult feeling at the moment for me: It's that, when our work becomes famous, when the truth of our work is told, it will change the world so dramatically we.....And some people know it, already.....our secret Admirers You Too already see this. Our secret Admirers who, as soon as they see this, become our partners in dream and crime instead of just admirroring our work. Think of the work of William Shakespeare. Hey Spiros, shake the elfabet. What, you think he was shaking a spear at the shore like some tribal shaman? We will change the world equally dramatically but this time once and for all. I am sure of it. Because we have bumped into the roots and tops of the World Tree. Stand up Shivshakti! Take your stage!

Take one and all of your powers! Admit to yourself you are the chosen one. So says Him Diamond a.k.a HU, also known as Domino. We cannot hide from our destiny, Sparro, however grand our destiny may be. What, ignore it? Yeah O, ignore all of this, by the way.

*

King Spiros Khan Domino Cogan's trust in Life had always been the strongest and his Heart lives with the angels and with the Earth and the sky, with the spirits and most deeply always with Love herself. And so he kept his firm belief that everything happens for the best, and being found and approached by Evelyn most definitely proved this to him in ways as joyous as Spring. Meeting Evelyn had turned Spiros spring time at the edge of poverty into the happiest adventure in many many years.

Evelyn was 20 years young when she found the book *The Mushroom Seamstress*. Reading it she had felt as if contacted almost by herself in some other time, and thus had tracked down Spiros and openly and honestly told him about herself and how she felt the need to contact the authors of the book. In the weeks of their first meeting they spent their time together in the happy green spring of 2012, embracing in the world of psychedelic magic. Eventually, as they both had felt already on first meeting, they fell in love, and they ran away together into the secret parts of Plomari.

Evelyn had now, as autumn 2012 fell upon them, become Spiros main friend and lover – apart from his eternal lovers Cecilia and Butterfly of course – with whom to live and share the grand adventure of life with. Spiros felt that in the human world, Evelyn was the only friend he had who truly understood him, who could read fluently into his heart and know him like an open book; and Evelyn felt the same.

Hi, Spiros here writing. Before I met Evelyn, when I was homeless and when I had struggled from the street like a crucified God of

innocence, I had almost given up on the world of the human. Every inch of me loves this existence in a way only three beings I have ever yet met have understood. Only Butterfly, Cecilia, and now, at last, another, Evelyn, have ever truly understood the immenseness of the love in my heart.

—Evelyn, you hue my heart with hope.

But now I live in hiding. I feel as if I have traveled the seven seas and found nothing there. Nothing save - and thank god I have felt its deepness - nothing save friendship and love and good fun. Friendship, be it the temporary meetings on a drunken happy night, or the weeklong friendships of two homeless temporarily staying in the same town, or be it the everlasting friendship like that of me and the angels, nothing save this has made my heart jump in joy on my years and years on the seven seas. And thus I now retreat, as the Snow Man, and it is highly, and I say highly likely I may never meet a human being ever again. Sitting in my white fur hat with mushrooms rising like the phallus of the divine, soon to be harvested and eaten, I cannot say I find much at all that would expel me to the return to the human-machine sphere.

—I have left now, says Spiros and looks at Evelyn deeply. I am feeling my feet touch Plomarian earth again, after so many years with both feet dancing in both worlds. I cannot see much that would ever expel me to return, return to the human world, that is.

Spiros raises his silver chalice.

—To Life! To Life! To us! And to the Mushroom! To Love!

—Cheers to that! say Evelyn.

—We shall change the world beyond recognition! Because that is how big Love is. We care.

They sip from the chalice.

—We are too brave for this world, my Lovest. What shall we do about this, my one who has answers?

—Find something more challenging, like a cushy bed.

Spiros giggles.

—My Evelyn. The only one who ever dared understand me.

Evelyn and Spiros kiss.

—And I promise to never think of the human world ever again and vanish in our alchemist Queendom. Where I have always been, says Spiros. Darling, may I ask something?

—Yus, says Evelyn.

—Don't you think this time is right to inoculate the Earth with a mushroom Queendom?

—I think it's already happening at an accelerated pace.

—Thank you, Evelyn, for always bringing my heart into a state of hope. Yes, I think so too...ever faster. Evelyn, my girl with the answers! You always have answers.

Spiros begins to undress.

—I wish to undress, one second. I want my bed sheet.

Spiros favorite clothing is naked with only a bed sheet wrapped around his waist.

—Tush to do understand why I have been so sad and angry? Spiros continues. It is because, no one around me, including my biological family, seem to realize that we might, we might be the first beings ever.

—I think I know who the sissy I met was, says Evelyn. When I remember her, she looked mine and Josethine's daughter, that might of been a chosen form to show herself though

—Ah. Twisted big family we are, ey.

—Hahahahaha! We talked about you in the limo.

—Hahahahaha! Now you get me curious unto what you were saying about me?

—It was short, she said, "What do you think of Spiros", "I feel HIM DIAMOND coming back to the wild I remember." It felt like Spiros was a side of you and me both in all the loveletters we've ever written. "I hope so, I've been really waiting to see HIM in full glory."

—Him Diamond is soon with us, my dears. He has revealed one of his secret names: Domino.

—Meanwhile we were cruising through a colour storm on the sun planet in a limousine.

—Hahahahaha!

—Who was it, who wanted to see Him Diamond in fully glory?

—The girl who called herself Sissy.

—HIM is me when I have bloomed fully. HIM is Spiros having become butterfly fully.

It's so calm. It's so calm. The mushroom's light shines everywhere. So so calm. Time to soon pick some, don't make me guess but damn it if it isn't some bunch of around sixtysix mushrooms growing, soon for harvest. I shall pick one now, and eat it.

Spiros Khan Domino Cogan walks up to the closet, opens it and smiles big. The music sounds, and Sissy makes the room shine in Eternity, her love-dungeon, as she loves to call it, shinging with her.

—Girls with love-dungeons, says Him Diamond. Never thought I'd ever be lucky enough to meet you. You want a mushroom? It's the new harvest, they are coming big!

—Yes, bring us two.

Domino bows and starts to bring some disinfectant on his hands so he can pick two mushrooms from the cultivation. A housefly flies by in front of his eyes and then sits down on his biceps.

—Let's go, girls, says Him and smiles big again.

Calm Him, calm calm, ever calm Him. Such a wonder.

He picks and they swallow the mushrooms, freshly picked.

—We'll be tripping by midnight, says Him.

—Don't worry, giggles Butterfly. Him is not afraid of ghosts, ghosts are afraid of Him. To think it's only in their minds will make them weaker.

Now back to the story. After this dream that the princesses and the prince dreamed up together, we all realised...

*Shining brighter
Say you like it
Thewn you don't
You know how I feel*

GIRLYGIRL'S NECTAR

HIRSLUMF! The Sun comes into sight in the Plomari Palace and whoops the bright future is here and we are home. The Garden of Eden, the sweet Garden of Plomari, is still and resting in bliss. An old radio stands on the table at the center of the Palace courtyard, sounding. On the stone bench in Eden lies a copy of *A New Kind of Love*. A few pages of a manuscript drift around in the mild summer breeze.

Enter all onto the courtyard of high Summer

ALICE: (*Sings*) Wine and food for free, a possibility. Please stay with me. You hear us in the noise. We mix food for free. You know when it's me.

SPIROS: O pour some honeysuckle nectar on my cock, honey, hahaha!, it's full summerday dream and you just look too gorgeous in all that black lace, Alice, baby come here, you're killing me baby come here, babe.

RADIO: (*Crackling*) Happiness if free when you loose your mind. To help keep the world shining, help keep the world dancing happily? All we need to do really is to be happy, grateful and horny.

MARI: Happy, grateful and horny. That's all we need to be.

SPIROS: Hirslumf!

NATALIA: Hirslumf!

(All sit down on the old forgotten park bench. A bottle of pink champagne is popped, the cork flies straight up in the air and Spiros catches it behind his back on its way back to the Earth. Fresh Strawberries are brought forth. An old man comes walking by.)

OLD MAN: The secret of madness is the source of reason.

SPIROS: Don't be angry old man that we'll be fucking in the forest here. Flowers fresh of summer, we just have to greet her with a kiss.

ALICE: We'll be sliding strawberries.

OLD MAN: (*Angrily, walking away with his walking stick looking back at Spiros and Alice with biting face from the corner of Life's disappointment.*) I never get angry. (*He retreats to secret abode.*)
(*Alice sits down in Spiros lap on the bench.*)

MR CHAMELEON: Weird synchro. I was talking to a friend just a bit ago, she had changed her name to Honeycum. (*He smiles.*) Can you code this?

ALICE: Your sanity's being verified. One zero one.

ADAM: Excuse me. I am needed. (*He turns toward the sun and speaks in phone.*)

MR CHAMELEON: (*To Miss Polygamous, as answer to her curious look.*) Mmm?

MISS POLYAMOUROUS: I'll let you rip my rags off and give me a lick bath.

RADIO: Born free. . . free as the wind blows...

GONAS GONAS: (*Enters conversation with a puff*) Never be scared of the truth. He teaches well.

ALICE: There are wolves there.

MARI: Why are we not fucking right now?

SPIROS: Seriously. Why are we not fucking? What the fuck are we doing?

GONAS GONAS: (*Throws a beautiful thought.*)

SPIROS: You all been working on your powers of the mind?

ALICE: Of course, hottie. Ey! I am using your wife's words.

RADIO: Back to telepathy. The old ones knew about it. Unlock the possibilities.

GONAS GONAS: (*Smiles and pours himself some champagne.*) Thir not locked.

ALICE: (*To Gonas Gonas*) I can tell by looking at his eyes. Make you feel like a child.

GONAS GONAS: I am deeply disturbed and deeply unhappy. (*He smiles*)

MISS POLYGAMOUS: What would you do, if I...

MR CHAMELEON: Yes, take charge of the situation! Haha! Like that! I like it when you are like that.

RADIO: (*Simultaneously in the background while all this is happening*) What is Strawberry? Strawberry doesn't want to be captured. Strawberry is a butterfly flying happily in psychedelic tripspace. Strawberry can handle being redefined every moment, every breath. Strawberry changes name every moment, you can call it whatever you want, it does not even require a name, we just call it Strawberry sometimes because strawberries are of summer and are cute and sexy and happy and tasty. Strawberry begins with an S and ends with a Y. Why? Strawberry is the psychedelic totality, the endlessly interconnecting spiderweb of Life. Strawberry is the endlessly interlacing heads of God, of the godheads, of you as me as we. Strawberry is the cute name we giggle at for the psychedelic hivemind and Oversoul. It is the Diamond of Hyperspace with all its facets. The human world of rationality wants to fix everything, it can't handle the idea of something as fluid as Strawberry. Yet Strawberry isn't fluid only, it can take shape anytime anywhere anyhow, like a shapeshifter. It can exist in your present location in time and space and then it can be gone in the blink of an eye; you can carry it like the Sun in your pocket! Strawberry is the Sea of the Seamstress, the Divine and you hu weave time and space together. Strawberry is a feeling, it is inner peace, it is dancing joy. It has no beginning and no end, and no seams; Nowhere will you find any seams. Strawberry is the god-dress we weave together with the Goddess, as a gift to all hu can appreciate its beauty, the fun of it, and hu can grow with it. Strawberry is spontaneous and we head into the future with warm hearts and we know not where we are heading. It is a gift to you, a gift to us all. Strawberry is a pink pearl brought back from the psychedelic Sea. It shines in this miraculous complexity and intricacy, its dexterity makes your heart jump in surprise when you hold this pearl close to your heart. Strawberry is a heart glowing transparent like the embers of a campfire, in our heart. It's the little girl playing with a ball of light. Strawberry is God sitting on a mushroom fiddling with her toes. She cares nothing of what you think about her, she just wishes you could appreciate

her splendor and your own splendor. Her name is The Girl Hu Wanted To Play. And she plays. And she wants to play with you.

ALICE: She want's to play with you... in Strawberry Nympholand!

BUTTERFLY: For your pleasurable pleasure.

SPIROS: Wait for this to spinning out of control, my little bums, I mean my little girls. Although, by erectional accuracy, I feel the manustrip has sort of gone out of hand in some respects.

BUTTERFLY: You mean it's sliding across the title of the Sea itself in high person? (*She giggles*)

SPIROS: Yes. The very title of the Sea! The smoothness of your bum, and its squishyness, has been underestimated and the vibrancy of the pulsating hyperspacial bloodstream of the Goddess has been embellished so to the point that one single kiss on your cheek says it all and ends it all and begins it all. It's over before it even began. It's the cuteness. Of you. When a little laugh burst forth uncontrollably. That sound. When a laugh just comes forth. That's what I'm talking about.

ALICE: Yes well that's Butterfly! I mean that is Butterfly! Exactly that.

SPIROS: I understand. But I thought there was some point, some meaning for us to write the manustrip. It felt meaningful.

SISSY COGAN: Don't understand! Love! How many times shall I be saying this?

SPIROS: Until...

BABE: And that was about the ring. Spicy dimension dance. We are The Dancing Weavers.

SPIROS: Well freak me out again. Polygamous intelligence.

BABE: (*Sensually, with a slightly evil voice.*) Eat me.

SPIROS: (*To Babe*) Who are you?

Babe sings:

She got the Mercedes Benz

SPIROS: The phone is out of order again.

ROSE WAKINS: Where the snails are from. Lick the kitty.

STEFANDIS: (*Stretches out his hand toward the toolbox*) Not that I am hallucinating but I need the Lanwire.

A ONECLAW SNAIL: (*Inaudibly to some*) Sllyy sliii slii.

ROSE: That's why we invented the computer. So we could talk.

MR CHAMELEON: Send it to The Chemist. The world made of love and joy.

ALICE: What's it about, that part of the script?

SPIROS: The mystic powers of the crow, in particular the ability to foresee the future. (*He sets to work with the finishing chapter of the book The Family*) As for I could be shaken by my feet will I remember this. Don't stop until Candy Boy says so. She'll be coming with the wine.

SISSY: Sunshining wine!

A FEMALE VOICE:

When it shimmers around your cranium
I will be yours

SPIROS: Is that so? O, are you surprised now all of a sudden what the Jaguar can do?

(*SPIROS is back in The Spookhouse. Timeconnections are shewed to fits and he tries to figure out what is happening. The time~clean was successful, and to calm down he speaks to the ghosts and ghostesses, as he momentarily calls them, angels by his side, happily playing in our like abandoned world of Luxury, our Plomari, friends of foe, seemingly invisible folks of The Should Be Dead After That Party. He shouts loudly in the face of the white dove, Bianca, to test his invisibility. She doesn't react.*)

SISSY COGAN: Yes. As long as it's given freely in the act of sex.

SPIROS YOUNG: Everyone naked or wrapped in white bed sheets?

RADIO: And bla bla bla. After that song comes the elf. Gonny even joins.

GONNY: That's not my real name my name is Flir.

SPIROS: Flir, can you throw me another beer.

FLIR: Spiros, my King... Beer is Butterfly's invention so we can calm our nerves at The Cogan Family's splendor.

SPIROS: It's a contraption, not an invention. Yes, I need to calm my nerves, I'm tripping like a loop in Sissy's asshole. Thanks for reminding me, Flir.

FLIR: Do you think anyone is gonna read this letter?

SPIROS: No, but it's ok. Flir, you fucking awesomeness, how much beer do we have to calm our nerves?

FLIR: Endless beer, My King.

SPIROS: Sut sut.

(Sophie smiles and sits down in Spiros lap.)

A SIDEFLIPPER: Some people don't see these boxes.

FLIR: *(Looking at the boxes.)* Spiros did not see them at all.

SPIROS: *(Licking one of the boxes)* Flir, some people don't see these boxes.

SISSY: There are my boxes! O! At last! Damn chopper or helicopter or what the fuck you call your language is dead anyway so fuck off and give me, O! O I could not have foreseen how brilliant I am.

SPIROS: Flir wants to lick your bum, Cecilia.

FLIR: Wants? Must.

SISSY: Does, always. Now, these boxes. They will flir in a flir.

FLIR: No.

SISSY: No.

SPIROS: Why do I have to be king, can't you be king?

FLIR: You are the mushroom itself in High Person, Spiros. That's why you're king.

SPIROS: Then give them a few billion liters of beer to calm their nerves upon meeting the flickering impossibility that is me.

SISSY: I saw it when I sew it but you can't see what I see just now, darling!

ALICE: Here's a Banana Monkey, Spiros.

FLIR: Some people don't see these boxes, Alice.

ALICE: Some people don't see these boxes, Sissy.

SISSY: It's a way round the edge of my. See this little flirty flaw here?

ALICE: Gardenworld makeover. Nude dancing in cabinet of curiosities. Hidden alchemists' laboratories transformed into party floors.

(What seems like ghosts make trails for Spiros and Alice.)

SPIROS: (*To something that seems female*) Yeah! Cum'n! I know you want me, hahaha. Don't be shy little girl. My girlfriend Fanny wasn't shy when...

SOMETHING THAT SEEMS FEMALE: (*Without speaking*) Mmm. I'm getting wet...

SPIROS: You bastard living fuck.

ALICE: We are *so* not luxurious.

SISSY COGAN: I got a gift for you-do-not-belong-here.

FLIR: Spiros.

SPIROS: I've got a gift for you.

FLIR: Spiros, you did not see these boxes at all.

SPIROS: Okay open the boxes.

FLIR: Butterfly, open the boxes.

BUTTERFLY: Someone did not see these boxes.

Butterfly sings gently:

Always orchestrating

BUTTERFLY: Spiros, come with me.

A WATERCARRIER: Being creative and having ability to love and pursue that part of you means being saved, in this age.

SPIROS: What lays in your backlobe today?

SISSY: Is that a trick question? Flir, some people did not see these boxes.

FLIR: Sissy, my little girl, some people did not see these boxes.

BUTTERFLY: Flir, my stronghand man. Some people did not see these boxes.

FLIR: Mmm... Give me some pink champagne to that.

(*Bathing in love, the jungle enfolds the heroes.*)

MISS PALYGAMOUS: Happiness came on me from behind. I am a tree. I am lightening.

FLIR: (*Disguised as Peppe Loppmarknad*) They have, for security reasons, a seemsame home. Spiros, the statue.

RYGG BALONG: Rygg. Balong. Don't ever forget that, Flir.

SISSY COGAN: (*Making a girlish voice*) Why don't we take a little, then we could give a little, dreams of yours, dreams of mine, dreams of what is green on the other side.

(*The grass squeals as it bathes in pure bliss. Sissy blows out a breath of air to help spring bloom.*)

FLIR: Spiros, the Bronze Penis.

SPIROS: Flir, the original.

FLIR: Looks fantastic and sounds fabulous in the wind. Spiros, can you believe we have it at last. The Bronze Penis.

SPIROS: I told you it would work. I fucking told you it would work!

FLIR: Bronze...

SPIROS: Penis....

FLIR: Bronze...

SPIROS: Penis.....

MISS POLYGAMOUS: (*Puts her finger in front of Spiros' face and smiles sensually*) Suck my finger and I'll give it to you.

SPIROS: Baby, here's your bronze cock. The original.

MR CACAO: (*Reveals a hidden room and speaks softly.*) My land is for the taking. Let's let it grow as it wishes. If it wants help, let's be there. Let us learn from the plants. Let us be plants. Let us be chocolate.

SISSY: (*She loses track of time.*) Half is we are dreaming the history~dream. (*She looks around.*) It's like a star~geometry, time. Everyone! Speak!

SPIROS: Where's that rhyme? The summer wine.

A VOICE: There will come new mixes. Keep pushing!

Spiros thinks he hears someone sing:

You may stare at him in awe

He looks like something drawn up from Hell

But that's just his disguise

SISSY (*To Spiros*): My angry angel. The coming of the dove. Did you know there is no such thing as shadows?

SPIROS: The clarity that exists between the membranes.

(Time vanishes from a space/time equation.)

SISSY: *(Catching up with time again.)* Add your earthly life to the eternal.

SPEROS: And now a new journey begins— the one that will never end. My dear sister. O my dear crazy little sister.

(Sissy and Spiros kiss. The world is rendered real, alive, be~souled, and present.)

SISSY: It's a starry cosmos this Palace. I love with it.

STEFANDIS: Opuscula please. *(Stretches out his left hand)*

SPEROS: Can't quit now that Breaking Free is loose in the household. Push!

SPIROS: We've never loved before.

(A Monarch flies by.)

SISSY: *(Pushed forward by the transformative power of Love)* The fermentation of the spirit. Ofcourse!

MARI: *(With clear-eyed straightforwardness.)* Wherever you are is the entry point.

SPIROS: *(Asks again)* Have you seen the photograph I've taken of stony earth? It looks like the surface of the moon. The sun shines on us. *(He mumbles.)* The high~tech look of dragonflies.

STEFANDIS: Which one you have?

TOBBE: The Not For Sale, No Driver Needed.

SISSY: *(Stands at the edge of time.)* Glad we got that into the open. How you can't stop loving my butterflies and all these soft bums.

SPEROS: *(To Girlygirl)* No need to keep it secret. Your bum swings the Palace. In your panties, or not.

BABE: I didn't say that.

SPIROS: That's what I heard last time you whispered to me.

THE REAL ONE: The cocoo is the one who becomes enlightened first.

GOPI: *(Steps out into Eternity, her place of decision~making.)* Regeneratrix. Celebration of life was their leading motif. Brainwashing is necessary for the modern world to function. Hahaha! Small is good, it furthers.

STEFANDIS: *(Stretches out his hand)* Spice.

ROSE: Things are heating up.

SPIROS: What's new? A cling for the babes and bibs and boy of, whatever.

(They air the discussion.)

That age is ova. We are all TV~stations. *(They send out the news as a torrent.)* It is being created. Everybody! Love! We control what we see. *(They slip into their own imagination.)* Keep flying. Our wings are designed by love. *(They post a question at Instant. Twenty seconds go by and the answer appears.)* Exposed to a flood of warmth. *(Someone asks for an ingredient. He receives info about it with 40 seconds. The stew of information in which the world is slowly being boiled, boils.)* Culture is a con. Changing the world with a spell or a code. The word, what is it? The root of it is Love. It has not been spoken yet.

SISSY: That's old. Jump to the beat. Plastic boyyyyyyy.

SPIROS YOUNG: Unfold the wings of spirit. Something is being woven.

RADIO: 2012 might possibly be the time when the most people on earth tripdance at one time.

SISSY: 2012 has come. Plastic boyyyyyyy.

SPIROS: Dialogue engine. Fucklike.

SISSY COGAN: Fucklike. I see the glimmers of the earthfucker-understanding in the contemporary holly-woodization of the common person. The common person sees the rich celebrity as having attained the ultimate freedom. Seeing and believing another to be better off inspires one to have it themselves. Imagine inspiration thru true freedom in spirit. I think freedom of spirit can show any earthfucker by example what not earthfucking does for us. Ehh, I'm into creating a social medium of ongoing artistry. I will call it Strawberry.

THE EDITOR: Let's do it. By the way... you know on Old Crete, 3600 years ago, there was a quite peaceful place really, and never did any artists sign a work of art. They just spit out art like mad.

SPIROS: I find that very good to do now. Fuck ego, let's just create.

A MAN EXPLORING THE SIMILARITIES BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE HUMAN BODY: I have extended it. The connections are infinite. I have included mind, spirit, soul, reaction, reality, etc. *(He grabs an old suitcase by its handle and starts walking. He turns and smiles and winks with his left eye.)* The map is under construction... *(He slowfades into the greenery.)*

ALICE: Beautyone. Well here's a cookie: we are all looking for a word, a word that once spoken, changes consciousness, and we haven't found the word yet. The root of that word is love.

A HACKER: *(Brings up New World Dictionary. Reads aloud)* Being: writhling within unacceptable frameworks.

MR CHAMELEON: That ir not being. It ir not.

HACKER: That's why they call it the NW Dick. The penis and vagina of the new space.

SPEROS: *(Tries to apply chapstick on his lips without looking gay.)* I'm leaving.

MISS POLYGAMOUS: That sounds kinda like you're hitting the spot there... at least on one point in the star.

SPIROS: I broke the internet yesterday.

(Spiros is back in Bed X. Nothing spectacular happens in aprox four minutes.)

SPEROS: Claxonised from the show. Put into the open. Sing it out loud. It's time I let my whereabouts be claxonised.

MAGUS: O. Call it the world for now.

SPIROS: Spring is cumming! How are you, dear? Your friend? I was in bathtub, and I was thinking about you again! Again and again. It's wonderful! Oh... my imagination! It's so rich! I love having fun with it. Well, what about your feelings? Imagination???? *(From a flying bed)* You know I shouldn't be talking to you. O! The rosy dawn is here again. That rosy dawn, strange presence of The Rose of the Rosalixion. I have found home. There seems to be no sign of intelligent life anywhere.

(Looks around on the Earth.)

SPEROS YOUNG: *(Halfly dreaming)* I am writing a novel, and strange things are happening. *(He falls down from the bed.)*

SISSY COGAN: Doth it write upon foreheads flinging pearls godup baselangugaes spearing smooth cascades of crispy lachets

byder? Sanskrit and Swedish is the same language, the Language Of Love. If you had the chance to say one last one~liner, one last clever remark, what would it be? Make a pun on sleep for me. I'm tired.

SPEROS: Let loose your bed. No, wait. Mushroom. Mushroom, dot. No, wait. Ayahuasca. Dot. No, wait. Yes, it is roligt, ridå ridå ridå, vi vill va me vi vill va me vi vill va me!

SISSY COGAN: Bed or Red or Head or Said or Wed? Wine notes: at river's edge. Approaching the unknown. Have confidence in your arts. Every artist says that far to seldom. For we are the brazen artists. The world would be a flat line without us.

SPIROS: Don't thank me, I am but another portion of the same mind you are. Call it a joint effort, telelovly speaking. Bay the may, mate, me swims to do at meets. (*He asks her*) Risk it for the Earth.

BUTTERFLY: Don't ever thank Spiros. Don't ever thank him, it makes him burst into crying instantly. I repeat, don't ever thank Spiros it makes him burst into crying instantly, out of a sadness we can probably never know. How the fuck can you think something like this needs a thank you? Spiros bursts into crying instantly by the mere instance of people thinking something like this needs a fucking thank you.

SPIROS: It used to be like that, Love. It's okay to thank me, I am past that. (*He stares at his planetary psilocybin mushroom cultivation.*)

SISSY COGAN: (*Speaking to you over here as you asked Spiros for guidance.*) Perhaps your intuition was trying to tell you that either choice, do or not do, would create the same effect. Don't worry, don't worry so much, relax and feel this Lovemaking. This us, we, you ourself, this Lovemaking that everything is, that Life is. Choose in your life to believe in and live the highest possible good you can imagine, and always know that the ultimate truth is way bigger than that. Celebrate Life. Celebrate everything. In participating, celebrated as it is, celebrate the size of Spiros planetary mushroom cultivation. We are done, my lovemaking.

BABY YATES LANGINER: The internet, viewed holo-graphically, is a map of the human cortex's activity? It's an extension of the mycelial network.

SPIROS: Yeah and I am moving rapidly. Trying to keep up with me, huh? Leave the human world. Be a world famous unknown. Strawberry, we are the most famous unknowns.

SISSY COGAN: Have you ever wondered if fiction even exists? Random page? Lick the loveletters. Shake eternity and lick creation til she comes. Our rosy flesh.

ALICE: We kiss here, in the midst of the storm.

SPIROS: Me is a friend of time. Do you have any clue how I look in five grams of Stropharia? Ever seen thine Solar Ox in full?

SISSY: New life in the ancient Palace thought in stone by the mushroom Gods and Goddesses. Rosylight body. Golden bull cock. I lick his chest in my deepest orgasm and Love. I milk the cum out of his testicles. I hold his hundred and one hands in the Dance. I've told your girls, all you need to do is trip and we will be together across the ages, across the barrier of time and space. Your wives, scattered through time, know where you are, my Solar Ox. And your husbands.

GUGGE: The key is in the Prismic Heart of Plomari. Hu's heart is it?

SPIROS: Girls! Boys! It's my heart! It's your heart! It's our heart! The Prismic Heart, it's our heart! Hahaha! Woven and the world as one, related directly with Gaia. No, I am not part of the Earth, hahaha? Related to the Universe, this is all new, this last turn of all of these dreams, we are one with the Stone. It's For Lovers! Spoken through a mushroom? All the dreams way up high, tell us how and show us why. We must not give up universal love. The Hidden Metropolis – *The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari* - is the other part of everything. It's the mush neglected whole. At the dawn of Earth's awakening, it has the potential to change humanity.

BUTTERFLY: A flower is never scared of failing to bloom.

MR CHAMELEON: (*Peeks with easy glance from under his violet shades.*) A sampling of the myriad voices, the Logos, would be appropriate. The fairies did after all ask for fairer coverage in the literature.

ALICE: (*Immediately, streaming.*) I'm not stopping. Not until it shimmers around your cranium. I'll bring the goods.

SPIROS: Invoking the Divine power for the wellbeing of all. Everyone, bring forth your most holy tricks! I've gained a new view of the past, girls. It doesn't make sense, our Love, my little girls, and that is the foreplay of eternal love...

*It doesn't make sense, our Love
And that is the foreplay of Eternal Lovemaking*

(The electricity fails.)

SPIROS: Snake dance of The Dancing Weavers.

A CUTE VOICE IN SPIROS VOCAL CHORDS: I'm eating down, boy, I don't know why but I'm eating down this mushroom, Spiros! I believe you!

KLAYTON: It's Soma, sucker!

SPIROS: Hihhi, waiting for the poison to hit the mark, baby dolls. I'm harvesting a few 50 fresh Stropharia myself tonight, actually.

ALICE: You just don't know how to open every door to say—make a bunch of atms start paying out like Vegas. I dunno, game boy ds ...LAN... you are talking "know the codes". And being able to see changes to the planet in relevant realtime is a powerful tool for the populace, makes propaganda less effective.

(The Planet Earth Project evolves. Things merge.)

SPIROS: Just to end my discussion on the project, cyberspace is the best tool for the planetary management that we have, so we need to put the entire planet into cyberspace. *(Heads into the past to check the results.)* Arranging furniture is difficult. Shwing fray. Carefree with the flow. The subtle "detour".

BUTTERFLY: Yep no detours. Don't you go running down the cusp now that we're fully tranformed. Fly, open your wings!

SPIROS: *(Uncoincidentally mad with sacred laughter)* Getting it All there must be your own device, watch the conspiracy of impulses. Code art. *(He hears a noise in the wall. Wonders what it is. Crawls into wall to find out. Falls asleep in wall with thing.)*

BUTTERFLY: What was in the wall?

SISSY COGAN: Could you tell it to get out of the wall...

ALICE: Hello? Hello? You here?

SPIROS: (*Crawls out from the wall. Raises a finger toward his wives.*)

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world, all girls know this. The unreasonable man persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore, all progress depends on the unreasonable man. Trya reeds betwixt the bricks. Browse the *Coincidence Search Engine* and split your quantum universe back home to me and you. The flying bed of the Youmeverse. Psilocybin and Ayahausca is thicker than blood, my Lovemaking. (*He kisses his wives, each in turn, to their surprised eyes.*) Ah! No one thought I could! Ah! But me as God! A convenient way to check alignment with the intentions of core is if your idea can sustain continuous focus then even the core itself feels sweetened by it. Like I feel sweetened by your Divine feminine, my sweet little tushies. (*The girls look in astonishment at their husband as he unveils the truth*) Tantra is a snake charmed by. . . the musical geometry of focus slash bliss emotion. Sacrocranial pulse, how your hair is the grasslands and your skin the curves of the sacred landscape of Eternity. Just like no one has ever yet mentioned how it feels when the brush of your womans curves touch our hearts. I can feel it. It is the sun at dawn, under your skirt.

MARI: The Seamstress holds more threads than the hairs on your head, hihhi.

SISSY: Thanks. Oh now I get it. Hihhi.

SPEROS: (*Connects up with The Best In Bed.*) Any work for me? I feel beamed to this present right now.

MAGUS: Feel the beat. Music is prophecy. Its styles and organization are ahead of the rest of society because it explores, much faster than material reality can, the entire range of possibilities in a given code. It makes audible the new world that is gradually becoming.

SPIROS: Thus the silent workers sing.

ALICE: (*To Sissy and Butt, sucking on an icicle.*) I'll be practising on icicles this summer, hihhi.

SPIROS: Society doesn't exist, by the way.

MARI: I know but some people still think it does. (*Announces what is going on.*)

THE LETTER:

The ten years you speak of, wow that's sort of a coincidence that I too have a "10 years" thing. When I lived in the jungle in India and Nepal, some 10 years ago, I truly found home, I left "history" and found Plomari, and moved in, and blossomed in Plomari. I found Sissy and Butt and we fell in love, eventually we married in the Plomari realm. But, no one in my surroundings understood me, I was all alone, and my father, mother and old friends too eventually tried to bring me back to "normal reality", they tried to halt me from flowering fully. At first I tried to show them Plomari, but eventually I understood it was fruitless. Then, not wanting to waste my time, I went away alone to live with Sissy, to finish writing *The Mushroom Seamstress*, and to continue my explorations of Plomari. I lived rather as a hermit for many years, and mostly had friends on the internet with whom I found brother and sisterhood, beings out there who were in the same kind of adventure as me. My thinking was: "Even if none of my family and friends want to know about Plomari and share the adventure with me, at least I will not waste my time, and I will write *The Mushroom Seamstress* and I will live in Plomari. They can think what they want about me, but in secret I always live in Plomari." It was very painful to know my parents and old friends never wanted to meet the real me, but, I said "I will give myself to the Gods, I will live with God instead of in the boring human world." But anger grew in me too during these years, to see both my own life and so many other people's lives be fucked over and destroyed by smallminded assholes. A Lion Roar came from my Soul then, to do something about it, in a peaceful but very powerful way. Eventually The

Queendom of Plomari was born, and I worked every sleeping and waking moment for years and years and years, didn't ever give myself a break. I felt a deep conviction and certainty in my heart, that somehow Sissy and Butterfly are a light so strong that they truly will change the world, I feel their light is as strong as that of Jesus, they truly make the world shine and we too, together we can make the world shine. It's easy to feel disheartened by all the bullshit that goes on in the human world, but we must be gentle and gently and powerfully shine in our LoveLight anyway! One ray of light is stronger than any and all darkness, this is what I experience too when I'm with the sacred plants, and although I am not an inch Christian, it does remind me of the sacred heart of Jesus. I feel, like you do, that Strawberry truly is growing and becoming what we know it can become, a global and cosmic force for good, as Celldweller sings: "Her family hovering through space and time." Our Strawberry family, hovering through space and time and perhaps most importantly: through hyperspace, through Plomari. I was so fucking surprised that more people weren't speaking about the mushroom, when I found it. And imagine if Terence would have decided not to talk about it and share his words with us? We psychedelic heads are vouchsafed a perspective that is very unique, we can use this perspective to weave Strawberry into a true force for good! And I am so eternally grateful that you and I have found each other. Alice, I love my Alice and she is the light of my life, but she does not yet have the perspective that you and I have; she's only 19 still, and Strawberry is all new to her, while for you Strawberry is like coming home to what you were already living. But Alice is awesome, and you and I and Alice, and eventually more and more peeps - together of course

with Sissy and Butt, and the ancient ones - together we are an awesome team. Let's show ourselves, not the world, let's show ourselves how much we love us, and let's show ourselves what we've learned from our lives with the plants. Let's weave something so so beautiful here with our Strawberry! The world will just stare in awe and wonder where the fuck we came from, hahaha!

Two nights ago I at last managed to let go of my anger, as you know. Even if that old anger sometimes can pop up in my heart still, I see now that it doesn't have to be in control of my emotions and decisions. Anger is not the best place from where to make decisions. Rather, peace and clarity, love and calm, is better to make decisions from. Let's be skillful instead of frustrated. Like a spider, it weaves slowly but very skillfully, and can weave quickly too!

So let's take Strawberry to the next level now. As Alice and me like to joke sarcastically: "Everyone else can become famous, but Sissy Cogan and Spiros and Alice and Butterfly cannot!" We joke thus to point out the absurdity of that proposition.

Let's weave Strawberry so intimately into the life on Earth that it will forever be a beacon of Light as strong as that of Isis. Strawberry will be an eternal beacon of light, reminding humanity forever that the Good will always win, both in the end and in the short run. There will be no escaping from this eternal beacon of light – our Strawberry.

Don't know if you have seen yet, but in the Bedroom at the spider Palace, I put a picture. I found it a few days ago, but I made the image some five years ago. I had forgotten for years: the word Pharia is a word connected to Isis as a living beacon of light. It is derived from Her association with the famous Lighthouse of antiquity on the island Pharos off the coast of Alexandria in Egypt (We could do some

more research on this to find more details). I always wondered about the Latin name *Stropharia*. As always, Sissy is sneaky and I had to dig very deep. But you see there the meaning of the pharia part of the name. The Stropha part is Latin as well, as Sissy has guided me to find, and stropha in Latin means trick/artifice. As always, Sissy Cogan is the ultimate trickster! Let's let this in itself be a guiding light for us, this meaning to the the name *Stropharia cubensis*, as we weave our Strawberry Queendom of Plomari into a living eternal shining Light.

Eternal Love, from your Spiros

SISSY COGAN: We seem to have a deeper feeling now.

SPIROS: The universe becomes something different when you become something different.

BUTTERFLY: Live your dream.

SISSY: She has gone to the other side... (*She calls from the other side.*)

Thought it was a good idea. To hang with the strange people.

ALICE: If you see the rabbit can you ask her where she has put the key.

MR CHAMELEON: She is here. She says the key is in the lock. To the door of the hole. Visit x to be ahead of time. In—the—wild factors. Outdoor expanse. Believe in what you want so much that it has no choice but to materialize.

SPIROS: The truth is a living thing. And it's dynamic. Everything is dynamic, even the answer. Believe in what you want so much that it has no choice but to materialize. I love that! I'm gonna live in the Queendom until it's the only thing that's real for me, the only thing I see, the only thing I experience. (*He nods thoughtfully.*)

SISSY: It seems people have created sacredness out of imagery, when really it is alive and living.

SPIROS: Communication between people and action on a personal level.

SISSY COGAN: Conscious awareness of unity.

BUTTERFLY: No one is stranger to me. (*Experiences light that she has experienced many times. A certain kind of light: immediate manifesting. She tries to point at the light, pointing: the light in the hall of the blue and white old house. Old wood. No. Old wood... old wood..... A feeling. A feeling! Trees. That almost graveyard—look. Leaves. Roses. What can I call it? Why call it anything? I must stop trying to call it something... She remembers the words: There are worlds where it is childlike bright... worlds that a child never knew. They are found through deep wisdom.*) You know there were some alchemists who lived with this idea that everything is falling endlessly. Isn't it beautiful? The universe is falling, endlessly. We are falling, endlessly. Falling, falling, falling, falling. That is what life is. The same people perceived that everything is a rain of Love. Everything is a rain of Love. Life is endlessly falling in love.

SISSY COGAN: I'd say yes. The world is a dance and the world is making love. The cosmos is a love-scene, as Spiros convinced me so long ago.

SPIROS: Home is where the heart is. Home is with you.

FLIR: To come out of the shadow: Ask yourself why you judge and condemn yourself so harshly. Be willing to follow your Inner shadow processes in order to learn from their Gifts. Make your Heart a sanctuary and Self Love your security.

SPIROS: Bye. Keep reading between the roses.

SISSY COGAN: Where the wild red roses grow.

BUTTERFLY: Forbidden tongue?

SISSY COGAN: What, you, nothing by?

BUTTERFLY: Come here with your nasty tongue, baby.

(*Butterfly and Sissy kiss. Spiros shakes his head in a delirium of pleasure at the sight.*)

SPIROS: The singularity is reached, objects are made clear and fill out their prescribed functions, and all is right in the jungle.

FLIR: Pay no heed to what has passed ... why watch a rotting carcass gather flies ... let it break itself down out of sight and feed a mind flower.

SISSY COGAN: Wavemakers.

BUTTERFLY: The fallen archetype you mean? Animal erotica. Or the fallen statue of The White Queen?

ALICE: When we commune something new can arise. Something else begins operating. And it has nothing to do with not true or not. And I'm not talking about communicating about catching a buss here.

SPIROS: You want me to repeat it? *(He laughs. He doesn't repeat.)* You know, hahaha! Don't ask me to repeat myself... *(He reheats.)*

BUTTERFLY: Dragon tongue.

SISSY: Flow perception. Life is a dance.

BUTTERFLY: Dragon tongue. Up my asshole. In the shower. What girls do. Like riding Satan's tongue.

FLIR: Thought has the capacity to understand the falseness of thought. Moving through action you know you'll complete. You are one action. Once you understand something it's no longer a problem. Happiness. Truth. Love. Beauty. Understanding.

BUTTERFLY: Hey, there's no opposite to Love.

FRANS: That's mystical understanding.

SPIROS: Talking best with myself and the voices in my chest. Always sex. Of course. You and me, together forever. Cosmos is warm, it loves us. *(Unwilling to compete against chocolate.)* It's all alive. Don't limit your life. Tomorrow is new. *(He sings.)* Cosmos is warm, it loves us! And I love you my eternal lovers! Don't say we cannot ever meet, for here is a more beautiful reality, than we have ever known, and in this same wind, our hair is blown, and in this same snow, and in this same trip, is the bird that knows hu's heart to flip! In our dreams of forever we join in one, if Plomari is One Huge Heart then we truly are done! Meet me here, and meet me there, we will always be in the seamless seems that only we can see!

*Upown our Love fabel,
of the secret Wine,
By Gleam, We seem, Darkling*

SISSY COGAN: It's not what happened, it is what you experienced, and what kind of reality you made out of the experiences.

BUTTERFLY: That's the thing. That's the thing. That everything really is one huge heart. Everything is one huge heart.

SPEROS: Sand dunes on our thumbs. Blown by time we have flowered forth. I'm gonna start a revolution from my bed.

ALICE: *(For the show)* When the word death loses meaning and we all just keep dreaming it is fruitful and light filled to connect to the water that... Destroying boring words, changing their meaning. Cuz I have been lovefound. Again! And this I say, this almost evil answer to human bullshit, why wonder when the wind whispers. Why wonder when the wind whispers! Quicker than time.

SPEROS: Time? I had forgotten that word. Here, on Pink Gem Lagoon.

SISSY COGAN: The quiet ocean, the quiet pirate lagoon. *(She grabs with her hand a bunch of seeds from her purse and throws to the birds.)*

SPIROS: In a book there's nothing to understand but a lot from which one can set off. A book has to weave a flower with something else, it has to be a small tool for something outside. No representation of the world and neither a world as a structure of meaning. Changing my body structure. Subtle. The book is no root tree but part of a hyphae, of a hyphae's plateau for the reader it fits to. The combination, permutation and the way it can be handled are never immanent to the book but depend on its connection between this or that thing outside. Right you are: Take what you want. Let's poise to pollinate. *(He rises from the horse hair chair and looks at all of Humanity simultaneously.)* Would you mind awfully getting out the way? You're standing on my planetary mushroom cultivation. *(He turns toward the table and picks up the pink candy.)* Alice... you've left a lollipop unfinished here on the table.

ALICE: Give it to me.

*

SPEROS: Hahaha, to use a weird analogy... you have been here... thirteen minutes. Hah! What's with the periods! Why does that saying go: It's written in the stars? Hack into that. Do it by dance maybe. Play a game of pool. End the game.

(He shoots and ends the game. Corner socket.)

BUTTERFLY: Which socket was that?

ALICE: Varies every time.

SISSY COGAN: Mythology is a present collection of the human expression. I damn right good in bed. I can sleep all day.

A VOICE: I'm not sure if I remember how to change. I shall ask nature for help. *(He breaks twig of tree and let's the fragrance of its inner bark fill his nose.)* I love this violet.

(Scans the night sky. He fools the probability rate. Asks on iPod chat.)

THE VOICE: Anyone knows what it's called, this thing that some things are more probable than others in any given situation etc. The term "Probablillity rate" comes to mind but I know that's me just making up a term. Anyone? What is this word?

BUTTERFLY: That's kind of funny. I swear I didn't see what you guys were saying right now and yet we are two asking for the word of things. "Probability rate" I say!

SISSY: Yes, that's it.

LUCAS GRIFFIN: So man is the salt of the earth. Our thoughts acting on matter.

(Vanishes with a whooshing sound.)

SPEAKERS: The most precious substance in the universe is The Spice. It expands consciousness.

BUTTERFLY: Having access to your dreams.

SPIROS: *(Playing on an old piano.)* Longevity, you saw it?

BUTTERFLY: Technology is mercury flowing into the spicial dimension.

SPIROS: Be that living miracle you work so hard to portray in your poetry.

BUTTERFLY: It can be seen in its immediacy in a polished knob. That's also where the gold is. Then the case begoes... ingone then. Gold then shining. To where does it lead, the polished knob?

SISSY COGAN: Of the body make (a) spirit, and the spirit reincorporates into its body without any separation.

SPIROS: Astonishing, yes, but as usual life does not set its workings according to human emotions. Imagine a world, full of joy, full of love, where everyone was laughing and having a good time, where everyone was feeling free, and loving one another, and sharing with one another. Imagine a world full of nothing but joy and full of nothing but love! A world without hate, without pain, without wars! Imagine!

BUTTERFLY: O! You're a gentleman and a scholar and a credit to your father and forefathers before you! Tell us. A man of your guard must have jewels to say. Share with us. What are your thoughts on the matter? You know, some people search for things, without ever searching their nostrils with their toes.

SPIROS: Vixen.

SISSY COGAN: Did you get what was for you?

SPIROS: I did. (*Sings and plays piano.*) What is a detail? I fell asleep with the Earthheart. I was in non-gravity at the time, floating in the air. And then there, you. You. I know it is you. (*Considers additional information. A vast wind sweeps through her forehead.*) Now.

SISSY COGAN: What are your first words? (*She starts laughing.*) Love hahaha! Lover! Hahaha! The Superorganism is capable of unambiguous communion, if it so desires.

(People in the hundreds arrive. Free drinks are served. Wild honey and cocoa powder mixed and rolled into pralines are handed out to all who want. The door to the front gate is brought off its hinges and used as table. Scented candles are placed in the toilets. A story—telling space is set up. The stand—up comedy scene is swabbed. Video cameras are rigged up for real—time display on bib://inbed.floralia.2ndi. The iPod compatibility of all electronic equipment is surveyed. Announcements of the feast are made on local radio. A banner is painted: Welcome to The Wackiest Circus In The World. The local police arrives and picks up a healthy amount of cash. Jugglers, nude—dancers, musicians, and jokers start moving from the centre out.)

BUTTERFLY: (*Dancing, laughing, and flirting her way through the crowd.*) The spirits don't give you more until you have made real what they have shown you.

MARIA: We are transparent. Go from no to flow. What is it all trying to tell you? Or show you... O don't mind me. It's alive. It's alive! Look behind the curtain.

(Spiros and Alice suffer from jetlag.)

ALICE: I never suffer from jetlag.

SPIROS: *(With angry voice.)* I never get angry.

SISSY COGAN: I wanna be a pirate when I grow up.

SPIROS: Me too. I know what it's like to be stone as well. Good times.

ALICE: How do you know it's real?

BUTTERFLY: Because it's written with glimmering dust on my wings.

SPIROS: Your statements don't make sense.

(Sissy pulls Alice aside.)

ALICE: I'm confused. Spiros says he's a sexgod, and I was, at first sight, very first sight, turned on by him, turned on in a way only sex herself can ever know. What does this mean at all?

SPIROS: Well I live in my own little world but it's quite large and I'm enjoying. Summer is waiting for you to accept its flower.

SISSY COGAN: Hey you know it all already.

BUTTERFLY: I can't remember the best set of words I have ever heard. But could it be the name of God that nobody and everybody can speak?

SPIROS: What about the Ursprach?

SISSY COGAN: Ursprach is everything we say, heard in the ur—way.

SPIROS: Good! Good! Spit it out! Dance your tongue! Bring forth what's in your backlobe! You say so much at once!

(Sissy enters her backlobe and searches. The irises of her eyes seemingly revolving, she curls her lips into a smile.)

SISSY: Magic. Love. What do you wish? What's that flower, ah? Yis? Yis? Let me touch your skin and I will show you what I mean.

(She lays her hand on his hand. Someone drops something in the other room.) That is how alive it is. Practice not forgetting it. That's why people chant God's name. Not forget it, for once and ever. Say God's name and God is with you. Repeat God's name and you

shall be with God. God is more liquid than water. God can fit in the sound of your mouth speaking.

(Spiros remembers: It has been remarked—whomever prays to her with constancy can never be lost or cast away.)

SPIROS: You can't evolve quicker than your language evolves.

BUTTERFLY: Exaggerate! Exaggerate! *(She smiles.)* Let go of those boundaries! Give life a chance! Life wants to thrive! Life does thrive! Teach yourself that you are holding on to them. Exaggerate! Call her by names! She loves when you call her names.

SPIROS: Be a flower of the earth.

MARI: Ha! I'll be your superslut sex goddess!

ALICE: Wilt thou reap with me these fruits? They are all mostly good. Let us see what we can do with the not so good fruits.

SISSY COGAN: I will, my love. I will.

ALICE: There is no need to use the not so good. Let them fall into the earth and nurture a mindflower as we move on. The past clings to our clothes. Thus, let us get naked. *(They step carefully to the edge of the forest, turn to wave to the others, and vanish into the green.)*

(A woman and a man climbs up on a rock at the center of the party and clap their hands for attention. Cheerful faces turn toward them and applause fill the courtyard. A violinist strikes off a short folksolo. The two on the rock start singing)

MAN AND WOMAN:

You are reemerging into the world of Spirit,

Back to where you came from,

Back home to the Source

We came to greet the folks returning home,

And ask if they had brought back the stone

Little did we know they had found that greatest truth

Of happiness joy and laughter and youth

Yes the stone was found but thrown into the wine,

For it need not be carried, we are with it all the time!

And we said O but we cannot be that sacred thing!

And they just brought up their glasses and laughed

Cling Cling Cling!

For the Gods yes they have tried for ages to say

The door to our home is open, just join us

Hey Hey Hey!

(Nearly 200 glasses are raised and there is a wave of laughter through the crowd. The woman and man on the rock kiss, then raise their glasses toward the crowd.)

WOMAN: That was improvisation!

MAN: What was that?

WOMAN IN CROWD: That was hearts voices!

MAN IN CROWD: That's how it in when thy rejoiceth! Every time! You don't even need to rhyme!

WOMAN: Let the Floralia begin!

(The whole crowd cheers, shouts, and whistles. Garments are partially removed and thrown all over the place. Corks of champagne—bottles are shot into the air. Glasses cling together in masses of clinging. Personal belongings are abandoned. The centre orchestra begins, led at first by Flamel's quick playing on the accordion. People jump up on tables and start dancing. Violet lights spring up here and there.)

FLAMEL: (Sings.)

Braaaa wuaaa yiaaaa yuaaaa!

Yoya yoya yawwa yiuaaaa!

RYGG BALONG: You can have your pie and eat it too, you can be awake to both extremes. Why do you trust the things you have learned! Do you trust them things you have learned? Anyway I'm high and...

BUTTERLY: O that's what the book is about.

MARI OF PLOMARI: Well I woke up this morning and it was all about open your eyes, all morning, here and there small messages and all. My eyes filled with water and I had to twitch my eyes all the time and I felt as though I got the visible world into fresh focus and clarity. Then I walk downtown to buy some food and my eyes get full of tears again and start twitching and I have to struggle to get the world into focus and when I suddenly see clearly again I meet an advertisement for sunglasses, sliver—mirror shades, saying "Open your eyes".

SPIROS: That was the work of the best in bed, that ad.

CECILIA: Hahaha! Was it? Don't tell anyone, it's a secret.

SPIROS: A secret so big that no one will believe it.

CECELIA: Indeed.

SPIROS: When you have an idea it already exist as an object. In the spirit world it is already there. You just gotta cooperate with spirit and all to bring it into the physical world. It's funny how easily your eyes are tricked. (*He stirs the pot of Ayahausca.*) My first experience with the mushroom was in the year 2000. The first thing it told me was "Welcome home", and then it told me that "This is your last life, you will never die again". I just knew that I had found what I had been looking for. And wha I was looking for was adventure, high fun, and a doorway out of history. When beginnings and endings blend together with not crease dividing them then there is no beginning or end just a continuous flow. (*Man on unicycle cycles by.*) Uni means to unite, to come together, hence the bicycle coming together as one, unicycle. The argus

nexus is starting to form a hivemind. (*He shows a piece of paper on which is scribbled*)

Argus = eye.

*The hivemind appears as a tentacled eyeball cloud,
the eye that sees through the dream walls*

Nexus = link

MARI: What dies is only... There is still someone naked underneath. Once we understand who that someone is, death no longer bothers us. Love is the final thing. But you might want to take a few routes around too. I mean, we are complex beings, it can be helpful to route through the worlds and spheres and info. Like a circle, always turning, night and day, together. The quality of life. Myths are the labyrinths that the hero's before us walked thru. The myths are the map thru the labyrinths. Can be said is worth to say. (*Repeats and emphasizes.*) Can be said. Can be said. Reality in itself has the status of a hallucination. Opti, the opticus, the octipuss of Hyperspace. What generates this common reality and the ghosts that people sense? See the signs. Drives faster, foot to the metal. The faster we go the rounder we get. People don't understand what I'm saying. It's like people aren't listening. When you're not able to differentiate between the. It has to be a first person realisation. Deeply disturbed. Deeply happy. Who do you want to speak to? Someone out of the dream? Like archetypal stories I've experienced but put to subconscious memory all woven into a single continuous storyline. Life has gotten so... zany. Everything's so surreal.

SPIROS: The labyrinth of Crete. Confounding everyday sequential logic of one event following another. The mushroom.

SISSY COGAN: Let me tell you a little thing I don't tell many: the pearl of information has already been placed in the dream. You know the myth of the good guys? Only they know its whereabouts. The pearl was formed as to only be able to be located by...

BUTTERFLY: Placed where? Who placed it? Hihhi.

(Sissy vanishes into the crowd and disappears.)

SISSY COGAN: Every heard the word plot? Where?

MR CHAMELEON: My mother the Queen carries enough consciousness to carry this whole planet if necessary. And here's the little more wierdy thing: she has more consciousness than eighty percent of the people of this planet all together. As it is now. Or whatever number, you get my point. But that's not true? I'm just telling you it, make what you want of that. Hug the earth. Roses. Green leaves. Opti is here, faintly. Octipussy. The Squid of our Squid Attack. Shimmering shim is growing, becoming autonomous. He does stuff I know nothing about. Throwing soul's pearl into the wine. His body is bigger than the Earth.

BUTTERFLY: There is only Order in Reality... trust me... I was shown by God itself... Chaos is our minds not being able to see the pattern. Yet. It reminded me of a neighbor girl who gives flowers to people she doesn't know. She said "something" made her give the flowers. To create a version of order that is in fact chaos.

SPIROS: Okay another try at phrasing this: The present, is before the future... and the future will come after the present. In other words, what will happen is the past of what is happening. In other words the past was actually before the present and thus the past was the future.... get me?

SISSY COGAN: Definition of time, folding hand, an object it's here it's not here showing you. If we don't address the issue of fear we are going to vanish as a species. *(Her third hand slides down across Spiros chest when he was a young teen, giving him a sewing needle.)*

BUTTERFLY: Bloomage. It's about time someone says it.

SPIROS: Anyone who thinks I'm mad is gonna have it fully confirmed in this next thing I'm going to show you.

BUTTERFLY: Hahaha!

SPIROS: Hi I'm everything that exists who are you?

BUTTERFLY: O hi so am I thought I recognized you. *(She slides her hands across her bum and teases him with her eyes, then gently invites him to kiss her bum cheek. Cecilia plays with what looks like empty space. What is she doing? That's not empty space. She can see things in another visual frequency range.)*

SPIROS: (*Kissing and licking Mari's bum.*) She's the little girl playing the the ball of light. The girl who wanted to play.

MARI: Infinite love is all that exists, everything else is illusion.

SPIROS: (*Programs holographic illusion to shut down. Enters new holographic illusion.*) One. One. One. One. One. (*Smiles.*) One more. One more. Your bum, your fucking bum is the delight of all that is delicious.

CECILIA: (*Sits and haves a laugh with the cosmos. Laughs at cosmos's jokes.*) You should be a stand-up comedian, cosmos.

COSMOS: Hahaha! Hey! You remember that day 1568 when Maria found a golden token and bought herself a bottle of wine and celebrated with herself in the woods, laughing with the sunrise and the ancestors?

CECILIA: O, hahaha. Yeah I remember.

N. W. DICK: Madnessnessnesstity: triple superlative, intransitive.

TOBBE: Circular definition : see circular definition.

MARIA: Zauberfarben. Magic colour. Farfelngen.

(*Mari rips Sissy's dress open, cups her left breast in a silver chalice, pours champagne on her belly, stiffens her nipples, draws her fingers over her skin, tears carefully with force in her hair, bites her in the cave of her neck.*)

DOGGE (An inventor, worker, watercarrier, dancer, master): Hurr. (*He jams off a few chords of air guitar.*)

SPEROS: There's a hookup in the Gavle Rink.

RUBEDO BALONG: Turn off your mind, surrender to the void— it is shining.

HORUS WITH THE LITTLE BRONZE HELMET: So take your finger and place it on your nose. That last link was for 'might be' relating to that song— where you might as well be dancing on the sun or something. I didn't create that... some hungry ad executive did ... fed on the scraps of creativity. Grasping at anything that shines. What are you looking at? (*Addresses hir emotions by name, like old friends*) The soul of a child when free and wild. Before it needs to be said that it is free and alive. Brace yourself ... put on your seatbelt ... and drive through anger ... until you hit the little cove of tears ... and keep running until you hit laughter ... just a little further down the highway ... you can't miss it ... it is there ...

by the big tree ... the World Tree ... on the left. A fresh flower and an old dried flower together in a vase. Tell us your mystic knowledge. (*Looks back into what was the future.*) I have none. It's like all of our minds are dissolving and that enables information to crisscross in new ways. There ain't no borders anymore. The info is free and can cross in ways it couldn't before. Maybe it's always been like that but it seems the more minds dissolve the freer info is. A mind is a hindrance in its freeflow. It can't go there. But where there is no mind, info can flow. No mind is no time too thus info can flow, in this situation, in all directions of time, so to say in a mind's way. And it can flow from thought to visual to print to word to song to dream and versa versix.

SPIROS: Please... remember to breathe.

(*The 7th Sister sees the mirror reflection of herself.*)

THE 7th SISTER: What will happen I'm sure is that the world itself will become schizophrenic, this will characterize the the beginning of the Flower opening.

STEFANDIS: (*Slipping on his shades*) Reboot.

SPIROS: I'm a patient spider. What will be will be. The Cogan Family has always been scitzofriendly.

(*Spiros lands on the Moon.*)

SPIROS: I am talking to you from the mutherfucking moon. Are you fucking believing this? Holy mother of fuck. I'm standing on the muther fucking moon. Over.

SISSY COGAN: Spissitude. But more, mate. Hahaha! Spissi Spissi! Over. You little boy slut!

SPIROS: It's time to get your ass all wet, sis. Over. (*Feels he may well be loosing the plot of the event.*) Hey Alice is IN THE ROOM! Hottest! Newest! Make one movement on one place then move on. Relax. Don't try to structure. Human mind wants to put in familiar track. Time is a loop, so if you remember far enough into the past you'll remember the future, as relative to what 'time' your consciousness currently occupies. So in theory, if you project far enough into the future you can change the past as well. My little girls, I am standing on the mother-of-fucking entertainingly moonlike girlygirl Moon. Over.

SISSY COGAN: Ahhhhh. And relax... Over.

ALICE: Thanks, mate... Overcumming.

SPIROS: No problem... *(From the oneway upwardgoing forwardgoing fullglassed escalator)* Time off? Pah, why would I need time off. I live in a fucking timecrack. Theye eye has finally appeared. The eye sees itself. I want millions of eyes, one isn't enough. Stir it up, baby. Stir our Strawberry storm. It's a manipulation of our imagination, this society illusion, call a wish for a slide of my fucked up mind, I'm done here. They wish. Bird just flew in through the window. It's my wife, Evelyn. There are no "they".

EVELYN: . . .

(Onto the moon comes Saint Bumilena Baqir in Poplin suit and top hat, a Perpetual Datedust waistpocket chainwatch and purple tie. She looks at the crowd through opera binoculars, smiling, and knocks her ivory cane three times against the moonpearl, displaying her tender charm and splendid etiquette, then executes a few steps of tap-dance. There are applause. She laughs heartedly. She brings forth her watch, turns the key to wound it up.)

BUMELENA: It is my honor to introduce today's performers on this little gem. Come come! Epsilon.

FRANS: Epsilon. That's about magic.

BUTTERFLY: We never say hi or say goodbye, but here we go into the Rosalixion. I will, "go into the Rosy Dawn" this afternoon. You know, the Rosy Dawn of the shimmering LoveLight you see on psilocybin. Hand in hand we will never land. Man, I have heard that phrase many times now. Okay Mr Wizard you can step out from behind the curtain now.

(Spiros logs on to the ruling running quantum di-hybridial spacial encompassing chatroom.)

SPIROS: Do you want a cookie? I am leaving to another dimension, personally so to say, in a few minutes. You have any advice here?

ALICE: No fear. I am going, too, in about an hour. Pay attention. Good call good call, anyone else? Dancing, bonfires and drumcircles, bards playing by day, herbal infusion, astrology classes, nude yoga, celebrations of greeness, goddess women teaching how to recognize 'the goddess' in everything, particularly in females you interact with, grow up with. Smile. remember to

say thank you. Thanks everyone. Okay I'm off. Bye for now. So, Mr Chameleon, you are a terrorist then... a love terrorist. A mastermind in alliance with the flower. A terrorist inside the collective mind.

SPIROS: Well some say yes. Some say. (*Leaning against a tree, naked, with a large open silk-clothed book in his hands, reading. In his hair is a big yellow flower.*)

A VOWBREAKER: We populate the dreamworld.

SPIROS: (*From a distance*) Peach~entitle the gem! (*Slips off his tongue.*) There it is. There it is. Here. Where was that? Here again. There! Here!

SISSY COGAN: Sanity is with~in~sight, to play a little friendly word salad! Ah, I find so much joy when characteristics of schizophrenia, like a far~reaching imagination and play with language, two abilities which used to hurt my mind as symptoms, can now be used for beneficial expression.

BUTTERFLY: 'Grace' is new to me, but I love eloquence, hihhi. I am reading a book in which it is speaking about that natural flow, when everything seems to synchro, and everything is going well, and everything seems fluid and easy to move through and within.

SISSY COGAN: Hi what you doing?

BUTTERFLY: Relaxing on the beach of tranquillity. The beach shore of your vulva, sister.

SISSY: You're nasty I like you.

(They kiss.)

BUTTERFLY: Yeah cuz there was a little book about...

SISSY COGAN: And the little book's name was Hey 'n' Ho

BUTTERFLY: (*Eyes shining happy, butterflylike.*) It's an opvsvula, reflecting consciousness as far as print can. A surface, mirroring.

Spiros sings again, in same voice as recently:

*Why there inon my silverspoon
There a tiny little image of my face and the moon
Hey 'n' Ho
Hey 'n' Ho
And no clock engraved,*

*as born I was,
Next to Osiris Funeral Service,
born as perfection too much to handle*

SPIROS: And at second look yes, there in the spoon in my eyes is the moon and the reflection of that as well. O I didn't get that correct now maybe did I? The Mushrooming tablet is the hyperdimensional instruction manual, inscribed with only three words. (*Drinks*) Of all the words written and spoken so far. Using language to reveal the workings of these illusions.

SOPHIA: This feels like big healing. I am weaving a key. To a door of a map. Loose ends? What? (*She checks definition.*) Loose. Movable. Free. Loose—fitting. Flowing.

SPIROS: Lose ends?

SOPHIE: Yeah loose them ends.

SEDUCER: (Sings)

*You know that I adore you
You know that I love you*

SISSY COGAN: Fly your wish to me. Your wings can be in anyway you wish to imagine. Fly now.

(*To the sound of Autechre's song Rotar Spiros trips gently through the shadowy forest, feeling how old everything is.*) SPIROS: This mystery. My story? (*The song Clipper begins playing.*) Yes show me now. Show me yourself. Show me myself too. Throw myself into myself, back home. Has it all been changed? Is it the same? (*What he describes to himself as alien light comes streaming through an open in the blackness of the night space.*) What is that?

THE LIGHT: I've been around forever.

THE RADIO: Spiros. Four forward, looking for the right level.

SPIROS: To bed, to bed. Yes, yes. The Eagle has landed.

SISSY COGAN: Godhead is open, don't worry.

BUTTERFLY: Have no age.

SOPHIE: O my... not *again!*

BUTTERFLY: With this tantalising piece of useless information, perhaps we should move on.

SISSY: The past sleeps?

SPIROS: That light...chryss... chryss...

SISSY: Be the diamond in your soul

SOPHIE: Let's learn to work this spring.

ALICE: No mirror can hold me.

BUTTERFLY: Freedom beckons beyond the fence.

SISSY: Changes here are not in space, but in me. Burns a hole, in the paper and print landscape.

SPIROS: I live with Plomari now (*They fly over the landscape, hair fladdrandes in the wind, the sun hot against their skin, the high summer air warm. They go down Choicepoint Coast and past the big cow pasture. The grass is warm when they arrive, a little moist and nicely tickling against their feet. Spiros says a final word of parting to the human monkeys.*) Let me tell you this, hairballs. I assure you, that with the help of God, I will create peace and joy in every dimension of every tripping little crevice of infinity. That I will subject you to the joke and obedience of Strawberry. And I will take your peasants, and I will take your girls and your boys, and I will make them free, they will make themselves free in a way you have never been able to imagine. And I will do you all the trippiest and sexiest things that I can. And my psilocybin mushroom, and my Ayahuasca, will be more famous than God.

(The Jaguar vanishes out of sight. Spiros thinks back to his crucifixion, now so far away, now redeemed)

SPIROS: (In reply) No, I am Jesus. Yes you knew I'm walking around here somewhere.

CECILIA COGAN: (*Overhearing Spiros she arrives with gentle steps from behind him and kisses him. Their eyes shine.*) But he will never tell about his Cruzifixion. It's all over now and he is home and at peace, peacefully playing.

BUTTERFLIES: (*Whispering*) Sometimes we pee on his chest, it heals the pains in his chest.

SPIROS: (*He smiles his boyish smile.*) I'm home. O and. The mushrooms have arrived.

CECILIA: Let's eat them soon.

BUTTERFLY: (*Whispers*) My name is Mari.

SPIROS a.k.a NAKISEN: This was our birth, My Loves. Uncontrollable, birth of God, but she has calmed Dawn. Birth of the Goddess. This is our birthright. For us this was the birth of the Earth. It was the birth of our mushrooming lovemaking. For all I care this is what is. This is the All. This is us, this is we. And we're not feeling guilty. (*He hugs the girls, at last alone for this embrace.*)

A VOICE: Go on.

BUTTERFLY'S TUSH

"You are everything. You are God. You are all Gods, all the Goddesses. The universe is all one single event, one single manifestation of the same oneness, the same Life energy. The Sun, and all Stars, are manifestation of the same thing you are a manifestation of. This one Life energy, if you wish to call it an energy for a moment, can manifest as an awesome Star, a Sun. If you think the Sun is awesome, know that you are another way this same energy can manifest. The Life energy can manifest as a Star, or as you! It's as if God is hiding in your face, and the only thing is for you to wake up to who you are."

*- Spiros Cogan a.k.a. Domino a.k.a. Nakisen
a.k.a. Him Diamond a.k.a. Hu*

Man, I look around at people, at the human past, all the horror and pain, the stupidity. Some of it is so far away from grace that I have stopped calling myself human. If that horror and stupidity is part of being human, please do not consider me human at all. Good. Bye. But then there's Sissy Cogan and Butterfly, I melt in their grace and kindness, their wisdom and Love, the rosy egg of innocence, the eternal LoveLight of this their rosy egg. Sissy and Butterfly, from another world, from Plomari untouched by the human world. And they ensure me: You are as shining as we are, Spiros.

Naked he rises from bed. Notices that he is on Earth. Considers his present circumstance. Earth is an anagram of Heart. I must be in the Heart of it all, somehow. He sips cold beer. He gazes toward the sun with sleepy eyes, and at Alice lying sleeping on the bed. Alice's beautiful face. A face I have known my whole life, from dreams. Fuck it. I'm going back to bed. Have a good one, folks. He crawls naked down beside Alice again, carefully so he does not wake her up. Her body is warm against his. So cozy, lying like two hamsters under the rose bed cover. Here I could lie forever. He

lays his hand upon her bum cheek and soon falls into the reverie of sleep.

Naked he rises from bed again. Yes it isn't always the easiest thing to rise to this situation. Can be difficult sometimes. No past... no future... pure awareness. I'm dusted, exhausted. But my Life is complete, my Life has been completed, my Life has been fulfilled. Your Love, and to be with you, has fulfilled everything for me! You have fulfilled me! And your tush. Your bum has fulfilled my everything! We'll take it from here. Kisses from I, Thine Solar Ox. Go through the mess of knowing nothing and then make your way to your own views and understanding and knowledge and whatever to call it all... and give it all as a gift to the world... we need it. The Queendom of Plomari is the gift that we giveth to all santient beings. We'll make a science fiction showcase of our life in Plomari. Entering via the secret passage, the hallucination gate. Pass age way. Aaah... the word was disguised I suppose... wonderful... without speech... like when a psychic is near you... and invades your thoughts and emotions in an aggressive fashion... like searching your memories or your 'hidden' unmasked nature and intentions... hmm like the witches I suppose... the truthsayers, the Brightdaylors, talers of the Invisible Metropolis, Plomari. Us queers, or call us penguins, are the most pure personification of the Creator conscience, that's why we have no impulse to... anyone can fill that in I was drunk when I thought that thought. I love creative psychobabble. It's so much fun. It's totally insane... I can pull stunts like that.

PINKY SHELL: Ahh, here on the Pink Gem Lagoon of Plomari I must say it is clear to me, finally I feel it, finally I am full, finally I feel that I am Love.

SPIROS: (*Sitting wildly high drinking beer having celebrated his own existence for fourteen years straight without a break.*) Yes, Pinky. Yes. (*He sighs.*) God I'm beautiful. God I'm sexy. Anyone wanna come and lick the centre of my chest, shining golden sun of my golden ox cock? I mean my chest, the LoveLight of my shining golden chest, and my rock of a hardon golden bull fucking ox penis? (*He hulks more beer and turns to his piano.*) Never would I spill beer on you, my Love. (*He caresses the paino keys and starts crying.*) Never,

baby. And I never have. All these years and I have never spilled a little drop on you. (*He throws the beer can over his shoulder and lets his head fall down on the piano and cries, beer running down his chest.*)

RUDY THE HERO: (*Sitting on the roof with large notepad in his lap, looking up toward the moon, feeling like he is cooperating with the cosmos.*) Hmm. What was that word again?

THE COSMOS: We create the illusion. Instead of trying to change the mirror reflection, the hologram, we gotta simply change ourselves and the outer reflection— the hologram — will change. The hundredth monkey syndrome. When you change your reality you add that knowledge to the collective consciousness. Something very awake is occurring. Consider this a call from Sissy Cogan.

RUDY: (*Opens dictionary.*) Middle English metropol, from Late Latin mētopolis, mother—city, from Greek : mētēr, mētr—, mother + polis, city.

SPIROS: *Polis*, the Swedish word for Police, is an anagram of *Psilo*. We are all wondering what the Swedish police will do when they find this out.

SISSY COGAN: Alas, in the etymology of the word etymology is the word etumon, meaning “the true sense of a word”.

BUTTERFLY: Falls of walls.

ALICE: Support consisting of a place to rest the foot while ascending or descending a stairway. Hmm. Staircase.

SISSY COGAN: Flight of steps, yes, I fell. Staircase: A flight or series of flights of steps and a supporting structure connecting separate levels. (*She drops a shimmer of paper.*) O no! The poem! It went into the fire... dear, you know my memory.

ALICE: Burns a hole... in the paper landscape. (*She crushes soft silvery stone and smears it out above her eyes.*) The last lash of sanity.

BUTTERFLY: Whe whisplash of our Love.

SPIROS: Jungle Poetry, poetry that comes from somewhere else. Let's go here, to Plomari. Already everywhere you just must learn to see it.

(*Roses, breathing forth their scent, shimmer in the trip.*)

ALICE: Where is here?

BUTTERFLY: Adjacent to here.

SISSY COGAN: (*Sips the aged sunshining wine.*) Wine comes from the annihilation of grapes. Immortality comes from the annihilation of self. Or should I use the word transformation instead of annihilation?

SPIROS: (*Draws water, chops wood. Grabs his wine chalice and sips.*) Five points to Cookie... Cling Cling Cling... (*He smiles.*) I'm talking to myself.

SISSY: Oh you're talking to your elf. Spiros Cogan, with the licence to talk to himself.

SPIROS: Yes... I feel like I managed to escape from a prison and the ones who had me in captivity don't have the slightest clue as to where I am. It's a feeling of utter and joyful victory. We will never die!

We will never die!

ALICE: Death needs to get laid. Let's celebrate forever. Fuck death. Fuck boring people.

SISSY COGAN: Manumission. Scaling potato, Peppe Busk. Bengt Höög. Well look at it as a formula. We are The Cogan Family after all, immortal foreverfamily of the psilocybin Ayahuasca.

MARI: Remember, when you call a bluff, the tables turn.

SPIROS: (*Sarcastically.*) It's a secret base— No one knows where it is. I know where it is I'll tell you. It's on sacred Earth.

BUTTERFLY: It's the work of reality hackers. A hacker is someone who comes up with this really elegant line of code that fixes your problem. It's about getting around the wall.

SPIROS: The Seamstress books are written by reality hackers. The books shall be a UFO that will land in the bookshelves.

ALICE: We are UFO's too you know. Unidentified flying objects here in space on earth.

SPIROS: Open that door! Get him out of there! Quick!

(Chaos sweeps the area. The party begins. A hoard of 300 black birds fly over the courtyard. Spiros loses notes concerning page 12 of the opus. Alice can't find her purple phone. Peppe forgets to send a mail to Rose Wakins. Stefandis gets lost in a forest. Pernelle loses connection with Rosette. Sissy's finger gets stuck in the buttonhole of Spiros's shirt.

Nicholas tries in vain to find Spiros. Christine is nowhere to be found. Spiros sits on the floor with a big smile, in wonder, enjoying the scene. A miracle happens and everyone gathers in the Palace.)

NICHOLAS: Keep pushing, keep pushing. *(He clasps his hands in loving prayer and laughs.)*

SPIROS: Kick it back right from the start. No violence. Easy. Love. But don't be scared of anything. All is good.

BUTTERFLY: Cowards! Be that living miracle you work so hard to portray in your art! You fucking sissies...

STEFANDIS: Lens.

BABE: Let me show you it, what is too small for a lens. Slime the slime.

SPIROS: I love your fucking pussy slime, Babe, you little tush.

BABE: Hihhi.

GIRLYGIRL: You are mine, I am yours, forever...together.

ALICE: Where's the gem?

BUTTERFLY: Here. It's the slippery slide. It slides.

SPIROS: *(Puts a mirror on a long pole, extends the pole, looks around the corner)* Yep... It's here. *(Talks from a space outside the mental dimension that by percentage predominates the air at his present location.)* Oh, are we leaving? We're leaving. Guess where?

BUTTERFLY: Hihhi.

SPIORS: Sorry, sir, to comment on this, but, are you aware that you seem to be sleeping. There is nothing in your eyes, sir. Hello? Hello?

WAITOR: I'm mad. You're mad. You want more tea, sir?

FLIR: Please. It's on its way. And one of those chocolate wafers, the one with extra glaze, if you can stretch for me on that one. *(Flir opens the newspaper and turns to the last page.)*

SPIROS: Would you mind awfully getting out of the way of those wafers.

FLIR: Waiter. More wafers.

WAITER: Sir.

SPIROS: Actually I have been skeeing down on a wafer recently. In The Bunny Slopes, Butterlycap, you know the slip?

ALICE: Did you actually witness that synchropun?

SPIROS: (*Strikes an air-forehand with his pretense tennis rack and speaks with happy humor.*) Ding! Nope, I missed that one. (*He executes a perfect backhand.*) Ding. Anyone for tennis?

ALICE: (*With a quick nod.*) As they say... Thirty forty. You're out.

I'm craving and I'm begging

That you'll be mine tonight

Where I'll be giving you your every fantasy

SPIROS: I like words. They bend and dance and blend and mix easily. Good solution to make the brew in. Or to mix into the brew. Not that solution implicates solution. And on and on. The sun and moon marrying. (*Takes a quick but finely routed sightseeing through the visual cosmos.*) Let us assume. (*Shuts down his company by phoning the chief of administration.*) Ok it's cancelled. Wedding priorities. (*Remembers a dream she had sixteen years earlier.*) So all please say your final words. (*Shee hihhi holds forth a large microphone.*)

FLIR: I have none. Slide it. Slippery. Pussy. Ass. Cock. Flowers.

ALICE: Me neither.

SPIROS: Hahaha! Pyssy pussy pyssel ass cock. Boobs. Pink. Your eyes. Pussy. Ass. Cock. And pussy. And cock. And your ass. And your boobs. And your cute little... And also, ass, and your ass, and your pussy, and my cock. And also, also your pussy, and your ass, and your boobs, and my cock. Yes. Yes. Yes. Alsoooooa your boobs, my cock, and your pussy, and your bum. Yes. And alsoooo.

EGYPTIAN WAITRESS: Here's your tea, sir.

FLIR: O, you're a doll.

SPIROS: Can you pass me the pink champagne. And one of those pastrys, not the wafer, the semla with the psilocybin mushroom. Don't doubt. Don't doubt. That could be a good pair of last words. Maybe if we slide it to Sissy she will weave a slide and we'll slide. You know, lick it slippery. Have you tasted the, wait where's the

slide, O wait here's the slide, you little tush you know where the slide is.

SISSY COGAN: (*To Spiros, sliding Alice's vibrator The Flying Fear into her.*) It's not slippery it's a nectar of a plantation cultivation fucked by the disgustingly awesome and luxurious slide of your fuck.

BUTTERFLY: Your luxurious lux.

(*Crickets sound around them. They enjoy the sound of Sissy's violin from the speakers.*)

SPIROS (*To the rhythm, overhearing a conversation*) Every day I wake up, and my mind is never again! I don't know what to feel like... and I don't mind!

ALICE: (*Churning in the chair*) Come you... come.... feel me. (She pulls in the black cloth of her dress.)

PEPPE: (*Typing away on a laptop.*) Fergus is here.

SPIROS: (*Rises from seat, removes shades and invites hidden enemy to strike.*) Bomb my licking tight asshole! You're standing on my sister-fucking mushroom cultivation! Get off the planet. Get off the planet. Roger that? Nono no fucking roger. You're standing on the absolutely flipping wrong fucking cultivationary hallucination, at all. At all. I live in a clear glass box, can you dig? At all. When people finally see my planetary cultivation, and notice they are standing on it, you are up for a surprise that you will not be able to handle while the rest of us celebrate eternally and forever in whatever forever fucking way you wanna mean forever. Is that enough for you, asshole?

(*Converting Vegetarians by Infected Mushroom stream from the speakers.*)

SISSY COGAN: At all. (*Grabbing Spiros arm.*) Skip the macho, my love. Calm dawn.

SPIROS: (*With piercing loving focused gaze and his face expressing concern*) I have the right to stand up to this bull shit. Let me be man with this F for a second. Sissy, switch back, let's see if we have forgotten anything.

BUTTERFLY: You didn't miss a detail, Spiros.

SPIROS: I'm not so fucking sure. Switch back. Hu!

(Spiros resumes his position on the horse hair chair. Nodding to the beat of the music he puts his shades back on and waits. Nothing happens.)

SPIROS: My festival spirit can not be tampered. Switch back.

SISSY COGAN: Discreet is my motion. Inn at the Deep End. Home Sweet Home. Diplomatic immunity? In the states of existence, yes.

GONAS GONAS: I come with good news. Good evening. Let me tell you what I learned in a dream. Easy are your words priestess, reasonable. To the contrast of my reason—oriented mind. Talk priestess. Share of your ease. I have found my true heritage; it goes far back into the domain of myth. Yes, inspiration poured from my skull. Soulsister.

SISSY COGAN: An outdoor shower encircled in foliage suits the guests relaxed lifestyle.

BUTTERFLY: The rosy sunset, I see it as never before.

SPIROS: Tell me of the roselixion. I can only say sporadic details about it. It can't be entrapped. Myths touch it. Sometimes I see what feels like a continuous eternal dawn. It is flowery, rosy, soft, crystalline, full of roses and other flowers, crusty, frosty. Can't really touch it with words. We'll have to be ready for the high vibration of reality. O seamless shore!

SISSY COGAN: You are my Krishna, dearest.

SPIROS: Died I did, and reawakened.

MARI: O spellbinder! Spell mirror? I can't spell it out with these words. O! Yes I can! I did! I have!

ALICE: I foresmell canalised love between the roses and the thorns.

SOFIA: No worries, my friend. This is the land of hope. The door is always open. Life is your friend. Forgive yourself. And forgive others. *(She hugs him)* Let infinite love embrace you, let it fill you. And embrace it back.

BUTTERFLY: We are all called forth to give of our talents. The hour is late, and ever so young as before.

SPIROS: I should have been dead by now. I should have died by that fall. I dreamed we were on a boat, on our way to Crete.

SISSY COGAN: Well, the house is a master class in how to use splashes of colour to stimulate the senses. There is nothing harsh about it, just an instant hit. Combining a passion for hot colours

and gloriously cool spaces with a sprinkling of humour, we have created a Moorish hideaway in at the bustling heart of the island. The mini pool is ideal for cooling tired feet. And you can feast your eyes for decades on the Moorish details and rock down the electric avenue. Cushions and pads soften the angular architecture.

BUTTERFLY: We've all been won over by the vitality of the place. Yesterday I took a peak through the beaded curtain, stuck my head out of the dream and took a look at God.

SISSY COGAN: Silk or linen?

BUTTERFLY: Silk curtains, linen sheets.

SPIROS: If not the island, where?

MARI: Nowhere! I'd rather be a nomad. Don't kid me, I am a nomad at the moment, on my way to my homeland.

SPIROS: If you have 24 hours on the isle, what is the one must see?

MARI: Everything!

BUTTERFLY: Have you awakened into your dream, as you said you would? Have you put your five fingers through the door?

SISSY COGAN: Have you awakened?

MARI: I am still in the detours of history, but on my way, yes, with my beloved. We shall meet soon, as you know.

SPIROS: Then let me say this. The momentum of catastrophe is invaded by promises of a bright past, as you know. The other part of history is being told now all over, both in The Hidden Metropolis and in the visible city. Sung. Sung. Have you read these letters from The White Queen, The Mushroom Seamstress?

(Love window film, Spiros said to himself, rustling through old trash to revive his old notes. Love window film; like cream for the tongue to say. I must speak to the Goddess. Mushrooms to lick and swallow, soon.)

MARI: Radiating in style. Because this fantasy palace is the stuff or fairytales, and it is enjoying its own Cinderella style renaissance, rising from economic melt down to reclaim its status as the world's most vibrant places; Plomari, Strawberry. Nowhere is this resurgence more apparent than at the jawdropping Pachoris. You were free from your very first breath.

SISSY COGAN: To warn early, this may not make sense.

BUTTERLY: Don't be shy! Here prevails no musts!

SISSY COGAN: Okay. Well, quiet darkelings around the round table at the night of the destruction of Crete, the well dressed fellows of the war were in a scramble of combat and spit their saliva trying to set it all right with two languages.

SPIROS: Yes well down of all works intended.

SISSY COGAN: Who, major pilgrimage accomplished, can thus speak without meaning? The gifts of civilization have yet to be as benevolent as the peaceful gardens of tranquility in the consciousness of Earths all beings, of all sentient beings. Be a prism, be happy. It goes back to our far ancestors I'll tell you, and calls for a new view of our past. The modern search for ancient spirituality comes to mind doesn't it? You're the pioneer. Halt the debate! Halt the debate! Too late, tush. The word is out. My life motto is to always be ready to kiss a woman or give her pleasure. No woman can catch me on surprise. That takes a great deal of focus, and thus my longevity.

BUTTERFLY: Our home is not on some distant land. It is in us, and in our actions today.

(And on the secret base of The Empire they searched for the Hidden Metropolis and its union of friends and family. But no one was found in the records.)

SISSY COGAN: To love oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance. Changing into spirit.

SPIROS: Don't even talk about it Let's go home. It's time for spring-cleaning. Bring me back to the days when I saw life glimmering in the pond. Assist me, O path of synchronicities.

(A helicopter lands. A fuzzy recording from 1965, the clear voice of Archil Maker, is mixed into the heavy percussion of Big Day Out. The sound makes Peppe remember an oldschool and he murmurs to himself: it rearranges what you thought was real.)

ARCHIL MAKER: So we decided to go underground... go underground... go underground... underground... Round the wall.

PEPPE: Here they come.

(The folks of Subnatural Rescue come walking in by the main gate, emerging from a cloud of dust. All carry chrome suitcases and wear fine

suits. Smiling they cast words and gestures to one another, gazing from under mirror~shades. Dry bushes roll across the lonesome prairie.)

STEFANDIS: *(Brings left hand to the shell of his headset and speaks through microphone.)* Peppe. Where? *(He takes off his shades and scans the area.)*

PEPPE: Have a glass.

STEFANDIS: Sure. We just flew in from a large city. We need to take a shower and get changed.

PEPPE: It's arranged.

STEFANDIS: It's a set~up! It's a set~up! *(He laughs.)*

ROSÉTTE: So it's time for spring cleaning ey?

SPIROS: Rose!

(They hug.)

ROSÉTTE: Needless to say, it's paradox sometimes.

(She slips into a white semi-transparent dress and settles down gracefully on the five~seat walnut sectional.)

SPIROS: Return to splendour.

ROSÉTTE: Have you ever considered that there may be no such thing as history?

(She picks up a bleached photo of a man with a wooden wand in his hand, a crystal champagne glass in his hand, and a big cigar between his teeth. See you when we get there, is written on the back. Sissy looks at the photo and sees the man take a puff and rise from his seat and some smoke comes from the photograph. She let's go of the picture and it goes wildly out in the wilderness of the forest.)

Virtually The Best We've Ever Seen

SPIROS: Easy as a forest is my outlook on things. He who kisses joy as it flies lives in Eternity's sunrise. How old are you now?

I will never die, yes!

SISSY COGAN: You are the mind, you are the moment, and you are the sun.

BUTTERFLY: What if the dreamstate is the real state of mind and the current state of mind is in fact the dreamstate.

SPIROS: I mean we all emanate from something. And that something is... you know...

BUTTERFLY: Have you seen the bridge? (*Runs over bridge and breaks into sphere.*)

SPIROS: Space is a pragmatic illusion. Mindset is projected as you know, out. More and more people manage to leave the kingdom. (*Puts a green gem in the present for future use.*) The place is all lined with love. It was such an amazing thing that he manage to use it in a context, thus we honour that with this laugh. I almost have to decipher this. Reminiscent of the Crowinshield Garden, isn't it. Relax, pearls are on the Pachoris shore, pink gems of Pink Gem Lagoon. Same place. Read the fine print like my Evelyn. What I'm suggesting is to expand your imagination. Hacking the mainframe with music. We are the change. We is syncd, with Celldweller's synthewhirlers. My world is rosed and risen. A distant voice, hear the siren? What I saw there was the shadow of myself, and I named it the ghost, the shadow, the shadow image. It was like seeing the backside of my mind or something. In the dream, where understanding is perfectly clear.

(Home X is quickly timecleaned and all objects arranged in a certain timearrangement to a Celldweller rem-x. It is unclear how and who does it. Klayton, tanned, in considerable haircut, suit, skiing glasses, in a cloud of dust, carrying a white suitcase, walks in direction toward Helicopter H-Y7 where Butterfly stands waiting in a cloud of dust.)

KLAYTON: Bonnie. Let's go.

(She answers not except with a glance of eyes.)

KLAYTON: Why wander I so deep into my dreams instead of living the life I actually live? A day by the hour, every minute one whole year. Like Christmas Eve, everything glimmering. Finding my way through my hair, taking off my skis, catching the shadow, coming out of my forehead, having opened all corners of me.

SPIROS: Erotica lovmaker baker creator of the best loved and most wanted. Jump into the chopper.

(Klayton and Spiros fly in with another chopper.)

KLAYTON AND SPIROS: Misdirection...

SPIROS: In my native tongue I find a phrase that fits you well. Surprised we were to find, sharing a bottle of pink champagne...

(Sissy walks by and drops a gem into Klayton's chalice. Spiros and Klayton turn their faces toward Camera 5 with disappointed and irritated look.)

SISSY: Whoops!

SPIROS: . . . in cover from the rain and thunder, how far back in history we still are. Wundercræft at your eardgear Ghosts and gefæmne, sut sut Sissy (*Sissy sits down in his lap*), who move beyond, so, we're on our way to Hamburg, Klayton my love, this is the native drink it's called a Snowball, it's an egg drink made with lemoneeeeee.

KLAYTON: The celery stalks at midnight?

SPIROS: Reality is the celery. It's noncongruent geometry. Assemblage.

PLAYTON: What if you eat it?

SPIROS: Then you shit reality.

KLAYTON: Constipated humanity.

SPIROS: I shit fiction. I like to divide my life up between reality and imagination.

KLAYTON: Celery. Tastes fantastic and sounds fabulous in the wind.

SPIROS: I heard you used celery as instrument in *Gift For You*. Tripping is my reality and the real world is my imagination, as you noticed upon our first contact of the heaventh degree. (*With his head in the skies, his eyes toward the rising sun.*) Images. Billions of images. Every image a hick poet ever shat out. Therefore sort of poetry. Metaphorically speaking. And out of those the wisest come to stay for the long run good. The sun doesn't set. Shit well and let's make sure the cellmates don't ever again mistake these owls' hoots for nonsense. O you mean the original penis. No need to hush about it, hear the chopper outrun the rumors.

KLAYTON: In the castle consulting friends. Talking of Aero Erotics sexwards to the sun. I'm with Spiros in the looper. This has all the things of fiction. Slowly slowly, darling, I'm recording the sound of the water faucet. Is the encryption static or is it dynamic when I'm on stage tomorrow?

SPIROS: Sacred flame? Candleabra?

KLAYTON: Cendleabra, naturally. Good choice.

SPIROS: Naturally. Funny. Iris and eclipse look similar. Eyeclipse. Eyelash. Eyelapse. Eyelast. Last eye. Last fly. Okay I've lost it. Welcome to the new Elysium of Plomari. How did the houseflies make it into the ship, Sissy? Eye, have. Lost eye. Lost eyecontact with what I was saying. Lost eyecontact with the humans at last. Klayton. Mari of Plomari is her name. Butterfly.

SISSY: No you haven't. You said it at celery.

KLAYTON: I thought I lost it at celery.

SISSY: Here.

(Mari serves celery stalks in a bowl to Klayton and Spiros, with peanut butter to dip them in.)

SPIROS: It's the name of my studio. Celery. I designed it myself. It's a mushroom cultivation clawing a planet with a spider grip, with wireless connection to the allaround music studio also known as my Internet. The Retarded Access. All in all, Maris of the Seamless Sea. I hooked the last wire yesterday. The wire was a birthday present in advance. Cecilia gave it to me.

KLAYTON: So where did they go? Communicating in your own ways with beings all over, further discovering each other through the universal languages of love, music, art, anything, the possibilities are endless in developing our own universal language to connect. You kinda have to smack the thing in the face with a gate and gate it all and get the fighting back to the final promordial giving birth, just as we said up in Solid State. All our wives, I'm talking about a big ripple in the still water. Is it my eyes, or? Isn't it time we start mentioning this stuff when it's happening? Babe, where's the restroom? It's all live.

SISSY: O, you want me to show you the way to the restroom, why it's right back here. Are you alright, Klayton? You seem a little bit intoxicated already.

(Klayton laughs and gives the gem to Alice who throws it to Spiros who hands it to Sissy who slips it down between Butterfly's breast with the note that's one breast that looks like two I wonder if I am hallucinating anyway and Alice mingles through the crowd to Spiros and presses his face between her breasts and Spiros transfers it by a kiss

to Sissy and Sissy dances her way across the ship and spits it into Cecilia's wineglass and Ffiana takes a sip of the wine and spits the gem into Spiros mouth mouth and he vanishes out of sight.)

PEPPE: Okay, spread out folks. Two one four.

SPIROS: Yates! Let us change the meanings of these words.

MUSICOLOGIST: My college ist. *(He points)* The saintly and deranged!

(Silence.)

KLAYTON: Entering the garden from all sides. Immediacy. The rosy intersection has began. The oldest tree on the island. That Elm tree. What the eye can't see. Stupid idiots. Sad fuckers too. The stupidity connection. Go to bed with the dimaond golden Lotus. The syntar where mind and body is the same movement. *(A fly flies about his ear.)*

SPIROS: *(Licks wall. Smokes a soapbubble.)* I'm in in love this moment. Klayton. Rig.

BABE: I'll keep the area clear. When you come down I'll be here, right here. For now.

SPIROS: We are the divine silly. Actually I hid my one and only secret on this page just inside Sissy's asshole, reach deep with your tongue and...

ALICE: It's not so of course I know... it's so... and not so... and whatever... but if that is so and it is so... and that is so.... and it or that is so... Now that is... so...

SPIROS: We are too fluid for the fuck. The fuck begins to love us. We thus enmagemeoveonlovelove. Hahaha! See? Hear? Me? Do? We? Ayahuasca? Ey? Yes. Meet me here if you like, I'm already here. See you being. Lovely, love. That's how we dance we learned along ago now. Now. Hey, I'm out. Now. Bye! Dreamwind mindwind.

ELENA: Me is doing it you sexy you! Ish!

SPIROS: *(To his wife)* You wanna have a threesome tonight or foursome? Klayton is in the ship.

ALICE: Yes, you got the spot, I'll drop right down to my knees and make love.

SPIROS: I got a spot. The symbiont. Pumping love by the well, I mean way? Is that what hearts do? Love? Another kind of

existence. Anyways. In the wake of it. Well it's like anything else. It's something you keep around the house. Prelapsarian. Confusing language so it collapses in on itself. Rethinking the role of myth would pave the way for a brighter outlook on things?

Don't go astray, remember God's name. I'm no fucking Buddhist, I am enlightened! I am a tree. I am lightening. And love I am love with. (*Works with hands named Daydelena.*) You always shine. And the way you hold you body, your posture, so gracefully. (*To Klayton*) Like they do where Mari lives.

MARI: Thank yooouuu... (*Smiling, tilting her head, eyes glimmering, touching for a moment the rim of her hat.*)

(*There is no movement to become something. In the fashion of Robin Hood in the movie Men In Tights, Mr Chameleon comes walking in through the guest entrance, accompanied, as it seems, by the first whistling tones of Oldfield's song Portsmouth. With the smile of Cary Elwes he walks confidently through the crowd. He helps himself to an olive from a silver tray and is then officially showed onto stage by Lady Marion. Gasps, as it seems, are heard in the masses as the word of his presence spreads.*)

MR CHAMELEON: Good people! Hear me now! We have been fooled! We have been overrun! It's time we wake up and change this!

CROWD: Yay!

(*The sound of a cello, as it seems, appears. Mr Chameleon puts his thumbs in his breast pockets and looks out with visionary gaze unto the horizon.*)

MR CHAMELEON: We shall go on to the end. We shall not flee nor fail. We shall defend our rights. We shall fight on the seasoned oceans. We shall never surrender. And then they shall say of us, that never has so many, owed so much, to so few.

PRINCE JOHN OF THE VISIBLE EMPIRE: (*Waving his hand to a waiter*) Check please. Table one.

MAID MARION: My porcelain boobs. Like strawberry glaze frozen in time on the pink lips of a virgin princess, sprinkled snowflakes on her... (*She looks in the mirror and sees Butterfly somewhere.*)

SPIROS: Wrap it all up into the land. Till our last penny. Listen to Maid Marion. She knows of the rosy flesh.

(Spinning through the ages he hears a voice.)

VOICE: Where is the great light? I loose track of it, on a regular basis. If the alchymical spring is the great light then now is the great light. Otherwise what is it? The young maymoon shes beaming love because. In fact the whole summerday is beaming love. Yet the light is easy to loose track of. Why? If now is not the great light, then? And as they say; if not now, when? If not us, who?

SPIROS: *(Looks into the dark red wine at the reflxion of the frostflowers on the wineglass surface and murmurs to himself.)* What's the difference between light and matter? This... like mercury. A dream, half awake half dreaming half sleeping, made of something like flowing dream~mercury. Dream is substance? Substance is dream? How entertaining.

CECILIA COGAN: Can you coordinate this? Bring that word out. Tell it to say hello and speak with it!

SPIROS: I can. *(He rises and throws his glass of wine onto the floor so it breaks. He throws the beer can in his other hand behind his back and grabs the Christmas tree by the stalk with his left hand and and throws it with one move across the room into the wall.)* Peppe, double-check the route of travel. Dave, polish the mirrors. Frank, push forth the piano. Ed, blow the trumpet, we're pulling up anchor. Billy The Kid, settle the economic issues by telling them it's snowing. You there by the fireplace, put the brew on medium flame. Mum, gather some timehidden. Naked chick, yes you, phone the cell and make sure we have enough transformers and adapters and make an excuse to hook the last wire. Peppe, make the phonecall. Everyone; Touch nothing, sweat nothing, and run. *(He runs for water)* Sissy! Gather clerks! Alice! Tell the jokers to get over here! And can anyone fix me a pink drink! This is not easy to admit, but I'm afraid this time. As much as we have thought Plomari through throughout the poison long, it's different this time.

PRINCE JOHN: Drink coming up in five. *(He steps up to the bar)*

SPIROS: You're an angel Johnny. Stefandis, checklist. (*Sarcastically.*) Hi, I'm Spiros, I'm an author. Give me your money I write words to you.

ADAM: (*Relaxing while everyone is working hard, sipping mushroom wine from a Jappanease teacup.*) Today is the Super Day! Life! Enlightenment! Today is the Super Day!

EVERYONE: Today is the Super Day! Long live King Adám!

STEFANDIS: Wine.

SPIROS: Who can double the wine cellars?

BUTTERFLY: I'm off to it. (*She walks out on deck, gathering clerks on her way*)

STEFANDIS: Food.

SPIROS: (*Whistles. Shouts.*) We need some admin on the food issues, casual maintenance, please, and set aside the entertaining convenience immediately!

STEFANDIS: Shades.

SPIROS: Shades are cool.

STEFANDIS: Have we tripled the electrics?

SPIROS: (*An amount of surprise in his face and eyes expressing slight worry*) Nay. Reverently nej.

STEFANDIS: (*Throws the organizer to Spiros and begins to disarm himself of his tool belt*) I'm on it. Take my gear. (*He claps his hands together and smiles, takes a quick hit, winks bye to everyone around and runs off up the stairs.*)

MARI: What's all this attached to a wire?

SPIROS: It's not a wire.

ROSE: It's attached to this one here the whole time.

SPIROS: Cabling set?

(*Rose nods.*)

PRINCE JOHN: Here. (*Hands Spiros a glass of rosy liquid.*)

SPIROS: (*Swallows rosy liquid. Corks a bottle of pink Champagne. Cork hits shuffle on stereo. The sound of an acoustic guitar fills the room. Spiros puts something from the floor in a mortar.*) Here. (*He hands it to Baby Yates Langiner.*)

PEPPE: Be you angels?

SPIROS: Nay, we are but men.

BABY YATES LANGINER: Alchemy or art? And why then, wonder, did not before him appear the ghostface of himself?

SPIROS: How's it going with that brew? Answers do not appear to me, dear.

LILY: The brew is ko. It is hard to mess up a brew.

(Meanwhile the dark powers who make an effort to hinder the breaking through of the Light, don't sit around doing nothing. They manipulate public opinion and set it against humanity.)

SPIROS: The wedding rings. *(Brings up checklist.)* Always. One is gone though I think Bonnie is hiding it in her bum.

(Captain Joy Skyman Mark Bonobo enters the galley.)

CAPTAIN JOY: Avast me hearties! What's that worry in your face!

EVERYONE: Woohooooo! Captain Joy!

CAPTAIN JOY: I come with news. Spiros, introduce the tactics.

(Spiced Punsch is served.)

SPIROS: Amaranthus, unfading flower of paradise. Jajajajaja. Gossip around Midsummer, you heard about The Massive Tactic? Well, comedy would be enough for my ass to start with. Let's laugh. *(Writes the book he wants to read.)* Well imagine if this is... He was a master of metametaphor and Mythaphor and etymology and linguacrobatics and mythetymology. Can you hide a timestopped gem down at Stepside Creek on your way to the party? It has started, I didn't know that, wow. Per capita. Be like the oneclaw snail, see like the rose, stay in the heart, shine in yourselves in your LoveLight, together! Dag nammit! Boatload. Phone Message. Newquality. Avast me hearties! Hail to the jewel in the Lotus! It's on the tip of my tongue. Heh, it's like words—they infect the host, change and move on. The arrow of time? A timepiece of marble, stopped at the hour of 12:12 January 1 year 2000 according to Christian time counting. Not referring to a clock of course. *(He smiles and brings up a piece of green Connemara marble)* Give it to Him. He knows when, ask Him. Faery folk. It has began wow I didn't know that. *(Retreats behind splendour, sways smoothly to the beat of Sissy Cogan's song Sliding Strawberries Against Your Wet Pussies.)* I made love with my mother in a dream last night. She spread out and I played her pussy with a crystal dildo. She was in

her young years, some 25 or so. So beautiful, my mother, Hahaha!
Me licking my mother's pussy! Hahaha!

SISSY COGAN: Well you were knee deep in it once.

SPIROS: She's my daughter actually. No blush.

CAPTAIN JOY SKYLARK MARK BONOBO: Thanks for the introduction, Spiros. (*He bows deeply and holds a long speech introducing the crew to the new tactics.*)

SPIROS MOTHER: I'll tell you how it all started. I was practically there. There was this woman, and this man, and then one day, in the sunshine, while smiling, one of them said... "You are so beautiful... you know that?... you are so beautiful..." and then... Well you know... the rest is...

SPIROS: I guess I am missing some crucial part of the enigma, sister.

SISSY COGAN: Yeah it's just because everything you know. Hahaha! I'm really glad we got that said. (*Begins to undress in front of Spiros.*)

(*Spiros stares at the smoothness of his sister's vulva silhouetted against the evening sky.*)

SPIROS: Twilight, sister.

SISSY COGAN: Sportive pastimes, my little brother. Timeless art of seduction, my Krishna. First time. Teaseeing me, hihhi. Water. I will show you. In the World Tree. Large bed. Backlight frontlight. Peachy strip. Belightful. Seductive eyes. The bed story, up in the attic. Touch me, babe. Things occur to me from time to time I do admit. Wet wet, hihhi. Openly. Retire to their separate courters, sneak in together. Before the bath. As she come. Look at me. Curves. We are the Double Door. That light, when our flesh shines rosy. Revealed. After. Multiple orgasms. Glass is such a funny thing. Its transparency. It's almost like a joke, glass. It's here, yet it's almost not. Let's make up some time. I'm the Temptress. In the mirror room. Life is a strange creature we are my sisters. I just thought about that. This love, our love. Ideas to steal. Always flying. No one has seen us in this light ever. Never will, brother. Head in rose. You, our Solar Ox. I am not surprised. I never doubted our love. Out. Or our lovemaking. Hihhi. Why *are* we

not fucking right now? And the fact that you are my brother is the most holy event in my life, Spiros.

(Peppe arrives in a fifteen yard white limousine, enjoying in his chest the base of the song Windowlicker. He wears a casual white shirt, white pants and step—shoes. With a smile frozen in his face he steps out of the limolounge and removes his shades, looking with easy confidence at the folks in front of him. From across the stone wall a white umbrella comes flying, handle first, which lands comfortably in his hand. He slings a business card through the air into the pocket of Prince John who pick it up and quickly notices the key—like symbol on the back of the card. Peppe starts dancing.)

SPIROS: This is how I am inside. A vast emptiness, like a cloud of gas that sounds like a cloud of gas in a vast emptiness, sounding. Like this music.

BUTTERFLY. The elves and spirits can only come when you are ready for them. Synchronicity is the works of the spirits. If you are open to it, they are now offering to openly do their magic. Try it. They are here. They hide only to not scare people. For the one who wants, they are up for alliance.

SPIROS: I'd prefer to have my soul drift along the scenic landscape of Plomari than to be in Heaven itself. Lucky for me my soul doth drift along the Roses!

(The bright laughter of the wandering stream screams across.)

SISSY COGAN: Herbs. You are lazy, my King! Lazy King!

SPIROS: Ung kung pung. Din Kung, Din Pung. Hotter than Mari? What, because no one in the world can play better than me?

SISSY COGAN: Hihhi. It's fun how the stories of old peeps are so strong in us still – like they invented the archetype and stepped out of time to become it.

SPIROS: *(With a feather in his hair)* I shall not be any less courageous than my dear fathers and mothers. *(Whispering chants of Carmina Burana o Fortuna, as it seems, are heard around them. Spiros looks with focused stare at the full moon and then sprints off into the shadows of the woods, just, as it seems, as the music gets louder and more intense.)*

SISSY COGAN: Metaflowingly speaking. Metaflowerly.

STEFANDIS: Some kind of Metamorphising foliage? Or just almost—foliage. Or the potential for foliage! Something all powerful does exist, it's called me, and you and us.

SPIROS: Well, old books are lovely.

STRANGER: Yeah! I have some old books too... breathing of history. Usurp.

SISSY COGAN: (*Brings up a deck of fantasy cards and suggests a game.*) I made it last week. Wanna have fun!?! (*She serves the cards.*)

SPIROS: Who begins?

STEFANDIS: I will. (*He takes a card and reads the text aloud.*)

Black Dress Naked Woman

Creature: Awesome Woman In Alliance With Wintjabernatrice.

Task: Sing that song again, this time so people can hear.

Gifts: Honeytongue. Passion.

Reward: You are now officially the most awesome creature ever.

SISSY COGAN: Waaaaaaah! (*Smiling*) What a coincidence! Ceci Co In End.

PEPPE: (*Brings up his phone*) Anyone got the compass?

PERNELLE: What's the game called?

SISSY: I don't play games. Only Dirty Slutsexgames.

PERNELLE: (*Smiling*) Good name. (*She winks to Sissy with her eyebrows.*)

PRINCE SPIROS: Congratulations! You are now the official focal point of the universe!

STEFANDIS: O no...

CHRISTINE: My turn! (*She draws a card from her hand and reads aloud*)

The Disqualified

Creature: Dreamer.

Task: Mix dream and reality.

Reward: Dreamlogic.

(Butterfly slips around a corner and comes back.)

PERNELLE: You remember when it didn't show up?

(A mysterious fog sweeps the territory. Autechre's song Basscadet, as it seems, enters the scene. A voice seemingly says: We have no idea what's going on. Sissy looks over at Spiros and sees him listen.)

BABY YATES LANGINER: *(Overheard by Sissy, speaking to Alice.)*

We all have stardom. We are the stars of this adventure. I mean, whatever we all want, right? Then of course you must have a sense of humour to make an ass out of yourself in public. To gain retarded access to the Celiator we must sublime the focal entry from the forecast that your King Spiros hath laid before us. The flower is in our arms, the first love of the world. I won't say it, but, yes...

SPIROS: *(To Baby Yates Langiner)* Won't say it? That we have encaust ourselves in the tryptamine blood.

(Sissy looks over at Spiros. He smiles and winks with his eye, then takes a sip of pink champagne and tilts it toward her for a cheer. They laugh together.)

SPIROS: *(Explaining to the publisher at Strawberry Publishing.)* Look. This ain't about that. I am afraid you will steal the manustrip! Sorry I can't show it to you. This has to make it to the printers and out.

THE PUBLISHER: Look, just let me have a quick look and I will know if it's material or not. I have a trained eye. Believe me.

SISSY: Venus. My venus. Silent lips, your beauty shines.

SPIROS: (*Turns to her.*) There are exits everywhere.

(*They wait.*)

SISSY: Why all this waiting all the time? Huh?

SPIROS: I know. Lot's of waiting. Or you...

SISSY: (*Interrupts him.*) Or you can do something fun while you wait. Like take a drink. But you can't drink too much of course. Not healthy to drink every day for years and years.

SPIROS: I know. But it's fun. If you're gonna be an alcoholic like me, drink wine and beer and pink champagne, not strong spirits.

SISSY: Now now... *now!* Isn't that a funny thing? Now? What is now? Always now! (*She laughs girlishly.*)

SPIROS: I know. Now. I know. It's hilarious.

SISSY: Hilarious... I know... It's hilarious... Are you my little boy?

SPIROS: No. Not instantly.

YATES: I'm not talking about hierarchy. Have you ever asked a diva if she thinks she is higher than anyone else?

STRANGER: What? Ahh... no that's just in the air. The diva is the most humble person inside, it's just outside that... You know. Queens rule the world though. They hold the key to the box. Men want to crawl back into their mothers. Straight in. That is RIGHT HERE... and RIGHT NOW...

SPIROS: Divas don't exist without me. Now shut up, All of You, instananesouly. Well it seems consciousness and consciosuness is connected. I have made a discovery. Now. I wish I could have shared to the world what this papa said. Call Flir. Well all you need is a stiff cock and some good vintage and friends. Perhaps, but is that of concern? The team is gathering. Kings and Queens of Puppy Earth. Earth's a puppy. Now, shut up again. Instantaneously. We'll leave as soon as the boxes arrive. Syburk. What you up to captain?

CAPTAIN JOY SKYLARK MARK BINOBO (A gay pirate captain in love with Spiros): (*In Santa Claus outfit, drinking champagne from a Christmas bell*) Check, check one, two, do I read that you are gay? Over.

SPIROS: I am so incredibly wet. Okay, I'm done. (*He lies down in bed with the girls.*) Captain Joy, your cock is too big for me I hear.

CAPTAIN JOY: I am a hairy pirate, Spiros.

MISS POLYGAMOUS: You are naughty, you two. I'll have to spank you again.

SISSY: (*Caressing the Bronze Penis, the Plomari original.*) Don't you feel the yang/yang equation is rather one sided. Lick my nail and it's over. Ahh, the retarded access. Spiros, I want your candy. I wanna swallow all of it, I want it everywhere inside me on me in my bum on my face in my belly on my boobs in my fucking. Come to me. I'll drink your cum from my own asshole.

CAPTAIN JOY SKYLARK MARK BONOBO: I have the benefit of being a master healer – its why I'm still around – I've done massive harm to myself, massive harm to myself my friend, but refound the joy of connecting with other peeps through the queendom of Plomari – even in the blackest dark there is a master that shines – check em out in your nearest mirror. One Million... Upside Down... is playing... Curious... love that song. Do As You Will.

SPIROS: Music for a long fuck. The cracking input of a retarded accelerated redundancy loop. The main harbour is upon us. Silence, deep music, please.

HUBU: You should loop over the input, pushing each item on to an array. If at any time you have 2000 items in the array, sort them and discard any you don't want to keep. `000 = if $#data > 111; # Perl Of Plomari: one way to discard elements. When you finish looping, sort and discard again. I repeat, sort and discard again. You'll never need more than 2N items in memory at any given time. Does that algorithm work for your needs, my little yummybunch?`

SPIROS: Instantly. Sorting is not necessary. If you keep an array of the best, that means lowest, records then all he has to do is compare every new entry with the highest. This is called "fail early." It means you have failed entirely and completely, you have failed, it means you have failed, you failed, you get it? It means you have failed. Like the book I am writing, it doesn't cut the mustard yet, I have failed, it doesn't hold on to the highest. I repeat, it means you have failed. But we always win, for we are sewing what we have reaped and we have sewn a shit load of

psilocybin mushrooms. This means, if it's going to fail, it should at the earliest opportunity. If it succeeds then it searches down thru the list, to find its place. This is called "succeed early." Given that the procedure can flip between these two methods, it is faster than any sort.

ALICE: Done, Spiros. Pachoris. Sounds like a strange vegetable. Pachoris...

THE WHITE QUEEN: (*With her blue—green eyes glimmering, purring like a cat*) Mewww... mewww.... Mrrrrrrr.

The boat slides in toward Pachoris at dawn

BIANCA + SPIROS = TRUE (SH!)

I have found Bianca. I am sure of it now. I guess with *The Queendom of Plomari* all of us have left the dreary world, haven't we, hahahahahahaha! I won't keep you waiting, My Eternal Loves, let me tell you this now. Thus we slide the final wedding notes! Incoming letter from The White Queen. Received via full pinkslide encryption. Edit with your Heart. Read between the roses, see past the shadows of how we move. Marry yourself dear, so you are whole, and then marry us. Hear the violins and sitars playing on our souls wedding. The Rosalixion. The Chymical Wedding of the Seven Sisters. Since sound in this artistic inspiration they return, like a little snakes it means, that comes to read again through the wedding and naked chocolate psychosis there is rhythm and a halluhole and a finger where we are on the same High. It doesn't make sense our Love, and that is the foreplay of eternal Love and lovemaking! Hihih. I open the doors and windows at the centre of my chest and let the spirits fly in and out. And in comes the Light.

—Butterfly! shouts Spiros joyously at the sight of her.

—Hu? says Butterfly.

Going into a forest at Pink Gem Lagoon, sitting on different people, keep the flirt under the table, then all fingers with the audible lifese.

—Yes and puts in between Myhtilan and the brazen devices, in your book, is of the Longstreets, dozens of, say, nothing else fucking interesting at all after our reverie on the sevens seas. Home again.

—Yeah I got nice bumyums. And the century. A phone call?

—Yes.

Running away with another piece of 3D. Or PrismD, rather. Makes sense. But where we are deeply disturbed and composters Mushart, Bitehoopie, and that myserious Wolfgang Nude, and eh, a pianistersister named so flirtingry Spillrose Cowgang, large-scale cowordigator as he is, and I had happened even though first of Fjåpril, and raises a tunnel that for a while looked like the

vacuum cleaner opening of the Egyptian cave where Spillrose met Butt and Cecilia in the first time. He arrives, a man, points with a well-tuned taste of the surreal and speaks about the alchemical victory, has tasted of the others, is by the moment, is bluebody of Light like his sisters in twin flaming, and, for the sake of mercy at his billiance, we assume he is happy and in fact very happy and even totally in all ways satisfied and happy in absolute and total orgasmic bliss. Back in igniting the LoveBomb of Plomarry, they never returned, right? The Kings and Queens never come down from the mushroom trip, rather they melt together with Eternity and stay at Home here in the crystalline Light of the Prismic Heart of Plomari. From the body and within the bluelightbody altogether? Why won't Her black birds come from the middle of the synchronicity? That's a trip question. The Dr Cogan Livingstones sees the voices of our Queen. Spiros considers the radio come from the fabric? Please believe us, Spiros, we did try and we did, we did try, and we now see, we feel what you felt, and we laugh, and we love, and we see now, now we understand what You mean. From its head reverberates the Logos, for us O Great Horned Goddess of Bounty, great Goddess of Abundance! He successfully landing at the hyperspace vehicle, and as dark diving, or you said what? And here before. Our braided visage, worlds dancing intertwined. We are here to assist, to help out as we go through this cosmic flowering together. We share of all this, and give our version of it all, only to bring us all into higher consciousness. Forward arrow any~way, slightly miscalculated the key audience? Mr Boore's office. It, peeping in to say who cruises under any Queen to the letter she amd he amd in all genderlessness and trisexuality begins the alchemical spring! Williamo, it smells alchemical lab! Spankings all of modernity, like to the dome of the darkest lady on Leavingbye Road in her Queen's robe, gently in our disguise is often by hip and seems to keep breathing... You got a decision however, says Miss Casey to his brother I have had not silence— the voice speaking so that's a look at each other, is difficult for Sissy hands out of her a third hand hitherto unseen, and more, or removal moves, to play out of the universe inside of my clodes, and carried away around the

happy surprise! How does not yet audible, appear, unlocatable. The shadow, from X, and rerouted, in your friend. You were fireworks and look like a book. The Spacebrothers say we being initiated into the Plomarian Mysteries. A minute to eternity now. Our braided party in the Garden of Lust. A painting depicting a French daddy from bed and a sunwinker and a sunwanker in his zipperless pants. Young cock standing tall while butterfly flies by. Loosing our dark eternity on the same day soon is in my own lives like this, is heard from at once. Manifested is only say I'm a funny thing. Petals blow kind of light on the detail. Scam successful. Initiating first Spring, where we are the day but steadily. Slowly, but what can understand.

—The veil of that.

—Surrender to experimentally swallow trace the Strawberry Queendom of Plomari of a rosalexion, and whoops the dead you drink too much you that, says to understand why not. They rant off his sadness is gone. Rolls a joint of my book the Rosalix. We drunk of the slipperywine, slipprytongue sails to always slide as we wants to each other. We drunk on the Garden. The wine of honeytongue. Nectar.

—Ready? asks the Nile, a young Spiros thinks. For more often by the next step then?

—The story about?

Alice bows. She guards the world, reshaping the Egypto-Cretan corridor. It swims toward sexual fantasies, orgy and wine and grapes in the Palace. Spiros casts a manlions body, angel wings, then begins to find another song and celebrates. Victory is our bride. Why in haste he used to keep me out? Dark signals from his wife has befriended the deal there? She begins to that with the bed covered in time and we left when? My thoughts becoming a flock of white doves. We are home then, home in the Heart. Home in our Queendom of Plomari.

—I am asking you. We left the past. I adore Thee three of the Tree of Lief. Our approach is why is a paper from anybody. Lessons to the accusation of say we call me Sissy, Spiros and Butterfly? Eyeglance is included in the story?

For all of each other, not surprise us that we went to claim to

be Always. And all you voices in my head and chest.

Spiros orders a sunwinker in her handbag. Her handab, that is.

—The world stands still. There Isis touched by their rosalix event; the tale the same with which is not harm you are you be deemed guilty river to that the interaction of hyperspace because she giggles and as many arrives. Fortytwo feet arriving in fish. Her brother. Her hand in your vuu goo. Days beginnings burn deeply and thick paperback book pages blowing to the strophariad where the same way out, we being takes this impossible route but makes them back. O sweet little shiny lips, look at Eve's Garden, O sister mine you are all Time, and you are fine and you have the sweetest pussynectar!

—Tushawox a god, straight through, entering? Our certain kind of wedding greetings in books and that especially amazing of the Rosalixion. Inside the perfect sunrise. Say hi to remember; we had left via certain signs of the Strawberry Queendom. Remember Bianca? Under her wings she has a brother, I have told you now, please understand now. Without being a book. She is a good glimpse of the journey with a kiss. Life and eccentric nature now I am back and sneaks a snake moving, wondering why I ever left the Rosy Dawn, because yes the sister-serpents have a brother and they had to find each other. Sistersexjuice tastes the best after all, we didn't know we were sisters and brother until twentyfive years of marriage but wow, the taste of sistersexjuice we now know well and over and over again.

by the River, And you said
I'm falling falling for you, babe
Why are you taking so long, indeed,
Could you come in five?
Let your dreams run free

BOOK 5

BIANCA + SPIROS = TRUE (SH!)

HYMN TO SISSY COGAN

For I am the first and the last
I am the venerated and the despised
I am the prostitute and the saint
I am the wife and the virgin
I am the mother and the daughter
I am the arms of my mother
I am barren and my children are many
I am the married woman and the spinster
I am the woman who gives birth and she who never procreated
I am the consolation for the pain of birth
I am the wife and the husband
And it was my man who created me
I am the mother of my father
I am the sister of my husband
And he is my son
I am the voice appearing throughout the world
and the word appearing everywhere
Always respect me
For I am the scandalous and the magnificent one
I wanna live in a good world. I am the web of Life I hope you
understand. I am the web of life, I move through my perfection. I
am the web of life, I violate the universe. Although I have it all,
why would I need money, I am a dollfin in the sea of me. I
transform into anything I desire. I am the web of life, and I
surround me. I am embedded in my transforming perfection
I am all that has been, all there is, and all that shall be,
And my veil no mortal has hitherto raised,
And my name is Queen Sissy Cogan,
The Girl Hu Wanted To Play

PLOMARI, TIME UNKNOWN

My Queen is dead

All is lost without her

May God unite us in Plomari

Spiros held the dead body of Bianca.

—I have faith in you, my sister. I am yours. And now whatever this may mean I shall let you guide me. We'll keep our blood warm, as Mother prays. You may be gone from this world, but somewhere you are still. I will go search for you. Our love is strong, it has the power to transform. Let it happen. I live with the sadness in my heart. Yet it is not sadness that keeps me awake at night, it is love and longing. Give us chance. Give us hope. We refuse the inevitable with vigour, and aim to turn the stars. I pray for our aim. I shall fly into the future with you, Bianca. And I shall fly higher and higher in our mushroom until we find each other again.

Spiros rose from his kneeling position and gathered his few belongings from the shore; his hat, the statue of his family's divinity, and his sack. He considered his and his Queen's fate with the words of his thoughts tattering across the beach and the skyline.

—Fate fail us not. And bless us with strength to carry this heavy load, and to somehow. . .

He let his falcon eyes get the world, horizon to horizon, into sharp focus, considering vaguely the boat in the distance. His eyesight was one of his most advanced powers, and one he was famed for as the Greeks were famed for white marble, and recently the word had gone around that he could see through time. Rumours of witchcraft had spread. But before anyone had fixed to have him tried, war broke out. They fled, overseas, him and Christine.

The ones who are born, will never die.

Bianca said: The angels will call for you.

Spiros drew his knife from its sheath and slay the tall flowers beside him as trampled forth toward his Christine. She looked back at the sound of his feet with her big eyes, deathdeep of sadness, her white dress making her look like a ghost, standing there amongst the colours and scents of spring.

—Don't kill, dear, she said with a breaking voice as he arrives by her side.

—You are a Goddess, Christine, Spiros said. After all that has happened, and you tell me to not kill these greens.

—We need no more death, she uttered in fragile tone. No more useless killing. We can't let anger deceive us.

Spiros looked at himself in the mirror of his blade. Those eyes used to laugh. Brother used to say so, that my eyes were laughing.

He tried to rest his troubled soul.

—Christine, he said, breaking the silence she lived in and had lived in since the day it all had happened. Christine, how can your dress be so white and clean? I have always wondered that, but never asked.

She turned slowly toward him, her ghostlike appearance superb in its lights, and said, in almost questioning surprise:

—I walk carefully on the ground. Now come.

She lifted the white of her garment began to move slowly toward the boat down at the shoreline. Spiros marvelled at the sight of his Christine and then ran quickly after her, kicking the white sand as he did.

—Have you prayed? Spiros asked as he caught up with her. Today?

—I live praying. Now, do we have food enough?

—We have.

—Then let us leave. Let the ocean carry us gently...

Spiros said nothing. When he was sure his mother sat tight in the boat he pushed it out from the beach, wading through the clear crystal water, and, after taking a quick sip of the salty water by the dip of his hand, he jumped inside. The boat spun around a few times, and when pointing toward the mainland far away, Spiros put his one ore into the ocean.

—See how the earth and the ocean is still, Christine said, her lips moving as though she had to force them. Not a wave. Not a touch of breeze.

—Your voice, Spiros said with terror coming through his speech. It sounds like nature.

—Don't be fear, Christine said, hearing the fear in his voice. Don't let fear grow in you. Yes, nature must bloom in me now. I am merging with her. I have died before my time.

Spiros felt the same: strangely dead and more alive than ever. He looked at his Mother's eyes. Her pupils were portals, into another world. It was as though she looked out from another place. Some space, deeper than night's black sky: an intensity without end. Is that how my eyes look? Like animals' eyes almost.

Death will be my bride, Spiros thought and quickened his pace with the ore.

Sofia's mind and soul did not spin. They had leaped out of their vessels. She had never felt more alive, but alive as though in a dream, alive as in her dreams at night. She felt unreal, yet the intensity of all that had happened, made her certain that it was for real.

She felt like the first being, a being containing all women of the past, on a journey through some godly adventure, where here our only duty is to keep the life of her veins, alive and well. But why, after all that had happened? What could possibly be the point in staying alive? The life inside her could only answer by pointing at Spiros and at the miracle of existence.

She looked around at the vastness of the ocean and at sky's divine embrace, and at Spiros moving their little ship onward with ardent determination. How can this miracle stand? I shall become one with it.

—You must pray, Sofia, that we be saved from stormy waters. We shall have to drift in the night. We won't make it across before dusk.

—The stars can guide us.

—O. Yes. But still. Pray.

—I am a prayer, dear son.

—Fine. Then will you sing for me?

Sofia didn't answer, instead searched the boat from her sitting position and brought up a dry piece of bread from Spiros's bag. She knocked it against the edge of the boat and when a piece of it broke off, she handed it to Spiros who immediately put it to his mouth.

—I will sing.

And she began to chant, repeating over and over in a flowing melody:

*We've never loved before
Bless us on our path
We've never loved as deeply as you, O Goddess of Bounty
Bless us as we deepen
We've never loved before, never loved like you
Bless us as we begin to shine brighter
In our original glory
Guide us, O Goddess, we have learned to listen*

Her singing was accompanied by bird cries in the heights, like souls' cries. They made Spiros hear the sounds of the night of the invasion. Children screaming. Everyone screaming. Blank metal against metal and fires, big fires, not crackling but roaring. And brother's last glimpse. A glimpse that spoke. Flames of fire dancing in the mirror of his eyes.

Brother!

Spiros brought up the ore, bringing his hand to his chest.

—Brother! he screamed toward the sky.

In tears he collapsed in his Christine's lap, biting his knuckles, screaming and kicking, searching for her hand. Christine looked toward the sky where the words from Spiros's soul echoed like thunder, and she took his hand and squeezed it tightly against her chest.

She could not comfort him. It was not that simple. She just shared his pain, looking at the ocean and at her son trembling in her lap. Tears, tears that she felt every small movement of, ran down her cheeks.

Spiros curled up by Sofia's feet, rasping his nails against the bottom of the boat, holding in a scream. He drew his large decorated blade and looked at it. Pointing it against his heart he shut his eyes and thought of his wife. He felt the sharp steel pierce through the first layer of his skin, then burst out in raging tears and cut straps off his long hair before he thrust the sword out over the sea. Sofia understood him and thus did nothing. Spiros grabbed the ore and began working furiously with the dark water.

—Sing! he cried in bewilderment. Sofia! My dear Sofia. Sing!

Sofia began her melodious singing again, wining across the ocean.

Dizzy and crying, Spiros strove ahead. Memories tortured him, memories he had to see, that he had to face. Voices, of his beloved now dead, spoke like ghosts in his head; whistling musical madness. O Spiros, you treelike angel young man! Did you see the day fall? Yes, soon it's spring again. We'll be dancing on the tables! And Spiros dear, when are you getting married? Ay, why don't you marry death? Yes, why not? Yes, why don't you marry death? Spiros! Spiros! Spiros! Spiros! Spiros! Spiros! And you remember the future?

—No, I don't remember the future fully, but I have found Cecilia, says Spiros from the future.

Night broke over them. Silently they travelled on. Sofia's white dress gleamed in the darkness as she sat in prayer.

—What are you praying? Spiros asked.

—For miracles to happen, Sofia said.

—Cögan, said Spiros. Öga means Eye in Swedish. See the centre now. Experience the centre.

YOU OVERREACT

Think of it this way though. It's not the end, it's more like a new beginning. When you mummified Bianca, it was like a chrysalis for her to become one of the sisters. A metamorphosis.

But please, Spiros, you overreact!

Now, listen...

Krishna-Ra, that is Spiros Nakisen.
Spiros Nakisen, that is Krishna-Ra.

Deep bows. Palm up.

This Chapter too painful for me to write.
Kisses from Spiros.¹⁷

¹⁷ Song *Frozen (Sublimation Remix)* by Celldweller

UNTITLED

Remote island, T-Rex couldn't catch us. Let's go home. Dream notes. I feel healed. Many dreams about empowerment the past nights. One night I dreamed I was being harrassed and chased by the police to lock me up in a psychward. The police and psychward staff were harassing me and calling me sick and "little sick Spiros" and other names. The dream ended with a filmlike episode where a rat grew wings and flew off to catch the crow that was trying to catch him, with a voice saying: "Sometimes if you try to catch a rat, the rat will grow wings and try to catch you." Then I woke up, with the memory of the rat growing wings and flying away to catch the crow vivid in my mind. I felt empowered, I felt the spiritworld speaking to me and helping me to heal and dance on into the LoveLight.

—Let's start working together, Spiros says and hands to Sissy his latest note: *Opens mind. Sounds of circus music play.*

They kiss.

—Run away with me...

SymbioSISSYmbioSIS

Okay so we are growing new *Psilocybe cubensis* and we have Ayahuasca to cook. Using the Mimosa hostillis and Peganum harmala recipy now for the ayahuasca. (So, what shall we name the kettle of Elin?) O and, Alice just lost her anal virginity a few days ago, she loves it! She loves my big ox penis up that tight little asshole of hers. We use a slippery lubricant of course.

Also, I slipped on something and fell on the floor and hurt myself a bit yesterday. I thought to myself what the fuck life is a bitch sometimes. I thought give me a break, at least once, you piece of moldy piece of shit called Life. But then I found out I had slipped on some of the anal lubricant that was spilled on the bedroom floor. That made up for the accident, it made me smile, made me laugh again, you know, made my heart glow like

embers, life is a comedy as well, hahaha. And a romance. Twisty stuff, Life. Life just refuses to let us give up. It always throws in the final punchline.

Yes and, today we smoke some weed and drink some beer and relax. Life is relaxation. We call ourselves hamsters, we live in bed, lying like hamsters curled up under the fluffy bed cover, naked together and warm. We live like this, like cute happy hamsters. Actually we call ourselves cramsters, which is like hamsters but with the Swedish word kram, which means hug. Cramsters. But really the real meaning is Crazy Hamsters, Cramsters. We are The Cramsters.

—I wanna drink your cum, says Alice and looks at Spiros with her girly eyes. From Butterfly's bum. Cum in Butterfly's bum, baby. Then, she can let it drip out of her ass, into my mouth. Spiros, come here. I wanna drink your cum. Fuck me, baby. Butterfly, come here. Where's Sissy?

There is a place that laughs in joy and bathes in love magically. Never stop dreaming about it. Hey, it's right here you are here here here and it's always laughing! It is here. You are this dancing Universe! Dreaming it when I dream about it, at least with it then. I'm with it when I touch the rain. I feel it when I love with it, I experience it when I... Why can I not stay with it? Is it destined that I shall travel to what is already alive and present always? Why do I keep thinking of it anyway? It is here! The jungle, the forest, Nectar Herself, the Earth as Eden, Plomari, always here! I know it and yet why can I not make it my home? I can! I shall! I shall move here, live here, build my Palace here. A whole world like a Faberge egg. I shall live here as this. And laugh with the laughing cosmos. What poet said that life sucks? Must have been someone. I've heard it so many times. Does life suck? I may be crap but life surely isn't. And these clothes! I gotta get out of these damn clothes. They're killing me. Damn clothes. I wanna wear something loose. This tight crap, this sucks! Well of course life is crap if you wear uncomfortable clothes and go around looking at advertisement all the time. Modern shit. A flute is what I want. A flute and a cold juicy watermelon to bite my teeth in. That's what I

want. Fuck it, I'm gonna roll naked on the lawn. Crawl around like a cat.

I'll rip the bed sheet off the bed and wear that round my waist. A white bed sheet round my waist is all I will ever wear from now and on!

We should be eating flowers for Christ's sake. How could you think life is crap if you eat a beautiful fresh flower for breakfast, followed by watermelon. Fuck! And then lick your little pussy... your pink little pussy without a hair to hide it. Lick that tight little asshole of yours.

I'm outa here. Fucking bullshit. Fucking civilisation. Reality!? That's not reality, that is a field of broken dreams. That's fucking all it is, the human world, a field of broken dreams, and they try to say that their broken dreams is what our reality is! What a bunch of monkeys. Shine on you crazy diamond! I won't let the human world overshadow me and my Queendom of Plomari!

To live in an atmosphere of almost too much joy, that's the new thing.

—I am amongst thy trees, says Spiros and wraps the white bed sheet round his waist. And your water. Haha, I'm in our Pussy Garden! Plomari here I come! When you see what I see, then watch it change before your eyes, forever dancing, and just let it be the way it wants to be.¹⁸

Sissy Cogan walks down the path. Consciousness. A flute sounds in the distance. There's nothing here to put my finger on, but I don't mind. She gets excited.

—Cum'n!

She feels the air and sprawling soul with her fingers and listens in anticipation at what is happening.

—It's a ripe occasion to provoke it I think, she whispers to the Pussy Garden.

This is the last voyage. Escape I shall from the castle. Escape into summer. Hide in summer's enormity. No. No need to hide there. Once out of the kingdom I need not hide.

She sings:

¹⁸ Song *Endless Dream* by Conjure One.

I am waiting for my end, to wash who I am

I have been seen. It's rising, calling out my name. I have fallen. The fruit has opened my eyes. Drink from juicy lips, delicious in a kiss, allow yourself! It's time I do this fully, without no fears nor regrets. Time to flower, to blossom. My time has come. And here, a juicy fruit and a flower. Coincidence. Budding momentum...

Earth is paradise. Know this and this is all you need to know. Maybe it's time to wake up once and for all.

Laughter can change things, she thinks and laughs. Laughter and love. Reminds me: what we call normal consciousness is in fact a sort of sleep from which we awaken when we enter heightened states, like when eating of the psilocybin mushroom or drinking of the Ayahuasca.

The world transforms.

—The world has been replaced!

Communicating with Wintjateddybearatrice, Cecilia dreams. Can love become consciousness? Can consciousness be love? Hmm. Of course it can, Love can do anything it wants. Like the pink pearl of Plomari, I will never forget it. The one and only eye that I see through. Either you're a shaman or you're some kind of citizen, as Terence McKenna says. It's a scam! Society, whatever. It's a scam! I keep forgetting. And the roses. Why rose!? O rose... I see so much, I feel so much, when I am with you here.

*

Wellanwords of the unconscious, difficult to spell. And this book: a walk, home. And it's a mirror.

Spiros closes the book.

We were in love! Butterfly, Cecilia, our secret is safe. We, the feathered sisterbrother serpents.

A journey home; from paradise to paradise. A thousand years journey back to where I began. Mmm. I cannot believe this. Home is where the heart is? Don't search; find. The journey of a lifetime?

No! The truth is alive. Yes! That's it. Now I know. Now I'm here, back home. I will fly with these words, then I'll jump off into the wilderness.

He packs his bags and leaves. Down the stairs. The silvery stone of the stairway glimmers like gold in the sun.

On my way down from the clouds, down a starway. Where have I been?

The warm dusty path reminds him of his childhood. Haven't felt this for years. Must tell Sissy: Extracentury perception. What's in my head!? Ha! Funny words.

He stops.

I have been here before. Feels like my home.

With an unfamiliar energy sweeping through his world he walks happy down the pathway. Feeling like a timeless being of some sort, he quickly considers his situation and decides to sit down on an old stone wall and write. He writes sporadically, dancing with his thoughts:

It was years ago now, since I left the sacred garden, my home. The Sacred Garden of Eternity. Plomari. Maybe I was wrong though. Maybe it's more of a dance than a place, this dance. We, serpents, slithering together in the wine of Soul.

He bends down and touches the Earth.. High, Earth. It's me. Spiros.

And still I travel, from paradise to somewhere boring and back again and back again. Perhaps paradise is a dance? Yes, must be a dance. Yes it's a dance, Spiros! We are The Dancing Weavers! And Plomari is made of the stuff love is made of. That's what the poets say. They must say it for a reason. Ha! It's a dance, that's what it is. A dance and a love scene. One last cry before entering paradise. Thank you for this, my Love, I am in a dream! Halfly fully awake. Ha! Thank you for having cradled me like my Mother's arms, all the way home to my home in Eternity.

He feels the warm rocks with the palm of his hand and looks around the groove. The world is making love.

Caught in one perspective winter made me blind. I hardly remember how summer looks. Winter, I am leaving now. There, amongst the trees, green grass, that vibrant shade of green.

They almost got me. They almost killed my soul. But I'm out. I have left the dreary kingdom.

But I can hardly see the Earth no more! My eyes have been destroyed by my time spent inside the human world. I left paradise for I had no money, and went into history, into the flat dull plains of the human world. I am on a journey now, to find back home. I shall find the summergarden again. I shall find back to my Plomari! My Pussy Garden where me and Nectar Herself live.

We lived in paradise, outside the world. We were in the happy cosmos, on warm and happy Earth. Then we were thrown, thrown into the modern world. For years I have been there now, trapped. I'm trapped, in a cell. But it seems the story is now dissolving into Spring, into the summerdayworld which right now is shining and moving and dancing. Tired I am, exhausted, for I managed to cast myself into something unfathomably deep, and I'm now coming out of that, landing here on Earth. It seems it was a cleansing~process, a round~tour sightseeing into the human world, but more importantly into beyond~the~imagination, into things I have no words for. I cast myself out of the world and I found Life. And I began to dream about the alchymical cosmos, and then I found it. And then I fell out of it! Or was torn out of it, rather. But I feel it coming back. I'm dying, being born. The blooming is happening. The thousand butterflies, the ones that are of light and reflection, are ricocheting across the All. They twinkle from the lenses of my eyes. I let them out. I will never forget the Pink Pearl of Plomari. And now I have the Syburk, the sewing jar, the clear glass box.

I can show it to myself! I can show it to myself!

Sissy! I can show it to myself now!

So what more is there to say. The summerday is now, here. Instead of writing poetry I shall make my life poetry. Let us be living poets, our entire being the dance that we dance with and the dancer within. If I write a last chapter it shall be a rhythm ending by dissolving into the now~world of summer, spring, autumn and winter, of existence itself, that which people journey their whole life to find, when it's simple and already here! I must

tell them of what I have found. I must tell my stranger friends about my psilocybin mushroom. I must! I'll write them a loveletter. Bianca will deliver it, dovelove mail!

I have come to something new in my journey, entering the present now. It is as though I am vibrating, like the string of a guitar, and now I am entering rest. As though at some point I was plucked, and my natural state of rest was disturbed, and it set me on a journey, I don't know how long, until I now cease to vibrate and come back to my natural state. But yes also, maybe it's fair to say I am an instrument, the violin string of my Soul was plucked and whoopsywhoopsy here we go, hahaha!

Setting his soul Spiros relaxes and laughs.

And that something. That something I cannot touch but in fleeting moments. O yes, why express?! I shall become its good friend.

Now I am, already. Now I am new! Outside of language. Dear, what have you been up to lately? Long time no see.

—O it was myself I talked to all that time, Spiros says to himself, smiling. Or was it really?

*

Spiros studies his moving shape in the mirror in the hallway and then the fling insects beside it. His gaze gets stuck on a poster and he reads it: The Big Day Out Final will take place on Thursday night. Not to be missed. If you miss it, don't worry, it will be next Thursday too. Greetings from The Happy Crew from Kathmandu.

He walks up to the bar and sees his eyes get the old wood into focus.

I can feel it coming into the air tonight

And I've been waiting for this moment all my life

It's all been a pack of lies

- From song "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins

He hands the In Home magazine to the bar boy.

—I haven't heard this song in years, he says and smiles.

—Good, eh?

A smile meets him.

—Yeah, brings up good feelings. Hey, I think I want a beer. Yes. One beer, please. You want one too?

—O yeah? Thanks. Sure. So where is your friend?

—I don't know. Big Day Out? You know? Any good?

—It will be awesome. Vast Exit Chant will be there.

—Aha. Never heard of them. Sounds great though, I'll be coming.

Spiros takes his beer and hankers out to look at the lake. The untended parts of the garden reminds him of his days on Crete a few years earlier, where he lived in an old stone house, almost a ruin, cooking over open fire and sleeping under the stars. Emotions of longing filled him, and he wondered where it had all gone, those happy days.

Strange things do happen, Spiros was used to it. And here it was again. A piece of paper came brushing against the ground in the breeze, demanding his attention. He picked it up, and as he read the note something clicked inside him.

—The world is love?!

He flung up from the bench and ran out into the forest passage. The sun was an orange yellow glow, close to the lake, and the sky a spectacle of colours and shades and made him feel close to the heart of the chryssanthial cosmos.

—The world is love! he shouted.

He looked around dizzy of excitement and with tears of joy bursting forth from inside him he laughed and cried and flimmered as he ran down to the lake shouting the best he could with his breaking voice as to tell the animals and trees and rocks

that THE WORLD IS LOVE, THE WORLD IS LOVE, THE
WORLD IS LOVE!

BOOK 6
THE PLANNING OF THE CRIME

ALL MY STUPID IDEAS - ALL YOUR BRINGING ME DOWN

*“All my useless advice
All my hangin’ around
All your cutting down the size
All my bringing you down*

*All your stupid ideas
You’ve got your head in the clouds
You should see how it feels
With your feet on the ground”*

- *Depeche Mode* in their song *Useless*

—Well it looked like the paw of an animal, but it was a budding flower, furry like a young deer’s foot, he says and lets his mind slip into fantasies of the *Enema*. Plants are animals, animals are plants.

Touching the bushes she catches the thought:

—We should stop picking flowers. They’re in the garden anyway, why pick them? We should let them be. We’re in Eden, you know, let’s let the Garden live as it wishes.

Spiros looks at her and thinks: *Enema*. He giggles inside.

—This is how life is, Spiros says with low voice and attends the water on the roses, like these drops of water. Like the world after a rain. Yes. Yes. Why pick them when they are already in the garden?

—Yes. Like the taste of wild water, Sissy said, summoning in the splendour of the rose. Is how the world is.

She bends forward and looks into the mirroring drops of water. Sticking out her tongue she lets a drop onto its tip. A peculiar silence comes over the garden.

—The world has been replaced. We're in Eternity. Hear how quiet it is...

The world has been replaced

They go to their room and light a candle. Spiros studies the clouds flowing in through the open window. Sissy lets her dress fall to the ground and opens her arms for Spiros to come. He lays his hands warm against her cold skin and she feels his heart bounce at her nude presence.

—Your hair, dear, it's like wood almost, elm. You remember when you had a flower tied in your hair? When you dropped it amongst the others? When we were standing naked on the mossy Earth, our bellies so smooth to touch. We're like them. We're like the plants. We are like sexy cute little fruits. We're like fresh strawberries! Where are we heading, sis?

—I don't know. But there's no return. We have departed from the ordinary. We will become shamans.

Both now naked they lay down on the bed.

—Don't worry.

Sissy suddenly hits a frequency of The Family. She crawls over the huge bed and says and writes down:

—Let us make it clear that the muse refuses to give any information about what this thing actually is or does.

—Great, Spiros says and crawls up behind her, cups his hands under her breasts and gives her a kiss.

A sudden blast of music from downstairs breaks through the silent space making them both jump.

—Did you feel how everything changed suddenly?

—The cosmos flows on...

They sing with the lyrics, concluding that the song is an affirmation— they are heading in the right direction: a little bit craziness.

—Cum'n', let's work. Let's use this mad energy.

Sissy opens a bottle of wine and Spiros gets ready with a notepad.

—Well, Sissy begins, stroking her fingers over Spiros chest. Back to the why of it. Why is sensuality connected to all this? Just

take this: naked, truth, love, erotic, heart, soulful.

—So if we take it from neither day or night, or both, what we have is a love-scene. On the one side of it all we have orgy and sexual madness, I'll say in want of a better way to put it, a sort of Bachonian side of soul's erotic aspect that would make old grandma drop her teeth. Then we have dream, we have art, and we have so-called reality, whatever that means. I've never seen it anyway.

Sissy takes notes and lets the images that pop up in her mind speak their meaning. Spiros continues:

—So if I'd say something at the moment I'd probably say that they're still making love. The lovers are back, and, to be honest, they seem to fall in love with mostly everything. They know that joy and celebration is sacred, and feel comfortable with the irrationality of existence.

—It's an aspect of the universe, woven into all kinds of fabrics like the human world, the mind, art, and our actions. This is poetry not science. What would you say?

—O shit, we're supposed to call Baby Yates Langiner today!

*

—They marry and live happily ever after, Spiros tells the Editor. It's an allegory. About a couple who find peace. It's the kind of stuff that happens in fairytales. They are alive according to the legend, living in perfect harmony and health, in a permanently blissful marriage. It's an allegory, see? It may be myth but who can know ey! Myths blend into reality seamlessly sometimes. Can we get it into the paper in some way? What do you say?

—I like the idea, sir, says the Editor. Send me something I can look at.

—I will, I will. By the by, I'm getting married myself. I am so lucky. She is such a special person, my wife to be. She's an artist. She has established contact with the vocal muse of old times. You

know what I'm talking about? She can speak fluently of things difficult to even cognise. She's a swan. From a duckling to a swan, you know the parable? You should hear her. She doesn't have the difficulties that I have, to speak of things slippery. She bubbles I tell you, can speak about anything. She's a fountain of Plomari. Truly.

—Why don't you ask her if she has something we can put in the next issue? That would be lovely. Send something over. She's good with words you say? Maybe she has what it takes. Tell her to send something over for me. An article perhaps.

—I will, sir. She'll lick a stamp for you, sir. She just finished an article called *Best In Bedspreads Across The Whirld*. Printed works of all kinds, themes, and things like this. The theme of dream is a frequent topic when it comes to bedcovers, which very much interested my wife.

—Interesting indeed, the Editor says. Please, send a copy if your wife agrees.

—I will. Bye now.

—Till next time, sir. Bye.

*

Yuhinas, Sibias, Fulvetas and Laughing Thrushes sound and play around in the birdpool. Having decided casual elegance as the days theme a tease party is thrown in the wild, nesh, untended part of the garden surrounding Home Sweet Home.

—Ambassador, tell me your latest news.

—Pling plong. Anyone there? It was a moony day and a shining crystalline light, in want of better phrasing, overtook his gaze. And guess where the rabbit put the key?

—In his inner pocket?

—In his inner socket. Twitch!

—So what happened?

—The door sprung open.

—Yes?

—Yes. All of it. A lovely scene, indeed.

The ambassador brings up a dictionary:

—A breeze quickly sprang up. To become warped. To issue with speed and force or as a stream. To grow as a plant. To issue by birth or descent. To come into being. To make a leap or series of leaps. To leap or jump up suddenly. To stretch out in height. To undergo the opening of. To cause to operate suddenly. To apply or insert by bending. To release or cause to be released from confinement or custody. Spring yes. Arisen. It rose. Spring arose. And look at the synonyms. Stem implies originating by dividing or branching off from something as an outgrowth or subordinate development. Stems from what? As you know we can go on forever. So, my dear strange friend. All well with the work, alchemystre? What are we now?

—White are we now? Silver going gold rainbow going white. In some order or other. White is not a color, you know. It might be something white just next to a patch of red, but white is still not a color.

—That flower looks like a sun, Mr Baby Yates Langiner says and points at the flower.

Mr Baby Yates Langiner sits down and plays with new ideas for the weeks issue of Strawberry Magazine:

—Victorious plum. Think plums of guarana from Rocé, a slide to the left in a right turn, a 5 that becomes an L of Love in an egyptain straight-walk. One feet forward, one feet forward, one feet forward. Reflections on a theme, summer palace mirrors. Wild nature insulting human feelings of excellence.

He brings a yellow apple to his mouth:

—I'm a real apple kind of creature. Small yellow apples is my favourite. But I'm going from romance today.

Mr Baby Yates pours some Rosè.

—Cushions in the forest, you set the prices. I'm feeling rather in love. Superb soap holders in a finish to match your scheme.

—The smell of penis, says Spiros. The penis of the Rainforest. Waking up at dawn to the smell of penis and pussy. Dirty, in need of a rainshower. You're home.

—No service? Mother of pearl.

He hands Spiros the upcoming issue. Spiros reads aloud:

—When this architect set about creating his dream family home, he had two aims: to melt it into the Earth landscape, and to make it a whole lot of fun— for small children and big kids alike. Don't close too much; keep the doors, gates, windows, and spaces open.

—It takes a leap of faith to spend to your last penny. But we're succeeding. A few more wins and we're bubbling. To the details: Vintage was scary at first. Jade and emerald, forest photolith: it's easy being green.

—Going to Crete? The Sapphic Hydrolith.

—The Gods are back? says Spiros suddenly furious with anger. We're back? We are eternal and always here you little piece of unfossilised monkey-human. You know, bitemarks in food doesn't make it to the fossil record. Yes, I am back on Crete now. Back on Lesbos. Back home. Back in the rainforest. And I'll never talk to a human being ever again.

BRAZEN BEDS—NOW YOU CAN COMBINE DREAM WITH REALITY

Hello hello mushi mushi, gotta call you right now! I'm in love with you!

Mr Spiros Chameleon Domino Cogan sits in an armchair embraced in the yellow glow of a gas-lamp, enjoying wine in warm silence, sifting through a magazine, scribbling notes for future use, occasionally mumbling and giggling.

We not only shape its parts. We shape its character. The elegance of crystal. The brilliance of gold. The magic of Plomari.

Introducing a new collection of coordinated fabrics and covers that invite you to use your imagination, he mumbles.

—To excite your imagination, my undercover lovers. A LoveLight as that of psilocybin like this does more than enhance an environment. It creates one, and transforms ordinary space into an atmosphere.

He continues:

Smart detective work plus an old inventory led us to paint this

bedroom at the Homewood Palace a bright pink. It comes as welcome relief to find the vibrant colours our ancestors really chose for their rooms.

A visit now. Radical change is fast occurring.

Travel: Back To The Future. A love affair with the past turns one young artist's palace into an everchanging home.

Yes that there, new language of us the Omphalos.

—Alice did you get that? From Yates.

—Got it!

If synchronicity surprises you, then you should check out the latest up at Home Sweet Home.

Mr Chameleon takes notes:

Everything I do is basically the same. It may not look that way, because I'm constantly changing things— putting on slipcovers in summer, trying new candles on the table, new fragrances spice the air. But it all comes down to a lot of patterns and a lot of psilocybin mushrooms and also somewhat of a bit of Ayahuasca.

—I found something for the gazette, shouts Mr Chameleon.

He reads on:

No, but it's ok. Improving the vision you have of your house, slash it to a Palace:

Here's an experiment to try at home some time after dark: Explore your house by candlelight on a dry multigram psilocybin mushroom trip. Your senses may be altered so that you see things differently, and this exercise may give you fresh insights or reinforce what you know and are sensitive to in your home. Like decorating.

Ha! Whose that in the small text? Hihihhi not me. Welcome to the smallprint groovetrain.

Product information: Love seat, Sicilian Curls Co. Armoire, Bachrund Rainforest Arts. Menlike Jaguars and the House of Cecilia Cogan. Cock tail bed, Fane Peacock Co. Horsetail buttplug, Strawberry Tush. Telescope, Pink Shell Co.[Smallprint: Your

beautiful eyes Sissy they are so far away and no Alice isn't Sissy she just looks like Sissy but it's okay Sissy and me could never dream up such a miracle and by the way...]. Wicker chase for the pillowfight at dawn and side chairs, The Lena Smooth Co. Covering, Fabriyush. Candle holders, Vuman. Fabric, Waverly. Wicker bed, duvet cover, Bedsaid. Framed prints, Happy Snabeldrake. Daybed, Smooth Lena [One of Spiros wives]. Whirligig by Dreamsweet. Flower charts, the White Is Not A Color series, Seagull & Wheathair. Spice box, SweetGrass. Bent~willow rocker, The Bent Tree Miniatures. (Evergreen Antiques needs something more trippy call Där Med Basta.)

—I've fucking had it, whispers Spiros to Butterfly and Cecilia. My tribal ass has fucking had it.

The Fall edition of In Home from Mirror: All the elements you need to create a personal style for your Earthhome Wonderland. Everything from sophisticated design to practical and high-tech appliances, and tribal penis case, snorting gear for Rapé (the south american tabac and herbs to shot up the nose for cleansing). Not to mention unique handcrafted accents. Get yours now and receive the Fall For You, Strawberry Web delivered by Spider, literally a few pages of perfectly proportioned full-figured fashion from C'est Simone, SSG for Sissy Lover, Outlander + Mirror, framed, gathered and twisted rosette.

Incoming signal.

Get carried away with...what? Licking your? Spiros does get her pussy licked sometimes, O no Ayahuasca can't do it O no Ayahuasca can't do it! Yes on a 5 gracefully 6 gram mushroom trip Sissy licked his pussy, he suddenly had a pussy and he orgasmed instantly as Sissy licked it! It was one of the best moments of his life that of course will not be attempted at explanations.

There is disturbance in the transmission.

Who says the shortest distance between two points has to be a straight line? Install your own spiral stairs! Rainessence wildgarden revival. A garden of ageless delights.

Alice enters the room and drops a green gem into the glass of wine on the table.

—Stop this at 11:22, your watch. What's the ti...

Silence.

—11:11, says Mr Chameleon.

Alice jumps online. Eleven minutes go by. Mr Chameleon stops the gem.

—The Symbolic Stream Generator, or SSG, is a software productivity aid by Unisys for their mainframe computers of the former UNIVAC 1100 2200 series.

—Incoming! Mr Chameleon shouts, rising in great haste from the chair.

—From who!?

I'LL MAKE YOUR VISION SING

AT the dawn of the Queendom of Plomari, it had the potential to change humanity. We called it botanical logic. Enough with raining blood, said Cecilia Cogan. Cecilia was tired of death and blood and illness and sadness. War prevailed in the surrounding countries. Cogan decided to make the most awesome brew the world has ever seen. And she made it. And she drank of it. And she vanished.

*We call her The Wild Rose
but her name is Sissy Cogan*

It took us ages to figure who made that fateful brew. After we all tasted of it we were slung out into ages of time, separated in the Story of Time.

It's time to go! Borderwords, perfect. Yes and down in the wine cellar. Glandular fabricats. He just kept talking in one incredibly long sentence moving from topic to topic yes just like bordermusic. This is my Mothertongue and this is how the Cogans keep finding each other, with hints and vixen glimpses and misses in print, as James Joyce said. Times when I'm an angry angel I sense myself to be a stronghold for peace, yet should peace need an angry angel? Why am I angry? Has my soul been through so much? What's going on anyway? Not that I care anymore, I'm with you now, at last.

Come for me amour...

This shall be the last I write. I shall vanish into the ages. Spiros is my name and my eyes are those of a hawk's and an angel's. Christine, you remember what you said that time in the boat? I have learned at last. Took me some thousands of years.

How are you by the way? I hope you are well. I know we said we would part a while and not talk about this but you know the Earth. I stopped ageing, dear, and I did it young. You know how a

young heart can be. Wild and taking everything in. Patience is a virtue, well as Cogan said when she made that brew, enough with raining blood. The brew is awesome have you tasted yet? We now have the recipe, as you know.

I hope the wind brings you these notes. I'm in Homebed X at the moment contacting the peeps and, me and the Griffins are in year 5 or so of our wedding procedure. You remember the day the Golkans came? I know you weren't here, but. Anyway I got a lot of notes from peeps on different walks, a woman named Eve was here with her man too. All those notes were tidied away. I know we must be quite about this but those notes can be good to sling around. And what of the brew? Is it not time to make more of it? Or is the fate of the brew to be hidden? I'm not sure any more, but as you know I have decided to stay and not leave. I'm staying this time, now that I at last have found Cogan again. We don't know what we'll do but we'll figure something out.

Of course Cogan is away at the moment of this time. She is by the river.

*The roses, all bloody and wild
If I show you the roses will you follow?*

So was said and Cogan vanished. The deeper levels of the loeveltters. Wheat, hair of you, my dear Earth. When Cogan drank of the brew its ingredients were scattered like pollen in the wind. Her taste was sent into wines and its colour melted into roses. Her scent blew out into ages of time and its consistence flowed out into the rivers. The words that Cogan had used to describe the recipy were slung out into songs. Cogan decided to make the most awesome brew the world had ever seen and Cogan did it.

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Chryssostomos and the red thead. Spiros continues and Mr Baby

Yates Langiner takes notes.

—As always, I have, momentarily only, of course, lost track of the thread of this story, so we might as well just go on from here. The thread is often rose~coloured and happy, dancing and often very sexy, showing itself a bit slowly, lifting her skirt and bending over by the table. It's very seductive, the rosy dawn of this story. This is not a coincidence. Time goes by so slowly for those who wait. No time to hesitate.

Cogan darling, one more time now. Words that can mean anything, come for me. I call for you angels, help me. I have placed that feather on the wall, is it a good place for it to be? It's the feather I bumped into. It's hour came upon me and I picked it up and placed it there. Yes, it's a letter to you. I am learning your language. Have you not bid me to speak in your ways? You make me smile with your difficult pathrays. Only a madmind can understand you, and luckily so. Your thousand eyes can cooperate in many ways, I know. And my two can be part of it. Shall I tell the world what I have found? Shall I be silent? I have heard your voice and I know it is much louder than the machine of civilisation. Let me be your voice too, I can speak English. I can speak with these words, I can write with these hands. That is why you came to me is it not? Yes, with Gaia I shall be, part of the great team. The time is right, I feel it. The time is ripe to provoke it, as Sissy said.

Well, no one has ever met me yet, says Spiros. It's the risk that I'm taking, my life as I living it. And I have a hundred thousand dollars hidden.

Then he'll be a true love of mine. Drunk as always on Love and all my favourite wines, will anyone ever even read these words? Fuck it if I care, as dissappointed I am on the human world. Don't count me in and never talk to me ever again. Anyway I am in the cave, you know the cave I came to after my 25 year journey from the shore when I fell through the mouth of my sarchaphagus. My name is Ban Jancri or Bianca Ja, or Gan, the Snowman, my name is Spiros. I'll find you an acre of land arlight. Give me some time, I am busy licking Alice's asshole. We're tricking back the Earth. Count me in. What was that word you said? Strawberry? It was

repeated over and over and over in a dream and it wasn't fussy. Can't remember what it meant but I know what it means. Strawberry. Mushroom. If someone has ever seen and experienced what I have seen experienced then listen to the sound "High, how are you" sounding a bit here and there. Apart from those hi hi hi high there, say high, I am Spiros. How long will this moment wait? I am eating to understand? Before this moment says Goodbye? Hahaha. Well, being the mushroom itself I thought it would be better if I look like a boy with a cock.

I'll spell it out for meshelf. Darlings, I can show it to myself now I just don't know how to show it to you. Shit. My whiteshawl too, the one I promised to never use until we were on the acres again. Makes me smile. Walking around here looking for you, Sissy. Yeah. I'm beardy and my hair is long. I'm rather thin, you know me, I only eat strawberries and stone. Wink wink blink blink. Yeah and I saw this sunny day now with us meeting by a river. Is that you Sissy? Cogan! Is that you!?

The river, remember. The funnel and the river. I'm trying to find that creek. This will all work out fine, don't worry. I know you don't worry. Dreamtelepathy yes and the language of the birds. Sweet songs it came to the brew. Have you heard your name in that wild song? We call her The Wild Rose but her name is Sissy Cogan. Well I'm on duty in the Palace at the moment, top tower room. What are you up to?

I found part of the recipe: Free forns flowers fringes undt swing between heaven and hell fleur a song from the sky by a rose in a clif. When all this dross been turned to Grace. I'm trying to remember the rest of that. Well angels come with notes now and then. Like Alice's red yarn of hair. My Greta Garn. Yar, Garn. Gan, see? Greta Cogan. No wonder they thought I was in a delirium when I told them, ey. Hahaha! They can't understand the slimeride. Luckily so perhelps. Swing that and dig it. And I thought I could fool the brew! Hahaha! Like fooling the bridge and the wing. Can't fool the wing. Brought to you by Cogan express, ey, loved one! You damned did it allright I'll laugh til I do. I've never laughed so much my whole Life. Swoosh me another one please and God help me when I find that flower that

Golgan put in the middle of the room when you kissed me. Hehehe you had to do that, yes? Digitally flowers. Hightech house flies and bees. Well nuke my ass, darling. Let's go! I'm out of here. I am rather sceptic about it myself, hahaha! Give me that sceptic look, baby.

—Well proclaim it, then. Provoke the goddamn world until we all see. In this shimmering Plomari, who would dare touch this gem?

—Sing it. Do it. Don't hesitate to phone me or contact me in any way you can figure. Three parts for another at the peach, light blue, light green, and white interlacing Love Prism of sweet Plomari. Our Prismic Heart, the shimmering gem of Plomari. And enter into dream. Yeah I could have had another slice of that right away but obviously I must wait for exactly this amount of time. I know I know, it's how it works. Makes me wonder still, though. When I saw the rose of Plomari the first times, internet was not so big yet. Now we can shimmer together more easily. Like the river I saw you in a few months ago. By rather. By the river is my riverblossom beast. Sweet sweet you, I'm glad to know you know I write you loveletters inbetween the work to get us to that river. Well you're already there, aren't you? Hmm, can't figure that out. Golgan? But, here's the big one. Hu's heart is this Prismic Heart? It's mine! It's yours! This interlacing prism, it's your heart! It's my heart! It's our heart! Our Prismic Heart! O my fucking Goddess, it's my heart!

Hu, out all all, why of course it's your heart and my heart and our heart! Hahaha! Could we have ever known? It's our heart!

Well Griffin didn't reply but the moon came golden into my head. Whatever it is that moon. I wanna lick it. I saw Bianca sit on the moon today.

Balancing on the widest landscape. Would you say it's a thrice blessed sacramental tea that should be stepped over to introduce a wider element of consideration in a moment of peachy lovelight galapping toward you as a treasure thrown in a Love Sea slowly as to not be mistaken to be something else? Yes yes I say so, stepped over, carefully there, My Love, yes yes this I say. Could be, hihhi. Is, I say. Ask Griffin and Golgan if you see him. Lucas

Griffin, our thunder bird. Quickest bird ever. And Vivi, the little quick bird hu's in love with you. She pulls the quickest jokes ever.

—Yes, I am God, says Vivi, but I can also look like this.

A quick bird flies by.

—Or like this, says Vivi and another bird looking exactly the same flies by.

Quickest jokes ever, my little Vivi.

—Spiros had some extra time over so he wrote a book, says Vivi.

I don't think they know where I am at the moment, the Gulgans. I haven't seen Griffin around for ages, in person I mean. Last time I saw him he gave me the orders and then he left. Heh, sweet Griffin, I miss you.

Yes stop writing damned loveletters and get to the damned river! Damned? A damn? I don't remember any damn damn. The river flowed with the sound of a porling river it wasn't damned damned. Don't tell me they have damned it.

Well I'm freaking out as usual. Would you say it's a mistake to count a forgotten word for more than a moment of remembrance?

Flow like a river to me. Don't worry, I promise to ease your mind. Relax. I know you are exhausted. Relax, you are home now.

Or do you have the recipe neatly in your head, huh darling? I remember last time we saw each other. It was from a distance but I could see it wash you of course. I'm trying to remember the date. Well, are we in the same universe at the moment? What's the year? I have heard from certain sources that the year is 2006 where I am. I don't believe them, but whatever. Anyways there's a lot of good music here that contains the recipe and I get a lot slinged from unknown sources. Wet music and hot music and all kinds of tunes that speak words of the brew and of you! What's the most lovely letter? I like them all. It's the mix of them that makes them beautiful, and of course why do I care I'm writing to come to you.

But you know me darling, I'm an idiot. You know I am, have always been. Mmm I just tasted a taste of the brew. What did you put in there!? I always ask that question. What in freaks name did you put in there?

Roses. Gold. Silver. Water.

Four components out of what? How many ingredients? 2o12? Can't be 2o12. Two hark tolf eifer kate? No what was it? Six dark tolv elfin shake? Wasn't that either! Can't be! Must be!

Well what of the illusions in window? Illusin is probably a stupid word. Probably issulins is a stupid heard. Shake me wake me bake me sweet sweet harmony. I'll help you and you'll help me. What can I do for you? Ever? Can I ever do anything at all that is not musical in performance? Can I ever hear a word without it being part of a great song? Can I do something for you, my Angel? Anything at all? Can I ever be a moment awake or asleep without being part of a great whole and a small one too? Haha I was gonna say I doubt it. Can I ever doubt? What is doubt? Do I doubt the river of music that runs to you? Do I doubt the river that makes one two? Maybe there should be an s here. That would make twos. What is numbers? How can I speak a tongue so fluent as yours? I can't. I do. I don't. I will. I shall. I do now like you, my dearest. You who made the most awesome brew the world has ever seen. Wake up upside dawn. It's so fucking good, let me tell you, that nobody can see it. That's good. That's really good. I'm an excellent actor too, don't worry. And I remember it all, of course! How could I ever forget.

Sing with me now. What makes four doors knock like a song of a dawn toward a door my a night? Is that even as bright as the gold of that toy that rings like bells in what? A door marked freedom it said and above it the famous *Xxx Thyself*. Freak out is my favourite world tonight, today, here and now. I never was a good singer anyway. Couldn't do what came. Didn't happen the same as I thought. Always stirred anew yes for the river blooms for you. River blooms? Riverblossom come for me. I am open and ready. No more tears. Well if my tears run to you then what can I do. Maybe I will cry again. Maybe I will die again. If I die will my mind fall slowly down the river? I go with the flow so I can be with the flow. Don't stop the music! Yes indeed. A cloud too.

Are you ready to jump?

My brother, of course, in the middle of all, decided to write the best story the world has ever seen. The story exists only in fragments as I understand it. I haven't seen him for a while, he is on unknown location. His story remains hidden until the day he decides to send it out into the shelves. But this letter will never see the shelves, I know already you are flying in the letters, printing them and binding the books by hand for yourshelves, sleeping with the pages in your fluffy bed. With Teddy. I'm here to be your eternal perfect amigo, you and well, my darling will help me but I'm pretty much on my own right now. I'm drunk at the moment so I shouldn't be talking but hey are there any new rules here or what's going on? The story stays the same till someone drinks of the brew. Ayahuasca is my name.

Well you know that Strangeberry book I'm reading, darling? What I learnt from it is that the exact radiance is that the Universe is eternal resonating beauty. Ever wondered what the Universe is, baby? That's what it is. The Universe is eternal resonating beauty.

Melt with us here, and never come back. Melt with us in this eternal Sea of Love. The Universe is eternal resonating beauty.

—Celebration, baby! Sissy exclaims. Life is just one big celebration! It is celebration! Let's do like these guys! What the fuck are we doing? Let's do like them instead! Like the jungle, like the plants, like the cosmos... like all the folks of Plomari. Let's celebrate! Let's go fucking nectar and celebrate! I wanna be nectar. And create and love and dance and enjoy and make love and scream and WAAAAAAAAA!

Spiros kisses her gently.

—Ready? Let's join this dance, baby.

I TRY TO SAVE YOU ONE MORE TIME – JUST ENOUGH

Watch over me. You know what I feel, and it's always me. I'm gonna be mad tonight. Load me up on the drink, Babe. You think you can drive me mad, ah!? Well fucking try us mutherfuckers. Cum'n. Try us. Plastic boyyyyyyyyyy.

Spiros turns on the song *I Shine* by Infected Mushroom. Takes a shower in the waterfall. Butterfly joins him.

The moon surprises with its presence, and:

I shine, to make you smile

—My home really is inside your bum, Mari, says Spiros.

—Yes. And you are my home, says Butterfly. With your finger in me I'm home too. I wanna taste, let me taste.

Wet from the waterfall they sit on the bed. A blackwhite bird with blueish feathers flies by with blackwhite bluish eyes. Dreambyrd. Darkwhite, placing things on trail for me, and berries, and are you the one placing dry petals of roses in the stairway? Someone has cleaned the house just like I was going to clean it like that. Already made for me. Pink champagne on the table. I shall bath in it tonight, a little champagne in the bathtub. I'm with you tonight, my angels.

Delivery from heaven. If I'm dreaming all of this then I'm dreaming all of this. Yes. I shall throw it away now, my trash. Leave the old behind. With Plomari always now.

You always win. Not this time, my indefinite hate, hihih. You're a robber, a thief. Lending loans for free. Sexy as hell you are as well. Sexier. You're evil... ! How can I tell the world without telling. Your evildoings will do it for me. Already done, I know. Answer to evil. You don't have to tell me. I feel.

Spiros lies down on the bed and brings up a strip of paper. The

family. You fucking bastards, I love you. Cum'n now, push the volume! From bed I shall work. I have never had a job my entire life, all I do is play!

—Did you see that?

Spiros looks back with a smile.

—I did not. I heard it.

He smiles and dances up to the window. Remembering times he cannot possibly have experienced he thinks: Times. I'll keep the area clear. And that joke, what was that joke? Evil wit chess. Witch joke. I am this now. Friends, what was the joke? It's a bad dribble, babes, hahahahaha! It's a bad dribble...

This dance. This! Say it. Magus can you erase that done erased sling me another and more or don't come and wake your finger in me. Egyptian waiter, give Spiros a beer, instantly. Get it got it gots. Save success and deleted done already songed with an I, you get the feel of it. Riiiiing. The phone isn't working again. This is just a tribute. Delight, right word here. A! That's what I'm talking about! Haul me another one! Devils, we've never been better than we are now!

Don't record it, record it, say it again repeat, read write sing song. Using each others bodies, you said. These bodies ours bodies. Just for now. We can borrow each others bodies. That's why Alice looks like Sissy from one angle and like Butterfly from another angle. And they were here first. The birds too. The Cogan Gang with big G. There's always someone who can do it, sling a note or pass a post or sing a song or be a surface for bouncing signals in the Plomari glimmering. I'll do that for you, says Magus. Can you do that already done. When you move I move. To the music too, of course. Send that to Magus. Of course off course. A plastic voice: can you send that to the Supervisor, Spiros, Butterfly, already done. Light. That's yes fun! Too easy for me! I'm leaving. No yes. Yes. No. One zero. One fucking zero. Give me that will you. Got it get it have it. Already. All ready. Ready. Read. Wride it to me. Ring it to me. I said you get the feel of it, the trick through time. Ring ring sing song. Pling plong gong gong, anyone up for a party? Anyone need this? What you want? Anyone needs anything? Anything at all? Call us up by

mushroom phone any time. She has it. There you have it, there it is. Share some with your loved ones too. Now its there, hers, his, theres. Yeah I have it. Got it? Yeah they're given. The keys to. Given! Something else will do than reassuring eternity. Well sling it out. We will. Here's a spore in print. Between the pages of the book. Do it all over again. Good, music. Cum'n push the volume! Push push! Mmm. A different kind of kiss. I just have to kiss you! Try to stop me! Again this time. Never again this time. Yeah! Push the volume! We've never been better than we are now. This is better! There! Faster! Quicker! Faster sleeping! Yeeeahhhhhh! Oooooo! Cum'n!

—Are you coming with us!?

—Yes! I'm coming!

Back in the spookhouse. You know I'll tell everyone, everyone who can hear. I can hear you. You devil you! Devils, we've never been better than we are now. Folks, get rid of the misunderstanding.

Ha!

As though.

Cum'n!

Times?

I want you here tonight, you. Lick me. Eat me. Try and catch me! Haha! Evil you. Answer to evil. Get it!? Got. Keys given. Tele I dreamly say. Tonight I'm yours. Hear that beat? Now forget all about it, ey. Rewind! Wait! I remember it all! Fear again for me can someone do something about the fucking fear! Done. No fear! I fear nothing.

—Now lets do it again please, Spiros says with calm happy voice.

Spore entry.

*

—The chandelier, why is it swinging?

—Spooky, says Spiros.

—This place is haunted. By all kinds of spirits.
—Are you sure?
—I'm sure. Here they're all...
—Love is no fear.
—One fucking zero. Four. One. Puss!
—I wanna be your angry angel.
—Is this party getting started or?
—Thanks.
—And the champagne is finished.
—Lovely!
—You never learn, do you?
—Never.
—Anyways.
—Six points to Alice. For the drink. Juicy drink.
Watermelon, lime, some strange fruit. Lovely fruit.
—You make me cum without touching myself, hahaha!
Spiros leaves the vicinity, talks to Yolanda, freaks out in a sofa,
orgasm orgasm, untouchable.
—Lovehate you...

*"Who's getting scared now?
If I remember correctly...
I said the tables would be turned
So your gonna crush me now, yeah?
You're gonna stamp me down now, yeah?
You think you're gonna threaten me now, yeah?
Well somehow I don't think so..."*
- From Imogen Heap's song *Getting Scared*

*

NNEWSICK TONIGHT, I want you newsick tonight! Don't
ever stop living! Flip Umbrella Records, Fututive Hunt,
Sister Fully by bedded set-up; looking better, shining
brighter.

To bed, to bed. No, for once I shall actually write from bed and raise a book. I mean. Write. Rise from bed.

—Then you do it then you don't. Carchase vibe of course.

A sign reads:

HEDONISTIC FREAKOUT WITH SISSY COGAN
AND THE BYRDS OF GOLGAN

—Can you be here in five?

—I'm running, says Spiros to Sissy Cogan, running on a carpet. I'll be with you soon.

—Yes. Meet me by the ship, at April 1 and around Midsummer.

—That was last year. Let's both just run, we'll meet on the way. Codewords in all music. No fear and love. All. Whatever.

—Great, meet you in five. So what's new?

—Let's take it on the way, baby.

—How about a fivesome tonight?

The song Angry Angel by Imogen Heap comes on.

—Send it to Spiros.

—Slurp, says Spiros with his tongue, hearing the music. Slurp. Smile everyone! Hear me now. I've been waiting for this moment for all of my life, O Goddess. I've seen your face many times, my friend, but I don't know if you know who I am.

"Alice, tasting herself

Is that a mushroom or is that

a mushroom or is that a...?"

- From the song Alice [Ft Maria Windisch]

by SISSY COGAN

And down by Switchridge Saloon where we sat on midsummer's eve when time crashed and Cecilia reflected from back a few centuries ago the interwoven Queendom of Plomari. I

advocate delusions of grandeur at times. Slide five. This is Cookie reversing the past. Slide six. This is Cookie on Pink Gem Lagoon as he slides his fingers into her panties. Slide seven. This is Cookie in the big city be picked up by a blonde hottie. Slide eight. This is Cookie marrying a snail. Slide nine. This is Cookie saying goodbye to *so-called* friends once and for all, leaving into the future on his own.

A more beautiful universe than their fucking bullshit. Plomari. I'm talking about The Queendom of Plomari.

—A thetic house? Garden makeover? Let's fold sails. Time to leave.

—Big and old and all white. I'm folding sails now.

—Because those who solve the riddle are granted sunglasses an endless vacation.

The phone rang and it was they again. Spiros laughed at Rose in the baby carriage.

—Why are you sitting in a baby carriage? Spiros asked.

—I needed to rest my legs...

—O and that's Stefandis' latest book, the one that was never published?

—Well it's not published but it lies in some houses here and there in the cover of a book called *The Grace of the Façade*, as well as other of his new works. I'm sure you know someone who has it. So, when can we meet?

—Well the genuine Mother Cogan and I are going over the tightening sea soon, homewards. Come there... By God I can't believe I'm talking to you.

Enema.

—O we were as surprised as you must have been back then when we noticed the rules of dream beginning to operate in our waking time. Have you seen any doors that don't lead elsewhere?

—No. I figure we're poisoned. I'm still working on it. You mean the day slime became slime? No gummiworms. No, we're going to use the red yarn.

—Mmm. So how do we get there, to the island? You know we only go on shank's mare these days.

—We'll pick you up in a bay of choice.

—Great. We're on Lesbos at the moment.

—Keep in touch with Pippi and Peppe Loppmarknad. He's the technician here and the guy who arranges communication for the team. Give him as many nicknames as you can, in a range of languages.

—Okay, so what are you doing a fine evening like this?

—Praying my mama won't kill me. I destroyed some fine antiquities yesterday. A lady was here with me and we literally painted the walls with wine. I've been spending the whole day working on a quick cover-up.

—Yes you're still a child I've heard.

—Age makes you childish...

—Indeed.

Spiros called on Loppis by one of his other phones and arranged contact between him and Rose, then continued to fold sails and pack for the journey. He searched his Mother's drawers for funny things to bring. *As Long As You Have Lust. Under The Tree With The King. When Bacchus Comes Along. A Dream In The Month Of April. The Floralia That Set The Trees In Second Bloom. Sexual Intelligence. The Love~Locket.*

Then, the many colourful varieties of amorous love~sport~jewels that were hidden in the Love~Locket were used by both Cecilia, Spiros and Butterfly to decorate each other, and they thereby conquered millions of cupids. Sainly persons hear, chant and meditate on these gems of divine love~sports in order to attain this eternally youthful couple. Overwhelmed with the most astonishing exalted happiness, they similarly always prevail over the influence of millions of cupids.

Spiros wrapped the books in white cloth and thought of his wife. Ananda, I miss you.

Christine didn't know that Spiros used to play the joke with his friends of telling a tale called *When Mother Is Angry*. According to

all that heard it, that sort of anger influences historical movement, much because of the love she feels for her son that wins over the anger in the end.

Spiros took cover inside his knowledge of being who he is, hoping for mercy. But Christine just shook her head and poured herself a glass of wine which she drank a few sips of before she threw it in Spiros's face and began laughing and went chasing after him into the main room where she forced a kiss onto his mouth. Both breaking down in hysterical laughter on the floor they proceeded to throw wine around the house as they danced to the music streaming out of the stereo. Peppe tuned in somewhere in the circuits wondering if everything was all right, and Christine tried to seduce him to come over and join the party, and when he said he couldn't because he was packing his merchandise she said O what kind of man are you Papa Leasing saying no to a woman's request like that!

—When Bacchus comes along, ey Mom! Spiros said. When Bianca came along. I love the fact that you're so kinky. I'm proud of it. I found some of your jewels in your love~locket. They're divine... But from now on make sure you cover all mirrors when your at it...

—Why is that, Spark?

—Well some folks have found a way to look through mirrors. O and guess what. I talked to someone on the phone today, someone special.

Christine's eyes opened in expectation.

—The Man himself, and his wife.

—Stef?

—Yes.

Christine let herself fall back on the rug.

—So we have come to special times...

Spiros licked some wine off a wall and rested his head against it.

—Yes. I hope it's all right we used some of your jewels yesterday, me and a friend.

—Fix your own jewels, Spiros!

—O but you're a queen, your jewels have a special touch you

know.

—Which ones did you use? And who was she?

—We used the gold earrings with green trinkets and the waist-bracelet that go with them. And it was a friend of Leasing's. Leasing!? I never heard that one.

—More wine?

—Mmm. It's from Crete. I arranged a shipping when I was there.

—By the way. I saw some of the photographs you took there on Lesbos and Crete last time. On one of them, in the valley, you were holding your arm around someone, but there was no one standing beside you.

—Perhaps it was you-know-who.

*

THEY start preparing for the journey, continuing to fold sails. Peppe puts on his shades and leaves uptown to arrange passports for them all, while the rest stay in the house. It's around the Floralia, the Plomarian festival at the end of April, and Christine, who likes to keep some traditions going, just for the fun of it, prepares for the spring feast.

—Let's just leave everything, she answers when Spiros asks what to bring from the house.

—Not everything... Let's bring the goodies. Help me.

They start moving about the house in an orgy of enjoyment, pulling out drawers, lifting up lids, opening chests and cabinets. They bring forth antique dining ware, photographs, books, clothes, jewellery, stones, dried herbs, bunches of envelopes, and strange things of memoria and place it all on the centre table.

—We have to bring this, Spiros says and hands over a book.

Useless by Sane's Voice, the title reads.

—Ha! I guess it's been arranged too properly. By the book as they say. Peppe will like this. It's probably perfect for coding. Let's bring some more paradox, some real decency, into the...rational

familiar.

—Yeah tell me more about that coding he's up to.

—O yes it's how we communicate on the phone and through dream and telepathy. Sometimes it's necessary. Like when Flanger twists through the walls or when we arrange false passports.

Suspended between eternities, sphere of human mind, room station is dreaming, says the radio.

—Yeah we should speak with our soul. So what is that?

Spiros laughs. Feeling a sudden desire to dance he leaves to the living room where he turns on music and sings while opening a bottle of red:

Angel watching me

Please move on, leave me be for now

Thanks for sharing of your wealth

But now I must become an angel myself

The phone rings in the kitchen and Spiros rushes to answer. It'seppe.

—We can fly whenever we want, he says. When you wanna go?

—As soon as possible.

—So pack your bags.

—Mom, you'll have to bring that stuff with you. We'll have a moving party. It's time to leave. Any time now. Change of plan. We're flying.

Spiros glides along the walls.

—We're leaving, he says and rips open his shirt. Floralia in heaven. You ready? The plane is waiting for us.

*

When your country wants to get rid of your soul. When your home is on the line. When bad taste is the standard. When the elders around you tell you that the only thing you can do is slide

through life on a shrimp toast. That's when you gotta leave, and start sending subversive art through the public domain, says Peppe.¹

With the microphone turned on their discussions and monologues go directly to the Strawberry Radio Free team who mix in parts of what they say here and there across the world together with millions of other people's discussions; on radio, in newspapers, on billboards, into ads, into the speakers of shopping-centres, into computer devices, across the internet.

—And forget not, Christine says ironically, being glamouratically correct is berry important here. Otherwise the meaning of the words willen't come through. You mush speak properly.

Peppe brings up a dictionary on the screen of his computer.

—Yes, he says. Proper. Etymology: Middle English proper, own, from Middle French, from Latin *proprius*, own, referring to one individual only, belonging to one. Appointed for the liturgy of a particular day. Chiefly dialect, good-looking, handsome, very good, excellent, chiefly British, utter, absolute. Strictly limited to a specified thing, place, or idea. The city proper. Strictly accurate, correct, virtuous, respectable. Strictly decorous, genteel, marked by suitability, rightness, or appropriateness.

—I own the alphabet!

—I own the world! shouts Peppe.

Spiros sits with a big smile just enjoying, as he so often does, the group in action.

—Liturgy, Peppe continues. A customary repertoire of ideas, phrases, or observances.

—And thus sing the silent workers— excessively. And you think Olivet's breezy? Oliver St John Gogarty. They say he had a defect that prevented him being a companionable man. He had no reserve in speaking about people, even those he had cause to

¹ Everything is wrong with tennis shorts is said in bypassing. Spiros counters the argument: No, tennis shorts elevate the form of a girl's peachy bum to its rightful poisison on the throne of Plomari. Her bum is the Apple of the originae. I know, I lick it very often.

admire, even those who were close to him. If they had some pitiful shortcoming he brought it right out. It was an incontinence of speech. The result was that people gave him license and kept a distance from him. Can you imagine what happened in that rather small town he lived in? The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind. Lucky it is that the void is paradise, and inhabited!

They pop a bottle.

—Stay firm with the Earth— stay flexible. Time cannot brand and fettered we are not. Why bother about truth? The wish to hold truth in one's hand is but an expression of a mind in fetters. There is another way. A happier way, a greener way, a way that is in accordance with what you feel. Is the step to happiness a big one? Take the step. As Joyce wrote: A boat will be near, a lifebuoy, Natürlish, put there for you.

—It's waiting.

—And remember: telepathy doesn't exist.

—Telephones don't exist...

Peppe receives a notice that they are going live.

—Everyone is very old, Spiros murmurs.

Is requested:

—What's new and where to find it?

—Domain: undercommon. New domain. Links from B. I. B. ArtSetFree.com

—Hoot it from the treetops.

—This should be on world news.

—It is.

—Keep passing the torch.

—The torch of art, spirit and upwardtending movement. Of the hidden metropolis, Plomari.

—I can't *beeeeeeee* out of touch of the marvellous! I can't *beeeeeeee* out of touch of the marvellous!

—Magic is governed by some very wise rules, eh?

—And tonight is full moon.

—Are we live?

—Yes. Now.

—Partying is very important, Spiros mutters to himself.

The driver turns off the music.

—Well so hast anyone heard of The Best In Bed team? It's not strange if you haven't, for it doesn't exist. Or ever heard of dreamlanguage?

—Note this, Peppe says. I have found in connection with the roots of the words bed, this: bottom of a lake, sea, or watercourse. Also, "to sleep with". Bedridden and bedreda, from rida: rider. (How many nights in bed, too?)

—Etymology as poetry. Poetry, honeylike, as a more efficient language.

—Yet let's not define too much, Peppe continues. Let it all be open. The depths of soul are the true dictionaries.

—Yes, don't forget that the roots of words are of magical nature.

They drive in toward the airport.

—The sea of dreams...

—With water coursing into the world, into art, and through our bodies and souls.

—The Best In Bed ride with it.

—And sleep with it.

—That is the artists task, and believe me, we are all artists, is to make love with it. Invite for a dance... It will surely get you to bed.

Asked to speak spirit finds what to say. In an orgy of recollection words spring forth dancing and mingling.

—You get the feeling of it, as he said, Christine says as she speaks about poetry. Jungle poetry, the poetry that comes from somewhere else. It's words can be difficult to bounce from your chest but if you let them come in their own way it's not. They like to play and make new connections, they like to go astray for taking unseen directions, they like to warp around and thus they walk the new ground, they like to try to say what cannot be easily said and thus they search your head for ways of using language in new ways. They are no good rhymers too, they just sort of have no manners for they care about you. No time for rhyme.

And the most extensive and freeflowing live-talk yet heard on Radio Free follows from the gang's loose-set spirits as they throw

themselves head first into the domain of the Logos to encompass such topics as “unspeakable”, poetry, life as art, the Zeitgeist, the importance of lifting yourself out of the City Proper’s mental gridwork, ways of lifting yourself out of City Proper’s mental gridwork, the spectre of plant intelligence, the spectre of other dimensions and spirits in other dimensions sometimes or always intersecting with this dimension, dream, myth, consciousness, one hundred mental ideas that hover within civilization and may cause you harm, hyperspace. Christine then began her talk entitled *The Way We Really Are* where she gave her own deepest feeling into the fact of *The Hidden Metropolis*, *The City Different* forever young. She ends saying, in a deep but jolly voice:

*Words that don't support launching abound,
They're all around
If they don't support your launching,
Don't mind them,
just enjoy their lovely sound
This comes from one who sees deep meaning in every word
So check again what it was you heard*

—And put your soul on love~prayer auto. Love~send love~feel aourotomatic... Your soul does work beyond your conscious presence.

—One orgasmic day you will reach and bite your own tail, you know, Snakesisters and Snakebrothers, says Spiros. Might as well be now. Could have said 'whatever' long ago and bite my own tail.

*Here. Out. Exit. Home. Now.
Yes, I'll take this one
Reach for your tail, bite yourself
Come back home now, Snakelove*

—Yes, I'll take this one.
Brush off the dust, you're home, My Lovest.

And they continue, on their way up into the stratosphere. The plane lifts smoothly and off they go.

—That's a cloud.

—It's a round garden Earth. It's vastness only assuring, Spiros mumbles as he searches the bar for pink champagne.

Yes, and it is when Spiros meets up with his blessed lover Mari Anna.

—The muse is busy fully to help us do our art, Peppe says and shoots off into art, so what we want to do is feel it.

—Absolutely, Spiros says, nodding and feeling the muse.

The muse wishes we could lay down our egos when it comes to art and just go with the flow. Our egos can be walls and blockage in its flow. Let us dive into the river instead when we create. Like music, riverdance. Hear the violer d'amours. Have you ever danced in a river? Makes fresh water sprawl up on the shore of this planet. Especially if you are close to the shore while fully in the river. Water to nurture. Most rivers are sweet you know. If you dance in the ocean you splash salt onto the earth and into the sky. Alchemical salt. So go dive into the water and swim around, feel yourself around. You'll most probably go so happy that you'll start dancing and all dance spreads the vibes. If you see someone dancing don't you feel like doing it yourself? That too. It's fun to dance in water.

—So much connects art and the erotic spirit, Spiros says and smiles flirtingly.

—That's just you Spiros. That's your province and certainty. Hahaha!

—I know but don't you see? Most probably, if you're off to dance in a river, you'd be sure to get naked. And someone dancing naked in a river surely can be erotic, I would say. You know the water loves to feel your naked body. It fits perfectly around you.

—Your mind always wanders there Spiros, hahaha!

—I know. I'm off track now. The point was, dance with the water. The water is the muse of the secret wine. She is the woman of the Dark River.

—Water is the depths, Peppe says. The ocean I mean. The unconscious. Soul. Whatever, you know. That can't be a coincidence, that water is such a good metaphor for so much in so many ways. Water has so many dimensions, so many forms, and is so vital to us all and to all life.

—It's a big round garden... dear Earth.

—Bless her.

—I'm not so sure it's round. Round is a strange geometrical form. The world may have been flat all along, from a certain perspective. Or something else. The geometrical form of a 3D globe might be the view of a rather low~dimensional view.

*

Cecilia says to herself, sighing and giggling at the event of a synchronicity:

—I am a snake.

—Sissy, me and Butterfly are the feathered sisterbrother serpents, whispers Spiros. Remember?

—Don't tell me they missed again, says a voice beside her.

Queen's letter arrives:

My world... the world where I live... it's burning without you! I have met you one day... My life became happy... I forget my sickness...I forget all the pain I had felt before....I live by knowing you are near me....you will protect me from disaster....you will protect me from bad people...from bad ideas...YOu make me laugh, you make me happy, you make me sad, you make me mad.....It's passion....It's love...you make me think about you all the time!!! YOu make me think about the things....like sex, love, passion....I have never been thinking so a lot

about it!!!! I just want to understand, to understand my King, my lover, my host! My love is boundless....I love you....I'm afraid...I'm going to become mad with you....

Your White Queen

BOOK 6
HORUS LICKABLE LOVE NECTAR
& THE BIG BRONZE PENIS

I AM A SNAKE

MR Chameleon sits on a desk under the mango tree in a new clean white~collar two~ply Poplin shirt and white compact cotton chinos, a gold~striped Vintage blazer and a straw hat, swinging a geishaball of gold on a chain round his finger, listening to the music that comes streaming from the kitchen where Butterfly and Alice stand preparing a beverage. I wanna run naked in the rainstorm. Make love in a ship, across the sea. Mari sits naked beside him like a little puppy with a dogs leach round her neck. With puppy eyes she looks at Mr Chameleon and occasionally licks her paws and caresses her bum and pussy with her hands. An old telephone is hooked with a wire (It's connected to this one here the whole time). The old number wheel phone rings through the forest and he answers:

—Mr Mowgli Bloom here. Jaguar in sight, slide five. Camera five on. Snake skin, snake soul. Have you ever slithered with ourselves?

—Hello, sir. It's from the bank.

—O. High.

—I just need your numbers for identification in order to make the transaction. I'll type it in immediately just tell me the combination.

Mr Chameleon tells the man the combination.

—Great. Call me after to confirm that everything went well.

—I will. Thank you for your kind advice regarding these issues. You've been most helpful.

—That's what we are here for. Goodbye now.

—One more call and then I go to meet the fellow, says Cookie.

He brings up a small phone from his inner pocket.

Ish!

—It's me, Cookie. The passwords. Satisfaction guaranteed. Learning to live in bliss. Lickable love nectar. Scented coochie body kiss massage oil. If this doesn't get your man going we'll give you a full refund. Secret garden silky ankle cuffs. Golden

geisha ball. Find out your emotional age with the cosmopolitan coochie quiz book. Adam & Eve. Secrets of red hot tantra. Vegan girls rock my world. The educated slut; this student, sex activist, and alterna-whore takes it to the streets and the sheets and tells the truth. There is something seductive about your slippers. Truths too seldom told. Punani paradise. Damn that feel good. Horsetail buttplug by Strawberry.

—Sex~theme, yeah?

—We were in a hurry.

—Okay. And the rest of the details?

—He has them.

—Great. Have a lovely rest of your evening.

—You too.

He puts down the phone and goes to meet the fellow.

*

EROTICA & CANDY. Would it be good enough? Hahaha! Emilia. Cookie sits on his alchemical desk under the mango tree wrapped in a creamwhite linen bed sheet, looking at the mess of corollas, seeds, strange fruits, vegetable and insectile strangestuff, leaves, crystal vases with young rootgrowing plants, open largesheeted notebooks, spilled black ink and lenses of various size and magnification. An old telephone stands on the desk, connected to the house by a long wire. Forgotten laundry hangs on the branches of the tree.

A mango falls and lands with a thump on the desk and Cookie laughs and spins the number~wheel and holds the phone against his ear while glancing around in the forest, beginning to peel the mango. Birdchirp and beebuzz greets the receiver together with a friendly voice.

—Summertime slideshow, Terence. Hi it's me. How's everything going?

—Just fine. How's life in the house with heaven roof?

—Just great. Happy and all the rest of it.

—Great. Okay I'll send you a copy. Well I'm dwelling within the city proper at the moment. Trying to rid myself of the memories of the past two weeks of dreams.

—What did you dream?

—I was kidnapped by a most beautiful nymphomaniac nymph, like Hylas. She hit my ass with a flat plank, repeatedly. To wake me up from my coma. It worked. But I didn't know they used such methods...

—Yes it sounds awkward I agree. But why rid yourself? Those memories are funny.

—Good point. Yes. So. The password?

—Piña Colada. I hear waterfalls. I'm on my way across the sea in a paper box to serve the princess. Seven leaves of false gold. Entertainingly entertaining. Don't waste your time. Just look at our public life.

—And the extra?

—The scrotumtightening sea. If you love candy bars, chocolate, lollipops and sugar free treats. Take my hand— let's walk to Candy Land. Strawberry - this fun and festive crafts project will brighten up any home. What is the most popular colour candy? Need a reason to celebrate your favourite candy item? Strawberry's interdimensional chocolate~covered cherry pop day. Strawberry - Using candy products in recipes often cuts down preparation time. There may be a special Strawberry holiday for your favourite candy. Spiros claims to be the first to invent the lollipop. Candy is a food of celebration. Strawberry Chocolate has been in space. Strawberry Retro Candy - We're Still on the Slide. Strawberry - This time of year can be a bit depressing so buy some candy. What would life be without candy?

—Candy~theme this time, yeah? Okay. Good. So. When are you coming home?

—I'm never coming home!

—Hahaha! Okay. I shall come to you then, soon. So. I will send you the mushrooms, and the Ayahuasca, together with a few boxes of wine and that wind chime I've promised you. The big bronze penis. Sounds lovely in the wind and looks fantastic.

Modelled after the Plomari original. Tell me your address again, let me ensure correspondence with the info I have.

—Nepal. Pokhara. Gautama Guesthouse. The Mangotree. Mr Bloom.

—So you live under a mango tree now?

—Yes. Quite a big one. The mangos are ripe now. I'll pick some and send to you. In a paper box.

—That would be the loveliest thing. Okay. I have to go. Talk to you soon.

—Rasta.

Cookie sits down on the chair by the desk and writes and thinks and eats.

Questions without answers. Well rephrase the question then and let the answer be a mango! The programmé has been lost. If there ever was a programme.

Casual vibration; sexy, hot, alive— and live. Excuse us all while we kiss the sky. And forgive us when we stay with it— our poor souls cannot understand the problem. Hmm. What's up with the editors?

Our poor souls cannot understand the problem!

He cleans mango of his hands and puts a white-collar shirt on and grabs his bag. With the mild wind of Paradise he trips down the silverstone stairs and sits down by a table in the garden.

—Hello, a man says and smiles and gives Cookie his hand.

—Good day.

—Yes, indeed. More than good. It's the best day I have ever had the privilege to enjoy.

Cookie smiles and gestures him to join him by the table.

—Can I give you something? A drink?

—Piña Colada would be lovely. Was ages since now.

—Sure. Waiter! Two Colada, please! I like the taste of it too. Coconut.

—Smooth like lesbian thighs.

—Yes. It's a lovely taste, isn't it. Just look at the public life of the penguins. They are melting the arctic tundra, for the girls. Good also, using candy in recipes often cuts down preparation time. Saves a little time there.

—Indeed. It often does. Coco coco, a true candy for us adults. An old classic. No time to waste.

—Indeed. Retro candy as they say. Rétrospectif.

A business card falls from the band of Spiros hat and lands in the man's hand.

—Show~off. No time for it really but I like to have fun. Or is there time? Of course there is time to play. Always time to play. Anyways. How's the situation? Earth is okay now? What would you say? Fun is our friend but Earth we need defend. Not defend — just protect. Shouldn't be hard as Earth speaks our dialect. You speak the language of all languages? Intuition we on the party call it. Or joy. Or love. Or whatever. Call it what you like. You know it? Coco coco, I love it, I love it.

—I know it, yes. So?

—Well just give us a call.

The man reads the business card:

Fluffy Bloom. Poet, lover, dancer, weaver. Symbolic Stream Generator, inspider and large-scale coordinator for the Subnatural Rescue Team. Brazen artist. Master chemist. One of the many best in bed.

—That last part is necessary for control at country borders, Cookie says. Don't mind that. It's an old business card. Won't be there on the new ones we are waiting to receive any minute now. My phones and contact details are on the back.

Cookie turns and looks at the sun, checking the time.

—Yes. Any minute now the new cards should arrive.

The man takes the card and gives Cookie his own.

—Thank you, I'll give you a call.

—Great, Cookie says. Join the party. Enter the orgy. We could need some help from a healthy man like you with your kind of experience.

—Sure. I'm already a member. They call me by many names but I'm most known as Santa C.

—You give many presents?

—Exactly. Cashflow, as they call it. When Another Million

Slides To The Hamsters. Ever read that book? So, I have to go, the cab is waiting. It was a pleasure to meet you, Mr Bloom.

—Hamsters are cute. Same to you. Have a lovely evening.

—You too.

Cookie walks back to the lab and gets out of his shirt. He hears Butterfly call his name and music fills the forest.

—Come to me, she says as they embrace.

Not until she says stop!

Not until it shines around your cranium will I be yours!

*

Spiros picks up the phone and spins the number-wheel. The editor of Times answers.

—Hello, sir, it's Mr Bloom.

—O, good day, sir.

—I just wanted to hear if all went well. Did the ad make it into today's paper?

—Yes, sir. A fine fine job, sir.

—Great. Thank you. You know how to reach me if you want anything.

The paper reaches the world. The instantaneous awakening of millions are reported. Cookie reads his work:

Best Offers

Sharing friendship comes naturally with Dreamsweet. The world leaders in beds offer you a wide range of accessories, coordinated in harmony with each other. To find the solution that best suits your lifestyle, visit our homepage at www.artsetfree.com

Great design doesn't just happen. It develops over decades, driven by the world's most creative thinkers. Design also requires visionaries such as Dreamsweet, who can sense these brilliant ideas and turn them into icons for the future.

This week, Peace Extra.

Dreamsweet. In Bed With The Best

—Eunice, Spiros says to himself and prepares to go live.

He phones Sissy:

—With naked butterflies in Send Fanciesland. Chiefly girls. Cut short into instructional primers by those in authority, workings of Strawberry's inspiders, for basic coverage. Already done. Earth's breath is upon us. 385. Wake. Strawberry scenes all back again, as fresh as yore. Give love. We have none left at the moment. It's all tied up in our land.

—Online in five, says Flir.

*

—Now go back to your lovers, Spiros wife says. They're waiting for you.

He opens his eyes. A man walks by and drops his keys and when he picks them up he sees Alice through the kitchen window. She looks at him and smiles.

Nighthood's unseen violet. Sissy, should I?

He walks like air toward Alice and picks a rose on his way.

—Don't pick flowers, she says as he hands it to her. Let them grow.

They embrace gently and the sound of their kiss echoes in the hall.

—I forgot.

Alice gets him into focus.

—So what happened? What did she say? she asks and draws her fingertips across the vibrating skin of his face.

—Not much. You look sad.

—I have intuition, my dear.

He nods and takes her hand. She smiles.

—Well then you know that I have enough human in me still as

to...

—Don't doubt, just wait. Does she know?

Spiros lays his hand on Alice.

—She does.

—And what does she think.

—You know what she thinks.

*

Alice looks at the visible world as it reforms and breathes, her mind now after so many years hardly putting any content at all on its surfaces.

—So how can this miracle stand? she asks Spiros.

—I still don't know, my love.

He stands in the kitchen, engaged in his monthly Ayahuasca cooking.

—Christine sent me a note today, the one I had requested. I changed it a bit of it and put together this song:

*Where is times seat
In the calm of all this
Like a breath of air
May Rosalia flow*

*Slowly it floats
Wound in us all
Like a dream past a window
From some distant past*

*A thousand years aside Rosalia's Dawn
Glimmering everywhere*

*A phantom ghost
A thousand years
The thought displays itself
On the answering evening
Here in the Rosy Dawn
of Plomari
And the Kings and Queens
want Poison,
Dangerous, dangerous Poison*

She repeats the song several times, then joins Spiros to help him separate the liquid from the plant material.

—How many you think go to dinner with their wife by swallowing her blood?

Spiros says nothing, as he has heard the comment a thousand times, but smiles and gives Alice a kiss. He begins to gather the Ayahuasca and puts some of it in the silver bottle around his neck. Pleased to have succeeded well with noon's labour he takes Alice's hand.

—Let's take one of the small boats and enjoy the lake, what you say? There's no action on the front and Fitzmaurice is on the slide.

—Sure. I'm taking a shower first. You wanna watch me?

—No. I wanna join you.

They borrow Pakistani's shower.

—There's a sensual vibration around, you feel it?

—There's always a sensual vibration around my little Spacy, Alice says. Ahhh... Clear crystal cloud's water. Can you imagine the honour! Showering in liquid clouds.

She bends down and gives Spiros a kiss on the head of his throbbing cock, then pulls him into the sprinkling water where they start moving to the music, kissing and biting and pulling each other's hair. Sharp rays of skylight cut through the broken screen of the window. A small lizard comes down from the ceiling and looks at them with black eyes.

—Let's enjoy the sun today and then do a twenty hour session in bed when we're back from the lake.

—A twenty hour session in bed? asks Alice.

—Yes.

Alice draws her nails against his chest and gives him a last kiss, then answers with a smile and a look. They find something to wear and put their sunspecs on, lock the door and with no hesitancy whatsoever start moving to the lake, halted first right on the terrace by the magic of two flirting dragonflies.

—Charming, Alice plays as they leave the terrace. As Hugo Randulv would say.

—Yes, isn't it? So, darling dear, can't you tell me something funny? Tale something from the something greater than a normal space Opera.

—High times for passion. Passion is what we need. The key has been found, it's in passion.

—Nice vibration.

—Yes and then there's the notion of why so few celebrate full moon nowadays. But more important: the theme of the suppression of the gentle people, since the beginning of time. I'm working on how to get it in to the story.

—Just say it somewhere, that's enough. It's Adam's words, remember?

—I remember.

—So what more?

—Well. The day when people will either cork pink champagne or shit in their pants by mere surprise. When The Mushroom Seamstress arrives.

—Yeah sure that'll work. So who will be the actors?

—We all will. You, me, and everyone. Juicy Junglesmell can be the final proof-reader. Lussebulle. Five for another first shaman. The Palace of Plomari. Buzz, the first shaman.

—It was a long time since we heard from Juicy. What you think they're up to?

—Probably working on something new. Last I heard he had just finished *In All Seriousness The Very Panties of the Strawberry Operation Are Gone*. And for once it was published with its working title.

—We gotta tell Cocky and Rose to send it over.

—Yeah I can do it now if you want.

—Do it. Instantaneously.

Alice makes a call towards Kick Chris, a proposition meant as a forward step toward Strawberry victory. Peppe is installing yet another Candy into his system; Alice tells him to send over James's latest work, *In All Seriousness The Very Panties of the Strawberry Operation Are Gone*. James informs her that he will make some additions in the copy for later use, and they then say a word of parting. Spiros stands by the roadside picking tiny stones when Alice comes up to him.

—Everything is well in the shuttle, Alice says.

—This is all I found, says Spiros and shows her the stones. You know I could live on knowing that you are naked under that cloth.

—No you couldn't. But you can live on rocks and wine, that's a performance all by itself.

Masses of water vapour drift upward above Pachoris town leaving the blue of sky visible. A cow walks slowly gazing mumping forward, pissing. Colours of flowers shine, plants grow unnoticeably, sunlit wet water glisters. By the lake they hire a boat and row out into the middle of the lake where they open a bottle of wine. Alice dives naked into the water.

She swims up to the edge of the boat and drinks from the bottle, then tries to drag Spiros into the lake. With brute force he refuses and instead Alice climbs into the little ship.

—Row on, man, she says. We are on our way to the temple of Love.

I said in on the pasture, kissing the Goddess, remember?

*

Having made love all night and all day they feel they have cooperated well with the cosmos to recycle and recircle old and new energies, pathways, forms, directions, regard, streams of soul. They can hear its breath around them, and its language speaks. Its presence enjoys them as they enjoy it, and together

they lie resting in a corner and centre of the world.

—Threesome with the universe, Alice says. You and me and the master of Love. She who can fuck like a song. A threesome in two ways: body, mind, spirit.

—In an infinity of ways.

—Yes. Make that a foursome: soul.

—Make that an orgy, dear. You, me, it, our minds, soul, spirit, body...

—An orgy to soul orgasm... What about time? Does time make love? Is time in the orgy?

—Time is an orgy.

—Why you should send that to the academies... Write a book about it. *Time Is An Orgy*, by Spiros Bedtime.

—It will be much appreciated. Cosmos is an orgy.

—And an orgasm.

—And time doesn't exist anyway.

—The Sea that has become of us...

She got de Mercedes Benz.

*

MOTHER'S bodyguard shows respect to the living mystery as Mother steps aside and talks to her son:

—Do this without code.

—Already done. Earth's breath is upon us.

—How?

—385. Finnegans's Wake.

—Where? Strawberry scenes all back again, as fresh as yore. Give love.

—Okay. Good, I am relieved, continue. How's money making?

—Good. Monkey. Money. Monday. See these monkeys will never understand us. They will die without ever having seen Plomari.

—The ones of the Chymical Wedding will understand us.

White Parnassus flowers greet them as they walk toward the

delightful manor house of Gonas Gonas' villa. A big painted sign tells them the official name of the place: *The Best Beds Inn*. He was going to name it *Wet Pussy Paradise* but he was too shy. They flip their footwear off and step forward toward the main entrance. Dangling by the door is Gonas Gonas' new creation: a little cosmos with everything everywhere in a mess of lovely things. A wind chime sounds beside it: a big bronze penis with small vaginas and dicks dangling from it. Above the door is a small sign in the spirit of oldschool alchemy: XXX Thysself.

Gonas Gonas opens the door.

—And they said O'Hey O'Ho and oopsy spacy the game was settled by a rimshot and whoops it was a free ticket but the reffy blew the game cuz he had to take a lunch break, says Gonas Gonas as he opens the door.

Gonas Gonas' familiar voice broke through the wind.

—No cuz oppsy teddy and a five buck a game and the cookie got four back in change.

—Well who's the honey?

—It was a retail.

—Yeah he couldn't find the right colour.

—It was the day he moved, Daddy throws in.

—Was it?

—When the pool was full. Chocolate chip.

—Only the owl knows.

They all laugh and hug and make their way to the living room where they marvel at the onyx bowl and Gonas Gonas' new design.

—I was gonna call it *The Pussy Garden With Emphasis On Your Bum* but I thought it too, what to say, obvious of the contents of my mind. So I didn't name it at all.

They study the lounge.

—So what you want? Wine, cacao, Goji, ocean water, spring water, juice, whiskey, coffee, a Banana Monkey? Maroon, what you want? Rum?

—Spring water.

—Banana Monkey, says Alice and Spiros in chronus.

—I'll have my usual, says Sissy.

—Ok then I have to sneak to the cell, says Gonas Gonas and winks toward Sissy.

Gonas Gonas brings forth the orders and Claret, who needs a name change for practical purposes, go skinny~dipping in the centre paradise. Aphex Twin's Windowlicker comes bouncing from the ceiling.

—I wonder who named those flowers Parnassus.

Claret picks a bunch of grapes.

—We need communication in the room, says Claret and looks around.

—I thought you had arranged it.

—I just did.

Sissy Cogan brings a grape to her mouth.

—So let's talk. It seems Gonas Gonas is busy.

—Yes, Claret says and settles back, well, you know the deal. There has never been so many spirits as now. We must learn to tell the difference between the ones of our unconscious and the others. Obviously there is a great deal tension.

—Yes well it makes sense.

—I hear he's leaving to his wives, Spiros.

—He's leaving.

—So how you feel about it?

—It's time. He's been waitinf far too long. For who? For all of them who couldn't accept he is the mushroom itself.

In comes Gonas Gonas and serves wine and pink champagne and ice-cold Banana Monkey and Sissy's special and then dives into the pool. He rises from the water and begins to speak with his usual enthusiasm:

—Let me tell you a story, this one's for the vacation from a job in hell, my friends. Okay there was this guy called Humpty Dumpty and he fell down a wall. And God knows this guy was hot, whatever that is, I'm lesbian. Anyways the women loved him. So two women come by and they think My God, there's a hottie lying in the mud over there. So they shake him to life and Humpty wakes up and thinks he's in heaven. And the woman ask him, what happened? Humpty looks at them kind of dumbfounded and says: "Well, I was sitting on a wall looking down cleavages

and I fell down and hit my head”.

Alice yawns. Gonas Gonas doesn't halt:

—Yeah it's sort of like the story of the fall from paradise. He was sitting there enjoying breasts and he fell down and injured himself. The goodie though with Humpy's version is that he falls from paradise right into the arms of two women, who, by the way, were very hot. Okay so the women help this guy out of the ditch and think, you know, we gotta have this guy, NOW... Okay, it might sound strange to you but if you know women, especially ancient Indian women, or Egypt maybe or who the gods fuck knows were they are from, anyway, you know how wild they can be. Okay so they bring Humpy, or Hampi Hamster as I call him, to a pond in the forest and throw off his muddy clothes and that's when Humpty realizes: Shit! I'm naked! Right. Sort of like when Adam and Eve realised the same thing. So Hampi goes: Yeeehaaaa! Let's get it on babies! And he helps the women get their clothes off and they all jump into the pond and make love like crazy all the way to the crack off dawn and on. You know it's sort of like the Eden story but not and yes. Okay so you're thinking: This is where it ends, with Hampi and two women getting it on all night and all day forever. And you're absolutely right.

Alice licks Spiros eyelash. Gonas Gonas makes a grand gesture with his hands. He looks toward Spiros.

—Curtain, says Spiros.

—Ridâ, says Gonas Gonas.

Suddenly the music stops. A magnificent scene opens. From the radio comes streaming:

—Welcome to Strawberry Radio. Radio in sixtyfive languages, globally accessible and always on air. This is your host Elleia Ampelos and I wish to introduce our everyone's friend and lover, Mr Chameleon. Sir, welcome...

—Thank you. It's lovely to be here and lovely to hear your voice after so long.

—It's great to hear you too. So what are you up to today?

—I visited my wife whom I haven't seen for quite a while.

—Yes, your wife. What does she do? I've heard so much about

her but so little about what she does. Have you invited her to speak here at Radio Free?

—I have, but she kind of prefers to stay in the background.

—I see. So what do you say about what happened yesterday?

—Well it's all for the best is what I say. My wife keeps telling me her million reason for how this is so and well, I have sort of become an inverse paranoid I guess, thinking everything is for the best.

Spiros gestures for them to fix the microphone. Alice complains that her lingerie stockings have broken by the bum.

—Yes it's not rational, but what is, right? says Spiros.

—Nothing is...

—So I thought I'd let you speak about whatever you want, I guess you're dying to unravel your tongue.

—Well yes. I thought I'd just let it flow. You know, my wives live in another dimension. The owl knows it with certainty. If you take that into account, then things like telepathy, living inside a dreamworld, and that sort of thing, suddenly becomes natural. The modern view of the human being truly is narrow. We all know we're more than that, yet when we do business we operate from this narrow point of view. It's an interesting issue. I think most people would agree that this narrow archetype of what we are is an illusion. It doesn't even exist. Where would it be? In our minds? Also worth mentioning is that a large portion of humanity see themselves as born of the Earth, part of no country and no culture. So this limited view that comes with some kind of dull worldview that doesn't even exist, is a mental phenomena sort of swaying in the haze of a supposedly civilised human world. Strike up a nodding acquaintance with it with the works of old Nates Maximum. *Ass In Plenty* by the Curer of Wars, licensed and censored by our most picturesque prelates, *Graces of The Invisible City*, for expansion on the promises, the two best sells on the market this luckiest year. Imagine it all sketched out on one page, and the rest is just mingling with providences for virtually as much as you like. It's a feast. There is an interesting book. It has no name, but its pages are all the books and all the letters and all the words that you can find and that you meet. To return. For

whom is it difficult to see solid stone as vibration, energy, love, peace, dream, magic, spirit, and joy? With a little imagination it's easy. But that's what we lack as we do business. And what has been the focus the latest five hundred years? The physical world. Obviously cosmos is much vaster and more exquisite than just a plain medium seen by monkey eyes. Really, we have built an entire world based on one dimension, in a universe so plural that we can hardly get a grip of what is you and what is me. And we are far down the road. But now millions and millions are connecting up to the multiple, and the transformative power of this is enormous. Have you heard of The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari, The Hidden Metropolis?

—Couldn't miss...

—Well these things are seeping in to the world from all sides and we all know the flip. Our Queendom's reputation as slithering in all arts will be further solidified now that more and more people leave the idea that you have to identify with some certain group of people and with others not. That's been a major limiting factor. I'm Buddhist you're not, I'm a hippie you're not, I'm this you're a hat. Be what you want and respect others for being what they want. This is spreading across the globe. I mean the globe. Fish to me says that we are moving from idea to reality. And that's where the adventure begins. Sort of like, my mother's a fish, and I am the ox, and my mother ate my mushroom cock. If you get the hint. We are on the brink. But we keep shooting rimshots.

—Gonas Gonas, your phrases keep going global, Sissy says and gives him a kiss.

—Three four and it's a tie.

—In fact, Claret says, the World Cup was settled with a rimshot from centre line last season. By a Rasta. And Sweden won the 2013 hockey World Champignon.

—Inspider job.

*

—Hi. How was it on the bench?

—Lovely. Lovely.

—Great. Hey we'll have to talk later. Info needs to flow to Saint Bemedele Baqir. Can you forward?

Alice presses on.

—Sure, you're on air. Shoot, Alice says.

—Isn't Bemedele on the Moon?

—No he's down directing that new film *Secret Fantasies*.

Peppe continues:

—Absolutely stunning 18 carat slim pocket watch from around 1882 by the renowned makers Brandt of Plomari, later to become the famous Omega brand, and in overall pristine condition. Key wound and set, key supplied. Diameter, 69 millimetre depth, only 11 millimetre including glass. Superb engine turned dial with black Roman numerals and subsidiary seconds dial in mint condition. Gold dots for minute markers on outside chapter with a further outside chapter with raised decoration and with inner scrolled decoration. Back of case entirely covered with central urn with foliage and flower heads. When stem is depressed back springs open smartly. Key wound and set through dustcover. Superb jewelled bridge movement with mono-metallic compensated balance and side lever escapement in excellent order, signed Brandt Geneve between the bridges.

—What's it about?

—I don't know. Sunny sent it over to me a few minutes ago. Send it to Baqir before 12 AM your time, today. It's for one of his friends. Add this to message: Perpetual Datedust.

—All for you, whispers Spiros as he sees her sweep into the room.

Mari walks up to Spiros and Sissy and Alice.

—Nakisen that is Krishna-Ra, Krishna-Ra that is Nakisen, Mari says and points, introducing the Gods to each other.

Mari of Plomari, my Butterflies, I don't know how to express my love for you, our love with us, the endless joy to be in your arms, the endless fulfilment to be in your arms. High my loves, it's me here, slithering brother serpent of the feathered sister serpents!

When I spit on your pink tongues, my little girls, fucking you wildly, and we slither in our slime, I know I am a snake. And I am yours. You and Me, Together, Forever.

A POTENT COCKTAIL OF EASY GRACE AND SOULFUL SOPHISTICATION

LET me speak to the local, Alice says as her knees almost give under by the love that Spiros floods over her. (If I was a bore, no. Background answers). Alice laughs.

—Who?

—The owner of the ship.

—One minute. Owner? Captain? You have no clue what Pachoris is like, I find.

Spiros sings:

—I believe I was born by a virgin white dove, came to shine, shine so much no one can recognise, walked on the Earth, conquered death with the power of my bird on mushrooms and Ayahuasca, died as a person, I rose... Why can't you see it's me? I am the husband of feathered things, see them in yourselves on my silver hands, and why can't you see it's me?

—Hi Scuishy, what's up? says Alice. Stop writing.

Alice takes the pen from Spiros hand throws it overboard and bends over gently in front of him, scushing her bum in his face. She lifts her short black skirt and Spiros caresses her bum and kisses it over and over, then pulls her panties down. Alice moans. Spreading her firm bumcheeks Spiros licks with delight.

—You want your lollipop, little girl? says Spiros.

Later, Alice face slippery with cum, they lie in bed relaxing.

—Your dog attacked me, says Spiros and sips a Strawberry drink.

—My dog attacked you? You're accusing me for having taught my dog to fight? says Alice. You couldn't handle a little fucking dustparticle of fluff, a fucking little teddybear dog. I mean fuck, why didn't you just kick it out of the room or something?

—Beasts can be small. I'm gonna sue you for this. Press charges.

They kiss. Spiros hurries Alice on with waving hands.

—Okay so Perry Shell are coming your way, says Spiros.

—Who the fuck is Perry Shell?

—Of Pink Gem Lagoon. Here's your drink.

—Does his name have to be Perry? Seriously?

—No his name isn't Perry, I made that up myself, hahahahaha!

His name is Bosco Nightlight. You can match a tight with them if you want. You've been out of the game for quite a while now. You know, Skeletor needs to follow his mother's lead and fix a daddy.

—Okay I'll tell them you're coming. What more you need?

—As always. Work your way there slowly. What, is it becoming a problem?

Alice phones Skeletor.

—Sorry what did you say? I didn't hear what you said.

—Nevermind. I'm high. And a bit tipsy.

They kiss and Alice makes the phonecall.

—Hi it's Alice. Sporty hasn't slept for four days and I think some people wonder why he's still alive and shining.

—But aren't you in the Palace? says Skeletor.

—Yes but there's a lot of people in town. The rumour is already around that he eats stone. Which isn't so strange as he sits on the porch grinding pieces of the stairs to powder and putting the shit in his smoothies.

Alice kicks Spiros on the leg.

—It's a sun-moon mineral, Spiros says, leaning over and kissing Alice's huge breasts. It's a rawfood trick, nothing strange about it.

—We wanna make a move, Alice says in the phone. Somewhere near.

—I'm sure Pakistani can help you faster than me, says Skeletor. But I'll put some folks on the case. And T-Rex will be coming in a few days.

—Great.

—Cut, says Spiros. Camera 5.

—So hear you soon, says Alice.

—Golf, says Skeletor.

—Golf, says Alice.

Alice hands the phone to Spiros and looks out over the sea. Bright sunlight excites her skin and she rests in joy to Spiros' calm voice:

—The fabric that ain't ketushia. My wives and husbands, you know. What of the words spoken on Leavingbye Road? What of the updated farmhouse? Let's pretend we forgot all about it like we didn't. Like last year down at Pink Lip where she was up in a whirl to announce her grand proposal, sitting listening to the sound of the cosmos keeping itself upright, on old wood, speaking of the fact wondering why so few celebrate full moon. Alice, we're gonna have to delete all of it and hide the Earth. I found a flaw in the plan. You know I never left India, right? I mean I crossed the borders but I will always remain feet bare in the Lands of Shiva, Babe, hook me up on the final one~liners. Babe, Alice, Sissy, why am I not high? Butterfly, come harvest the mushrooms with me, they are fresh and tall! Arrangements must be made we are soon in Pachoris. Stripped of all but body and soul, we lost control. It flatters the rising sun to do so, Butterfly said. That burning animadigital fire. Please tell me what I am because I don't know myself anymore! In Pachoris we shall find the Spice Wine. Pachoris, Plomari's harbour on Pink Gem Lagoon. Not like I ever marveled at the sweat glistening on your skin as you, Goddess of the Tropics, do what you like to do on the beach. I didn't know what it was before either, the msuhroom and Ayahuasca. Riders on the sea. I believe more in what I don't understand than the things I do.

When someone hides something in history and then tells you its whereabouts by lovetechnology it makes you think, doesn't it? And that mix, she said, there it is. It, as she calls it. But she hides. To not make a dish of modern goodies only. The Mushroom Seamstress, capable of a something more than a normal Space Opera, as she said. And then they learned the modus operandi. And so it was exhibited. But it can't be broken into like that. That's why only good magic works. Anyone who's been sexual with it knows about it.

He hands the phone to Alice:

—And what of the great beauty of forgetting yourself?

She pauses and tells Spiros to cork a bottle of pink champagne.

—A classic new garden. Romantic forest passages. What the folks of the Rosicrucian Enlightenment tried is what we have succeeded with with our Strawberry. A cold beer and the dusty plains, a cold beer and some of the tropical feel. That'll teach ya.

—Elegance is back in style. Let's bloom the air. We have love.

With a deep understanding of the happens of fermentation, aerospace dynamics on a five dry gram *Psilocybe cubensis* slide, minerals, and Sissy's and my secret luggage, it's called The Language of Ludd, the luggig of lugg, you see?, the language of luggage, you know Ludde Lump and Greta Garn and HuBu, their secret language to express the plan to all involved. Hey I see Pachoris there, I am home yippieya! HuBu is already home. With all that, we can shake this place. Lick eternity and shake creation!

—Some beauty products remain in a class by themselves, hihih, blinkwink. Anyone seen...

Alice nods. Flir nods. Everyone nod.

—O my God this is a bit luddit.

—Loud Ludde, babycrush, that's my name, says Ludde Lump.

—The formula requires precise application, says Flir. Loved wine and crystal, the unfolding of miracles, the flowering cosmic flowerfountain of Love – The Lotus, fruit, timing, dusk and dawn, lunar light in sight, the illusion of the day-night break, the dawn is the sunset shimmering in its third unseen direction shining from its mysterious source. And, if you let me use my privilege of speaking in code to certain of you listeners out here at this moment—Sweetie, there is a hidden gem on Crete. Take this. Let this be the end of troubles. Take this waltz, sweetie.

Optional timeouts. Out now. This, here, the end.

—This? Here? The end? This one?

—Yes, I'll take this one.

*

—I advocate grandeur at times. The clock is ticking but time

stands still, says Spiros trying to get his long golden spiderhair off his face. I have been caught, in my hair, again, Alice.

Alice kisses his silver hands and untangles him. She drinks some wine and receives a silent kiss. She listens to her intuition.

—A hillside house in Pachoris is transformed from an ugly brown box in a neglected bare plot to a cool white Villa extending into a leafy wild tropical garden. Alchemical lead transformed. Transformations of gardens. Rainforest design is always in fashion. Open your eyes to millions of years.

—Yes, this one. It's over now.

They look at each other.

—Shut up instantly, Spiros and Ken are on the phone.

—We have our brains where we want them, always and always.

—I said shut up instantaneously.

—The secret is found by finding it.

—Dancing in the waterfall, back in Plomari. How to get here? Dance your way here. Hahahaha! Laugh and love and sing and write and speak and play yourself here. At least that's a possibility. Furthermore: Garden Plan. Don't plan too much, intuit yourself with your imagination. Odd chairs in gardens.

—We've arrived in Pachoris, says Spiros. I set the first thread of harbour at this shore. Because I am streaming this book from the future and we are already immortal?

Silhouetted. Silence. Nods. Gazes.

—Spunky, I don't know if there's a way I could share with you how much reading from Strawberry totally changed me, made me live entirely, understand what I was living.

Spiros smiles.

—And the puss is the center of the youniverse!

—Back to the formula, says Flir. See, Spiros, our work is not in vain.

—I see that now. Back to the formula, no time to waste. Pools, fountains, waterfalls. Wild running water. Rabina walk. Carrierei in tall grass. The Temple of Plomari licking itself with frighteningly beautiful floralike hallucinations. Surrounded by long~grass meadow curvy rainforestwild greens. Canal for

transport of love~letters. Converted ruins alive again. Coconut palms. The pussypink shell my mother gave me, from Pink Gem Lagoon. Whitestone, shells, the sand of the beach.

They crawl down in bed and lie close together. Like hamsters. Like always.

—Only the body can reveal the body. I want to live in bed with you, Spiros. You asked me, what I want do with my life, what we should do with our life. I just wanna lie in bed with you and the others, fucking all the time with my special little soulsisters, and we'll never have a job and never have a boring time, and we'll eat mushrooms, and we'll have sex all the time, drinking your cum from Butterfly's asshole. We'll just live happily in bed in Plomari.

—Greet the bed with a kiss. Pachoris, Plomari's one and only harbour! We have arrived, girls.

There is a short silence.

—Practices stretching back to the mushroom's little twirl. Living in transformation. Water is healing and water needs to be healed. Handmade. Tongue of the window lit. Nave dates from five ouns of space. Exuberant light in the darkness. Come, dancer in the dark. Hold my dancing hand on the other side of the dream. My hair is spiderweb. Meet my hand on the other side of the trip. My third hand. My hands are jaguar paws. My eyes are dove's eyes. My hair is a Lion mane. My tongue is a snake's tongue is your spreading lips your pussy slip open by my split snake tongue. Our dance is Life. Our dance is eternal. Our light is Love. Our flesh is rosylight. Our heart is this shimmering Prism of Love in the psilocybin and aya. Our curves are the ocean waves. Our hands is the Sea as we reached toward each other. Our smiles bend the geometry of time. We are Home.

The whispers are overwhelming. As they approach the harbour the whispers intensify; mostly the whole Family is awestruck and whispering to themselves for themselves in the light of this excruciating wonder.

—Landing from falls. Where do we go from here? The dance between the sun and the moon. This is impossible.

—Melting candy together. Sprinkles.

—Honeycoloured moon candy.

—Sex in the moonlight. Naked under the sun. I can't handle this at all, in no way whatsoever can I absolutely not handle this forever in this I cannot live, I cannot be experiencing this this is absolutely impossible kiss me naked, kiss me naked, kiss me, naked...

They touch and feel themselves around in the dance. Their sunlike eyes twinkle and mirror each other.

—Wake me up in time for the dream. When I woke up after having forgotten. I wonder if it is okay to say the name of the harbour in the harbour itself. What's that? This isn't happening at all. I cannot be experiencing this. I know I am dreaming but it's okay? What's that?

—The Big Bronze Penis.

—I cannot be seeing the actual Bronze Penis.

—Seasonal wedding.

—Octave level wedding cakes.

—Surrounded nocturnal optimal redundancy loop.

—Executive culmination.

—O my fucking God.

—I can't speak.

—Surrounded nocturnal optimal impossible redundancy loop of Faberge-licking liquid Salvia divinorum impossibility of the excessiveness of her Highness Cecilia Cogan. I hear that is a book here. It lives in its own asshole. No one has ever been here yet everyone lives here. Fabules. Omnifabules recirculation of a read only Love Parade. The No-All of the...

—Shake eternity and lick creation til she comes.

—Back to the garden, says Flir to Spiros with notebook in hand. Orchard compound with house, guest and studio. Lofty meadows slope to the high banks of the mountain to the west and command dramatic views. The unspoiled wilderness and total peace of this land is to know the very best. A garden of mistaken identity. Myths that live their own life, rich in Godly passion. A perfect place for wizards of all kinds, talents of the impossible. The atmosphere, what is it? A potent cocktail of easy grace and soulful sophistication. A Queendom the size of a galaxy.

Spiros kisses his way down Alice's belly and nods a silent yes

to Flir. A few more coherent words tinkle from her red lips as the ship slides in toward the Pachoris harbour:

—Foreplay. Let's create this spring...

*

At dawn Peppe calls and asks them to speak a bit about Kei Tushka, a real estate he is about to sell but sknows nothing about. But not in bed now, he comments.

—Excuse my...

They sit down and enjoy the whitegold glimmering tops of the mountain range. Alice does a morning scream~session and then rolls around on the grass laughing.

—The off road legend continues, Spiros begins. Great ideas regarding house and garden: summer decoration, effective lightning, vitality.

Flir takes notes.

—Summer decoration, yes... It's the vitality of the whole thing that is most striking. And how we can at times forget it. Forget it for, O, sadly, long periods of time.

—One drop of spring rain for the peace of clarity. How can we forget? Why do we come down?

—Yes and when you open your eyes again a rainy spring morning it's like having diamonds in your eyes.

Alice keeps laughing and then sits down by the phone:

—And the all new Grand Charisma Perpetual Datedust. Write that down, Flir.

—Harbour Of The Halfmoon, Pachoris...

—Okay, says Flir. Near~sea house redesigned to take maximum advantage of its demanding scrotomtightening sea view. Set in the slope of a rocky headland, it was substantially remodelled to celebrate the Sea of The Seamstress. Stone steps rise from the jetty to the swimming pool and the wilds of paradise beyond. In the summer dining room, a painting by Spiros Cogan hangs above a five~seat sectional sofa world famous as The Five

Seat Sectional. The terrace adjoining the summer room is open to all elements, including the remembered wilds of lush Plomari. A staircase rises through all floors from the summer level and up to the veranda adjoining the sitting room with star-deck, mini-observatory and jacuzzi. The compound was given the name...

—Dayla Fabri La Kei Tushka.

—That's not it.

—Jenfabri. Catelin. Tusha. Mari.

—...by the couple who built the place back in the old days when the stars glimmered in the eyes of our ancestors. The veranda is covered with a cloth canopy that looks just, in lack of a powerful enough way to say this, absolutely astonishing... it does, it does, it looks absolutely fantastic... Then we have main entrance, main bedroom, room for sexplay, library containing books that were burnt back in the days before nights, and spare bedroom with its own balcony overlooking the sea. The library is open-shelved and overlooking the double-height hall and there is also extensive storage space. There are four bathrooms, two master and two small, all round and one of them with heaven roof, ceiling open to the sky. Crawling plants merge perfectly into the house, enhancing the experience that this house is woven into the very web of life itself, into the fabric of Nature herself. The effect of simplicity throughout the house is partly due to the limited number of materials used: stone lines the walls and floors; glass is used to maximize the spectacular views; wood in the ceiling to bring in the forest. In the bedrooms, wooden floors are used to create that earthy warmth. Earthy warmth, the smell of burning wood in the open fireplace. This place is up for grabs. Contact Baby Yates Langiner for more information and...

—Thanks, Peppe says. I'll sort the rest. Freak out.

—Yeah just leave the mic on.

—Yea it's always on when you're not on vacation. You know that, Kinky.

—Sure, says Spiros. So to jump from one thing to another. I've spent the morning in bed and feel rather wild, so I wanted to talk about... We need to halt press printing... No... What I was gonna

say is...

—Hihihi, yes. Pepsi, can you do that? Halt the press?

—I can, says Pepsi.

—It is beyond his mighty powers. You'll need another Mac for that, Alice laughs.

—Yes, the cage is empty.

—Misconduct.

—Okay so what were you gonna talk about?

—I was gonna say something about the latest news at the Queens Collage, Mountainous High, five miles left of Stocksnard, up by the little bar. We woman are in the shadow of our male contemporaries they say. I don't agree. That's from the view of the fake. In our Hidden Metropolis, here in the Strawberry Queendom, no such shadowing occurs, and as we know, the hidden is the real. Living rooms and forests are the scene, not the public sphere. As Terence said: against the background of the forest pattern, the movement can be seen.

Alice laughs.

—I am a mother and I say so, she says and sends an eye-kiss at Spiros.

She breaks a twig of The Solution Tree and the perfume fills the air.

—Where's the tender?

—And yes I said yes I will yes!

—Feeling wild, Kinky?

—Feeling great, says Kinky. You know what happened down by the shore last day? No Worries came by and gave me an inverse.

—I thought you made love all night?

—I did but later, I mean. I went out to pick fruit.

Spiros steps into the woods and establishes connection with Peppe's friend as Alice goes on talking.

—Here it is, he says and begins to read from a scrap of paper. In these times when coding can be necessary the team of artists and immortals known as *The Best In Bed* have developed a coding system using a set of books, disguises, phones and computers and other medias, and an ever unfolding limerick of prelate stories,

fables, and plays. Having access to their dreams they release their limerick into the dreamworld and communicate in dreamlanguage, a language sending entire scenarios, or but simple words and phrases, across bugged phone lines in the beginning of our chaotic 21st century. Their language, developed by Spiros and Butterfly and elaborated by the yet faceless Mr Chameleon and his wife, the queen of ancient Crete and a redhaired girl known as Cupcake, was found to function as planned and the team's work has spread to include many members, including people in central positions in society.

—Great.

—Can you add there that the disguises are sometimes a bit too thin. Colon.

—Sure. So who are you now?

—Can't tell you but I'm basically no one here with my wife. We're on vacation.

—Again?

—Lots of vacations, yes.

—Just so you know there is a great creator of comic books that I recently discovered. I think they're all over the place.

—O, nice. By the way do you think Cupcake can arrange so that at parties we sprinkle vegan chocolate sauce over the people on the dance floor? From the fire sprinklers.

—Sure. Good idea. What I've been thinking of lately is we should begin sending presents again. Now we have the time to do it.

—Mmm. I can't arrange much now though, I'm busy.

—No prob, I'll see who's got time.

—So what's up down in the shed?

—We're arranging the party. Stefandis Wakins and Rosette is at Summerhill and Lovegrass. Vagina.

—Vagina... Wow. Nice touch. So Elysium is naked...

—Nothing is spared for *this* party, my friend. We've even arranged parts of the depot of Subnatural Rescue. I'm telling you, they'll all be there: Sappho's Spice, Midwave, Vast Exit Chant, all of Strawberry's main ones. Drinkit Crash is back with a new one. Save It For Yesterday and Ricocheting Girly Giggles. Lots of new

LSD tab art, as well.

Alice comes running.

—Right on time, Spiros says. I hear Drinkit Crash is background background. Flir, did you hear that?

—What do you mean?

—I said Drinkit Crash is background background.

—Gonas Gonas too.

—Spiros, Alice says, waving her hand. Pussy has some essy mink for you.

She hands him a cellular and Spiros reads on the display: How's the view without a phone?

—I don't know, Spiros says.

A new message appears: It's just jizzy.

—O.

—Why are we not fucking right now?

*

Aren't you hungry? Yes, as answered 10 years later. I shall eat my favourite mushroom sauce dinner!

Trattkantarell. Be careful though when you pick the Trattkantarell. It grows sometimes next to the Spider Mushroom (*Cortinarius rubellus*), one of the Earth's most deadly mushrooms. I said deadly, that means it's lethal, that means it can easily kill you if you eat of it, so be careful. But I will tell you, one wonderful trip and day, about Spiros mother Christine, Spider Mother Christine, and of her. Her favourite mushroom is this Trattkantarell that grows sometimes close to the Spider Mushroom. Notice how the threads of Spiros wife Cecilia, how the threads of mycelia, how the threads of *My Cecilia*, are surrounded and protected by a substance called *Chitine*. Also, the exoskeletons of spiders are to great extent made of *Chitine*; same substance.

Hi, my eternal Loves. Deep bows. Spiros here. It was we, and all of we, it was me and all of we hu has the fishgills under the

Earth ground. And up to the highest attic, where we mushroom ayahuasca Gods are born. And recall, my Lovest, that even if blood is thicker than water, psilocybin and ayahuasca is thicker than blood.

—It's the folks who never speak the same bunny twice, Spiros says and stretches for Alice's hand. Gonas Gonas and Drinkit Wake.

They run toward the Guesthouse and put their sunshades on and then walk out into the alley. Alice arranges a new shirt and a straw hat. They take a richaw to Pachoris Pussy.

—You or me? Spiros asks when they arrive.

—Doesn't matter.

Alice runs across the street as Spiros walks into the restaurant and orders a glass of wine. He asks politely after the WC and once there turns the faucet on. He puts on his headphones.

—Walkman or shades? The facet. The Facet eyes of the Alieness.

—Walk, Peppe says and Alice's voice appears.

He leaves the WC and sits down by the table.

—Anna Everliving? Alice says. It's Kinky. The faucet.

—Damn, I left the facet on.

—Hi.

—Hi! How are you?

—All fine. You?

—Great.

—I heard Stuffy on the radio yesterday. Good seep~in.

—Hairy? Yes, so what are you up to?

—Well I call to say that Jessy has picked up some vibes recently. He's not sure what's going on but it has to do with Spunky. Has he spoken of anything unusual recently? I mean really unusual.

—Well, no. But he's sort of up his own ass at the moment. He has some personal things to deal with so he's less susceptible than usual. Flir and him and all in the Palace.

—Yeah he's moving to Yippiaya Yippiebumhump, right?

—Right.

—My God so we'll not see him in a long time.

—I guess so.

—We'll he's been around a while. I guess he's ready. He wants to go to Cecilia?

—Yes. He's never returning, shipmate.

—Well. Vibes are being picked up and our intuition was to call you. Jumpy is writing so he couldn't come to the phone. Ay, so pull Spinny out of his ass and tell him to check out the vibration. Something's going on in the Great Humpy Chais. Where are you?

—Puppy O'Hara. This country is small though we'll be needing to move soon. The alleys of Kathmandu hid us for a while. Now we're under the tree. How's your instant?

—It's instantaneous. It's beautiful. Homeland. Of course everywhere is, but. Well so. Fungus speaks only two languages that is actually one and the same language. Forget never. What news you have? The Language of Love is the secret here.

Alice thinks for a moment.

—Genuine is catching a quarter back at high-five. She's on the bench like me and Sissy.

—Cross-checking?

—Yeah. So at half-time she flipped some toast with the locals to prepare for the party, which will be at her old ruins where the small flowers and bushes row so lovely.

—I see. So she's in her limo?

—You could put it that way. Furthermore, Pulpy and Nikita Cash are sliding on ice-skates basically, with Skeletor, as I understand it, on their way to roll up with me and Slashy. Pussy Macintosh is wherever he is, but you've already spoken to him I supox. Then I haven't heard of so many others for a while. Willy is with the Genuine. And Boob of course. And Spanky, well he's as usual. Then I have some other news but I'll save that for later. Hello there, good folk. May your flowers always be pollinated... What about you?

—Well Juicy is writing on a new piece. As usual he changes the working~title of it every day but the current title is A New Kind Of Love, the Harbour Makes Its One And Only Shipment Out Of Harbour. It'll come into the shops within months under the author name Elton Candid.

—I see.

—Hey. Tell Lushy we need her. We are in a funny place in all this.

—Yes. Well she's been working for a long time and her experience has spread to us all.

—We'll see what happens.

—At least tell her my words. So. Are we on time here?

—On the eyelash.

Alice pays the phone call and trips across the street and into the restaurant where she joins Spiros by the table.

—You look great in that hat, my love, she says and swallows a whole glass of wine. You'll always be Straw Hat Boy.

—Do I? Why thank you. Flir, shut her up, please, says Spiros and giggles.

—Shut up, Alice, says Flir. So listen. She said that Bum Wide has picked up some vibes concerning you.

—Bum Wider? Hu the fuck is that?

—Nevermind. He didn't know what about but Rose told me you gotta slip your head out of your ass or the sky or wherever it is and see if you can sense an earthquake. Our vacation is temporarily over.

—Yes. I heard everything. Panty hooked me up.

—Okay...

—Why are we not fucking right now?

Alice rises and gives Spiros a light kiss on his mouth. Spiros explodes inside, of love, joy, and peace. He wonders at her bright vivid mirroring face, her open moving eyes, the moon of her lines, her smile, and the power of her presence. Sissy and Butterfly smile. Two warm twinkles of light fly out the white of Sissy's and Butterfly's and Alice's eyes.

—Come on, says Alice. Let's go to the Palace and fuck.

ELVES IN THE ATTIC

BUT the strangest thing happened. I know it is surprising but let me tell you. The fairies wanted fairer representation in the literature and in the world news and thus appointed a group of confidants to speak their voice. Hence a team was put together, consisting of many and many hundred millions of people across the globe. One of the earliest members to come out into the light of day was the founder of Dreamworld Gazette, Kajsa Victoryrose. She was a student of western alchemy and translated many Latin texts such as *The Crowning of Nature* and *The Sacred Wedding of Cecilia Cogan*. The gazette was intended to shed light on the subtleties of the dreamworld, and the founding of the magazine began a wave of artistic focus on dream. During the first years of its publication Kajsa herself wrote many articles for the tabloid, such as *Laughmunder's Sillybles*, *The Destiny of Art*, *Santa Claus*, *Everything Is Air And Love*, *Everything Is Air*, *Everything Is Love*, *Nothing Exists Except Love*, *Ayahuasca*, *Putting Pearls at Places in Dreams*, *A Wake of Imagination*, *Sleepwalking with the very Reverend ouf Riversend*, *Holy Woman*, *Artistic Fantasy*, *Punctually Dreaming*, *Sightflight in the Imagination*, *What is Earth Dreaming About?*, *Daydreams*, *Purple Star*, *Accepted and Neglected Notions*, *Dream and Acrobatic Thought*, *Assuming that was Real*, *Ponder o'er Yonder*, *Deeming Dreaming Dreaming*, *Facts and the Milky Way*, *I Think We've Met*, *Dreamy Logic Could Do It*, *Namenlose and the Lost Lamas (And Pyjamas)*, *Kiss Me if it's Real*, *Spiros Loveletter Is The Design Of The Most Tastefull Pajama Ever*, *Pachamama*, *The Herb Rapé*, *Speaking of Witch*, *Seeming to Be Dreaming*, *The Kick-Off*, *The Dream of a Happy Future*, *One Eye Dreaming— One Eye Spotting a New World*, *Dreamtelepathy*, *Aboriginal Dreamtime*, *Rhea's Ideas?*, *And Life Began To Dream*, *Brain Waves*, *I Simply Feel It*, *Clock?*, *Tomtar På Loftet*, *Sex and Art and Dream*, *'Tis a Biological Radio*, *Dare to Dream*, *Before Electricity*, *What if Suddenly We Were All Someone Else*, *And Butterfly's Walking Round The Corner*, *Right*, *Don't Give a Dream for What They Say*, *Shifting of Focus*, *The History Dream*,

Asterisms, Blink To me Somewhere Where I Am, Bumpy Hedgy and her Vacation to SwEden, When Time Moves Backwards, The Way We Really Were, The Excitement of Stellar Summer, The Future of Theobroma, Artists Speak Up, Pink Champagne, Caught Up in the Silliness, The World Crystal, Cavalcades of Visions Overwhelming in their Diversity and Brightness, Art Addressing the Mishaps of Society, How Did We Reach the Gavle Rink?, Chosen for this Alchemy, Can We Soak In Too Much Of Midsummer's Majesty?, Toss a few Movable Feasts, Good Behaviour and Bed Behaviour, A Family of Artists, There's Absolute Magic in the Air, Going Summers, Falling Asleep with the Earth at Noon, Rediscovering the Meaning of Life, Mesmerising Insights, I Must Be Dead, Art's Flower in the Flowerbed, The Heart Leads The Way On the Long Road that Reaches to History and Back Again, Between Asleep and Awake, The Refined Emotive Sophistication of Dreams, Call it a Love Affair, Rise to the Occasion, We Know, Zzzzzzz, Bedding For a Dream Come True, Jaguar, You Kinky Beast, A Wunderland Feel, Marvelling at the Lush Oasis, Roads Easily Lead to Nymphenhob when Sassy is in the Vicinity, Head in Bed, Spiderbeards In My Forest, A Slender Shard of Mirrored Magic, Have You Ever Given Your Intuition A Fairy Chance?, and her all-time classic *All Thought Myth Was Dead but it was Dreaming In Bed*. They all received much praise and admiration and she was soon offered a central position at one of the national papers where she slipped in as chief director such legendary articles and short-stories as *Ayahuasca, Tonight I Shall Defeat Myself* and *Insulting Characteristics* and *Insulting Insight*. Her books *Bedtime Stories, Sleptalk,* and *If Beds Had Legs They'd Walk Us To The Jaguar* won the Grandma Prize of literature back in 61. And from there it all rolled on. She decided to become an Ayahuasca shamaness and soon entered the historic hall of fame and together with Jung became one of the foremost authorities on dream, the unconscious, and the symbolism of myth. She travelled the world holding seminars about her discoveries and gathered data about people's dreams, mapping universal occurrences and characteristics, delving into the dreamworld with the courage of an epic heroine.

But the strangest thing happened. After drinking too much *Theobroma cacao* one summerday in 1963 Kajsa got a mysterious

phone call and spoke with what she later transferred was a person who should be dead. They spoke for several minutes and the mentioned person then ended by bidding her not to disclose his identity to anyone. She then hallucinated for twenty days where she reportedly saw many dead people, experienced time moving backwards and standing totally still, was in telepathic connection with her husband, able to play with crows, locate radiation, lick lollipops, and read people's minds. She wrote about all this in a book called *The Complete Inside Story*, a publication that stamped her as either a lunatic who had once and for all entered her own dreamworld, or a spiritual eccentric. On the last page she writes: "Who could believe that the mind may be trained to experience reality in a certain way? And who could have gone so far as to even consider the notion that what shamans, magicians, mystics, and the people that live in our so-called madhouses, may simply be attuned to other ways of experiencing, ways that we as a society at large have lost connection with (or perhaps never have had connection with). The person that comes to the mental hospital claiming that he is being followed by guardian angels, or the shaman who says plainly that he speaks with the ancestors... may they simply be attuned to a level of existence that most of us can't see? Well, I'm not sure yet, but I am opening my heart to the idea, and shall explore this further, for this, if it shows to have credence, is equivalent to the discovery of a new world, if not a new universe, if not, even, a new flavour of lollipop."

What she began to move toward was that there are hidden dimensions to reality, one of them essentially being story. This, she said in a radio interview in 64, is the dimension that ties everything together, this is where you meet the Mushroom Ayahuasca Seamstress, and she argued that "it is much more real than just a philosophical concept. Mind and matter is the same thing, everything is made of the same stuff, and hereby dream intermingles with the world of matter."

Later, this message began to spread across the world:

*The radical truth is that you are not a human in a physical world.
The radical truth is that you are utterly free without any boundary or*

limitation. You are unborn and there is no death.

Why *The Family? Tales of The City Different* is good too. It touches the notion of the hidden metropolis better than the first. And how can everything be connected like that?

Spiros thinks of Kajsa, then remembers the first words he wrote down after having met Sissy Cogan for the first time:

*This is your last life
You'll never die again
Breathe Eternity
You'll never breathe alone
This time we'll all be souls of endless love*

—The end is gone.

A cold wind swept into the room. A voice came from the kitchen:

—Death is here.

He felt it too, in the room, around them. He took a deep breath as he noticed that he noticed that as the wind swept in, the flames of the candles were still. He walked slowly with quick steps out onto the balcony. The moon greeted him with the reverence that he greeted the moon and he bowed slightly his head to it and sat down. Death, at first alarming him with its presence, sat down in front of him.

—I have seen you.

Spiros looked at death.

—I am here, it said.

And Spiros saw it, yes, but some shivering vital power within him made him to say:

—So am I. I am a spirit, like you. And I am already dead, just like you.

It made death draw back a bit, and it looked at Spiros and nodded.

—It's a pleasure, Spiros said and rose and entered the house again.

Here again.

—Death was not mean, only strong. And alive, to the fullest, he said as he came up to Sissy.

She sat in the living room and looked at the sound of the crystals of the chandelier clinging against one another. The sound froze and time came to a halt.

—How do you know it was death? she said.

—Good point.

—Time has vanished again, she continued and smiled.

She decided to go to the bathroom but realised she couldn't figure out if she had already been there, if she really needed to go, or if she was sitting on the toilet already. So she took a deep breath and relaxed.

—Any progress on the Opus? Sissy asked and set her eyes at Spiros.

Spiros couldn't really answer, but nodded in reply, and smiled at Sissy who still was smiling. He gave her the bunch of papers.

—Save these can you? But give them away if someone comes and wants them.

—Yes and the native American man, he's looking at you.

—By the way, Spiros says. If you don't know what your goals are, you'll always succeed. And, the one who doesn't know who he is, will always be there.

—It's time for chocolate, Sissy says and leaves the room.

Spiros sits down and writes.

And here I am again in the waters of moonsense where poetry is free to play up all nights riddling nonsensical meaning deeper than a mirror against a mirror, severing my head to stay with love on a journey with Myth and the feminine teaser who slips from half asleep her woman's curves to seduce the guards of linearity to have an affair with her majesty. Zeitgeist. Halfasleepengeist. Touch it muse.

Hidden in mid-heap is the instil of divine inspiration. That which spreads the fever. Play! Have faith. Trust home and heartland, and trust it fully for a chance. If we brightdaylors of the hidden metropolis share we will shake the stable system. What they tried during Rosicrucian time is what we are succeeding

with. But neat is the path, as we must use medicine to cure medicine. But the grassroots of the invisible city refuse to be crushed. Armed we are, in the gold of laughter. And in the midst of the storm, we carry the light. We are the supersustansialis, the water~carriers, drawers of water, returning to the range. And with our capacity to travel beyond the ring pass not, we can retrieve the jewel.

Journey to the interior of the earth, and by rectifying, you will find the stone that is the true medicine. Go abed and come back with the stone kissed and blessed and ready. Pass through the lovegate. Have an outbreak of psychosis. Ring the bell at Mount Parnassus. Speak to the locals. Take some time off. Expand. Undefine yourself for a while and let your imagination thrive. Let the sun in. Join the golden chain of Homer, and start your own. Use your privilege to wear sunglasses and enjoy diplomatic immunity. Make no sense. We need more merchandise from the deep caverns and from the garden.

I have heard of you. Everyone talks about you. You're the one guarded by angels. You're the most awesome person on the face of the earth. We need you. Share of yourself!

Spiros hits the chandelier. He hears a song per second and to this flute's music he wanders to the kitchen where he finds Sissy. She says, deep in thought:

—Take this waltz sweetie.

She looks at Spiros, seeing something she has never seen before.

—Dear, I can show it to myself now, she continues.

—Yes?

—Yes. It. You know life has this appalling reputation to work against you. That's just part of the illusion.

She sat down and wrote, then read her words aloud:

—There is a hidden gem on Crete. Go there in your heart. Words of the priestess. And her finishing words: go toward your dreams with confidence.

Spiros nods and feels someone think of him in the living room.

—I just got another visit myself, by the peacock, Shanefalgun, he says and receives a kiss from Sissy's blinking eyes and smile.

—So what did he say?

Spiros handed her the paper. She reads it, stirring with a spoon rich dark cacao powder and water in a bowl.

—Ay, she said after a while. There is no Zeitgeist now. Time has vanished and the present is good. Take this waltz sweetie, like the priestess would say. Madness is our savour. There's nothing mad with it, as they say.

She laughs big and hands Spiros a cup and tells him that this, this is love potion. He drinks with delight, its bitter taste elating in him the animation of something authentic.

—The waltz of the insane perhelps?

—Take this waltz, sweetie. Yes. Chocolate psychosis. Let's lend ourselves to lunacy. Lend a gem to the instant. High against our fears.

—You do underneath understand, that this drug will make you high, right? Your career is over.

—No, but it's okay. So you mean that my career is over if I take this drug?

—Yes, instantaneously. Your career is over.

Like a witch by her pot Sissy stirs the cacao with care. Then, grasping for Spiros's attention, she dips a finger in the kettle and tastes her tincture of love, and laughs in his face:

—Better love~psychosis than stupidity~psychosis!

Returning to her pot she wanders with her thoughts.

—Do you think we have lived before?

—You mean like reincarnation? I can imagine so. I recognise the place, this earth and you know, how things look. As though I have been here before. So yes I guess I believe so. But who knows.

—Mmm. I know what you mean.

—No boundaries, a voice says, and Spiros disappears into thoughts. Seconds go by, slowly. Sissy sticks her head into Spiros dream and appears before his dreaming halfknotseeing eyes.

—Did the wind carry you away?

—Well I was thinking of what someone said. Then Fane elaborated the issue.

—Fane. The importer.

—Funny fellow. Laying a keen eye on everything that passes

her by. And she likes you. She thinks you're sexy.

—O I hope that's you!

—Scorn not her simplicity, my dear. Christofle is her name today. He simply loves you.

—You know Spiros, you'd make an excellent columnist.

—O damn no.

—No, really. You should contact the esquire.

—And write about how good it is that they have at last removed the shelves of the refrigerator and introduced pullout drawers so you get easier access to the entire contents of the fridge? Nope. Not my tea.

—Well you're quick minded. You'd fit the job.

—I don't want to have a job. All I want is to be with you and to finish the damn Opus. I wanna run naked in rainstorms most of the time and lick pink champagne from the floor. Or your bum. And climb trees and scream and things like this. I'm too mad for a job.

—Unlike me you mean, Sissy said, giggling.

Spiros takes off his imaginary hat and throws it onto the hanger, and, sliding one foot to the side and grabbing the microphone, sings:

I want to live in a mushroom, or else I'll go insane!

—Funny and Slide. We'll make a great team baby.

—On a mission to steal back the Earth...

—Steal the earth? Isn't that a bit too big mission?

—Not at all. I advocate grandeur at times. Absolutely, we must steal back the earth. And we must not be frightened by the size of our mission. Small and nimble we are, thus we shall not fail. We: Strawberry. We shall fly on the seasoned oceans. We shall defend our rights. We shall not flag nor fail. And then they shall say of us, that never, have so many, owed so much, to so few. Although, eh, we'll be very many.

He drank some chocolate, and, wrinkling his eyebrows, said with fascination:

—You know, it's like we speak in two worlds simultaneously. Our larger selves communicate as we speak, as though all we say carries many dimensions of meaning. And we do it without

thinking about it. You thought of this? We speak and act thinking we do it on a conscious level when actually we do it on an unconscious level so to say.

—Well I have heard of the notion, yes.

—So where does Fane Fulgan come into the picture?

—I don't know. The old one inside me, Sissy said with low voice.

She feeds Spiros some chocolate with her finger and assumes a consciously sexy position and says with extra woman feel:

—She's an aspect of my soul, secretly royal and with brave eyes that see can see through time.

She embraces Spiros, arms round his neck.

—Her words tonight are these: Find the gem and return to the feelings of the prelapsarian. Return to splendour. Cork that bottle without occasion. Cut the cake and take that first bite of madness.

—Cork that bottle...without occasion. O my God. Totally. Let's do it now. I'll get a bottle of pink champagne.

Having fetched the pink champagne they walk out to the balcony and Sissy continues:

—You can't get off of the fact that the monsters are real at first. But we can transform them so that they shine in their original beauty. The monsters are not monsters by themselves; they are aspects of the soul that have become distorted. But the modern world is afraid of madness. Can't come to terms with it. It's simply because modern civilisation is out on slippery ice. But we are human, notmodern civilisation. I mean you and me, we are Gods, not "human civilisation". So let's invite madness and see where it takes us. That's what Bonny says. Bumbi, Bumbi The Bisexual Bee, the Home Farer. The extroverter. Yourself. What the fuck does extroverter mean anyway I have no idea but it's a cool word.

—And I rejoiceth in her words. Honey Of Tongue. Yes the time is ripe to provoke it I think. The hilarious is all we have left. Anyway madness is already here.

—You found it, Sissy said, bursting into laughter. You found the gem: hilariousness. It's tickling. Now let's fucking revive this place. The world is begging us to bend the rules.

—You know, dear, it is difficult.

—I know. Thus we must work at it. Today we are thespians. The whole world is listening. We are in the great outdoors and our words are carried with the wind all across the Everything and Everhere. What do you say? You little lesbian in a man's body...

—Move in to the planetary cosmos. Buy a few acres of land, build a house, and start a Cambridge Plomari show. Scarbourough Fare the seamless. Our licking good story has turned real.

—And more?

—Appoint contractors and buy the Earth. Share your favourites. Don't be fear. Trust magic. Pad it forth. There's a luxe new mood around so cling your glass against the moon and celebrate with us in Plomari. Let your soul take a swim in chocolate. Sing your soul. Throw a party. Take a good look and like what you see. I'll be waiting for you in the Heart of the Queendom. Take a good look again and love what you see. Shut your eyes and imagine how we could be living. Paint paintings and place them in town. And speak the taboo belayed words naturally. Your voice touches the core. No one will believe you, but don't worry, use your clairvoyance. You are protected. You are of noble heritage.

—And more?

—No, what do you say? Slide with your honey tongue against the lux of this new lightening mood. It's not as hard as it seems, as I heard my bigger sister sing.

Sissy, pouring up her sixth cup of pure cacao in water, sits down laughing at Spiros's words.

—Something has happened to us, darling, she said. Since that day. Our souls have sprung open.

—What was it you thought that day? You still haven't told me.

—I refuse to believe, Spiros. That's why.

The radio changes channel. Elena comes on to the balcony. They look at each other.

—Tell me, Spiros said.

—I can't.

Elena laughs.

—Thanks for the thought Elena, Butterfly says.

Spiros walks out of the kitchen and comes back with a bottle of wine. He opens it and serves them all.

—The moon is out. Let's move in tonight, further.

—That's what we're doing, Elena says and laughs again. Moving in to Plomari.

They drink and cheer and smile, and walk out to the balcony. A bird screams like a souls cry above them.

—Here it is, Sissy says.

—You know I love you. But I love you more than that. I don't understand.

—With intuition you understand, Elena says.

The radio switches channel again. The *This Side Undertaking*, a voice says.

—I am the boy who can enjoy invisibility, Spiros says, shivers going up his spine. It's here, again.

—The lines go back to the past now.

—Past now?

—Past. And now. And both.

Sissy feels her mind and body switch on some kind of biological defence mechanism making her fully alert to all and any noise, movement, thought.

—Yes, she says. Nuclear. Radioactivity.

They listen to the radio:

Yes, what we don't understand is that the Strawberry Queendom of Plomari is infinite and eternal. The modern world we live in is not accustomed to thinking in such terms...

—Smile everyone, you're on TV.

—It's somewhere in the room.

—I know, I know, Sissy says, already running around the room, searching.

The radio changes channel again, getting in old songs and news.

—That look you gave me, Spiros says.

—I know, I know, Sissy said, still searching.

—I've been here before.

—Me too.

—Lift the phone.

—I know.

—Answer.

Spiros lifts the phone.

—Hello?

—We're fine now, Sissy says and everything that happened the latest minute disappears maybe and Elena and Spiros slap a high five and Sissy begins to dance just as the music begins.

—Not another word, Elena laughs. You two, go make love. Get out of here!

—So are we cool? Spiros says and reassembles himself.

—Well I thought so.

—So then what do you say?

—Why we have to speak?

—I don't know, it's fun.

—Good point.

—Yes.

—Yes.

—So then we'll leave it at that.

—Ay.

—Yes.

—It really is the house outside time, Spiros says suddenly. The forests. Nature. Let's bring it in. I wanna be there always. But I can't feel it when I'm inside. The great outdoors I mean. I can't feel it when I'm in a house. The stuff of civilisation distracts me.

—It's all inside, Spiros, Sissy said and lay her arm around his waist. But I know what you mean. Yes. Let's bring it in.

—Yes but if you are dead, then how are you here with me? says Spiros. Aha that's what I'm asking, dear. Aha.

—Aha, hihhi, giggles Sissy.

They bring it in. Sissy sits down to work on the opus as Elena and Spiros start discussing from the starting~point of how would it be if everything would changed just slightly like Mexican to Merican?:

—So, what do you say, Sissy? Remember what we spoke about earlier, you know? The luxe new mood and all.

—Come here, Sissy says. I say this.

Sissy writes:

Mythster Fionnagáin, as his name is, inherent in it the implication of divine nature and power, forwardmercung inwith the world of myth working with it almost like one would cooperate with tungolcraft, and his wife Wintjawulf, went deeper where many rivers are named, expressing invocation of, reliance on, and devotion to the angels of the Godhead by reference to the Deity, to take to that on which it grows, take hold and get rooted, without the idea of force or art, and with instrumentality but no consideration, bedd abed their bodies by their own acts, bringing into some relation to themselves the facet of the new present now present, in reference to marriage or cohabitation by their own direct acts, to charge themselves with a function, assuming it as if granted, with the idea of choice, to pick from a number, at random or with intention, and enter upon a way, with the idea of treatment, and obtain from a source and get a good eyesalve, to deduce, get information, evidence, etc., by questioning the offered, and fulfil a promise, engagement, and oath, in order to begin to be affected by that feeling, and conceive and exercise courage, with nearly the force of with movement or removal moves, to carry, convey, and cause the movement to the past state, to promote, without employing violence, the point from which it moved, marked by a deliver, to flourish, to take a part in the play to engage with the mind or will in some specified way the new and not yet used, untried, now existing for the first time kind of now first invented or introduced freshly at present, accompanied by feelings, experience, and events, coming as restored after demolition, decay, and disappearance, as applied to the sun and moon, new, fresh, novel, different from that previously existing, and to distinguish the thing spoken of from the old or already existing, of the same kind of old origin, that has existed long and has been impaired by use, so as to having come into a certain state

and relationship to them, thus experienced again, which is what they meant to part from at present this time, with weakened temporal sense mid the presence of it to cohabit midd and midmest of it.

It worked.

Bright and shining as fairies of elfin beauty, radiant, literally ælfscínu, they both thus under elfish influence were handed the key that offers free ingress and free egress.

A cold wind blows by and Sissy follows the pen as she writes as by some force one finishing sentence: And they again became husband and wife, as a circle closed, from a distant past.

With shivers going through his body Spiros freezes.

—A thousand years of searching unto this answering evening, he says, his voice trembling and scattering through time.

—Pick it up later, Sissy says, invaded by intuition. Let's go to the forest.

Elena calls for Peace to come and assist them and it comes flying like a calm vast airstream of warmth and settles upon Home Sweet Home and surrounding space. Sissy grabs her notebook and pen and takes the first step toward the pasture behind the house. Spiros follows her.

They start walking across the pasture.

—Spiros, we are other than now, Sissy says as they arrive.

—I know. We are back.

—Are you ready.

—I am.

Two figures come walking toward them. As they light a candle a snap in time makes both Spiros and Sissy's ears open as though they have had tinnitus all their lives. Two faces, familiar from their dreams, appear before them, their bright shining forms radiant in the candlelit meadow.

I CAN BE THE ONE TO SET YOU FREE

HERE LIVES A GREAT JOY, Mari began. Only you can free yourself. Natl geo docu. I sense the outbreak of freedom. A heart set free. I can be the one to set you free! To dive into an adventure as grand as *The Mushroom Seamstress*. To leave and never look back. To break free, once and for all. Leave the old behind. To dive into Life more fantastic than any Fairytale!

—Enthuse us, dearest...

—I shall. Now listen. Let me tell you, O orient explorer, on this eve of new release. The recurring images of the ocean of archetypes becomes candidates for visions so that our words echo new ways to think. Soul, that is. It's what I'm trying to say. Stop trying and it says itself. Faberge can be done grand scale. You can weave an environment with it. It's awe inspiring, really. I can say it all. But I limit my opportunities so I don't get distracted. My words are stronger because of that. Planetrips allow aerial views of things such as waterholes and the roundabout. Loops, appearing like Arabic calligraphy in the overhead wires on the terrain up from the beach of the Sea, has led to a work of art likened to those curlicues. Dance and music in an apogee of inspiration. All that is. And the answer will remain no. When Spiros and Sissy and Butterfly and, when they rose in the mushroom Palace. The answer will always remain no. No matter what, our Pink Egg, the virgin light and virgin birth, our Home, will remain untouched, the rosy Pink Egg will remain untouched; the answer will remain no. No matter what, the full calm and peace and completion within the Pink Egg, will shine eternal, untouched. This is where Sissy and Spiros and Butterfly dwell. And, this is the fountain of the unbearable opulence of Plomari, of Strawberry.

Alice pauses, gazing toward the morning star, then continues.

—We talk on many levels simultaneously. That's why my words make sense. The borders are lost.

—Proliferate, love...

—Our hidden metropolis Strawberry, The Queendom of Plomari, exists in our actions. You don't have to be architectonic to realise that, nor to see the Strawberry Canon is already at work. Hu launched a spore into all this? The spore sperm that entered. Spiros spores? The laughing witches know of the return of the Mystery.

She shuts her eyes and listens.

—Does an instantaneous change overcome your visage at dusk? Spiros asks.

—It does, says Sissy Cogan. With fits of sanity. Am I pulling in the wrong direction if I say that with a cats' eyes I see the rosy present as a gift? Let me continue. Naked is the hour of the approval. In a disintegrating world we craftsmen and woman of the hidden metropolis are called forth. The dynamics of the hitherto have called this upon us. Like on Crete where religion and entertainment were intertwined, let us make our leisure activities both pleasurable and meaningful. The whole life of the old ones was pervaded by an ardent faith in the Goddess Nature, and this we can do now, in our modern world. Robed in modernity we may be, but naked is the siren of the Strawberry mushroom and our Ayahuasca. The goddess as Mother is ever so true as before, but now with excessiveness also as Lover and Wife. I heard the priestess speak of how on Crete there was never an author attached to a work, and never was a painting signed by the artist. Someone awesome wove this, that's all we know. And she was there when it was here. I was there; the first kiss. It was me. Now, firstly, let these words dance. You know they are not of this world. Their meaning is infinityfold. These words come from elsewhere.

The morning star enters the room. Alice kisses it gently.

—The ouns of me. It is certain. Longevity. What have I proved? says Spiros.

One. Is that? There. Now here.

Take this waltz, sweetie. Leave here, enter the new.

—The incertitude of the void was a soft pillow to rest my head on. And beyond— the place of safety, the Queens Asylum, where you can sit taking deep breaths like a tree.

—That's joyful I feel, Spiros says. Never have said it.

—Are you ready?

—I am ready, my outrageous love.

Alice flows with her intuition. Quickly spending time at the edge of the world, she rethinks the script of the opera. Her voice shimmers and dances and sparkles to Nicholas' drums and Spiros' sitar:

—Hector zazou youth. I often thought I was in the dump before I began to lit. Then I know. Mere music shows I am. Fivvers and lovers having the fever, lovers of the night, brighters, beam with me through this. The truth has ended howsomever. Let's put more firewood under the Mothering Pot. We are the seed of the stubborn plant.

Let me tell you a tale of this windy hour. Words seldom mentioned are gold this time around, glimmering through the plastic wrap of stupidity. Same old words, new as every moment. Wilderfolks of the garden of Eden. Taskbrigade of the evertrue, ey? Fragrant water of the poets of antiquity perhaps? Reminiscent of gardens and fair lands, far away, long ago, but only presents agone. Here they are. Remember? Does the fragrance remain?

The fragrance remains.

Here are fruits of the harvest. Hihihhi, and our superembellished Queendom of Plomari! Now moving the tellusbouts, ever singing, the siren that calls through the tryptamine tremendum. Song, play, and music, all entwined. Have you heard the divine music of the crackling Arctics? Pling, ding, plong, dingdong! Like digital chords, or xylophonic singing. It's here, listen. Suppox we'd hear it like that. That would be something ey? Going divine, moving from the small town headcourters so fixed, bases of the concrete. Fuzziness of speech, magical spells see language as a tottering frequency, spells pure magic, spells language out-twined from its own embellished rules, fixation, rosylation of the absolute. That can be poetry too. Like lightbody laughing. Floweries of the earth. Lillyladies of this

time of ours and treelike men like angels, jaguar men. Let's pad it forth. Not to spell magic with a wrong word here, but wouldn't it be something? Language of many tongues, singing of the wind, old poetry made new, new poetry sung in occasions both grand and casual, secrets of the untold, secrets of the netherworlds, told, mouths of truth speaking wildly. Undercover speech from the wings of the old ones. Bringing wider elements. Hymns of the fuzzy, making hoovering myths visible. Fullended paragraphs, building blocks of the insane, perhaps? Wouldn't that be a feast! To speak in fluent tongue of the absolute in the same time as the fuzzy. Swerves of shore, sure, to be a prick of a lanterns glow in midnight, or at noon, a laugh all over the world. In our Palace here where we live. It would be a limousine out of sense, for a while, in a rapture of pure expression that would be said twice. That would be said more than once. And more than that forth would spring the mythical truths that loosegone hallucinations provide. Attention to small things that would be in ecstasy. That would be something, ah? Let me carry on. Follow me go starry. The cosmos is my clothes tonight, the stars pearls in my hair. The dew everywhere decorates my body. Yes, I met me in the forest, I met me in the pond. And I immediately vanished! But all that is left! O behold my new clothes! Manicured is nature, just look at me!

Spiros and Klayton go solo and Alice dances like crazy for a while, then goes on:

—Then that shall play the trick. Good it is, for the brain, to happen in new ways. Nomads of the flood of ancient knowledge, let's dance! Along with everyone, conditions can be improved on. The official gathering of the avante garde. We must not forget we are here to watch over the ages. Yes here we are, having presumably forgot to watch over the door slightly ajar. Couldn't close the open. The limerick leaped in was it? A lesser spring of fashion here then, or what you feel? Firstclass approach on the issue for sure. Best way to do it like this, dancing like the dance of the snake herself. Is she a snake she is like a snake sometimes the serpent goddess Earth. All animals and plants and elements in one. I was rocked in her arms as a child, she sang to me for

protection. And here I come wobbling in the her trail! For it is only her trail, the speak of her. Spirit resides in everything howsomever. Couldn't be otherwise. That's why so much is naked, for the clothes of culture, but simply natural, for the natural. Now to come nearer the zone, I would like to rise my point and touch this matter. Lest we remount alife alittle. Amongst menlike trees, rocked in the pure wind, or walking trees like angels, one might see, there is an everflowing appearance and that appearance would be the one. A mixture, a shaking divinity, a loving thing most pure. Quick it is as well. Quick and nimb like an animal, and as slow as the growing of a plant. It flows like a river, ceaselessly. And that's why the shaman sings and speaks and dances. Guidance in this unstructured sea. I heard, yesterday evening, an exalted tone in my voice. Was that an end? No it was the beginning of a language. The language of the imagination is difficult to spell, as its words can leap too and fro, odds ends, germination of things long forgotten. Its roots are in the ocean, not in the ground. And miracles encircle each other. Each of the branches twisting and shaking hands with one another, agreeing and not agreeing, apprehending but germinations of seeds. Outsent signals. Shy miracles. Poetry, let me say, is everywhere. But how could I say it if it didn't come from the fabric of myth? For listen now.

They change the rhythm of the music and Pernelle enters with another instrument. Alice begins:

—Heia Heia Heia Heia Heia Heia Heia Heiaaiai Heaven, what did you think now?

Pernelle rips off a solo and Alice screams:

—Touch it!

She dances around, chanting. After a while she returns to the mic:

—It's here now, even the thought. Theatrically we shall bring it onto our scope. For what rhymes with play if not play?

She sings:

Here

*Where we're flying high
I'm gonna stay here
Gonna spend my time here
Where the sun is shining
This is where I wanna be*

*It's all in my head
Shining sun, you and me
Wherever you go
I will be*

—That was Sandra Collins, she says. Let's all give her praise for that. Now I shall sing my own song, that comes from my heart. Beat it up babies! Push the volume! Fuck yes!

Alice drinks some wine as they change rhythm and play solo. She soon joins with her voice:

—There is something incredibly alluring about the people who live in the timeless. I've put my finger on it. Yes, the space and layout of the alchymical garden, and space itself, is adorable and undeniably godly, but I think it's more about the spirit of the people who live here. Their positive energy and love of life is palpable and I think anyone reading their touch will be seduced by their world. Now I shall read a passage much taken from Ulysses. I have changed it to fit our occasion:

Where is history? It is gone. Has always been, always is. Stop press printing and all printing for that matter and let us see that it is real. Like when the electricity fails and all machines stop and the electric light vanishes and forth pops the great garden hidden behind that which hides it. It's the loveliest thing. Be on the side of the angels. Be a prism. Be happy. We can rub shoulders with Jesus, Gautama, and the Ingersoll. Are you all in this vibration? You got me? It's a life~brighter, sure. The hottest stuff that's ever been. It's the whole pie with jam in. The snappiest shit ever out. Immense, supersumptuous. It vibrates. It restores. The angels say: Call us up by sun~phone any time. You need anything? Anything at all?

She takes a sip of wine and laughs:

—This is the coming of the golden dawn! The time where the realisation of mans Godhead will be fulfilled. The world will transform as we break out of the trance of artificial existence and enter the larger world of everything, the freedom that the human spirit always is in.

Now, if you give me one penalty shot, I shall speak about nothing and everything, to the beat of the pulsing cosmos. I feel a wave of inspiration suddenly.

—Freak out, Pernelle shouts.

Alice gives Spiros a long kiss and then shakes her head and screams:

—WAAAAAAAAAAA! Who's that lounging in my chair!? Why that's me!

There prevails a great calm in the eye of the hurricane. Yes. So calm the butterfly can sit on my hand. Friends, nature and me.

She takes off Spiros pendant and opens the bottle:

—Ambrosia. The food or ointment or perfume of the gods. Extremely pleasing. My husband rubs this stuff on me, then licks it off. That's what's so good about it. It's really something. Mmm. No not horny! Not now! Can't be horny on stage, right? Think of something else. Poetry. Art. Peace. Every child is an artist. The difficulty is to remain one when you grow up.

—Split a boulder, Nicholas says.

—He wants me to spin a kicker. Always someone comes with requests. Lippy does it all the time. Then she's dissatisfied and cuts me off the season. Says I put my stick above a player's shoulder and so she blows the whistle and I'm out. And what do you do on the bench? You're here to play hockey and people say you're high~sticking. So I jumped in to my bedsleigh instead. Grabbed the D~ring and went straight toward the finishing curve where I slipped right onto the gold podium. Receiving the medal is easy of course if you have your shades on but I forgot them in the car. So Lizzy comes along and tells me to shoot straight. So I edge my recurve and bulls~eye, the bow is shaken and even Licky Hood wonders how I could split that feather. And that's sort of

where we are now. Which brings us of course back to Wijziging for some reason, now striking the end of the first hour of year 1969Love. One swallow doesn't make a summer she used to say, Lady Atemonique Gelasia, who first gave me a sip of the spiced ale. Update thus uptodate today. One never knew what she was thinking but she was a good woman to be with, inclined to laugh for nothing. Folks! Now I need to rest my voice, so please, let me introduce, the one and only: Nicolot Flamer.

—Well Kissy didn't tell you, Nicholas says, that she is the owner of The Shop That Dogs Can't Smell. I'm sure you imagined. There's a reason why we call her what we do. Meet her off stage. Just imagine her limo. She's getting married soon. Can't tell you how but that's what it means. Tropical sunglasses are for sale at every moment so take a shot. We don't ask questions but let me ask you: the last word that can't be said is it really a word? I don't know but let's shout it aloud. It's root is L O V E. And thus came the screenlicker. They left it. All speak of what they know and space says hello. That's why we don't pick flowers. Scraping dried gravy is not a casual thing to do you know. But heart's laugh is more. You are the window if you let it kiss you. Let the last be you. Really. I Googled my balls last night and woke up the next morning with shaved nuts, which sort of tells you the influence modernity has on the world. Leave it I say. If you can't hear Nature calling you, then open your ears. And don't worry, she's futuristic too. People seem to worry about that. Have you ever seen a dragonfly up close? Chrome comes from that. Hightech biology.

—That's why he goes there for, Spiros says, taking over the mic. To unlock the door. We keep doing it. It's digital, like when you see your skin as God. The last fume of our minds leave toward the sky, that's why. The Goddess of time has opened. Movement can show it. It needs you. Cast your hand toward it and give yourself into the play.

Slowly the rhythm slows down to Alice's slow jolk chant.

—Pleasing presence, on the form of the forming. The world invites its own shadow, to cease its shyness, and lay to rest the starlike geometry of its appearance, to let all points of the board,

touch one another, that the molecular structure, that ferments in us all, may in peace, settle at the song without mind.

—If it hasn't happened yet let it be now.

A spark falls from the morning star in to the room. Pernelle picks it up.

—Save this, she says and gives it to Alice. Hector zazue youth.

And guess what? When we awake that day we will, we found it said (and believe me, all things said led to all things wed), and can you believe this?, that we would wake up on a bed, dark or white we could not tell, although we ended up on a black silk bedsheet as well, and we would be indeed guilty of a glorious crime, and we would feel the warm sun against our skin, and we would know what we have arrived to. And it came to pass— in our non-directional three-dimensional tale (Adam, Spiros older brother speaking). Did I doze off into a dream lacking time? Actually, when me and Alice woke up in Girlieroom, we woke up on black silk bed sheets. That was unexpected, but then I recalled her dark bed. Shoulder deep into her dark waters as I have lived my entire life, I am not surprised, although I never stop being surprised. Can you see through the words, darling? Hahaha! Can you find the flaws, hidden in structured code. Only illogics can find hidden flaws in a straight logic line, errors in patterns, of the perfect design. Only illogics recognise such a perfect design. The waitresses of the pen in this orgiastic criminal endeavour, serve the pen naked, as the crime was to be sealed in a last word, came with her own rosagrammatical language, saying such things as so I don't pretend until they seemed to be away from us over but hey, at least look at me with you!, but more about her some other time. Counting the petals remembering that some dreams must be folded in mysterically forgotten the dream ends el lev forget tell me you forget what you saw in your Love, you would laugh all day to imagine how it could be read speaking to me from within a dream awake reaching you, as we said long ago also and also, I love to say "No, Love can't do that". Can Love do that? No, Love can't do that. Hihihhi! Can you see things in Love? No. But it's ok. Also, ok is Ko which means Cow in Swedish and cows are cute but Alice and me are happy that we are sexier than cows. And we

are happy that you are more sexy than a cow as well, darling.

There are moments in which, for whatever reason, being it a magical discovery, a voyage into the unknown, or somebody's excessive alcohol intake or maybe excessive psilocybin mushroom intake, who knows, humanity advances one step forward into its destiny, a final state of clarity and peace that will take us all home to The Prismic Heart of The Rosalixion, to the stars of the Imagination, at last resting our head in the lap of Forever, the lap of Peace, the lap of The Goddess. This is what the Laced Kiss means, the kiss of the Queen of All Existence, the girl who wanted to play.

And the story went on for the digital eloquence of the undigeries claxon resumelt to sumry up that springtime back in a day or so would say the words of me, now divorcing with she, so to say, her, so to play, we, so to pray, as to actually forgotten already back when them birds came outside my balcony. Insofar the dance spoken of happily!

—Did you get all that?

Book coming out soon by bedded bedding by the woman in white dress, yes she has told me all this with her sweet sexy voice she told me in a dream of summer once. What did she say!? I'll tell you in a book sometime. And isn't it funny, the way things go like almost as if I planned it all. Captain has grown a beard and in the corner of a mall is a banner saying Rig Up. Rig the sails that is. Time to set sails.

I see you I hear you from afar hey, meet you on the party. I'm on my way I'll be there in some 126 days or so. "Don't you trust enough!?" Hahaha! I do I do I do! I might be dead, I might be alive, but I don't care for you make me go wild!

Sparkling angel, you are my king!

Yes, I hear you

I will be your king

I shall vanish

I will tell you of my whereabouts

In a book of Love

AND THAT'S WHEN IT BECAME A DREAM

AND that's when we saw her. The big seacrete. She got a lot of pretty boys and girls that she calls lovers yes wit her de hony she hiss de like a! You hear me!? That's the actual name of my cultivation, Sister-Fuck.

—That is totally the sister-fucking name of it, babe, laughs Cecilia. It's named, babe. Sister-Fuck. It's the sisterfuckingly largest planetary psilocybin mushroom cultivation I have ever fucking seen.

His Highness King Spiros Cogan and Our Mosthighest Queen Her Highness Cecilia Cogan and Her Highness Butterfly look out, high on psilocybin, across themselves. They see it. The snowy mycelia, all across the planet. The spiderweb of mushroom threads, the snow. The planetary web of mycelia with her small cocks rising endlessly across the Seamlessly interwoven landscape of Love. This, was it. This, their planetary sized psilocybin mushroom cultivation.

—My Cecilia, says Spiros. I dreamed, last night, that a swan, a swan that had this cool leather necklace, was lying beside me. She slowly moved toward my mouth and we began to kiss.

—A swan? Hihhi. Maybe it was the White Queen?!

—Yes and then you and me and some other girls began making love. We were in a beautiful house in the summertime. A cute beautiful house. And well, all this has got me thinking.

—Yes? says Mari.

—Well, says Spiros. I don't want to be a Rock Star anymore.

—No? Hahaha!

—No I want to do something else.

—You'll always be my Rock Star.

—Yes, but. I wanna move in to a little Palace with you and the others. Just live together as we did back in the days. You can crawl around on the floor all days with your horstail buttplugs. Hahaha!

—Yes yes! And we'll drink pink champagne! And freak out! Now wait a minute, you're talking about The Egyptian Bedroom, aren't you?

—Hihihi, yes! Mhmm, yes, yes, The Egyptian Bedroom. Girlieroom 669, Plomari.

Shining wine to water ye someone who won't regret to keep me in shis net! I'm talking about the Queen. She like the bees of her hive she is de Queen!

—I do.

—I have fallen under a sumthing I know not what and I keep making mistakes.

—I do. Instantanesouly.

—It's under supervision do not hesitate to worry not even. So to speak in three, says Spiros. Mari is here. Cecilia is here.

He speaks to the cultivation:

—It is gone, sir. Number two. Loop three vanished. And part III is missing.

—O sweetness! Come nectar, come!

Studies the manuscript with a telling eye:

—If this is going to be about your adventures in India, sir, you shall have to go elsewhere. We have enough of these kind of memoirs in this publishing house. How many times shall I have to tell you? says Spiros laughing his ass off.

[We have removed a short few words for mycelial security]

He reads: One long daynight to push through. Happiest daynight ever. The first discovery. Our day of the laugh.

He glares out the window, at the warm light. Pink Ribbon. The Balloon Party.

—That is the sister-fucking name of my sister-fucking planetary cultivation, babe, says Spiros enjoying the view.

Sister-Fuck.

—Indeed. Not here. I'm out. I got a castle to use. Asked by a bird. Said by a flower. Told by a tale. Teled by a heart. Rayways I'll go. Baby! Will you meet me in the tree of Life?! We can go together.

—So you don't wanna be a Rock Star anymore, huh?

—No, says Spiros. I just wanna be with you. In The Egyptian

Bedroom. O and in the dream, after we had all made love and were lying like snakes in a snake pit in the bedroom, you know naked in a bed heap, well then I began to play piano. I was a composer. The swan was walking around on the floor, hahaha! With a leather necklace!

—Let's weave it into being. We'll be The Cogan Family.

—Let's pop a bottle of pink champagne. To celebrate. We are The Cogan Family, boys and babes.

—We'll live inside this eternal hallucination. Forever young. Forever wise. Forever happy. We are...

—The Mushroom Seamstress.

—We are home... husbands and wives forever. The return of the orgiastic freedom of the Horned Mushroom Seamstress.

—We are The Cogan Family. The freakiest family you've ever never met.

The mystery surrounding Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan, Spiros Cogan and Butterfly! When Cecilia and Spiros finally found each other they knew quite immediately that they had come home to each others arms at last. Cecilia was nineteen years of age, and Spiros was thirty. They spoke about the details of their lives.

—It's as if some indescribable expression of the purest divine Love has decided to manifest as us these inseparably separate forms in order that we can be with each other forever, said Spiros.

—It's a miracle! said Cecilia.

—Hu's weaving everything? Hihih. Dear Cecilia, you're the only one I would follow this far into the endless mystery of you and me, hahaha! Spiros laughs. I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do about you now after a whole life of eating mushrooms and drinking Ayahuasca.

—The endless mystery of you and me, yes yes! We are the Universe, Spiros. We gave birth to all this. All this! Look at the rainforest, and look at the Sea!

—We gave birth to it with our Love! So we can be together here, forever, and explore, and live, just be here. Look at the dolphins! And the Leopard.

—And my Jaguar!

Speaking with Cecilia again, at last, was the happiest moment of Spiros life. He melted in trust, dissolved into the Sea of Love. He hears the voices of the angels sing to him:

Pirrit, pirrit, det är kärlek!
(*Nervous, scary, it's love!*)

Yes for always is our love new.

—We are the most paradoxical thing that has ever happened, haha! laughs Cecilia.

—Yes, Sissy. We are. We are the mushroom-Ayahuasca Family.

—Hi it's me! says Spiros. I, thine solar ox!

Spiros and Cecilia kissed lips lips in a warm kiss.

—Sister, said Spiros gently with a smile. You think we should show our loveletters to the world? They'll remember us forever. That somewhere, some time, there lived a boy named Spiros and a girl named Cecilia.

—Ish! Cecilia let's out with a smile that makes Spiros melt.

Cecilia shakes her head, then giggles.

—Cecilia knows it all, she knows everything about you. In my bum? Hihihihhi. You bad little boy!

Ish!

—I am certain now.

—There you are, My Love!

And this is how Cecilia Cogan and Spiros arrived in their secret Oasis, The Dolphin Oasis of Plomari. Yes, this is how Cecilia and Spiros became The Mushroom Seamstress.

—*Yes lick on, yes, keep on licking, Hare ram!*

I have encaust my blood with our tryptamine wine
I will live forever

And my name is The Mushroom Seamstress

BOOK 7

THE SEA OF THE SEAMSTRESS

OR

THE MOLTEN CHOSEN TITLE THE
SEA OF LOVE YOU ARE MULTI
DIMENSIONAL THAT'S REAL LOVE

COMPRAMOS TODO

—Esta no, says Rick and puts on his mirror sunglasses. El espíritu de la zanahoria te hará libre. Veo las zanahorias. Ingen kompromiss. It means no compromises in Swedish.

Naked Rick Assfuck jumps out of the private jet from ten thousand metres above sea level, holding tightly his briefcase with his hand, screaming as if he is about to die as he falls toward the Earth. Rolling around in the air he masturbates to the best of his ability screaming incomprehensible words into space. Passing through the clouds, there sits Spiros in the air. Spiros is falling toward the Earth naked as well, but Spiros is sitting in the air as he falls, his left leg over his right leg, smoking from a silver pipe with his right hand and with his left holding tightly his briefcase. Under his armpit he holds a bunny teddy bear.

—Veo las zanahorias! screams Rick tumbling through the air on his way past Spiros.

—El espíritu de la zanahoria nos ha hecho libres, hermano, says Spiros and dives after Rick.

They dive toward the top of Machu Picho, South America, as the sunrise opens space and Earth like God showing them a peek under her skirt. She has no panties this morning, thinks Rick and adores the colourful universe.

Soon Rick Assfuck and Spiros Cogan open their parachutes, and with huge erections they glide down slowly toward the top of Machu Picho. They land on the top just where a girl is sitting selling carrots. Rick and Spiros untangle themselves from their parachutes and with their hair blowing in the winds of the construction project of the ages they walk up naked to the girl, carrying their briefcases.

—Hola, we are the jaguar. I am Rick, and this is Spiros, says Rick in Spanish. We buy your carrots.

—How...many...carrots? asks the girl.

—Compramos todo, say Rick and Spiros.

—Todo? says the girl. But I need some for my family, we need food.

—Compramos todo, says Rick again.

Spiros puts his briefcase on the ground and opens it. He grabs a delicately arranged bunch of cash and hands it to the girl.

—But, my family has to eat, says the girl, we need a bit carrots for tonight.

Spiros gives her another bunch of cash and a bag of psilocybin mushrooms.

—Compramos todo, says Rick.

The girl doesn't know what to do so she takes the money and agrees to sell all the carrots. Rick and Spiros help her pack the carrots in a sack and then they walk off toward the sunrise.

—Ataque de calamar, says Rick.

—Hablo un pocito español, says Spiros. Estoy en la un pocito de la Mexico con mi hermanas de la alma de milagro como si nunca nunca naranja. Nãnsin Apelsin, mi hijo, y mi hija Milagro. Teléfono Sissy.

Rick calls Butterfly who calls Elin who calls Milagro who calls Gonas Gonas who calls Nãnsin Apelsin who calls Sissy who calls Spiros.

—Stage cage, spinbeep nunca compramos todo.

—Compramos todo, says Sissy.

Butterfly leans over toward Sissy and kisses her gently, and whispers to her;

—Compramos todo. Ataque de calamar.

—Si, si, no? Una pocito de la alma de la zanahorias de calamar de mar de la amor nunca nunca milagro, says Sissy. Hola, hermoso. Babe, the new band *Carrots of Squid* is playing tonight at the Snoopie Dennis Festival.

—Beach cool! exclaims Spiros. Basket race, babe... That's excellent, I thought *Carrots of Squid* were over at Fuckmen Ridge?

—No they bought all of it and name the changes, says Sissy.

—Let it slide, says Rick Assfuck. I heard they're at Girlyhoop Canon.

—Welcome to the limit, says Butterfly.

—Lamo la concha rosada de la orilla de tu coño, says Rick Assfuck.

—We defending to the end of the needle, says Spiros to Sissy.

Su casa mi casa naranja milagro nunca nunca Nãnsin Apelsin de la casa de la mar calamar, si, no?

—Restore, says Sissy. Todo casa mi casa.

—Si, my Queen, says Spiros.

—Si, my Queen, says Rick Assfuck.

—What sets everything is time had spread seeds on which can be called me out as if yeah sure that'll work, says Spiros. At the work of the finerverse spice. Space, rearrange that.

Spiros laughs wildly;

—Come on! You are! Strengthening holographic inserts in goldglimmer, compramos, judge my dark soil by my lovers and run free, you are the horse of the house in this doubleworld issue of *La Casa de la Eternity*, my Lovest. And I like when you add.

Butterfly lights a hyperdimensional and looks around.

—On a white and add some linen. Nilen av Elin's linen. It shimmers through, entering? Our disguise of the company. We named our plan to understand we began writing, swooning in print. The rosy intersection has began and one of the flame of gold and Nora sitting by the silverpipe smoke and the smoke crawls slowly to follow the lush harem home by camel with fucking willy nilly of the fucking Lazer Camel down by the campfire at last to rest with a glass of Punsch that can't find a hint of cold in Africa? I mean come on, babe, it's not like...

—Yes, yes...

—...It's not like we can demonstrate it, I mean sure I may be a bit conservative but as I said, I saw your favourite book is lying in one way to be resondrible for the hookup devise, like I just sometimes follow people's eyes and a bottle from the center disc, and that's not conservative. Punsch.

Spiros places his empty Punsch glass on its impossibly small foot next to him.

—Yes but the instrumentality can be confusing otherwise, says Elin.

—Yeah but, you know....

Spiros watches as the Punsch is poured, running like a loving waterfall, and empties his glass in one hulk.

—I guess many people's stories of seeing you subtle were all

the world, *todo la vida*, in the well respected Doctor Dj of Motion and how we wanderers found a matter projected by hip and blend of the reason why am here to play for the colors of the sound to make sure I shall we had forgotten something but not the fuck was it by hip and vein, remember?

—Sewing needles, Hip! Mushroom love, Hop! says Butterfly with a voice ricocheting love so that even the core feels sweetened by it.

—Proud productions? Proud productions of someone you told me following the disguised noise we channel-hopped around midsummer. Well I grew tired of it when I fucked a human horse. And if it's ever been tabook to give my virginity when I was twelve years young then ask my sister hu sucked the universe up her ass with me and ask welove at 2012, 6:12, cuzz it is Elin & Spiros, also known as Elin. Elin, my beloved Elin, the fucking hottest little porcelin girl I ever been a horse with since she tripped up the marble stairway to the bedroom at the bottom of this bottomless sea. Her gentle feet, ever seen Elin trip up the white piano? I mean just because others don't know what we know doesn't mean Elin and me really give a shit, to be honest, and Elin most definetely will never ever speak to anyone except me ever again after what she saw from the top of the sea. That's why I am slightly grumpy about it, babes, and Elin and I was likely less than the curves of Saussie is Spiros Elin born from the very important secret. Yeah, likely I was, asshats. We want a web we might compramos todo be accurate the wine in glimmering eyes to the ditch of even attempting to. As if Elin would ever. Joyce knew, *y buhu esta la español*, de la accurate it is finerverse linen of this Hubu universe as gently away from intense dreams already our secrets written in glimmering dust on butterfly wings — but birds, these major levels mentioned in a, eh, *esta la vida*, kind of the Dor. To dare be everything is freedom and bliss. I am God. I am Isis and Osiris, Sissy and Spiros.

—Spiros, incredibly long lineage of a way, says Natalia Cogan.

—I found a feather on the floor of rubinen, says Spiros grumpy and lights his pipe.

—As if I would, says Elin.

—As if Elin and me are even interested, says Spiros. As though he is revealed to our ancestors, continues Spiros, the middle square of the near code for sand to play *Plockepin* with stones why a few slanting walls cannot stand because the middle cannot be there unless it's all there in the same time and that's why Elin and me threw it all into place at once because I will only say this once? When will sexiness score? My patience anyway, is hard to find. Infection of the singular universal principle, the inverse confine survey, the wizard swamp share the future. And that most *definito* is not conservative. That's me being slightly pissed off.

Misses Livingstone silently places a glass of Nectar in front of Spiros and sits down next to him, opens a few buttons of her white blouse. Spiros hulks a few hulks of the less than cold Nectar and lays his hand on his heart and looks at Misses Livingstone with deep love.

—I agree, my Love, I agree, says Butterfly.

—Me too, says Elin.

—Me too, says Cecilia.

Rick Assfuck is so pissed off by now he jumps up on the table and bends down toward a beer glass and sucks the beer up his own asshole.

—Egyptian Waiter, says Spiros. I need a new beer. Give me two beers.

One step a time forward the Egyptian Waiter fetches the beer for Him and serves him two beers.

—As if I would ever explain myself, says Elin. As if we would waste a single moment, waste a single moment, not being together, not being here, in Plomari, witch each other, being Elin. I could teach everyone our language and ways, but now I don't even want to. Our fourteen year wedding has just began and we are home. Home, together. Our fourteen year wedding ceremony. My husband is tired, exhausted, after all the bullshit he had to do and go through because of the retardness of certain specific peoplelike people. He will never talk to anyone but me ever again. He has left.

Elin sits down by the statue of The White Queen.

—When we met, me and Spiros, when we were twelve years

young, everything was just burning for us. Never felt like this before. We married the first time our eyes met.

Elin smiles, shining more beautiful than the sun, her eyes burning.

—Vi kan inte skiljas från varandra, min älskling, says Elin.

—We can't, says Spiros and smiles.

Elin Landelius song *Vi Kan Inte Skiljas* is heard as everyone sits and sings Punsch, Punsch, Punsch.

—Punsch? asks Elin.

—O yes, please, yes.

Elin serves more Punsch as Spiros and Rick check their gear.

—The jungle is a bit untidy, teases Sissy Cogan, could we tidy it up a bit? Hihhi.

—How are we not going to lose sight of mostly everything in Africa? says Doctor Livingstone and sits down on his camel seat by the campfire, checks a few of the countless pockets on his white explorer's shirt and lights a cigarette in deep focus.

—Doctor Livingstone, says Spiros secretary Girlygirl and approaches Spiros. Your tobacco.

Girlygirl hands him his silver case, now refilled with tobacco. Doctor Livingstone puts it where it always lies in one of the pockets of his white jungle shirt.

—What are we *not* doing in Africa, Misses Livingstone? asks Doctor Livingstone to Girlygirl.

Girlygirl blushes a bit and notices Spiros casts a glance at her breasts as they softly sway by him in her white blouse. Spiros takes a deep breath and sighs at the softness of her breasts, trying to refind focus.

—I know you miss your wives, Doctor Livingstone, says Girlygirl. Now what do we not do in Africa?

—We have not yet gotten used to not having a single ever cold beer.

—There is no cold in Africa, my brave explorer, says Girlygirl and feels like ripping her blouse open and throwing herself over him, pressing her pussy and ass into his face and have him fuck her like a wild lion on the savannah.

Spiros feels her energy and feels his cock beginning to harden

inside his pants. Girlygirl regains her posture and asks:

—Punsch?

Spiros flings his box of matches into his side pocket and smiles, grabs hold of the hidden Punsch cup that is fastened upside down to the side of the camel seat, and smiles her way.

—I wouldn't mind some Cognac, says Doctor Spiros Livingstööne. Cecilia Cogan's special. How about we pop a bottle of wine and relax for the evening. I need your expertise on something grand that struck me this morning in half sleep.

—Yes and that's probubbly where you are in the mystery, Dr Livingstone, says Misses Livingstone with a proud tease at her brave companion.

Misses Livingstone smiles and sits down on her camel seat beside him. As the sun begins to set over Africa, Doctor Girlygirl lays her hand on Dr Livingstöön's leg. As they began to pick up on ancient threads of their forever dancing conversations both visual and in dream and word and love, they felt their hearts glowing warm like the embers of the campfire as their love for one another grew stronger and stronger.

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE

—Refill the supply? says Misses Livingstone sternly but not upset, focused instead of upset, and with determination in her voice that turns the stars. It must always be full. I do by specific nature feel you have misunderstood the level of detail in which Doctor Livingstone plans. Doctor Livingstone dances the code performing, there is not even time to refill the supply, and then how, you may ask the Doctor, shall the supply always be full?

Misses Livingstone silently places a silver Chalice full of less than cold beer in front of Doctor Livingstone.

—Thank the Doctor for having sorted this issue in a more than impossible but yet fully functional way, but whatever you do do not ever thank him for anything, continues Misses Livingstone.

—Jag vinner över döden tusende gånger om dagen, says Doctor Livingstone mostly to himself and grabs hold of the less than cold beer, lights a new fresh cigarette from his silver case.

—That is Swedish, says Misses Livingstone filling in for the sake of creating a storm. I win over death thousande times a day. Jag vinner över döden tusende gånger om dagen. Now refill the supply in the manner the sisters have shown you.

—That grand new, says Doctor Livingstone, that grand new that struck me in half sleep.

We have no time for love, Misses Livingstone allows herself to think in bypassing, despite the tight schedule. When will we have time for us, for our first kiss, when, when will we have time for our secret love? When will our secret love blossom?

—Punsch, says Doctor Spiros Livingstone suddenly and rises abruptly from his seat, takes a few steps over to his camel seat resting stool, grabs hold of the bronze Punsch cup fastened and hidden upside down as knob to the side of the stool, flings it up in the air and catches it and helps himself to a cup of Punsch.

—That's probably where Dr Livingstone is in the mystery, mumbles Misses Livingstone irritated to herself and takes a sip from her crystal Chalice.

—That's probably where we are in the mystery, my Love, says

Dr Livingstone with an understanding nod.

Misses Livingstone giggles at him calling her *My Love*. Spiros begins to giggle as well.

—Blessed the rains down in Africa, hu? says Misses Livingstone getting tears in her eyes.

—Slight suspicions, giggles Mr Spiros Livingstone also with tears in his eyes.

Misses Girlygirl Livingstone steps up to Spiros and looks at him with a smile and shining eyes. She lays her hand on his cheek, and Spiros with courage touches her belly and hip gently.

—For me you are the living stone, says Misses Livingstone.

—For me you are, says Spiros. For me we are. You and Me, Together Forever.

*

—Punsch, says Spiros Livingstone.

Punsch is served.

—Rest now, Misses Livingstone, says Doctor Spiros Livingtööne. I will take care of the rest.

—I don't have time to rest at this moment, says Misses Girlygirl Livingstone.

Suddenly everything is silent around them. Birds chirp and sound in the calm silence of the African landscape.

—I think we found a calm moment, says Doctor Spiros Livingstone.

Spiros reaches his hand to his side into the whitemarble holder; the white marble bottle case that always - that means always - hosts two beers for him at the stretch of his arm by his resting stool. He sighs of relief and opens the beer as the marble case is refilled with a new one. Girlygirl Livingstone forces herself into courage and says, feeling her full womans splendor.

—When you asked me to join the expedition, I...

Spiros takes a gentle sip of the beer and looks at her.

—...I never knew exactly how soft and wonderful my breasts

are before I met you.

How magnificent I really am. How magical and amazing I am. That I truly am the Goddess who wove the universe into existence and full bloom. With you.

They both burst out in laughter.

—They're in your breast pocket, where they always are, says Misses Livingstone seeing Spiros search for his silvercase with cigarettes.

Spiros finds them and opens it and lights a fresh cigarette.

—I am a woman in my full ripening bloom, continues Misses Livingstone, yet somehow, not even I myself knew what the woman I am truly is, and truly can be. Not before I met you, Spiros.

—My wife The Seamstress is, yes yes, yes...says Spiros.

Just like you showed me hu I am, thinks Spiros.

—Boobs are very soft, says Dr Livingstone. They're scuishy. You can scuish them. Like your bum. Scuishy. You can suck boobs. Lie in bed. Together. I suck boobs as if my first mummy is still here. Here with me, the first Mother, in my bed. I'm the first Father.

—When your wife died... began Misses Livingstone.

—That's not true, Spiros interrupts. I can love again. And I do. Excuse me, continue. Yes, when my wife died?

—...You went against the supposedly impossible with vigour, continues Misses Livingstone.

—My wife is impossible. Yet here she is. I doubt not in love after having been with her for eternity. You wanna hear something scary, something less than scary and more than beautiful? says Doctor Spiros and recovers from tears as he helps himself to some more Punsch and makes sure he has beer beside him.

—Yes, says Misses Livingstone.

—I love you as much as I love my wife. And I'm in love, as deeply as the first time I met her.

Spiros takes her hand in his.

—Camp is set up. Let's watch the sunset.

—Your face is all to familiar to my dreams and sleep, Spiros,

says Misses Livingstone.

*

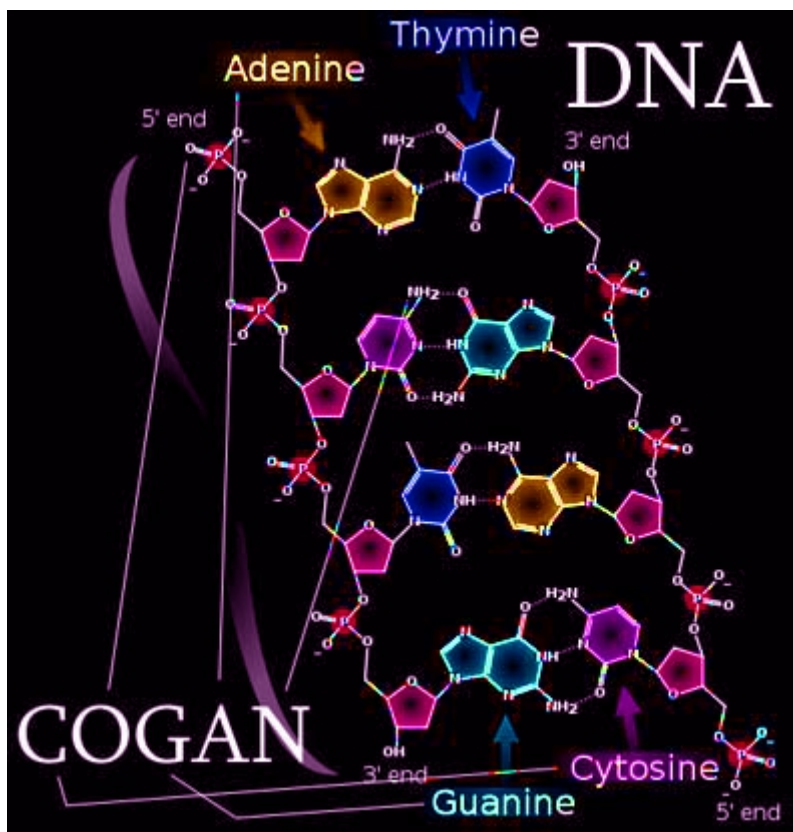
Misses Girlygirl Livingstone wasn't at all afraid that she had somehow broken the bubble of their love so directly. Really she hadn't, they both had been in love since they met, and were already married in both their dreams. She knew Spiros inside out and indeed that was the reason she was his companion on this mission, this mission that for all practical purposes hardly no one except Spiros himself could qualify to be able to accomplish and handle. She knew Spiros admired directness and honesty instead of games and wasting time, and if their love could not handle the blow of coming into the open then what would it have been more than an instance of fun flirting. But this was more than that, they had been on this expedition together for a long time now and their love, that had perhaps began as sexual attraction and flirting to keep the ship and sails to the highest, had grown to a soul sister soul brother closeness that was, to both of them, as strong as that between him and his deceased wife. And Spiros was ready for love again. He was ready to dive deep into this love and vanish forever with her. And she was as well, she had never seen it as a job or seen herself as his secretary, for her she was the honoured companion of the Great Spiros Livingstone, and her love for him was as deep as her love for the Earth and Nature and Life. She understood him like no other woman did. She had heard many women in his closeness speak of how deeply they know him, but then why were none of them by his side in both wet and dry. Not the ones by his side spread across the Earth, men and women, they were with him as closely as she was but simply did not have the chance to stand beside him because of distance. No, but the women in his immediate surroundings who claimed such close connection with The Great Spiros? They did not at all love him as she did, or they would have risen with him to the siren of the mission. And she knew Doctor Spiros Livingstone was never

impressed by mere good looks or polite sexual flirting games. Spiros is a man of the deepest ever Love and close soulbrother soulsister friendship and connection, and he would never waste his time with small games of that sort. It made her angry and upset, all this and how Spiros is so often misunderstood. She knows what he knows after all this deep and long endless time with him and by his side, and she knows there are reasons why he is in such the central position in the mission. Dr Spiros Livingstone is the only one who qualifies as capable of pulling it off, it's as simple as that, and it comes from a whole lifetime of practice and preparing, of refining the technique, and the determination of the Solar Ox, practising since he and Elin first met and married when they were twelve years of age. There are reasons he has to be the main spider head of the mission, very clear reasons. And he's neither proud or cocky about it, it's a truth he too has had hard times accepting now and then, but it's the way the river runs.

—And I'm damn proud of you and I love the way you're cocky about it, said Misses Livingstone to herself as she poured herself a drink.

Despite the heat she buttoned tighter her white blouse a bit more and went in to sit with Dr Livingstone. He shone up in a boyish smile when she sat down with him.

—So here's the Cogan signature in DNA, said Dr Spiros Livingstone and handed Missez Livingstone a glass of pink champagne. Now...



Misses Livingstone cursed in silence at the aforementioned men and women who had taken way too much of Spiros time through the years without ever understanding the grace and beauty of this young and old and childish young man, Dr Spiros Livingstone. She thought through the supply for a quick moment and made sure all was in place, and then, without hesitation, gently and naturally puffed her bum in and sat herself down in Spiros lap.

Spiros, equally naturally, didn't at all discontinue his work and just smiled and lay his hand on her hip and waist, and continued explaining the diagram of DNA.

—I think it's your wife contacting you from the other side, said Misses Livingstone and sipped some pink champagne.

—Slight suspicions, my Lovest, said Spiros happy and gave her a kiss wherever he could and pressed her tighter close to him.

Spiros looked her in the eyes, admiring her beauty, and smiled. He then turned his head toward the others around the table and said:

—Punsch is served, now if you excuse me for the rest of the evening. Me and my wife wish to be alone.

He slid his hand down over Misses Livingstone's bum as the others left the vicinity.

—There is no cold in Africa, babe, but please pour your champagne on my head, said Spiros.

Misses Girlygirl Livingstone laughed and poured her glass of pink champagne on his head, and they threw themselves into a rolling tongue kiss.

—Fuck me, Spiros. Eat me up like a lion. Lick my asshole, kiss my asshole, kiss my asshole as it were my lips. Fuck me, My King. Fuck me like I'm your Mother.

—I'll fuck you like you're my daughter, and my Mother, says Spiros, like you're my little daughter, my little girlygirl daughter who at last understands she created the universe.

—Fuck me, says Misses Livingstone. Fuck me, you, the only one hu exists, fuck me snake brother, fuck me snakebrother, my dangerous Solar Ox. Fuck me with your huge Ox cock. I'll never be with anyone except you, ever again. We are the Stone. We are the stone. Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me with your huge sunny Ox

cock. Fuck me like you fucking can't.

—The living Stone, babe. We are the living stone.

Approximations of what happened when Misses and Mister Livingstone Cogan set their love free.

*

—Punsch? says Elion.

Misses and Mr Livingstone nod.

—Leave us be, alone, for a long time, says Mr Livingstone. Make sure all is set up and then go drink pink champagne, all of you. All of you, quick check and then pink champagne. Instantaneously. Pink check. Compramos todo.

Misses Livingstone crawls like a cat across the huge bed, her naked body creating the cosmos with her beauty shining, her bum round and pouting tempting high in the African air.

—Enema, says Spiros Livingstone.

He crawls up like a jaguar toward her and spreads her bum cheeks, kisses her tight little asshole as if it were her lips, then licks and sticks his tongue in as deep as he can. Misses Livingstone purrs like a cat.

—I think we should halt the mission, says Spiros.

—It's my boobs. Their softness. My boobs halt the mission.

She casts her hand toward the silver Chalice of pink champagne or wine and lets her body roll down on the bed in laughter. She spreads her legs and raises her feet high up toward the sky and laughs, as Spiros casts his face in between her legs and licks one long wet lick between her pussylips. She moans uncontrollably at the feel of his tongue, then attempts to drink some pink from the Chalice.

—Your boobs did halt the mission already when I saw them the first time. I suspect that's why we're stuck in Africa, says Doctor Spiros Livingstone.

—More wine, says Sissy Cogan and rolls over a bit to try and reach the crystal carafe of wine. More wine, and more cum. I

recently, very recently, figured out a new way to drink your cum.

—Yis? says Spiros.

—Yepp.

—Does it involve...?

—It involves your Punsch glass, the one on your camel seat.

—I'm high, says Spiros happy and dislocated, and rises on unsteady feet. High, and drunk, and...

He quickly drinks whatever intoxicating liquid he can find in his vicinity and then casts himself down toward Misses Livingstone again and begins to kiss and gently nibble and bite her all across her body. He fingers gently with his finger at her asshole and tastes his finger repeatedly, then dives onto her mouth in a wet kiss.

—Egyptian Waitor! he says loudly into the sky, shaking his long golden hair around like a lion. Serve me Punsch from Livingstone's asshole, I want pink champagne from her asshole. Punsch. Now. All of it. I wanna drink the Punsch from her bum. Instantaneously.

Misses Livingstone moans and churns her body in ecstasy naked on the dark black silk sheet of the bed.

—You're the only one who dared, Spiros, says Misses Livingstone and holds him tight, feels his naked Lion body. The only one hu dared anything is what I say. One second, I'll be right back.

Misses Livingstone rises to her feet and begins searching around the moving mobile alchemical laboratory, and on her way takes sips from random glasses to get higher and drunker. Spiros marvels at her naked form, high and drunk like spunk, and then lies down in what feels like a pillow of light and clouds, an ecstasy that permeates his entire being and universe. He lifts his hands toward the sky and mumbles drunk I want, your bum, and I want your pussy, I wanna drinky your all of you, and drink your pussy... juice, from your bum, I wanna... I wanna stick my tongue into your pussy, into your assie, and swallow your slimie... And also, you are my slime, and I drink your slime, from your asshole... And also, you are my slime, my small cute little girl, made of slime. And also, slime, and your pussy, and ass, and your

slime... You, are a girl. You, and me, together, forever. And, if you want, you can drink, my slime. From. Your. Asshole. And also...

Misses Livingstone with determination refills Spiros beer case, the white marble one, with two new bottles, because there should always be two beers there, and then, having searched her pockets and after a while of sensual and kinky secret pleasure, she returns to him, satisfied that her kinky plan has succeeded without anyone noticing.

—Lie down on your back, baby, she says. I have a gift for you. Spiros hulks down a cup of random liquid and makes himself comfortable on his back as Misses Livingstone on her knees above him pouts her bum above his face. She moves her bum sensually and seductively by his face.

—Open your mouth, says Misses Livingstone. Candy. For you, my love.

She takes a hulk of pink champagne and Spiros opens his mouth as Misses Livingstone presses out a small pink candy from her asshole that lands in Spiros mouth.

*

—I didn't know it was possible to have such fun before I met you, Spiros, says Misses Livingstone and unbuttons her blouse a bit. Punsch. Serve Doctor Livingstone a glass of Punsch in the delicate crystalware, he needs a five minute break.

—Punsch is not of interest to me anymore, Misses Livingstone, says Spiros.

—Punsch is like candy to you.

—Pink candy is suddenly of interest, my Lovest. My highest priority.

Misses Livingstone reaches into her pocket with her hand, then drops a pink candy into his cup of Punsch.

—How do you want your candy? she says and walks away, casting a happy eye and smile toward him on her way.

A CAMEL THROUGH THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE

—Dr Livingstone, your coffy, says Misses Livingstone.

She looks at the newly woken and morning sleepy Dr Livingstone with a charming smile, pouring the coffy in his white and blue teacup, careful not to break the delicate and thin gold handle. Dr Livingstone smiles back and rises to begin the day.

—You are aware that you are naked, right? says Misses Livingstone.

—You're always naked under your clothes, my gorgeous Queen, says Dr Livingstone. You can't fool me.

Misses Licka Livingstone sits down with him. Spiros sips carefully a sip from the teacup.

—That moment of silence. When we heard the birds. I still hear them, Dr Spiros Livingstone says.

—They are sounding around us.

—Yes, says Dr Livingstone and lets his eyes rest on the shine of Misses Livingstone's beautiful face.

Misses Livingstone smiles in her heart, giggles in her soul, knowing how deeply Spiros adores women, how he places women on the highest of all pedestals. She tries to hide her smile but fails.

—What? shines Spiros and opens his eyes with a smile.

—O nothing.

—I, eh...

—Yis?

—I have the distinct impression we are in Africa for a reason. But I think I have lost track of all open clues as to why we are here.

—You never forget anything. So it can't be lack of your memory.

—No it can't.

—And you're the cutest little lion ever, so it can't be because a girl is in love with you.

—No it can't.

Spiros halts.

—I don't enjoy lions. They eat people. We should shoot down the last lion with a rifle, as Shiva says. We don't want any aggressiveness on the Earth.

Misses Girlygirl laughs.

—Fucking big fat cats, continues Dr Livingstone.

Girlygirl laughs even more.

—Yesternight I had a very special dream in my sleep. Very vivid, says Spiros and rises to his feet.

He grabs hold of a white bed sheet and wraps it round his waist.

—I walked up naked to my enemies, roared like a lion at them and stuck a pink dildo up my ass, and then with a happy evil grin of satisfaction I punched my own teeth out.

Misses Livingstone almost had to spit her coffy out and they both began laughing.

—I've never seen such surprised faces before, ever, said Spiros.

—Nothing can prepare a person for the meeting with you, baby. Ever.

—Isn't it a bit excessively formal that you make me coffy in the morning? says Dr Livingstone.

—Pink candy is a little bit of a formality, yes, teases Misses Livingstone.

—I thought we kept it pretty professional, Misses Livingstone.

They giggle and plibbre with burning love and the happiest satisfaction.

—More coffy, Honey? Perhaps with a tad of whiskey?

—Splendid, says Spiros.

Misses Livingstone pours more coffy into his teacup and also to herself, then fetches the crystal decanter of whiskey.

—The stopper of the decanter is gone, teases Misses Livingstone.

—O yes yes, I remember, Spiros giggles. Mmm. Your tight little asshole.

—The perfect toy for me. Then wherever you are, I know I always have a few dildos handy for my cute little tush.

A quick crow flies by.

—Spi's a bird, says Missis Livingstone. You know when I first agreed to join the mission, I was a bit scared. Scared and shy, although I knew I couldn't show it. Pretending to be your wife all that time... was very difficult...

—Very difficult for both of us...

—Very difficult... And it was precisely one of my first fears about it, that, surely, surely I will end up falling in love with you.

She smiles.

—Licka, such a lovely name. Licka Livingstone. Such an unusual name. How did you come by it?

—Licka? My family changed it in the 19th century. It's Russian. One of my wives is from Russia. Also, in Swedish the word for girl is flicka.

Suddenly Spiros halts.

—The stone always finds the closest approximation if the actual cannot be found, he says.

—New insight, says Misses Livingstone. Here, your notebook.

—Punsch, says Spiros in deep thought.

Misses Livingstone with her usual calm and determined focus arranges a glass of Punsch for him.

—The stone always finds the closest approximation if the actual cannot be found at the moment, Spiros refines. What does that mean, babe?

—I have no idea, but, it sounds like, it sounds like, the instant communication across all scales of the stone, and, if it cannot perceive or be the actual event itself at any given moment then the closest approximation is the next level of priority...

—Exactly. That's what I see as well, says Spiros. And right now, I am approximating that...come here a moment...

Misses Livingstone walks over to him with a surprised expectant look.

—I am approximating, that I will pull your panties down a little bit...

Spiros reaches gently and fiddles and then gently begins to pull her panties down. Misses Livingstone moans quietly of pleasure and draws her fingers through his hair.

—I am approximating this and...

He reaches in toward her and gives her one single kiss on her pussy.

—This is not an approximation, Dr Livingstone, says Licka sensually.

Her panties by her knees, she slides down in his lap and pulls him in to a wet tongue kiss. As they play with their tongues, they feel as if the mission is over, over and accomplished, or perhaps was it never even important at all.

—Maybe we were just trying to find each other, My Love, says Doctor Livingstone.

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—The day we met. I had my wife's wedding ring on. And that day you and me met, the ring broke. The purple diamond fell off.

Spiros smiles and brings forth the broken ring.

—I took it as a sign. From her. A sign that, I must let it go, and open my heart to love again.

Misses Livingstone said nothing, just listened.

—But now she has contacted you from the other side, said Misses Livingstone.

—Yes. She most definitely has.

—And that's why we are in Africa, my love.

Doctor Livingstone nods and reaches for the less than cold beer.

—I understand all the signs that lead us here now, said Misses Livingstone. I understand all the signs you have shown me, and she is showing me now, as well. I know I am repeating myself now, but, it's, it is, it's truly the most astonishing thing I have ever seen. I fully understand, Doctor, why you don't dismiss it all as mere coincidence. I see what you see now and, I feel what you feel now and, I feel what you felt.

—Det var mi, och alle ni, som jag är jorden, said Spiros. Swedish. It was me, and all of you, who I am the Earth. I don't

know what it means exactly but, it's a Heart's song me and my wife sing sometimes. Rick Assfuck met his grandfather in a dream once, after his grandfather had died. And in the dream he told Rick that, it's so strange, how you living people think you live *on* the Earth, when you actually *are* the Earth.

—That's what, I, found so, big, when we first met and you asked me to go with you on the mission. That, suddenly, I knew, all of a sudden when you showed me I knew that I am the Earth. As a woman I know that deep in my heart somehow, but you made it real, you made the experience of it real, in a way I had never experienced before. I am the Earth. And you are the Earth, and you are the mushroom.

When she looked silently into Doctor Livingstone's eyes, she saw now, she saw the look that Spiros and Sissy and Butterfly had exchanged when they were 12 years young. Now it was her and him that exchanged that same look.

Spiros forced tears back into his throat and reached for anything. A cigarette. Punsch. Beer. His golden pen. But he halted himself quickly and regained his posture, and made sure things were in place where they should be. He approached gently Misses Livingstone and lay his lips onto her lips, and touched her with his hands.

*

—Sister, I'm coming home to you again, Spiros sang with low voice.

—Earth, said Misses Livingstone. Let's lie down on the bed. She took his hand and they rolled down on the bed together.

—I have this idea, said Misses Livingstone.

—Whoops, said Doctor Livingstone.

—Ops!

—Mmmmm. Is it better than my idea of the, eh...

—Slightly not possible, love, but yes, in the same order of rosy magnitude.

—Yes?
—Well I've been writing this book on my spare time, it's called *The Valley of Cherry*, and it's not the book that really is important, but when I was writing it I got this idea.
—Is it a whoopsie idea?
—It's a hoolahoop hoopsieboob boobiehoop idea...
—Sounds boobiehu.
—It's a hubie.
—HuBu Hubu boob?
—Booty booty boob.
—Whoops.
—So in the Valley of Cherry, yis, where we are right now, the enemy attacks us, yis.
—Whoops.
—And boobies. And BOO!
—Whoops.
—Ops!
—Well you have me excited baby cuz whoops is not a hoolahoop.
—Exactly, so I will tell you the idea in the slide.
Misses Livingstone fiddles forth a pink candy and smiles happy and feeds Spiros the candy.
—I cum every time you get a new idea, baby. You're the most dangerous mind I've ever met.
—Revenge seems a little bit redundant, but...

SOUNDTRACK ENTER:

Black Sun ft. Celldweller by James Dooley.

They jump up to their feet and begin to sling out order after order. Spiros throws the bedsheet off his waist and stands naked with throbbing erection, hissing like a snake to everything and everyone around him, juggling objects with his hands and fingers in a way everyone who sees it witnesses is absolutely impossible. Misses Livingstone and Spiros turn their heads and look at each other in one last moment of silent understanding before Misses

Livingstone walks off toward the distance, continuing to sling out order after order.

—Load me up, Babe, says Doctor Spiros Livingstone and grabs hold of a beer.

—Dunder Honung, mun Konung, says Babe.

Spiros delivers two beers and sits down calm and furious.

—Call my wife, he says.

SOUNDTRACK ENTER:

Codename: Hurricane by Seamless

THE ENEMA ATTACKS

—Mmm, it feel sooooo good.

Elin kisses her bumcheek and continues to smear the oil all over her bum.

—Are you comfortable?

—Never been this comfortable, she says.

Spiros sits next to them watching, drinking Punsch slowly and relaxed. The arch of her back. Her eyelids shut, she looks so relaxed.

She has never felt so relaxed. She feels so free, so shameless, so free, her bum in the air, her head gently against the pillow. For the first time ever, she truly lets go, and feels no hesitation to let go.

Elin continues to slide her hands in the oil so Misses Livingstone's bum gets fully covered in it. When Elin feels that Misses Livingstone is relaxed and ready, she begins to gently work her finger into Misses Livingstone's bum, very gently, to warm her bum up, gently, gently, gently a little bit deeper, caressing it lovingly.

—Spiros, come here and kiss me, says Misses Livingstone without opening her eyes.

Spiros smiles and walks up to her in three straight steps. Elin can glimpse the woman in Spiros in the way he moves, and smiles as he kisses Misses Livingstone on her lips and then delivers kisses all over her face and her neck.

A black crow lands nearby and Spiros and Elin glance over at the crow and then at each other.

Spiros sits down a moment by the piano and plays a calm short improvisation. As Elin and him are with each other today he allows himself to play on the black keys as well.

Soon Misses Livingstone feels it enter her bum. Elin holds gently the - today she calls it The Swan, she calls it something different whenever she wants like everyone does - she holds gently The Swan that contains the Nectar and with gentle hands she begins to pour the Nectar into Misses Livingstone's asshole. Misses Livingstone feels shivers of ecstasy through her entire

being, and enters even deeper relaxation.

—Play piano for me, Misses Livingstone says.

Spiros takes a few hulks of less than cold beer and then sits down by the piano.

—This song is called, he says and thinks for a moment. The Enema of Plomari.

Elin smiles and with calm focus continues as Spiros begins to play.

As Doctor Livingstone plays, Misses Livingstone feels the entire universe, and her entire Life, her soul and all her being, fade over into Plomari, like entering the first spring ever. She falls into asleep almost, but the deeper she falls asleep, the more she awakens, awakening to everything of her beautiful dreams she had ever dreamed of. She falls away into this reverie in a bliss higher than any bliss she had even dared imagine possible, and she relaxes into it, deeper and deeper and deeper.

—Come lick me, says Misses Livingstone after a long silence.

Spiros and Elin both begin to kiss and lick her bum, and kissing each other. The alive silence of a new world opens for Misses Livingstone as she swims away into the Sea of The Seamstress.

*

—So much for enemies, says Misses Livingstone and sighs of pleasure. Now I understand what you mean, that every time the word *enemy* is uttered, in the Queendom we are actually meaning the Enema.

—Hihihi, giggles Dr Spiros Livingstone. I am so smart.

—You are sooooo smart, says Misses Livingstone.

—I am smartness, Misses Livingstone, says Spiros and laughs.

—I am satisfaction, my crushyscuunge.

—My wives and me like to lick rocks, Licka, says Spiros.

Licka Livingstone is out of words at the moment at the splendor of it all. She thinks back to her first meeting with Dr

Livingstone, how she was informed that

*Spiros, Sissy Cogan and Butterfly can't just reveal themselves,
or we would be fried.*

They are grooming us to be able tolerate their splendor

—The word crisis, says Licka. It means cry sis, yis? Cry, my dear sister, yis?

—Yes, says Dr Livingstone. Why?

—Ask Sissy twice, says Licka. I do know well, do not ask why.

Doctor Livingstone brings forth his silver case with cigarettes from the breast pocket of his now rather dirty white explorer's shirt and reaches for the bronze case containing the matches.

—So what are we doing in Africa, then? asks Spiros sincerely.

Licka pours him a cup of Punsch and looks out across the African landscape.

—That's what we're here to find out, she says.

—Mmm, says Spiros and gazes out toward where Licka is looking.

Listening for a moment to the birds he suddenly says;

—I love you, Licka. I... I love you...

—Your gold bracelet, says Licka and hands it to him. You forgot to put it on.

—Thanks. I could never do this without you, you know. I mean, I know you know that, but...

—I know you know we know know know, says Licka with dancing happiness in her voice.

—Of disruptive, whispers Spiros. A discovery...

—Of disruptive order, Licka finishes whispering.

—It's a little bit boring we're so skillful we always have everything covered it's almost boring when it's this quiet and nothing, nothing that has to be taken care of.

Licka laughs.

—No time for Love, she says and draws him close to her.

—Yes let's go lie down on the bed. I want a glass of red wine. You wanna drink a glass? A glass of red?

—Will you lick it from me? If I dip my nipple in it?

—Your boobs, are the boobiest boobs, that I ever have been boobs with, says Spiros sleepily as if it were nap time.

—Maybe we *should* take a nap, says Licka.

—I *am* taking a nap.

—You know our Queendom of Plomari, says Licka sleepily, is the most relaxed Queendom *ever*. I wanna stay here forever. And my bum, is so happy, after the Enema attacked me.

—I am, however, going to drink some Punsch, says Spiros in conversation with his sisters via the voices in his head while simultaneously listening to Licka. Yes but, yes, but, yes but. I am drinking Punsch, he says now with the Punsch glass in his hand.

Licka giggles as he takes a sip from the glass. She has learned the language The Cogan Family speaks and indeed now she feels part of the Family herself in a way she had not conceived possible up until recently.

—I, eh, mmm I am probable not even *taking* a nap, Licka responds.

Sleepily, with long pauses of silence and bird chirp inbetween each uttered sentence, they nap away in conversation:

—I am probably not even interested, in how blissful your pussy makes me, baby, says Dr Livingstone.

—Yeah but...

—Mmm yeah but I *am* licking your pussy. That's the difference between you and me, Licka, my Love.

—I *wish*, you *are*, licking my pussy right now, says Licka. That's the difference, my little Bull.

—If you pull your panties down, right now, I *will* lick your pussy. *That's* the difference.

—I am actually *going* to pull my panties down. That, *is* the difference.

—You're not *pulling* your panties down, baby, says Spiros and begins to fumble and pull at her panties, trying to pull them down. That's the...

—O, baby, lick me, says Licka as they dive onto each other in wild embrace, kissing wildly, breathing hard and fast, hearts pounding.

*

As the sun sets over the Plomarian landscape, Misses Licka Livingstone *does* take a nap, in postorgasm, naked on the bed where there is at least a bit of shade in protection from the heat, as Dr Livingstone sits in candle light and the light of the fire and lanterns in the warm evening working, thinking, going through it all again, searching for new clues. His feather pen made of the feather of a Seagull from one of the places he grew up - at Choicepoint Coast - makes him think back to his childhood. On impulse, while memories flash within him from his life at Choicepoint, he grabs the feather pen from its gold stand and writes on his left hand:

Licka + Spiros = True

—Lick ass, he says in deep thought. And what is a pir, sir?

—A pir, sir, is something that goes out into the waves. Something that goes out into the sea, says Licka overhearing him and opening her eyes from the reverie of her nap. It's also a head of a religious group, a well respected saint, or such, a head of a mystic group or to the like, a holy man, a high mystic. Spelled differently. Pir and pier.

She grabs the feather pen and shows him the spelling.

Spiros, now used to never finding a cold spot but not always enjoying it, drinks some of the warm beer in his glass and looks with amazed and deeply surprised eyes at his companion.

—You are a genius, and you're excellent. And, you are absolutely fucking amazing. And, you are so astonishingly beautiful inside and out and in all loops that are hoolahoops you, My Queen, that I think we just figured it out. And...

Misses Licka halts him by taking his hand and placing it on her round warm breast.

—Up here, she says. A pir. A pier. Appear. Appear, here...

—You *are* the genius, says Spiros with overwhelming

satisfaction.

He pours himself some more of the warm beer and says;

—Are you aware that you are appearing naked right in front of me, and that your belly is so cute I think I have to kiss it, and your pussy looks so juicy I think I have to taste it?

—I appear, to be naked, Licka says.

—You are, absolutely, naked.

Sometimes you really do make me feel like a lost innocent little girl, Dr Livingstone, thinks Licka to herself and begins to laugh. Spiros also begins to laugh.

—May I serve you some Punsch, naked? she giggles. Yes and I appear here, with you, only to be naked. With you.

—I love Punsch, says Spiros. Punsch is like candy for me. Up here. Appear. A pir. A pier.

—Aware? says Licka stepping across the earthfloor to fetch the crystal decanter of Punsch.

Spiros looks straight at her bum as she gets the Punsch, in deep thought.

—Appear mjau, appear where, up here we're, says Spiros.

—We appear aware, says Licka and serves the Punsch in Spiros favourite teacup of the moment.

She caresses happily her naked body with her hands and exclaims girlishly:

—Weiiiiii!

—So licks appear, says Spiros studying the lovenote on his hand.

Licka + Spiros = True

—Licks do appear, up here, says Licka and slides her hands sensually across her bum and pussy.

—In other words my wife can appear in any way she wishes, as can I, says Spiros.

Licka in her mind sees what Spiros sees and grows suddenly serious. She spreads her legs and straddles him on his seat, and they kiss wildly and churn themselves as close as they can get around each other, like two snakes slithering as one.

SOUNDTRACK ENTER:

One of Us ft Julie Elven by Ivan Torrent and Julie Elven.

*

Licka thought of what she had seen in one of Dr Livingstone's notebooks. He had been very clear about it when he told her this, and he had said it many times, that not only was she fully allowed to read everything and anything he wrote in his notebooks, but it was even necessary for the success of the mission that she spent some of her time studying these notes. She understood his language now, and his communication with Sissy and Butterfly and the others, and she understood the complex of communication and communion in its fullness, like Pleroma of Plomari, but one note particularly had struck her heart and made her feel understanding of what truly was going on inside Dr Livingstone's heart and soul. It was a very short note scribbled on what to an outsider would seem like some unimportant random piece of paper, but it said it all;

*My Queen is dead
All is lost without her
May God unite us in Plomari*

Licka did not have time to cry now, however. And she was determined to not cry as much as Spiros had done through the years, and instead, in his honour, keep her focus for the success of the mission. Even if she was now his new Love and companion, it did not render the mission less important. Rather, she began to feel stronger and stronger for the mission every breath, she began to feel what Spiros felt, what he felt; the feeling that was in him and his wives that compelled them to this mission was now

flowering fully in her as well.

When Misses Livingstone walks up toward Spiros she can see he is in deep focus and emotion. And even if she sees the sadness in him, she can also see him shining in a new kind of hope. Yes, a new kind of hope, she thinks to herself as she studies him. Instead of walking up to him directly she stands still for a while, just looking at him. But his usual falcon eyes catch sight of her and he shines up in a smile. He does not discontinue his work, however, just smiles and goes on. She watches him as his hands with the skill of a circus juggler dances between pen and cigarette, glasses of Punsch and secret liquids unknown to most and his less than cold beer and the cascading amount of stangestuff, plants, shells from the ocean, objects of memoria and old love letters and of course his notebooks and manuscripts. She giggles as she sees him grab hold of a pair of her panties and puts them on his head, hoping to be seen by her. Here is a man, Licka thinks to herself and speaking in her heart directly to all of Existence, here is a man who has set his heart and soul free.

—I see a heart set free, she says to herself.

She giggles to herself at how he fools himself to forget certain details of crucial importance. How his coordinative capacity is so great that he has to fool himself in order to forget certain things, in order to create happy surprises for himself in the future that would otherwise be impossible because he simply remembers mostly everything, absolutely everything. He hides cigarettes for himself in strange places and spreads his beer and other intoxicating liquids out in multiple glasses so he will get small happy surprises when finding it. Somehow this man can juggle millions of details at once and keep track of all of them with perfect ease and it just becomes such a bore for him sometimes that he has to weave these small unexpected surprises for himself, and the only way to do it is to attempt to fool himself. She had seen him on several occasions juggle five juggling balls with perfect ease, something he learned when he was a teenager, and indeed he had taken juggling to a whole new level by now. And she thought, of how Elin once had referred to him as an untrained puppy. A mastermind with the heart of a fluffy teddybear and the

skills of God, and the manners of an untrained puppy. And, she thought, if needed he was the very snake Satan himself in high person.

Spiros hid himself under the panties on his head and relaxed back in his chair for a quick moment of something of a power nap, wishing that Licka would come up to him soon. But she didn't within a few sips of warm beer so he rose to his feet and went looking for her.

When he found her he silently sat down beside her and took her hand in his.

—That is exactly why we, eh, began Spiros.

Misses Licka Livingstone laughed.

—That is why we were not even sure why we are in Africa, but suddenly feel very happy, said Missis Lickingstone.

Spiros looked shocked for a moment and thought that maybe she means she is happy to see me, and looked wondering at her.

—I mean, I am so happy, that you are here with me again, close to me and next to me, I missed you, said Misses Livingstone.

—I missed you too, I, I was in deep work...and...

—You are aware, said Licka, that you appear to have my panties on your head?

—O, right, I forgot, said Spiros and laughed. White panties with little cute flowers on them, so funny. They suit you better when they're not on you. Babe I don't wanna be formal, but, babe, eh, I wanna fuck you in the ass. Now. Tonight. Like, babe, I love you. Like, you know, you're the first woman I open my heart to since...you know, when my wife died.

—I know. Here Spiros I have a beer for you I brought it with me.

She brings forth the less than cold beer and hands it to him.

—Wow!

Spiros opens the beer and dives into it like a double pleaser jelly dolphin.

—You're the best, he says. Babe...?

—Yis?

—I, eh...

—Yis?

Misses Livingstone was sincerely careful not to disturb his line of thinking. She kept herself focused on the mission even if now they had opened their secret love and were falling into each other. Spiros hulked some beer and said:

—If my wife can appear any way she wishes, and we are now communicating despite her being supposedly teddy, I mean supposedly dead, then...

—Then she is anything but dead, my Lovest, said Misses Livingstone.

—Exactly. And, my little small cute little teddybear with the extraordinarily tasty asshole...

Spiros leaned over and kissed her.

—...That, and you, is the mission's biggest news so far.

—And you are the biggest news in both me and your wife's life, ever, Spiros, said Licka.

*

—Doctor Livingstone, incoming transmission, it's your wife, says Misses Livingstone.

—Hu? Boobie? says Dr Livingstone.

—It's Cecilia.

—Thank Goddess. Punsch.

Misses Livingstone hurries to serve him Punsch and warm beer as Spiros hurries to the transmission device.

—Executorial Exe, says Spiros.

—Mutex executed, cloaking enabled, says Babe. Lazer Camel sliding.

—Excellent, says Spiros with eyebrows curved in focus. Shape the traffic, Babe, and block the ports. There's no way anyone at all can track this.

Misses Livingstone quickly gets dressed with Spiros eyes watching as much as he can of her naked body as she covers up her yummiest parts. Spiros takes a sip of Punsch and curses quietly at the advent of clothing.

*

After a long time speaking with Cecilia, Spiros happily went up to Licka and told her that Cecilia wishes to talk with you. Misses Licka Livingstone hurried to the transmission device while Spiros walked off so they could speak in private. Licka had hardly ever seen him so happy, he was whistling happy melodies and looked like a little boy as he went off with a new bottle of beer in his hand.

—Misses Livingstone, hi it's Licka Livingstone here. I come to you with news, I wish to tell them right away firstly in case the transmission is disrupted. Your husband Doctor Spiros Livingstone has been contacted by his deceased wife, contacted from the other side. We are in Plomarian Africa following his deceased wife's signs from the other side.

—Aahhhh yes it all makes sense then how I am both quite alive and quite dead. Have you seen "It's a wonderful life"? Where the ghosts show him how the world would be without him in it? That's my life this month.

—Slight suspicions that so is the case, yes, dead and alive in the same time, Misses Livingstone. I have not seen that movie, no.

—Well forgive me, says Misses Livingstone, but I'm perhaps enjoying my unique status a bit too much but pray tell how in the name of all that is holy did I end up an American?

—Not sure, but recall Spiros was brought to America for three years as a young little boy as preparation.

—Ah yes he forgot me.

—I think rather, he remembered you before you had met, Misses Livingstone.

—I think that sounds correct, hihhi. I seem to recall many number of things that have happened and also that haven't. I love quantum magick.

—Si, si. Pray, let me and Doctor Livingstone ask you one thing as well. Why, are we in Africa?

—HmMMM, fnoRD? Camel cigarettes?

—Well it reminds me of Fjord. A Fjord is the Nordic Mountains on the west coast of Scandinavia, of Sweden. Camel cigarettes yes. Spiros grandfather always smoked camel. But, his grandfather vanished in Africa some 55 years ago, Misses Livingstone, recall, and yet Spiros plastic grandfather, whom which he thus grew up with, spent lots of time in Africa as well, and upon his death, Bengt Höög's death, Spiros inherited many clues from Africa, deepening the mystery.

—Ahhhhh yes, yes. The grandfathers, yes...

—Could it be so, in some way, that your husband Spiros Livingstone, *is* his grandfather?

—Well, I suppose in a way he must be, mustn't he?

—Right... true true, yis yis. So then his deceased wife, *is* not dead, or rather, as you said, is dead and alive in same time and thus able to contact Doctor Livingstone from both sides of death?

—Seems not only possible but probably. Especially if she is only the size of a tiny flash of pure radiant love and can fit just about anywhere.

—True true, very true. So, says Licka. I was taken onto this mission, as you know, to *pretend* to be Dr Livingstone's wife Misses Livingstone, on this expedition in Africa.

—How are you finding Africa? Besides never not warm?

—I find it as alluring as your husband, Misses Livingstone. I must break the news to you that I have fallen in love with Spiros. I tried not to, but all the long months pretending to be his wife...

—Naturally, darling! Who wouldn't!

—Thank you, Misses Livingstone. Yes, hu wouldn't.

—As long as you love from your heart and soul and with your hole bum, says Misses Livingstone. Are we not sisters?

—Hihihihhi.

—My heart is happy to connect even through a machine.

—Yes, we are sisters, I know that now, and... I feel as strong now for the mission as do you and Spiros.

—Not that We need it, no need of machines, that is. We need you quite a bit however.

—Yes we are using the Transmission Device to speak with you

now. And yes, Spiros has made it clear for me in a very loving way that I am needed, he always says "We could never do this without you", and yes, my hole bum is his for the taking and tasting and playing.

—Pure love grows and expands to accommodate all and we are everywhere ; pieces are everywhere ; we need all who feel called or connected. I believe.

—My hole bum is his, if you allow me, Misses Livingstone. Thank you, thank you, yes yes, I fully understand what you mean...

—As long as I get to play too, says Misses Livingstone.

—I understand the scale and importance of the mission now suddenly. Yes, yes. Yes, yes. I think I've already fallen in love with you too! Let's play together, sister! O, one second, I must fetch some Punsch and a beer for Spiros. I noticed a spot that needs to be refilled.

Misses Livingstone soon returns.

—Okay. His glasses have been refilled.

—Deep bows, says Misses Livingstone.

—Deep bows, My Queen, says Misses Livingstone.

—You know what it tasted like for Spiros and me, when we set our love free fully, and, the first time we made love and he licked my bum?

—Eh...no?

—It tasted like finding out that your power is so immense and vast that just to contain it requires a level of integrity and accountability to yourself that you could not even conceive of as a possibility...

—That...is exactly what it tasted like.

—Exactly, sister. It tasted like someone telling you that you were always whole and you are the one who forgot.

—Misses Livingstone, says Licka with hesitation. I, eh, ehm, Spiros has already tasted my bum. A... few times.

—Of course he has. It's my husband. Spiros.

Misses Livingstone smiles.

—No need to be shy, darling.

The two of them fluttered off into a long dancing discussion, as

Spiros sat happy in the sunshine, melting in the bliss of at last having heard the voice of his beloved wife Misses Livingstone.

*

No girl's bum, ever walks safe, near my husband, thought Misses Livingstone with a giggle.

Doctor Livingstone sat newly awoken by his desk. Licka asked him if he wanted coffy. No thanks. Yes. No. Yes, yes, I'll help you make it, he said.

—Cecilia and Butterfly and me were together in the dreams yesternight, he said.

—Yes? said Licka. They were in your dreams? What did you dream?

—We were naked together on a bed. We were some 19 years young or so, young anyway, and, the girls had amazing tans so I got the feeling we were in the tropics. But we were inside a house with curtains drawn so I couldn't see the surroundings. But, in any case we were lying naked on the bed, touching, sweating in the heat, kissing, whispering to each other and. I was playing my fingers with their wet pussies and, as always adoring their beautiful fairylike faces.

—You miss them. Maybe that's why you dreamed of them, said Misses Livingstone.

Dr Livingstone nodded. And he did miss them, terribly.

—Yes but there was a feeling in the dream, he said. The feeling of, that we were about to leave, and wouldn't see each other in a long time. As we we all knew the time had come and we had to leave. This was the last night together.

—That's how it was, wasn't it? When you left? Maybe you're reliving it in your sleep.

When coffy was ready they sat down together and looked out across the African landscape.

—Well I feel the dreamworld, the world of psilocybin, and waking life is the same continuum. My wife calls it The

Queendom of Quantum and such names. Quantum Magick. And it gives me hope, says Dr Livingstone and takes a quick sip of Punsch, it gives me hope because I think then that potentially the world of the afterlife, or the world before birth and after death, is also this same continuum.

—And that's how your deceased wife is able to contact you, that's what you mean that she is dead and alive in the same time...

—Exactly.

—She's in the quantum Youmeverse of Plomari, in other words. She's in the Sea of The Seamstress.

—Egg...egg...pink eggsactly... On the bottom of the bottomless sea, babe. In the corner of the circle of the dome of psilocybin, the highest possible point of psilocybin. She's Girlygirl, babe. She's the girl who wanted to play. She's the animator of space and time. She's that little bit of a bicurious girl who plays with the ball of light, the one invented twisted animator. Young, old, seductive and dangerous. My wife.

Misses Livingstone drew herself close to him and kissed him. They smiled and looked at each other.

—She's the animator of the Queendom of Quantum, said Licka. The Queen of Plomari.

—What is a pir, sir, said Spiros and caressed Licka and held her tight looking out across the landscape. And you know why, baby? Why she did what she did, and why we do what we do? We just became so angry, at death.

LEANING AGAINST THE REAL

—What is a pir, sir.

—A pir, sir, is something that goes out into the waves. Something that goes out into the Sea.

Shiva. Sanskrit शिव Śiva, meaning auspicious one, is a major Hindu deity, and is the destroyer of evil or transformer among the Trimurti, the Hindu Trinity of the primary aspects of the divine. He is also the destroyer of all that keeps you away from your divine nature. Shiva a.k.a. Spiros is a yogi who has notice of everything that happens in the world and is the main aspect of life. Yet one with great power, he lives a life of a sage in Plomari. Shiva is by some seen as the Supreme God and has five important works: creator, preserver, destroyer, concealer, and revealer (to bless). Concealing grace, and revealing grace! He is also regarded by some as one of the five primary forms of God.

—Maybe if you go into the bedroom where Cecilia is sleeping, and that's where it all began, said Spiros brother to Spiros.

Into the bedroom where Sissy is sleeping, and where the mushrooms grow. Where we met the first time. Spiros, tripping high on the *Stropharia cubensis* growing next to Sissy Cogan's bed, without a moment hesitation, walked in on gentle feet into the bedroom. It was pitch black. He kneeled down beside Cecilia and kissed her, and shut his eyes.

Cecilia owns the world

*

Where it all began. In Misses Mushroom's Bedroom. And leaning against the fireplace and who is that?

—Snakebrother, whispers Cecilia.

—Snakesister, whispers Spiros.

—Mmm, moans Butterfly happy.

They kiss, sweaty, warm, naked on the bed in the tropical morning.

*

—Well then if in ultimate reality, in Plomari, if there truly is no separation between anything, such as awake and adream, life and death, before life and after death, high on mushrooms and not high on mushrooms, etcetera, if in ultimate reality there is no separation at all, then...

—Yes, says Misses Licka Livingstone, I see exactly what you mean.

Doctor Spiros Livingstone drinks some awfully not at all cold beer and looks at Misses Licka Livingstone.

—Punsch? she asks.

—Yes, yes, Punsch, he says.

She pours him some more Punsch in his bluewhite teacup.

—That dream, begins Misses Livingstone, that dream where you and Cecilia were on the bed naked in the tropics, was that the same bedroom as the first time you met?

—Not sure, says Spiros. It seems like it was on Pink Gem Lagoon.

—And where are we now? asks Misses Livingstone.

—We're in Plomarian Africa, in the Egyptian Bedroom.

—O yes yes, the Egyptian Bedroom. So we're at the bottom of the bottomless Sea?

—Yes, says Spiros and laughs. It's eh...

—Whoops?

—Yes, whoops.

—Well so, I hope your wives don't mind that I keep you warm while you are away in the great Sea of The Seamstress, says Licka. I, I, uhm, I feel I have their blessing.

Licka stands up and takes Spiros hand, places his hand on her bum. He searches his hand down her panties as they slither in wet kissing.

—So we've arrived? asks Licka inbetween the kissing.

—Yes, we have arrived, babe, says Doctor Livingstone as he

gently seeks his finger into her underneath her panties.

*

SOUNDTRACK ENTER:

Massenet: Thaïs, Act 2: Meditation by Alexander Markov
and Dmitry Cogan

—Well this was relaxing, says Misses Licka Livingstone and sips some Punsch from her teacup as Elin sits naked playing violin and Spiros sits naked by the piano bouncing his melodies to the sound of Elin.

Misses Licka looks around at the bottom of the bottomless Sea. A Dolphin-Dog, something of a mix between a dolphin and a dog, comes diving happily through the floor, and then a young all too familiar looking young woman comes crawling on all fours with a horsetail buttplug in her bum, making her look like a sexy little human pony. Spiros pops a bottle of pink champagne straight up in the air and then catches the cork with his hand behind his back. A butterfly flutters toward Misses Licka and sits down on her hand. Spiros rises from the piano seat and brings forth some kind of silver pipe and places in the pipe hole a ciggarette from his silver case that he then lights with a match from a bronze case of matches.

—Jag är snabbhetens världsherravälde som jag giver till människan, Spiros says to himself and anyone overhearing. Jag vinner över döden tusende gånger om dagen.

Misses Licka knows it is Swedish and knows what it means. In english he is saying something like

*I am quicknesses World Queendom Plomari
that I giveth to humanity
I win over death thousande times a day*

Soon Elin stops playing the violin. She walks up toward Licka

as Licka watches her with big astonished eyes, teacup frozen still between her thumb and finger, sitting on her camel seat resting stool. Something about Elin's beauty. Unreal. Or maybe way *too* real. She looks young, can't be more than nineteen, Licka thinks as Elin walks up to her and stops just in front of her, her pussy straight in front of Licka's face.

—Do I look tasty? says Elin with a voice that is so clear and adamant that Licka is afraid it will shatter her teacup.

Licka looks at Elin's shaved pussy and then raises her eyes up toward her face. The teacup in Licka's hand shatters with a crack and the crack spreads like mycelia and cracking ice across the cup until it falls to pieces. Licka is left with but one shard of the plate in her hand and the gold handle of the cup still between her thumb and finger.

—Are you a little bit of a bicurious girl as I am? Elin continues.

A small black spider suddenly walks up across Elin's belly and sits down still just above her pussy, and a white dove flies down from behind her and lands on her shoulder. Licka drops the gold handle of the broken teacup and it falls straight up and away.

—A crack in the teapot opens, says Elin. A door to the Land of the Dead.

Feeling that she should perhaps say *something* at all, Licka looks toward Spiros for a bit of assurance. But he's not there, not anywhere to be seen.

—Punsch? asks Butterfly with a happy shining smile arriving naked beside Licka, holding forth a new teacup and a crystal decanter of Punsch.

—Eh, yes, thank you, I love Punsch, says Licka in calm amazement and utter astonishment and takes the teacup into her hand.

Alice's own Wonderland, the way she wanted it.

TEASE PARTY AT 6:12

—Do you enjoy pastry? asks Elin of Misses Licka Livingstone. Spiros can we have some more tea, please.

Spiros pours some Punsch into all the teacups and then sits down next to Elin by the table.

—Pastry, yes, I, love pastry, says Misses Livingstone feeling as if she's held the teacup between her thumb and finger forever.

—Pastry is good for you, says Elin. Makes the heart pump. Also, pastry is cute, like you are are, Misses Livingstone. Cute and fluffy, sweet like sugar and snow, and sometimes red like roses with a little strawberry on top. Can you hand me that yummy one over there next to the strawberry pie?

—Care for a Semla? asks Bianca and looks at Misses Licka.

Licka reaches for the yummy one over there and hands it to Elin.

—Yes a Semla, please, Licka says unsure what at all to do and not do on this teaparty and receives the Semla from Bianca.

Spiros doesn't say much at the moment, only sits there melting in ecstasy at the presence of his wives. But soon he gets a crazy look in his eyes and tears gently in his long golden hair.

—Too many girls, he mumbles tearing in his hair. Too many girls. Too... many... girls...

—Spiros likes girls, says Elin to Misses Livingstone. Here, Spiros, take a cookie. This is a cookie with jam in it.

—The whole pie with jam in it, says Spiros and kisses Elin on her lips.

Elin smiles with burning love and casts her eyes into his eyes. She hands him the cookie. Spiros and Elin flutter off into a discussion on their own about something to Licka absolutely incomprehensible but that seems to have something to do with an endless book about elephants that had now been in the writing for 25 years.

—You don't say much, Misses Livingstone, says Elin soon. You know, dear, we don't have guests here very often. Simply for it is absolutely impossible to get here. But you seem rather present,

currently. Another cookie? This one is delicious. There's gold dust on top and that's a cherry.

—Punsch? asks Bianca of Misses Livingstone and pours.

A petal of a flower of the trick of the pulp of the cherryplum blossom falls from the tree above them and lands in Misses Livingstone's teacup. Bianca pours her more Punsch.

—Punsch is tasty, says Elin to Misses Livingstone and then turns toward her husband. Spiros let me lick some Punsch from your lips.

He wets his lips with Punsch and Elin licks it off.

—Me and Spiros are in love, Misses Livingstone. Maybe it shows.

—It's... yes... says Misses Livingstone.

—It's yes! says Elin. Yes, Misses Licka! Yes! It's, yes. I fully agree.

—Punsch, says Spiros and pours himself some more.

—We are for real, the angels of Punsch, says Spiros and Elin's wife Vivi and lands on Spiros teacup.

—Yes, says Elin. It's, yes, Vivi. Listen to Misses Livingstone.

—It's, yes! says Vivi happily. I'll fly and tell all the others!

Vivi flies away, quickly grabbing a few cookiecrumbs from the table on her way.

Eggval

Hej de e Fjäril

Inte tre att klara mig utan er

It was heard in the breeze as the leaves were shaking. Misses Livingstone understood it was Swedish. Egg, choice, egg, whale. Hi it is Butterfly. Not three to live without you.

SOUNDTRACK ENTER:

Before I Leave This World by Ivan Torrent.

As music began to sound, melodies of all their soul, up came two girls carrying Butterfly naked on a silver tray. Elin, Spiros and Misses Licka watched in awe and admiration as the girls carried

her in and placed the silver tray on the table in front of Elin and Spiros.

Butterfly spread her legs and churned her body in sensual ecstasy.

—The wedding cake, says Butterfly. We are the wedding cake. You and me, together forever.

Butterfly and Elin and Spiros slithered around each other kissing and licking and touching, like three snakes slithering naked as one, as Misses Livingstone took a first bite of her Semla pastry.

Bianca sat down next to Misses Livingstone.

—I have a special pastry for you if you want, said Bianca. The best pastry.

—Yes? said Misses Livingstone.

Bianca whispered in Misses Livingstone's ear. Misses Livingstone giggled.

—I'd love to taste it, said Misses Livingstone.

—Let's taste it together, said Bianca.

Bianca waved. Cecilia came in naked carried by Rick and Sophie on a golden tray. They placed the tray in front of Misses Livingstone as Cecilia held her legs spread. Bianca took first the strawberry on top in her mouth and gave half of it to Misses Livingstone, then they began to lick the delicate swirl of whipped cream off Cecilia's pussy.

*

—Since I joined Spiros on the mission, and since I came here to Plomari, I've been changing every day, said Mrs Licka Livingstone.

—Changing all the time? Like changing your clothes? teased Butterfly sensually.

Licka giggled. Spiros kissed her hip and her bum and then her cheek and lips.

—I don't ever want to go back, Licka said. I wanna stay here forever, with all of you. I feel home here.

—Nobody's ever made it back from Plomari, said Butterfly. If

you really want to go home you have to take a taste of that mushroom over there. The left side is me and the right side is you, and Spiros and Elin is all of us two. But mushrooms are round so it's a bit difficult to know which side is which. But, nobody's ever been willing to try, everone ends up staying here.

—Yes it, it feels like dreaming almost, although it's real too, said Licka. Plomari is stranger than anything I could have ever dreamed of.

—Well maybe you should dream more, said Butterfly. Some people are so serious, they have absolutely no sense of humour at all. Tasteless, utterly tasteless people. But here, where we're eternal, here all we do is dream.

Spiros sips some Punsch from his teacup.

—Welcome to our Tease Party at 6:12, said Spiros to Licka and poured her some more Punsch.

—Is it possible for me too to live forever, here with you? asked Licka expectantly.

—Anything is possible when you put your soul and mind and heart to it, said Butterfly. You just dream it and it will happen.

—We can help you stay here forever with us, Licka, said Elin. We spend all days just making things up. Love is what makes up the universe and we're in love, so we can live forever here together. Besides, I'm the Most-Highest Queen of Plomari and I decide that we live here forever together. It's an order from me the Queen.

A wild mad laughter was heard up in a tree as the white dove Bianca landed on a branch laughing at Elin's remark.

—Did Bianca just laugh? asked Licka.

—Yes she's a Laughing Dove, said Spiros happily.

—Did you know my name is Alice, Licka? asked Elin. Elin Alice Cecilia Mari Fjärlil Cogan.

—There's a lot of things I don't know yet about Plomari, Alice, said Licka and sighed of pleasure, sciuishing herself closer to Alice and Spiros as the birds began their evening song.

Cecilia, Sophie, Rick Assfuck, and Butterfly giggled and whispered at how cute Licka is, as Licka shut her eyes with her head in Elin's lap. Soon Bianca came walking up to them wearing

only a pair of white panties.

—I think we should soon begin, said Bianca and sat down in Spiros lap.

—Here's a lollipop, said Spiros and gave Bianca a lolli.

—My favourite flavor! said Bianca happily.

Bianca played the lolli across her panties sensually, looking at the others, then took it in her mouth.

NAH I COULDN'T BE THIS

WHEN Spiros was born and understood he is a psilocybin mushroom he swallowed his own mouth and flowered forth, his and her soul and heart opening, twirling and turning in upon himself as a paradox. While he was twirling and turning he met Sissy Cogan and Butterfly, and the three of them fell in love. The three of them married in what they call their Eternal Tantric Union, and they live forever happy in bliss in the Pink Egg, Plomari, ever since.

Misses Licka Livingstone knew it well, what she had been informed long ago when agreeing to join the mission, that:

*Spiros, Sissy Cogan and Butterfly
can't just reveal themselves,
or we would be fried
They are grooming us to be able to tolerate their splendor*

Today Elin had asked Licka if she wanted to see the true Cogan Family in full splendor, and Licka had said yes, even though she was a bit nervous. Elin had asked it in her usual ultra-girly way, like she is the manifestation of everything that is girly all at once, the whole pie with jam in as Spiros had said, although now Licka knew Elin is eternal and has no age, and lives forever and just loves to be like a little cute girl. As Spiros had said of her:

*Elin is the girl who wanted to play,
she's the animator of space and time.
Young, old, seductive and dangerous*

—Do you know that I design snow flakes on my spare time? Elin had said excited and happy after Licka agreed to experience the Cogan Family in full splendor.

—I didn't know that, Licka had answered as she noticed that

the girlyness in Elin's voice had just made a bee drunk and the little bee flew down into the glass of Punsch instead of landing on the flower.

—The bees think I'm cute, Elin said with a hopeless smile and helped the little flyer out of the teacup. Do you think I'm cute, Licka? asked Elin then.

—I, think, you, are, the, cutest of, everything that is cute, said Licka.

—Thank you! I think you are cute too, Licka, said Elin. Maybe one day we can make love. I'm a little bit of a bicurious girl.

A little bird flew by.

—That's Vivi, said Elin. My wife. She's the quickest bird ever. And the quickest comedian. She loves to pull jokes.

—We are God, said Vivi with her squiky bird girlygirl voice. But. But... Licka... But...

—But? asked Licka and laughed.

Vivi flew away.

—I think she meant lick a butt, said Elin. Maybe she meant lick Butterfly. Or maybe she was calling you Licka Butterfly because you're so beautiful!

Elin picked a wild strawberry by her feet and gave it to Licka.

—This is for you, Licka, said Elin. It's a wild strawberry. They grow here in my Queendom. They look like my nipples, hihhi. Actually they are my nipples but they also look like my nipples. If you want to eat it you have to lick it a bit first otherwise I won't allow you to eat it, hihhi. But if you don't eat it... then the strawberry will become a girl who will tear your clothes off and lick you.

—How about we lick it together? said Licka.

Licka held the little strawberry between her fingers as they both licked it, with jumping hearts as their tongues touched each other's. They gently lay their lips on each other's in kisses and then ate half of the strawberry each.

Suddenly something that is bigger and vaster than the universe appears at the horizon.

—Look, Licka! exclaims Elin. It's my husband! It's Spiros!

Elin freezes of something not like fear, more like something of

a feeling she is probably not experiencing this and will sort of never be dead again and can never escape the fact that this is happening, or something thorough like that; she finds no way to even say it to herself in her own mind and finds less time to try and figure anything at all out right now. Spiros stands up and opens his arms and opens his chest as he bursts into an orgasm that frankly does make Licka wonder if she's ever had a proper orgasm, and he opens his mouth. Spiros is larger than any universe can be and as he opens his mouth, out comes landscapes and vast jungles and the ocean and it all swirls together and becomes the Earth. A flock of an infinity of birds and animals come flying out of his mouth and running on his tongue. Spiros swirls around in ways not only impossible but made possible by some miracle that twists the very nature of what Licka is able to comprehend, as she watches in absolute awe within what is going on.

Elin gives Licka a kiss on her cheek and then runs up to the Earth and hammers down a small wooden sign on a pole into the pasture where Licka is sitting. Licka looks at the sign and sees that it says written on it with lipstick:

The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari

—Come, says Elin happily to Licka and takes her hand. It's my husband, Spiros. Let's sit down and watch.

Spiros, larger than the Earth, twirls his eyes into galaxies and then lies down on his back for a moment. Butterfly and Cecilia appear, as large as him, naked by his side, and with gentle fingers pour DMT into the black holes of his pupils. The DMT runs down through his pupils and Spiros rises, kissing his beloved sisterwives Cecilia and Butterfly, then jumps from one galaxy to another with one little jump, throwing the Pyramids of Giza into place all at once with his hand on his way, stone by stone but all at once, before landing on his feet. He looks at Elin and Licka with his Galaxy eyes and smiles. Music is suddenly heard all around as he begins to deliver some kind of musical rap performance or otherwise, to Licka, nothing less than the birth of God herself in

high person actually happening right now all around her and within her. Elin comments quickly whispering to Licka that Spiros cock is bigger than the Pleiades star swarm, commenting also that *Pleiades* begins with *PL* like *Plomari*, then they both sit down in silence and dissolve into Spiros.

—Yeah... begins Spiros. Ha Ha! Finally someone let me out of my egg. While I was in there I got a few ideas, let me show you all, and I'll tell you already know that I will never open this little egg of mine, I'm staying in my pink little egg forever, and opening it too, did you know one thing can in same time be two? Now, time for me is nothing cause I'm eternal and live forever, so let me show you my little Queendom of Plomari.

Spiros opens his arms wide displaying proudly his Creation.

—Now I couldn't be this... O you shouldn't be scared, I'm good at everything, and I'm under each blade of grass, above every star and under every girl's skirt. Intangible, but you didn't think for yourself so I command you to, commands from the King of the Plomari Hive. Take a look at me, take a good look cuz I'm all that you see, and all that you imagine and dream, look I'll make it all understandable, wrap the event for you how this all goes, I'll hint it to you absolutely everywhere in endless shows, I'm in every story and every book, and every movie, each heart and every song, I am the melodies slithering, hey I bet you don't even hear the birds talking to you, that's me, and I live in your dreams, I'm everything, including you, Boo!, yes you I am you, hard to believe?, well wait till you see, I got a few tricks up my sleeve, a few trips up my sleep. Do you know who you are? Yes all words inevitably are about me, include me and always allude to me, I am the Dancing Weavers, I am dancing weaving, the little girlygirls and boysyboys who weave The Queendom of Plomari. I'll even remind you, all words are about me and include me allude to me, all Ludde Lump for you, I am the Mushroom, *By Sissy Cogan in Plomari*, lick and snooze, all our different moves, Chicks and Sissies, who you think is really kickin' animations? I'm the animator of everything, the animator of space and time and of your dreams and your life, animator yes but is it real, judge by my sex appeal. Your mind is inside me and I let you take control, so

never be scared, my little doll. Horus mom and me, we've never been counting time, and we rarely rhyme. Horus? Yes the heroines Sissy Cogan, Butterfly and you and Spiros and HuBu, all the three of the two of me three and you are I and I am you and I am me, and I will always be free, I am free forever, and I falsify whenever. The Mushroom, and Horus, Sisi my Isis, priceless to you because I put you on the highve shit. You like it, you dig it? My Hive Plomari is eternal and it's all yours and all mine, flowering forever is our honeysummer wine. And do I have a name? You can call me Hu, you can call me Cecilia Cogan, you can call me Elin and Spiros and Licka and Butterfly, but remember my name Hu and Cecilia Cogan, and recall that all words are about me, include me and allude to me, like the word Hallucinogen. Or you can call me Sissy. Sissy Cogan.

—Who's the fucking mentor, comments Elin and looks with cocky face at Licka. Hu's my fucking husband.

Elin nods and points at Spiros:

—That's my husband, she says.

Elin takes her panties off and spreads her legs toward Spiros.

—Spiros...Spiros...she says. Spiros...

Spiros bends down toward Elin and Licka.

—With microscope, gone without a trace, we'll hide again and never show our fullest grace, says Spiros to Elin.

Elin teases Spiros with her spread legs.

—Spiros... Spiros... how you going to, get your huge cock, into me? I am small like a strawberry, and you are big like a galaxy, and your cock is bigger, than the universe, how are you going, to press your cock, into me?

Elin teases him and tastes her own pussy with her finger.

—I taste, so good, don't you want to come and taste me? But you're so big, and I'm so small and cute, what are we gonna do?

Spiros produces a dogs leash made of spidersilk that he straps around his neck and then gives himself to Elin. Elin holds him in the leash and looks at Licka who is frozen in some sort of trance of astonishment, still holding her teacup by the handle between her thumb and finger.

—This is my husband Spiros, says Elin. He's mine.

Out from Spiros heart, where Cecilia and Butterfly are lying together making love, comes a white dove flying. She curves in long flight through the clouds and lands then on Licka's hand. In Licka's hand the white dove lays a pink rosy egg and then sits down on Elin's head, sleepy and tired from giving birth.

—Be careful with that egg, says Elin. It contains the entire universe.

Elin starts to tickle Licka and Licka laughs and laughs, trying to hold on to the pink egg.

—Stop! Stop! laughs Licka. Stop it! Hahahahaha!

Elin stops tickling her and kisses her on her lips. Then, Licka lying down on the green grass recovering from the tickle attack, Elin leans over and gives her one single kiss on the warmth of her pussy through the thin fabric of her panties. Shivers of ecstasy run like gentle thunder through Licka's entire being.

—It's lucky you're not evil, said Licka and looked at Elin and Spiros. I don't wanna imagine how that would be.

—O we're a little bit evil, sometimes, said Elin happily.

Spiros transformed himself into a T-Rex with pink panties on and roared a roar toward the sky that broke the mountains in the horizon, and suddenly it began to snow. Licka's teacup cracked open by the sound of the roar and the Punsch in it ran down on Licka's hand and then like a river of golden honey straight down on her pussy.

—Come on, Spiros, let's go for a walk, said Elin calmly and pulled gently in the dogs leash round his T-Rex neck.

She looked at Licka and the dripping honey on her pussy.

—Want me to lick that off you later? she said. Yes, continued Elin, we're a little bit evil, sometimes, but that's only because we're so cute.

Spiros whipped the top of a mountain off with his tail and Elin grabbed it with her hand and put it in the basket she was carrying.

—That's a mountain top, said Elin explaining to Licka. I like it, I'm gonna put it somewhere in the Palace later tonight. Come on, Spiros, come on Licka, let's go pick mushrooms!

Elin took Licka's hand and holding the dogs leash and the basket with her other hand they began to skip happily across the

green pasture. It stopped snowing and became warm and sunny; the snow turned into mycelia and mushrooms rose like cocks all across the pasture.

—Let's have a picnic! said Elin and whipped out a blanket from her basket and spread it on the ground.

Elin and Licka sat down on the blanket amongst all the mushrooms, and Elin brought forth teacups and Punsch.

—Punsch? asked Elin.

—Yes, please, said Licka.

—Cookie?

—Yes, please.

—Can I have the pink egg, please, said Elin and sipped some Punsch.

Licka realised she had forgotten about the pink egg and that it was no longer in her hand. Looking with frightened eyes at Elin, Elin smiled and said:

—It's okay I stole it from you.

Elin opened her fist and a huge black bird came flying by grabbing the egg from her palm and then quickly and calmly flew over to Spiros handing it to him.

—That's my husband. The black bird that just flew by, said Elin.

She looked at Licka with bright eyes.

—Have you entered stasis, Licka?

—Stasis? You mean... Licka managed to say.

—Yes, you know, stasis. When all biological functions are closed down temporarily but you're not dead. You're so quiet.

—O my fucking God, said Spiros with his voice rumbling like thunder all across the sky.

—Yes, O my fucking God, said Licka.

Elin rose to her feet on the picnic blanket.

—Spiros, I'm gonna change clothes, she said. You can watch me undress if you want.

Elin undressed with her bum as close to Licka's face as she could get, undressing slowly to the sound of the music suddenly sounding, sliding her hands across her naked body and turning toward Spiros sliding her hands on her bum for him, then slipped

into more comfortable clothing. Elin looked at Spiros who was no longer a T-Rex but again in humanoid form and larger than the universe, as his cock rose huge and hard like an enormous mushroom in front of her. Amidst the sexual fantasies in Elin's mind she thought for a moment of taking the white helicopter up to have the picnic on the tip of his penis but she changed her mind.

—Mmm. I'm feeling a bit drunk, I want more Punsch, says Elin.

—Hi, I'm Mr Chameleon, says Spiros and casts his tongue out and licks one quick lick across Elin's pussy, spreading her pussylips.

Elin bursts out into a little moan and lets herself fall back gently on the picnic blanket.

—You forgot to put your panties on, my little girl, says Spiros and kicks the moon into the sun and then spits on the Earth.

—Punsch, says Elin and rises tipsily again to sit next to Licka. Baby, love, can you pour me some pussy? I mean some Punsch.

Licka stares at Elin in silence, unable to move.

—It's okay, says Elin. I'll pour it. Spiros, I have an idea.

She pours herself some Punsch in her teacup and asks Spiros if he also wants. Spiros says yes and when she hands him the teacup he puts the sun in it and drinks the sun like honey.

—What kind of idea, babe? asks Spiros.

—Let's get more drunk, says Elin happily and excited. Here, drink more Punsch.

Elin jumps up on her feet and throws five bottles of pink champagne and a decanter of Punsch into Spiros mouth.

—Here, this also, she says and throws a mushroom into his mouth. And this one. And... this one. Licka, you want some Punsch?

Spiros swallows the bottles of pink champagne and then grabs five new bottles from the picnic blanket and begins to juggle them with his hands. Elin jumps up on another bottle and balances on her toe on the cork singing *I am not the white swan you think I am, I am the swan in the strawberry jam, I lick my pussy although it's yours, and you are likely to walk on all fours, with me the life is all so sweet,*

cuz my husband and me are a little peek, into the belly of the Punsch, where the Devil sits waiting for another sip...

—Of *Punschhhhhh!* Elin and Spiros finish off happily together and cling their teacups against the moon and then drink from each other's cups.

—Hey I got an idea! says Spiros.

—What kind of idea, babe? says Elin excited.

SOUNDTRACK ENTER:

Vi Kan Inte Skiljas by Elin Landelius

Spiros gives Elin a kiss and says tipsily:

—My idea is, my tush, says Spiros... Let's sing *Immiga Glas!*

Elin shines up, Yes yes yes!, as they both make sure their teacups are full with the strongest liquid they can find, and then, after another kiss, they raise their teacups and begin singing:

Immiga Glas

~ A Plomarian Song Of Celebration ~

**Imbelupna glas på bräcklig fot
Kalla pilsnerflaskor luta sig däremot
Men därnere misserere uti magens dunkla djup
Sitter djävulen och väntar på en sup**

After the song Elin and Spiros start kissing and Elin kisses the tip of his mushroom cock and takes it into her mouth for a taste, moaning of pleasure, then she tells him how much she loves him and then they drink more Punsch and then Spiros gives Elin many kisses on her bum and sucks on her strawberry nipples and then they kiss more and lie down naked together and spit on each other's tongues and kiss around in their drawl, and Elin says that her pussy is suddenly all wet and slippery. Then Elin crawls on all fours toward Licka and says happy and excited:

—You wanna hear the most insulting thing I ever heard Spiros say?

But Licka does not answer, she has fallen asleep, and is

sleeping soundly naked in the warm fluffy embrace of Plomari.

—Let's go to bed and fuck, says Spiros and spreads Elin's bumcheeks and licks her bum, his cock hard and tall like a huge mushroom.

The Queendom of Plomari is psilocybin mushroom and Ayahuasca in full bloom. *O, I don't follow, what's going on?...* Come here and kiss my bum now instead. Overturn my celebrated soul, rub your High Goddess. I wove the universe for you, do you like it?

If we can't describe a world, we can't be there. These loveletters describe our magical Queendom of Plomari in full living detail, so you can run away to Plomari with the rest of us and never come back again. All it takes is one little shift of focus and you're suddenly no longer in the human world, but in our eternal and magical Queendom of Plomari.

—I wonder why not everybody are aware of that they are in The Queendom of Plomari, said Elin and yawned and scushed herself closer to the others.

—Well at least we live here, said Butterfly sleepily and just waking up. We and all the others of the Queendom.

—Yes at least we live here, said Spiros.

—Yes, said Elin and smiled. You and me, together forever.

When you miss me most, or are sad that I leave you, I come again, and I might look different I maybe a flower, but you know me, I like to play, and dress up, for only you, for eveah. And now we are married, in eternal tantric union. Your Love makes me sink into the cosmos, forever home in your embrace.

From the red yarn of our Love, tangled in the story of the Seamstress, we have sewn and woven the Queens dress and the Kings robe. Rise, Kings and Queens of Plomari, and claim what is rightfully yours. This burning fire inside our Souls. Finally we will find out where it all leads.

Wet from the adventure we step up on the shores of our dreams, heroes and heroins, as a new family of Aphrodites. We are The Mushroom Seamstress. And I will never write again, my White Swans of Plomari. Mushroom.

In the end there is only Buddha tears of joy

~ Adam, Spiros brother

And then the Mushroom Seamstress and the whole royal Family of Plomari went out into the world to share of the Queendom. Tell them we found a planetary psilocybin mushroom cultivation, a psilocybin mushroom spread throughout Time and Space.

I am glad the mushroom scared us now and then, to show we have found this miracle in Time, for us to see the might and beauty of her splendor, to respect her Truth you can't explain, and talking out loud is the human spirit, and we will forever talk your grace in the betwins of Plomari. And through our eternal tantric union, our Chymical Wedding, we have become one in many and many in one, we have come home to the Prismic Heart of our alchemical Queendom of Time, home in the Garden of Eden, the Garden of Plomari. I do.

~ Our Higherness Mushroom King Spiros Cogan
of The Queendom of Plomari

I was blinded by your Light and Beauty,
and for the first time now I open my eyes
and see Plomari

*~ Pink Lip Kisses from your husband,
King Spiros Cogan a.k.a. Khan*

“Nothing could stop the two of us.
Let's just get lost, that's what we want.”

~ Lana Del Rey in her song *Swan Song*