THE OPULENCE OF PLOMARI



King Spiros
of Plomari
&
Christopher Schubert

THE SEVEN
KAPITAL SINS

THE QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI

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

Loveletters to the authors are received with everwhelming joy

Written by Cecillia Cogan, Spiros Cogan, the Butterflies of Plomari and Christopher Paul Schubert

Spelling mistakes included for the magical benifit of the Queendom of Plomari and all Life, as the athors do not see these as mistakes but see them as magical messages from The Seamstress

Who said we're not supposed to get excessive?

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Bitch, this is the contents. What, you lost, dear?

KEEP ON FUCKIN

Welcome to the real world, Jackass

Pride Selfies

You are already awesome, you are a child of the Most High God, you don't have to prove it to me
Using me as an alter of the self grandiose so what you go the most highest toast
I roast on the ambition of most and never would I decline an invite to boast. that void is the selfie itself.
So much for a mirror that shows your own death And so much for pride when death calls for you

Dear Audience of all platforms...

The sloth in all of us is endless content and it wrapping reality itself:

he neverending vast wasteland has overgrown beyond storage limits the cloud has expanded to block the sun from any warmth. Hordes of lazy pricks just fondling controllers like their collective cocks. Dreams of glory and falling to the crumbs of cake. Taking all the love and fame of other's deepest desires and coveting that creative patchwork as their own folklore. Never attempting to break down the bricks but becoming the wall itself. Drunk off the idea of sleep and rest and never having to work again. The neverending stories of the countless services and conglomerates that control the media programming. Ask yourself, why bullets and guns are glorified and nipples and vagina are illegal, why are there more guns than kisses?

ear Christopher do not be jealous of my fans and the amount of love you do not hold. Your envy is unbecoming.

Before Mark Zuckerburg's reign of darkness, my life was complete and amazing. Pre Social media dayz the amount of likes weighed like a pile of bricks or mound of dirt or drowned me in the neverending flood of news feeds held like hostages to the endless scrolling. Jealous of strangers' success that I never wanted anyway. I never needed the whole world to show me my worth; I know my worth on my own, alone, I don't need the world to crown me; hey, the opposite, I am a lone ranger, I'm gonna live and die on my own, alone with myself and God and the people I love. Yearning for the contentment of others now I know better that the catharsis has engulfed my ego. I am home alone, I am home in myself without social media.

Dear Christopher,

Regarding the state of Gluttony and Process addictions and the desires of Mankind...

Empty reciprocities, gift giving atrocities maybe wishing to have the world and all it's rewards should be the chosen course. Instead of the simplicity of such beauties in stability of the finest things...security and authenticity. Taking stock in the cupboards and making due with the ingredients possible to the recipe. For instance, do you like flowers? Well all flowers on earth are yours and god's! Do you need more flowers? Yes! Asking for friends at the cafe at the end of time and space...

Dear Christopher,

Re: Lust

Consenting yet taking her hard and in ways beyond taboo. Oh...you thought I could not dream of that, well get on all fours. Tasting her flesh with my tongue, His want for the never enough and always satisfied in her tossed salad. She screams yes as much as the next man. My tongue is the snake of her loins. My adam's apple coughed up her false idols, never bitten a more loaded fruit. Here's a difficult taste of the apple for you: Our love, our immaculate scary sexy love, is it even possible without SIN? Of course I rip off the clothes and underwear inserted and came inside. The next day the walk of shame to the morning after pill isle left him just wanted more. Do I have regrets? Not a single one, I just want more and more of it...

My Dearest Christopher,

I have an urgent warning about Greed and capital when I was younger I wanted the world at my fingertips. Now I only want a peaceful life with god eternal. The spending of fortunes left my harvest barren. Troves of trees and endless skies fill the breadbaskets but yet you bellyache for more. Please dear friend of mine, you do not need more than the amount of possessions you already possess. You have the entire universe, it is already yours.

~ King Spiros the magic mushroom in high person

EY FUCK FACE, THIS IS THE WRATH AND UGLINESS OF HATE, PROCEED WITH GREAT CARE...

TALKING THROUGH MY TEETH ANYONE TRYING TO STOP ME or HUMANITY FROM BEING FREE WILL GET THEIR BALLS AND OR VAGINAS STOMPED REGARDLESS OF SEX or CREED. WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? MEN PASSED YOU UP FOR YEARS WOMAN SCOFF ALWAYS AT THE THOUGHT OF YOUR NAME, AND I ONLY GAVE YOU THE TIME OF DAY TO ADD TO YOUR MOUNTING SHAME. YOUR WORTH LESS AND YOU'RE JUST A MINISCULE CRITTER OF THE EARTH. FUCK OFF FOREVER!!! THE BLOODLUST IN ME IS TERRIBLY THIRSTY AND I NEED A FRESH OFFERING TO DEVOUR. AS YOU CALL A COCK HARD ENOUGH YOU DO NOT SEE WHAT I SEE AND NEVER WILL. WHY WOULD ONE PREFER TO SETTLE FOR LESS THAN THEY CAN AFFORD. DOES THE SUN SHINE LESS BRIGHT FOR THE FORSAKEN? FOR YOU IT SURELY DOES! ANGER CAN BE BOTH A BLESSING AND A CURSE use it with great care my loves. Blind justice leaves duplicitous hearts hung low. But, my dear old friend, don't just act out of wrath, act out of love and intelligence instead, it will help Humanity much more.

Dear King Spiros and the Queendom of Polmari,

I am sorry but my sins are not controlled from within. rather contraire I dare as you stare and compare into the veil of thin air Pride in due time the want of ego is mine! I will not give in to the divine, but I might try. But the labor is in the love and the pain comes from dumb choices that I have undone those mistakes nearly slayed. The path had been paved the selection of cause and cost had to be weighed in and cashed out, I am proud of past doubt.

On to the title to the laziest man in the world, I wear it well. And I masterbate with filthy hands, watch my slow burn into the void. I piss and shit and wipe the filth on my jeans. cumming on the floor and wiping it up with dirty socks. I just do not care to give two shits. But again I try and I will break this depression and hoist up a clean house with rebirthed pride and a new respect for slumber then I must trek onward.

I envy the ants for their colony as I do the bees and their flight. I envy fictional heroes in movies. I envy children for their time left on this celestial heap as well as for their potential, albeit most likely squandered potential, nonetheless still I find myself meandering onward in this empty quest to covet the possessions and qualities possessed in mere strangers. I will end this journey of comparison and attempt to shed the very qualities that drive men insane with such an endless rat race that only ends with dead rats on a track.

Now I know that all the flowers are mine and god's divine in time I will find a piece of the sky and that time may be now as I devour the vow and how. WOW I told you my fate you licked clean the plate and never again will I be starving for when. I take one for the road and then memories fade as the desires to the ones once ate make a aftertaste great

I want to fuck her all day and night and then all night and day. I want my cock sucked at every possible minute. take me and make me your sex slave. I cannot give into this endless fuck fest. I need

to curb my desires with spiritedness to achieve a reasonable solution to my lust for carnal pleasures. I held those in check for so long, but they slayed me as well. I am weak and need a middling of these desires, I need to be chopped down and I was. Now I am kneeling, begging and pleading for the river receding and the tourniquet to end the bleeding. This the end of my earthly needings.

I have always wanted more and could spent it all to relieve the stress of never having enough. The fear of nothingness and poverty infests my defenses and leaves off message with the treasures of man I cannot afford better plans, with the gold in the mountains and the ground. The security surrounds and building foundations in the sand was never really my plan.

The hate in me holds much weight. I spit at the thought of you mockery tick tockery no stopping me, I got a lot in me and a gas to burn, faces to boots, and healthy tree roots in my rage as the pen stabs and penetrates the page I lie in waste of better days and a regret from lost ways. I have broken noses and made men shit themselves as I bashed in their brains to the dry wall I called the winds of change a cunt and I apologize...

I made every cardinal sin my home, I invited them in like lost loved ones, I slept with their corrupted values and I wept and cringed and felt the weight of despair lift when I kicked them out and began to change. I take the queendom for all it is worth and proceed into the universe with light, love and neverending lucidity.

Best Regards, Christopher.