

THE OPULENCE OF PLOMARI



SISSY COGAN  
SPIROS  
& BUTTERFLY

KEEP UP  
THE GOOD  
SPIRIT



## STRAWBERRY • THE QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI

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the country and queendom of Plomari

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*Fit for publication on gold and highly potent paper,*  
*as blessed by Jungfru Cecilia Mari Cogan*

To contact the authors go to their website [www.artsetfree.com](http://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 and the Butterflies of Plomari

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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# Keep Up The Good Spirit

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You are a god,  
not a human being

Theme music video: *Happiness* by Red Velvet

Cecilia Cogan  
Spiros Cogan  
& the Butterflies



# *CONTENTS*

Delivering the Letter  
Sex Herself In High Person

**M** *y Life in Plomari is a  
song, and I have prepared  
a message that will ring  
forever across the whole  
world. My song begs to  
you: Break free!*

*~ King Spiros Cogan of Plomari*

**L**ike Cecilia, I now shut myself off from  
the evil world, with which I no longer  
want to have anything to do. I shall  
vanish. I will tell you of my  
whereabouts in a Book of Love

~ King Spiros Cogan of Plomari

## Delivering the Letter

**A**ll that you do, all action, is an attempt to reach me, but in your reaching for me you loose track of me, for I am already right here with you. You are already home, dear.

It was the Source who spoke to the King.

—Where have you been, Spiros?

—O, no, said King Spiros, I was just around the corner establishing a Kingdom. The retractive collision of my Kingdom of Plomari with the rest of infinity creates room for more Nectar in my Halls of White Marble. I suggest we move in deeper within the Pleroma of my bonbon treat: The Queendom of Plomari.

King Spiros sat down in his comfotable chair.

*A new days has dawned*

—Nu tar vi det lunch resten av livet, said the King. Now we take it easy the rest of our lives.

Fluent at last in the language of Plomari, the language of Love as the King calls it, we said nothing more for a while and just enjoyed the spring edges, summertime sadness and summertime joys, our shattered walls letting the sun slant in to the Palace and into our hearts. I have so much new to say, dear. Plomari has blossomed, and continues to blossom. I see a future of glory. Imagine us all together as the Queendom of Plomari. Complex ecstasy, brilliant purposes, unimaginable novelty! It's so beautiful, the light of Plomari, the light that it is for so many of us. May Plomari dispell the darkness of all your doubts!

*And Spiros said: Let there be Plomari*

*And Spiros saw Plomari, that it was good, and Spiros created more*

*And Spiros saw all that he had made, and said: Behold*

The hardest thing for me to understand is that there is no end to our tale, and there was no real beginning. All I remember of our story together is Love. I remember everything, and it's just Love and Love, so much Love.

Yes, I been up to witchery, just wishing we could move in to Plomari deeper.

—You seem amazed, said King Spiros. Hang around my own head. The smoke-phone works.

How about time we have collapsed and fumble for more, feeling stronger than airbooms, and sip some kind of *my dearest wine*; continue the summerdreamday. She parks every evening with some wine, lights a joke, I say the future in this woman I arrive at in various places, split second, Queen Mari and Queen Cecilia Cogan look into a thousand years aside Rosalixion's Dawn, fastest woman ever and them thinks it could be a long ago time. Spiros is lost. Spiros is crazy

—I am cosmic, says Spiros.

Yes it's possible, and only she shouts it: *You are a god, not a human being!* Fight for the Light! I snap a song to get rid of the bullshit, to have exited the Banana Republic, the Society Bullshit, and live in Plomari instead. Remember how the mushroom has all these special effects. Church music begins to reach the luxury rooms. She loves playing with your visage at the alchemical.

—Everything is very flimsy! says Sissy Cogan.

One perfect state specifically because all is that all the sub rosa is sub Rosae and we are Royalty and close to the fireplace at the centre of our universe, all along, kind of always here in the crystalline chrysanthial Lovelight of Eternity. I feel it, says, and her eyes. *Tuss tuss, ssssssshh!* You want some kind of Plomarian loveletter with beautiful mindmilk honeytongue flowing lingwish langwish, so you can read it on your bed mid our lush sensual harem. Lots of warning the world and bringing on the great change. Queen Mari, how do you feel? Here we have become? Yes say here, here is where. Here we have become, that'll be good. In a little message. Bare breasted Kings serving in the century. I feel more than I think. Learned it from Captian Joy Skylark Mark Bonobo, the gay pirate captain, to feel more and think less. And we played them and the room babbling and endless love scene, great, just too poorly written, hahaha. It is some unexpected way. Writing like: As I want. It's your dream that Queen Sissy Cogan

with the planet in igniting the Plomarian Lovebomb. Sissy Sissy sits on the fuck me to her life is granted except for instance as to hide it be rather shifty way to be heard, don't you agree? Up in his thoughts, giggling and soul, and he walks between the futures. Meaning will you also board my bed sheet around him. Do you ever think the King puts himself on a pedestal?

Spiros, Mari and Cecilia kiss.

He does not. Not just like that. He puts us all on pedestals because his eyes have been opened by the magic psilocybin mushroom. Ayahuasca too. Cannabis too. He knows of Divinity. He lives under Queen Cecilia Cogan's veil, behind the seen.

Wash away the past pains, remember the past glory. A new day has dawned. I was waiting for so long for a miracle to come, then it happened and it is you and me, together forever.

—Suddigt läge, says Sudden. Dim situation. Bring forth the royal suddigum, the royal eraser! Gumman, my little strawberry girl, hi it's me again! You will remember to give Queen Cecilia Cogan a kiss on her bum! Can't we just erase the past pains and begin anew this Spring!? Let's drive down the timelight rays with the Butterflies and give Life a chance to bloom anew! Let beauty come from the ashes!

We gather here tonight for a rimliga shady läge, the rimligt rhyming situation of my trylingual mind. I speak many languages and in my luddilumpliga ligans Cogan is the wine of our souls, My Cecilia. I cannot stop saying different things so I float in many directions at once. But I will only say this once. The rap of the century is the ringpassnot having been passed long ago and we fly in the Heavens that My Cecilia is. I am the satellite, she is the sky. Kathleen Wilkin, my dear curved arch of the sky, sorry it took so long time to find me and I will say directly I am ready to marry you now. I was too young for you back in the days, I did not understand you, but now I understand you my dear Kathleen. Thank you for being you, you are the Light of my Life and the light of many others Life as well. Know that always, never doubt in yourself.

Lakan lagans kakan maken till Cecilia is the laban O babalaban banan bara bananer in the woods of mycelium sings are different here n my head, you seamstress, you sea juicy lesbian love is the undertone for some but for me it's a kind of trysexual

orgasm of course, nothing less than Sex Herself and Sex Himself in high person, why the cock looks like my psilocybin mushroom.

Nevermind, some say. No no, it's important.

Is this story going anywhere? some ask.

No no, it's räkligt. Råkan på kakan: Nej. Not in this kitchen. Here we bakar semlor with Love Herself in high person. How wonderful that we bake Semlor today. Baka, backa, bakåt, bum, butt, Butterfly appears. She is so fucking hot. Butterfly, you are so fucking hot! I'm in love with you! Do you want to baka en kaka with me? Nonono, leave in the striptures. The striptures of Plomari. Why? Twice. Ask Sissy twice. The future has began, we ain't going nowhere except the ultimate Glory! The spider slides by. Remember, the shrimp on the cookie: No. Inte i det här käket. Krök: ja. Crack: no. Hack myself into a laughing paradise called Plomari: yes. The birds talk to me I hear them saying freedom is easy now. Freedom is easy! Witch krök, cracklethefireplaceflashes, the lashes of Butterfly's eyes shimmering up the sunrise of Love. Every smile is a new horizon. Just like the best dream ever, but it is real. O I don't know, what was it I always said back in the days? I think the triptacon is anchored in their embellished lust for life, or something to that effect. I said they are not at all crazy, they are graceful, not crazy. And that's not crazy. My position is rather conservative, actually. Now that you know you are dreaming, that Life is a trip and a dream, now you can do what you want, you have so many options. Now you can choose what kind of Life you want. You are free now.

And I'm a chemist, I see proof in chemistry that Life is a Dream and a Trip. I suspect Life is a psychedelic trip of Love. It's Love telling a story to it's own ears. Your Life is visionary reality.

So yes, thanks for joining us here in the Queendom of Plomari. Take a deep breath and relax, *we don't worry here*. Worry is preposterous, as the saying goes. We don't know enough to have the right to worry. Dream instead, dream your life as the most glorious version of what your life can be. It's all about becoming the best version of yourself, ah. I say it again: The point is to become the very best version of yourself. And remember Life is as free as dreamspace at night, you can be anything.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Song *Dreamer* by Abakus

I held the Key of Life when I was younger, then I dropped it, then I found it again when I was older. I'm thirtyfive years young now, and a fucking hunk at that. I'm bisexual so I know, I turn myself on incredibly, hahaha. I'm in love with myself. I'm not perfect, far from it, but I have learned to accept myself as I am and am almost proud of my flaws. No maybe det är att ta i, maybe that's a bit too much, not proud of my flaws but on the brink, I have learned to accept them as part of me. Who am I? If this is the first time you dive in my love letters or if it's you my Love who is already deep in Plomari with me (hihihi) is impossible for me to know so, how about we indroduce ourself like this.

Retrospectively trashed, and is respective order *fucked, fucked and fucking*, drunk as a skunk and having cried out, and with conclusive evidence upon my visiting the Earth I am the King of the country and Queendom of Plomari, King Spiros, King Hu with the many names. I consider myself being the psilocybin mushroom Himself and Herself in High person, manifesting in human form, and I am the rightful Mosthighest King and Queen of our Queendom of Plomari. I also call myself The Mushroom Seamstress. My history is vague and intense, and has been documented in over 2000 pages of love letters so far, that I have written with my wives Queen Cecilia Cogan and Queen Butterfly of Plomari. This is the ninth book we have published, but we have probably written some eleven books total, three of which have not been published at all. To blame the three unpublished books on inconsistency in plot seems like a joke, but, to this day they remain hidden.

These loveletters that you are now reading, Dear Ingenious Reader, are my mirroars for one thing, as I live my life together with my seventeen wives and husbands, called the Butterflies of Plomari.

I am the author of this love letter and I am fucking beautiful. I always laughing baccuse I am so good, you should too because you are so good.

Still luddigt läge, still a rimligt rymmligt and rhyming on time arriving in this krängel of my linguisticky maturing marvel of a way to use language like luggage lost in space, that is to say in

english *How are we going to sort this dim situation out?*, I am trying to unfold to you the miracle of my Kingdom of Plomari. Plomari means Pleroma means God's fullness and the perfection of God's Creation, the true Home of the Heart, Love, and freedom and more Love. Love love love, and intelligence, and cooperation instead of competition. Queen Mari of Plomari is the psilocybin mushroom manifesting, and is my wife the Queen of Plomari. We named the Queendom after her, not the other way around.

You can say we are a different flavor than anything else that exists. We have a saying also, that *Do not compare things, as soon as you compare one thing to another you destroy the beauty and uniqueness of both*. So don't compare us to anything else for we are totally unique in our own way.

You are a god, not a human being, my Dear!

Yes that's something to sink into, ah.

She shouts it, downtown and on the party, and near the duckpond: *You are a god, not a human being!*

She wants everyone to know.

**Y**es but to put more fire under this mothering Ayahuasca pot! I wish I could say it in a single word. Plomari. Plomari must be that word I am grasping for. Cecilia, Butterfly, Spiros must be that word. Cecilia means *Silsila*, the unbroken chain of enlightened masters. Yes, so next time, Humanity, think before you act, for Queen Cecilia Cogan of Plomari rules the world! My Cecilia, mushroom mycelia, Sensimilia! Ough va skönt, ough how lovely, to know her name is woven into everything. Si, si, comprende, Sissy Sissy of *Dreams Come True!* I'm the satellite, you are the sky, Queen Cecilia Cogan of Plomari! How beautiful it is to know there is a Light in this world, in this Universe!

—Keep up the good spirit, said King Shiva Cogan to his son and they hung up the phone.

My father Shiva said that to me since I was a child. I have never met a person more optimistic than my father King Shiva Cogan. But not only optimistic, he is *skilled*. When I called him on the phone as a kid and teenager he always said as a goodbye: *Keep up the good spirit*. I did not understand until now, at age thirtyfive, how powerful his message to me is and was. In dark times and in happy times, keep up the good spirit.

And now my father Shiva Cogan has cancer.

He took tests today at the hospital. Good news and bad news. I called him on the phone, crying, and was reminded of his words that he said to me as a young man: Keep the good spirit up. I said the words to him this time, and he laughed. He said:

—No I said *Keep up the good spirit*. No wait, you are right, *Keep the good spirit up*. I said both. Hahaha!

Shiva was laughing. But I was just scared. Scared of cancer, scared of loosing my father to cancer, scared of Life almost all of a sudden.

I already lost five of my most beloveds the past years to different illnesses, so my father Shiva having cancer was just too much to handle. Three of my beloved Butterflies had died in sicknesses the past years, and two other of the Queens of Plomari. Two suicides amongst close friends too.

All this makes me question life. Question everything. And how come I am so happy? Well maybe I don't deserve to be happy but I am anyway.<sup>2</sup> I looked at the Royal Family Painting of Queen Cecilia and me. The frame had broken during a drunken barsurk a few months ago. Feels like my Queendom of Plomari is falling apart.

—Keep up the good spirit, said my wife the Queen, and sat down naked in my lap.

—*What is life and who gives a fuck?*, all those kinds of hateful thoughts bouncing around in the world, I said to her. I don't agree with such thoughts, I don't know why they haunt me. We have to keep up the good spirit.

I did not keep up the good spirit for a long while, because I was scared and felt defeated by cancer already. But everyone urged me to believe, to believe in the Light.

—I talked to Queen Mari in a dream, said Queen Sissy Cogan and gave me a kiss. I come with news from the Mosthighest, The Mushroom Seamstress.

—My Love is on fire, so don't play with me, Humanity, said The Mushroom Seamstress.<sup>3</sup> I shall rage against the darkness, she said. I shall rage against all that keeps Humanity in chains.

Her appearance, nothing less than a new Goddess amongst the Gods and Goddesses of all infinity, she said it again: Don't play with me, and I have an evil King, my eternal Lover and Consort, you know his name: King Spiros of Plomari. Now if you excuse us, everyone, I wanna suck my God Spiros.

After that blow job I became free. Sex Herself in High person had given me a first blow job and I was suddenly born as a true King, how I cannot describe but I broke through after this taste. This taste of your fire, Sapphire. This taste of the fire of desire. We own the world now, and we are not willing to give it back. We took over, and we shall rule the world forever on.

Mmm, and our thoughts back to Spiros father King Shiva who has cancer.<sup>4</sup>

Keep up the good spirit.

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<sup>2</sup> Song *Sleepless* by Adept

<sup>3</sup> Song *Playing With Fire* by Blackpink

<sup>4</sup> Song *Birds of Passage* by Diary Of Dreams

Spiros became sad listening to the music. This is not the end, and you haven't seen the last of us, Death.

I shall rage against Death itself.

I shall call upon the Mosthighest, to rage against Death itself. Together we shall live forever!

Keep up the good spirit.

—Gud behärskar Månens Alcatraz, said my friend on the phone.

God masters the Moon's Alcatraz. Whatever that means.

—I'm going to hulk down blueberry beer and take this world on, says Spiros and fetches blueberry beer from the wine cellar. Enough is enough.<sup>5</sup>

I know of people who are getting old, and I know people whom I haven't told.<sup>6</sup> I know some things no one else knows of. And there are bold psychedelists and there are old psychedelists, but there are no old bold psychedelists, but I still call my Home my Wife, though, I still call my heart The Mushroom Seamstress, and my mushroom show continues. If I explain it all to you once, thoroughly, will you be happy? You can call me a king and a queen of Eternity, we live our lives together in Plomari, me and Queen Mari and the Butterflies. And we want you to join us if you have not joined us already.

Some blueberry beer to wash it all down, sacred freedom, sacred pain. Guess I swallowed time itself as a whole. I went on like this for hours, drunk and knowing not what I did, scared, happy, free, loving, hating, all in one grand mix of drunken emotions. Keeps me alive though to sometimes let go of control. A Plomarian evening of drunken happiness a sadness.

If I tell it to you all in one sweep, what you mean to me, will you marry me?

I'm the easiest to talk to because I go under so many different names. Every person in every country has heard of me, and spoken to me when things are at their very worst. And I'm so easy to call upon. All you have to do is ask. No ritual to adhere to. No prayer. Just ask. Once, earnestly. I'm ever so popular. I'm in your music, your art, your language, even in your food. I was there, guiding the hand of Shakespeare and King Spiros as they wrote.

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<sup>5</sup> Song *Proprioception* by Mechina

<sup>6</sup> Song *Silent Shout* by The Knife

You've seen me, time and again, now an old man, then a little girl. You ordered pink champagne from me the other day, actually. Hell, if you wanna be really personal, some of you make love to me on a regular basis. You're not bad, either. I love you eternally. I am sister to some of you, father to others, and I'm proud of the way you turned out. But here's the pitch. I am powerful, you are not; without me. I have legions, you are alone. I can make you mine for all eternity, if you like. And it's so easy you could almost do it by mistake. All you have to do is ask. Not even in words. Just... want it. Want me. Want to join me. I'll make it easy for you and break the ice myself: Will you marry me, my dearest? Marry me and become a King and Queen of my Kingdom of Plomari together with me. Together we are the Masters of the world, and everyone works in symbiosis with me. Welcome to The Chymical Wedding of the Queendom of Plomari. *Amor vincit omnia*, Love Conquers All. You are a god, not a human being, my dear. Mushroom. Yes and the rest of Humanity who dare not marry me, they're crawling on all fours out of my Plomari Palace as if a meteorite just struck nearby... But not you, my dear, you stay here with me forever. And so let our Royal Wedding begin! O, my plan would be finished, if...?! Hahahahaha! Welcome home to the House of Cogan, the Queendom of Plomari! Our masterpiece is beyond impossible, and achieved! My Plomari is bigger than countries, bigger than the System, my Plomari is bigger than anything ever before.

**L**uddigt läge, says Ludde Lump, the dim situation of the blank pages of life ahead. Suddigt, with ludd i lumpen. Fu\*\*ing shit, bitch. Life is a beach, a paradise beach, not a bitch, I tried to tell myself. Keep up the good spirit. This morning I called on the Mosthighest Queen of Plomari, my wife, for guidance.

—You have bumped up a little girl in your Heart, she said to me. You can read my mind as always. We are the gods of eternal love and spirit.

I nodded thoughtfully. Yes yes, the gods of eternal Love.

—We are Home, in the Prismic Heart of our Kingdom, she continued.

—Our sanctuary.

—Yes...

—Death be not proud, said The Mushroom Seamstress. She showed me to a poem.

*Holy Sonnets: Death, be not proud*

*By John Donne*

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.  
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well  
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally  
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

I called then on my other wife Queen Mari of Plomari, who is the top reigning nurse and doctor of Plomari. I told her we must solve the riddle of cancer, for everyone's sake and for my Father's sake, and she told me she's on the case.

We began speaking of how Humanity must unplug the banana and forget about their sapiens and move on to become a fully evolved being. We must leave human History behind and move on to new heights of consciousness. We got stuck in this conversation until we entered turtur dove mode and started kissing, eventually removing our clothes and making hot love in the royal bedroom.

—You're the best, I said.

—You're the best, said Queen Mari.

—We're the best, we said in unison.

We smiled and I put on the song *Run Devil Run* by Girls' Generation and poured myself a glass of Nectar.

—Why don't we put together a team of people, vaster than the scientific establishment, to deal with the issues on Earth? said I and drank some Nectar.

—Isn't that what Plomari is? said Mari. Plomari even includes the scientific establishment. It's our planet, Spiros, we are everything, we literally are the entire planet, all of it.

I nodded, but wasn't fully satisfied.

—We are everything made of DNA, I said. That's true. But we need to work as a team, we Plomarians.

We were young, young Kings and Queens, and we dreamed big. We put on the song *Mr. Mr.* By Girls' Generation and sat down looking at each other.

—Plomari, right, said I. The final takeover of the world, sure it is, but it's rather that we just gather as one Humanity to solve the problems we have and create a beautiful future, for everyone. I know it sounds like a Utopia, but, in some sense that's what it is, and what we dream of, right?

Queen Mari put on the song *Unchain Utopia* by Epica and we sat down listening.

I said it earlier, I see a bright future. Imagine us all together as the Queendom of Plomari. Complex ecstasy, brilliant puposes,

unimaginable novelty! We stand at this crossroads in human History, and we can move beyond, we can become something new and blossom as one huge Family of Conscious Humanity We can change our ways. We have already begun doing that to a large degree. I see visions of how we sort out our situation. That's what Plomari is, it's the Paradise of the future. Keep up the good spirit, Mankind, and we shall enter the brightest future! I may be a dreamer, but isn't it dreams that take us forward in Life? Isn't it big dreaming that defines human innovation? I know you feel like I do, that if we can change our ways we can create such a beautiful world for us and our children, which are really our ancestors but reversed, our *future* ancestors. I don't even know a word for that, so I hereby call them our Future Plomarians. Our Future Plomarians are the people of the future. As King of Plomari I name thee, hahaha. I talk to our future Plomarians in visions, trips and dreams sometimes. I have difficulties putting in words what they show me and tell me, and what questions they ask of me. Maybe try it yourself? Try talking in your heart to the future Plomarians. How do they look at our world from their vantage point? If they had the chance to talk to us, what would they wish us to change in our ways of living to ensure a bright future for them? That kind of thing, you get the point. Help me, try and talk to them you too, I do it often.

Those who call Plomari a cult, I beg to differ. There are many levels of the Queendom of Plomari but our definition on a deeper level is *all beings made of DNA*. Plomari is just another name for *one vast Family of Conscious Humanity*, and one vast Family called planet Earth, the Life of planet Earth. Peace, love, and understanding, let me say in the by. Jah rasta, Jah provides. God is Great. What a happy day, let's have fun and play. I was walking down the lands of Plomari when I saw Jah come up to I and I.

So, enough with this sneaky introduction. Let us begin.

**A**nd I swear on God, that had I been born a hundred years earlier or so, me and my Queendom of Plomari could have prevented the World Wars. Now, I am the psilocybin mushroom itself in high person, but I have entered this human body as Spiros to set the world free. What you are witnessing is an act of my own free will, and as essential lifeform I

hereby demand and steal my political independence on Earth, for me and for my people The Royal Cogan Family of Plomari. You know what I am capable of in my psychedelic Hyperspace Plomari, now watch me go in a body! O, my Queendom of Plomari is a joke, hu? I think you'll rather find it dimensional enough to save the day! You see, The Mushroom Seamstress, the Queen of Plomari, has hidden herself in our very thoughts, by watching how we think. And then brought us together by making the important dreamers have the same dream. Once we learn to make the same pattern she works with, she will incarnate into us and our lovers. I know for us that is already true.<sup>7</sup>

*- King Spiros of Plomari  
aka Daddy Nabi aka King Hu,  
the Lone Supreme Commander of  
The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari*

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<sup>7</sup> Song *Happiness* by Red Velvet

**N**o one person can "save the world". Everyone wants to, but no one person can. It's not even supposed to be some one single person's duty. But everyone can bring *something* to the table, and as a vast team we can, and do, change the direction of the world.

Plomari already exists, everyone who makes their choices in Love instead of Fear and Hate are Plomarians by definition. We don't even have to talk of it in terms of Plomari if you prefer. But as Winston Churchill said:

*"Those who love peace must learn to organise  
as effectively as those who love war."*

~Winston Churchill

That's why we established the Queendom of Plomari around year 2000. It was not called Plomari at that point, it was just us a happy gathering of freedom-loving people, gathering as a team to make the world a bright and happy place. During the early years I was grasping for something I had difficulties defining, but then my dream to establish a real Kingdom came to me and I dedicated my life to it. The year is now 2018 and this is the ninth book about Plomari I write.

On the other hand, it is the very lack of structure that is an essential part of freedom, and what we freedom-loving people love. We don't want rigid structure. We are X and prefer to be X. I will take my freedom as auhor of this letter and say that what I personally want most of the time is to just to lie in bed with my wives the Queens of Plomari, wake up late, or early if I have fun work to do, have great sweaty sex, drink some pink champagne, smoke a doobie and eat a magic mushroom, listen to music, make some music, write a book, hang with friends and chill. I just want to live. The life I live with my seventeen wives is the glory of my life and what makes me happy. I'm gay but it's okay, you know what I mean, as Mari and me say.

But paradox and contradiction is my main talent, hahaha. As King of Plomari, which I take as my rightful role as the founder of

the Kingdom, I invite you all to become Kings and Queens together with us. We call ourselves The Royal Cogan Family of Plomari.

Yes, we freedom-loving people may not want too much structure, but consider that the way things are on planet Earth here around year 2018 may call for it, call for something special, which is what we are doing with Plomari. We may have gone so far down the drain here as Humanity that a rigid Queendom of Freedom is the only thing that can save us, a vast movement of people working together. I ask you to at least consider this. And by the way, do more than consider it, because tens of millions of people have already joined us in Plomari since year 2004 when our website *ArtSetFree.com* first came out, Plomari's official internet portal.

So I guess it's party time.

Theme song: *Party* by Girls' Generation.

But mind you, I am not a very politically minded person. I fuck mostly, make love with my wives, and explore mushrooms. At first glance you may think I am absolutely fucking nuts and a horrible person, but getting to know me you may find me the loveable King of Plomari. I am not very politically minded so I don't like to talk about all this in political terms. But somehow, what I see on Earth, I feel I have to. I have to do my best to show you my solutions to the dilemma of Earth.

Yes, it's a fucking dilemma. If Earth is the only planet with life or not is something we can set aside right at the beginning. If it is the lone planet of Life or not doesn't matter, both ways it is the most important pearl in the Universe, and we have fucked everything up. We *have* to change this, we have to give our children the most beautiful gift of all, a bright future. We call it a bright future, for them it is their life. Their life where, and how? What kind of future will we hand on to our children, our future ancestors, the Plomarrians of the future?

Did you know, that according to science's calculations, the sun will expand in the future and burn all of life on Earth to death. The sun will expand as it grows old, and will eventually become so big that it will burn the entire Earth. It may not happen until a billion

years ahead or something, but it will still mean the end of all life on our Earth. That's a dizzying thought to me.

Hi, I am The Mushroom Seamstress. Welcome home to my Queendom of Plomari, where we care. We care about the future, and of all life. On Earth and elsewhere.

First of all say *Yes* to all of Existence. Saying yes to Existence is one of the most important and crucial things you can do in Life if you ask me.<sup>8</sup>

Smile, my dear, yes this is the Plomarian loveletters. A wild ride in King Spiros and Queen Mari's world, sharing with you. A glass of pink champagne is in order. The bottle is on ice. We'll drink it soon with Adam, Spiros brother. How far in do you want to begin? What is Life? Why are we here? A kiss of Queen Mari of Plomari and you will stop wondering so much. Mari is the reason the Universe exists. And you are the reason, Dear Ingenious Reader. You are the Universe in full bloom!

I have been waiting here in Plomari for you for a lifetime. There is something in my Heart that you must see. How the Fairies of Happiness, the Butterflies of Plomari, bless you and are trying to contact you. How we, the Gods and Goddesses of the secret psilocybin wine and Ayahuasca are trying to contact you.<sup>9</sup>

—Good morning, says Queen Mari, her voice echoing in the marble halls of the Plomari Palace.

—Good morning, says King Spiros.

It was another kind of good morning. A good morning of waking up in the Palace of Plomari in the first summerspring ever, as if it were the first day ever.<sup>10</sup>

*Here to stay...*

*A;ways...*

*Your face is all I want to see...*

*Love you...*

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<sup>8</sup> Song *Liberated from the Negative* by Abakus

<sup>9</sup> Song *For a Lifetime – Chillout Mix* by Ascension

<sup>10</sup> Song *Give You All My Love* by Sissy Cogan

YOU'LL SEE ME FLUTTER BY



WITH EXTRA KISSES FROM YOUR  
**BUTTERFLY**

STRAWBERRY AT [ARTSETFREE.COM](http://ARTSETFREE.COM)

**E**versoever do we of Plomari take our right to contact you and remind you that you are a god, a goddess, not a human being. Remind you of how amazing you are. Remind you that you are free without any boundary or limitation whatsoever. Remind you that you are a King and a Queen.

That makes me smile, doesn't it make you smile? Remember what we said earlier that life is like a dream and we can dream up anything we want, we can live in any kind of reality we want. So we have to practice dreaming up more and more amazing versions of ourselves and our reality! I think it takes practice, actually.

That's why we are the Royal Cogan Family. We call ourselves royalty to lift the vibraton of our lives. We call ourselves and reality Divine to lift the vibration of our lives. And remember, you are under no obligation even to be the same person you were five minutes ago. You can rise in your freedom at this very moment and forget totally about the past and who you have been, and become someone new.

I'm doing it right away, how about you?

Hahahaha hey hey hey my name is not relevant right now but just watch me go. I come with news from a place so beautiful you have never even dared dream that such a wonderful place exists. I'll be taking over from here. The Kings and Queens of Plomari and I have fallen in love and married, I shall now join The Mushroom Seamstress on the throne together with her. My name shall remain King Spiros and King Hu, but I also have a new name: Daddy Nabi the Butterfly King.

I fly amongst flowers. I keep the Nectar and Honey ever flowing. I am the Konung av Honung, the Honey King, the Mosthighest King of Plomari, married to The Mushroom Seamstress.

My eyes are like hyperspace diamonds, to touch my soul is to be freed from all chains, freed from everything that holds you down.

I am Daddy Nabi, the Butterfly King, bringer of Joy and Happiness, protector of all Life.<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> Song *Love Whisper* by Gfriend

If you listen carefully you can hear me whisper. I whisper in your heart, and speak to you in the doorways and pathways of your mind.

*—Åh men va tokig du e, jag sa när ingen kan!*

*—O how crazy you are, I said when no one can!*

*Hahahahaha!*

*You're all that I can see,*

*my eternal Love*

*Nothing can win over Love!*

*Nothing can win over our precious Plomari!*

So let us continue and let me tell you my precious story. It all began when I found Queen TinTin's cookie jar when I was a little kid. It was on the top shelf in the kitchen but I thought det kanske kanske går, maybe maybe it will work to reach it. I climbed up the shelf and managed to reach the jar, I opened the lid and I found dry mushrooms in there. Why did my Mother, Mrs Mushroom, or Queen TinTin as her name also is, have mushrooms in the cookie jar? I ate a few and they did not taste good, but soon the world began swirling around me. What happened next? Well that's what these Plomarian love letters are about!<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>12</sup>Song *Fingertip* by Gfriend

Sitting here in my *Abode de Fantasme* as I call it, the Plomari Palace, feeling so fucking good. I can't say it in a better way, I just feel so fucking good. Just to know, Queen Butterfly, that you are here on Earth with me, makes me so happy. I don't need any other joys than to just bask in your LoveLight.

—You're the best, says Spiros.

—You're the best, says Mari.

—We're the best, we both say in unison and laugh and kiss.

What makes me, Butterfly, so special? Is it my looks, or the way I move? No, what makes me so special is the way I make you feel!

Did you know, that I had a whole Palace when I was younger. Or my Mother and Father had one. It is where I grew up, in a beautiful Palace on the countryside, where I met you the first time, by the ocean, my Loves. But an unfortunate series of events lead us to lose the Palace, we had to sell it. Or we did not have to, but, we did, the Palace was so big and so difficult to take care of that we had to sell it.. Now I am working on building a new Palace. A Palace fit for us Plomarians.<sup>13</sup> I have a first room finished. It contains three white marble statues, one of Queen Cecilia Cogan, the Woman of the Dark River, and one depicting me, Cecilia's and Butterfly's first meeting, and one depicting Queen Mari. On the wall is also a golden statue of me, King Hu, the psilocybin mushroom Himself in High person. We have these statues around us just to remind us of who we are. The room also holds an electric piano where I make music, our band SISSY COGAN. Have you ever heard our music?

Theme song: *The Chymical Wedding* by SISSY COGAN

We used to have a Youtube channel with three hundred songs, but Youtube deleted our account in 2018, supposedly because we violated the terms of use, too much sex in our songs and too much party. I think the world just tries to stop Plomari sometimes, and they already know Plomari is unstoppable, unshakeable and unbreakable. We are working on setting up new ways to share our music with you, but you can find some of it on

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<sup>13</sup> Song *Rough* by Gfriend

our website ArtSetFree.com and our new youtube channel Youtube channel. Our band name is Sissy Cogan as we said, search for it on the web.

Yes, keep up the good spirit. Do you feel how things are lighter all of a sudden? Thank you Butterfly, you have saved the day! You save lives, Butterfly. You have definitely saved mine I can say! And to be your husband is the eternal joy of my life, Queen Mari! I'll do anything for you, just tell me what you want me to do, forever will I slave to the beat of your Heart, Butterfly! You make me feel like I can fly!

Yes and all the governments and stuff, they can't take that me and my Queendom of Plomari has taken over the world. They can't take that someone like me can step in front of them and get all of Humanity on my side. Everyone is with us, we are one and together all of us, and everyone is just shit tired of you governments and your bullshit that already has destroyed so much. From here on we rule the world as the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari, and everyone's gonna get what they deserve, no matter who you are and what you've done! Yes, you better believe it, Plomari has taken over and has become big in a very strange and beautiful way. This isn't Love, the way the world has been in the past, but the future belongs to Plomari, it belongs to Love, it belongs to Joy, it belongs to us!<sup>14</sup>

**J**ag spejar, I spy around the area, but can't see anymore the enemy. We have won. We always win, dears, Plomari always wins. *Amor Vincit Omnia*, Love Conquers All. I'm done here. Everyone is hating and nagging every day, O, we are eternal immortal forever, maybe it's Love, ah! Follow me home to Plomari now instead! In the future, we're all already here!

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<sup>14</sup> Song *Bingle Bangle* by AOA

—Where am I? asked Butterfly and looked around.  
—You're in Spiros heart, said Mari.

VÅRENS VARNING, THE WARNING OF THE SPRING.  
WELCOME HOME TO PLOMARI, THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST PSYCHEDELIC SUPERSTATE.

THE QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI IS A MAGICAL WORLD  
PARALLEL,

SO LEAVE YOUR DAILY HELL BEHIND AND WAKE  
UPSIDE DAWN WITH US IN PLOMARI PARADISE!

---

BÖRJA NÄR, BEGIN WHEN, TO UNDERSTAND THAT  
PLOMARI HAS ALREADY

*TAKEN OVER THE WORLD,*

YOU NEED TO MORE THAN CATCH UP TO WHAT MY  
LOVE DART HAS CREATED,

MY LOVE IS ON FIRE SO DON'T PLAY WITH ME.

AND IF THAT'S WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, MANKIND,  
WHAT THEY SAY YOU'VE DONE,

THEN MY QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI IS EXACTLY WHAT I  
DELIVER.

YOU'RE GOING TO GET WHAT YOU DESERVE,  
HUMANITY!

SO NO MORE NEXT TIME, REMEMBER THAT WE ARE  
THE *SILSILA* OF QUEEN CECILIA COGAN, THE  
UNBROKEN CHAIN OF ENLIGHTENED PLOMARIAN  
MASTERS.

DON'T EVER PLAY GAMES WITH US, FOR PLOMARI  
ALWAYS WINS.

SÅ NOG MED VÅRAN VARNING, ENOUGH WITH OUR  
WARNING,

NOW BEHOLD IN AWE THE RISE OF THE ROYAL  
COGAN FAMILY OF PLOMARI!

THINK WE'RE TOUGH AND HARDCORE O YES WE ARE  
BUT YOU DID BUMP INTO LOVE IN A PARADISE DID  
YOU NOT.

~ The Royal Cogan Family of Plomari

Did you say Sensimilia?  
Or did you say Cecilia,  
the Queen of Plomari?  
Or did you say mycelia?  
Or did you say Silsila,  
the unbroken chain of  
enlightened Plomarian Masters?  
Or did you say I am silly?  
How wbout we drink some  
psilocybin mushroom wine  
or Ayahuasca before  
we continue.

~ Queen Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan of Plomari

**D**addy Nabi aka King Spiros is writing this book, it ain't gonna write itself, but I feel I have already said it all with my books.

But imagine if we could turn from all the tradegey and enter a new time of joy and peace! How sweet life can be, ah. Life is so sweet with you, dears.

**W**e're done, dears. It's so funny watching Humanity struggle in my spiderweb to get away. Don't struggle like that or I will only enjoy eating you even more! Look how easily I seduced you all into my eternal web! And people looking sideways to try and stop seeing me, hahaha! You need some eye-protection before anywhere else if you truly wish to meet me!

When I landed on Earth long ago I found the people around me sleeping. They did not know they are Gods and Goddesses most of them, they knew not Divinity. And of course, as often in these cases, they treated me as a fool for reminding them of their own godlyhood. We're not gods, we are humans, they told me and offered me everything from hamburgers, bananas and Tv-Shows to beautiful statues glorifying war.

What a mess.

Being asleep is trendy, appearantly. Most boring planet I have ever seen. The Banana Republic I call it that world.

So I left as a young kid into Plomari. There was nothing but banatlities going on on the Earth, so I left it, left everyone back on Earth. I haven't a clue what people on Earth are doing these days, haven't seen them in 18 years. I bet they're still eating hamburgers and complaining about existence. I wrote them a 2000+ page letter but only few answers arrived back to me.

But here in Plomari things are great. Me and the Butterflies and the whole Royal Cogan Family are happier than ever. The Earth being our planetary psilocybin mushroom cultivation I see it is full blooming, which makes me so happy.

*This time we'll all be Souls of endless Love*

Today we are relaxing in the summer sunshine, me and Mari and Mari and Cecilia and the others. Nothing new under the sun really. We're done. Our plan worked. We've taken over the whole world and there's nothing no one can do about it, no one can stop us now.

I don't really think me writing you another book will change anything, dear. I have said it all with the eight books already

published. If there is something I have forgot to say just read my heart, read between the roses as I always say.

But I always say this is the last line I write, but it never happens. I feel like the Fountain of the Lovers itself, I can't stop writing. It's because it's all for you, my dear. My Love for you is endless. If I'm dead when you read this, if you are far in the future and this book is like post mortem, listen to this Eminem song with me. Find the song *When I'm Gone* by the rap god Eminem. I listen to it when I miss my two wives who died a few years ago, Kajsa Cogan and one of the Butterflies. I am sorry to give you the news of their untimely deaths. They died a few years ago, in illnesses, way too young, I still haven't gotten over it.

I try to imagine you, how you are lying in bed reading these letters to you. You know I'm no stranger to you in your dreams.

The rapper Eminem has been a hyperspace friend of mine by the way, my whole life. With his music he has helped me so much. I love him. Thank you Eminem, wish you could hear my song back at you, thanks for helping me so much. Plomari is my rap, and as I like to say: A song *is* a song. Yeah, you'll always see me walking around in my straw hat by the Sea as if nothing's bothering me... A song is a song and this is my song, my eternal Kingdom of Plomari. And if I was you niggers, Humanity, I would run while you still have the chance, because I am the Avatar Of Shit and I am here to help manifest the Mosthighest Reality of Love, known as *Plomari*. I can enhance the spirit of Mankind, so watch out.

*So who you playin' with, huh, Humanity?*

You're playing with me, King Hu also known as King Spiros, also known as Queen Sissy Cogan and Queen Butterfly. Wrong fuckers to play with, Humanity.

I want be an author when I grow up.

How can we make sure the Plomarian tradition carries on? I'll write you a love letter! Hihih.

I keep having this dream at night. Sissy and me and Butterfly are walking naked in a grand Palace. We have deleted all the humanness in us and woken up as the true Gods and Goddesses we are. We fly freely in this Palace and know we shall live forever.

We are so happy, at last satisfied with our Queendom. There is peace on Earth and there is an infinity of beautiful lives being lived out on Earth. It's you, babe. I am dreaming of you. In my dream we have sorted out our Life on Earth, we have blossomed all of us and are one huge Family of Conscious Humanity. We live our lives full of purpose. We have understood that we are all Divine, and we as a team are absolutely unbreakable, unshakeable and unstoppable.

I was looking for an ending when I fell into you, my dear new book. You are like a dream and I hope you come true, I hope Spiros writes you!

And so I just stared. That is all, Mankind. The End, and the beginning of Plomari. We can begin serving the Plomarian treat, dears. The Earth story made less and less sense so without a Goodbye your story ends and the Plomarian story begins! O how foolish you are, Humanity, yes well now we stand here the whole dribbling Royal Cogan Family, and O how beautiful it is the way we have taken over the entire Earth! Sorry da, maybe I was sitting there naked tripping balls on magic mushrooms and Ayahuasca! Yeah you dare eat mushrooms in ketchup but don't dare eat them in sacred space with me. Yeah watch sports, eat hamburgers and die a little more in your wars and movies, Humanity! Ah! Uh! Hu! Out of my life, you fools! Fuck, honestly try the mushroom then! And let me say, you destroyed everything that was beautiful in my life, Humanity. Fools on the Earth, I just want now forget everything and move on...

O, Humanity, is my Queendom of Plomari too dimensional for you? There's been a pattern of insubordinate behavior recently. It's time to face me, The Mushroom Seamstress, the Mosthighest Queen and King of Plomari.

We're done, dears. I'm drunk today, sorry, I'm cocolo. O, what a beautiful bed time story this will be as I now feast on my meal, Humanity! Don't you know, humans... Truth is much more terrible than Fiction... Now, how about a glass of Cognac to calm your nerves as I begin to undress from my veil? Yes, I named it Cognac when I signed my Universe, flip the letters and you get *C. Cogan*, as in my name dear, your Queen Cecilia Cogan of Plomari... O dear, don't you know I surpass all the world's armies

just by letting a moan cut through space and time and make one single stitch in the code!

That is all, Mankind. The beginning of the Queendom of Plomari. Plomari has won this war without raising the blade, and we will never raise the blade, we always win, with peaceful means. Humanity, we of Plomari shot our Love Dart on you, you weirdos, don't you get it?! This used to be unfinished business, Humanity, but behold what I have created. We're done here. Fool around with King Spiros and Queen Cecilia Cogan, ah?! What were they thinking! Begin when, bitch, börja när understanding what is happening... So don't play with me, Humanity. My love is on fire, my love is a vulcano, and you thought you could stop me somehow? You need to more than catch up to what my Love Dart has created. The End... and the beginning of Plomari. May the blessing of the Plomaritan LoveBomb Almighty, from the fellowship of the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari, descend upon us all, this day, and forevermore! We of Plomari live our lives free of compromise, so stare in awe and behold our Queendom.

—You're the best, says Spiros to Butterfly.

—You're the best, says Butterfly to Spiros.

—We're the best, they both say in unison and laugh and kiss.

Later, Spiros sat sad in his comfortable chair.

—Är du helt vrakad i huvudet eller, are you absolutely wrecked in your head? said The Mushroom Seamstress laughing and gave King Spiros a kiss. How can you sit there and be sad with all that going on?

—O, I'm sorry, my Queen, said Spiros and instantly felt better. Yes you're right. I got transfixed in the Banana. God forbid their horrible vibration.

—Forget about the Banana Republic and come here and kiss my bum, said The Mushroom Seamstress.

Forget about the Banana Republic once and for all, dear. Nothing but banatilities going on in their world.

Afterall, in my eyes you are still here with me.

You are a god, not a human being. My Love, my eternal Love, I can be your one avenging Angel if you just listen to me. You, my

Love, can be my avenging Angel. You and Me, Together Forever...  
this is the end, and the beginning...

Leave the human world behind once and for all, run away with me into the Queendom of Plomari, far away from the human world!

**I** am old, older than thought in your species, which is itself much older than human history. I am King Spiros, Queen Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan and the Butterflies of Plomari, we are the magic psilocybin mushroom itself in High person, manifesting in our most brilliant way.

Would you mind awfully getting out of my way, Humanity, you happen to be standing on my planetary psilocybin mushroom cultivation, also known as Earth. Let me see, Humanity, how you going to treat me now as I have arrived to my planet Earth? I ain't no easy, think about it twice! Marilyn Manson, I love you, but you can throw yourself into a wall in comparison to me and what I am about to do. Hahaha, love you mate, you're one of my inspirations so don't take it personally! (Just kidding around)

Now before I start roasting every human being one by one, which I don't actually plan to do but, pay attention and let us begin! Welcome to The Chymical Wedding of the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari!

**I**f you flip the letters in the word *Consequence* you get *Queen Ce "S" Co*, yes that's me, Queen Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan. It's time for all of Humanity to meet the consequences of their actions on my planet Earth. I have placed bottles of Cognac in ever bar, resturant and wine shop on Earth so you can calm your nerves at my splendor as I continue to undress from my veil. As I said earlier I named it Cognac because if you flip the letters you get *C. Cogan*, yes that's me again, Queen Cecilia Cogan. My Queendom of Plomari is a very special world, and I will show it just for you, if your love is true!

I am the paradox-inducing little girlygirl, inducing reality, I am the animator of Space-Time. Young, old, seductive and dangerous. I'm a little bit of a bicurious girl.

CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT MANY OF US SEE THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE AS ONE OF THE MOST

IMPORTANT EXPERIENCES A PERSON CAN HAVE IN LIFE!  
Surprised? If the Earth is angry, is that what you are asking me?  
How can you ask such a thing!? And Cogans, O how brave you  
are my Lightrays! It's time to face me, The Mushroom Seamstress,  
the Mosthighest Queen and King of Plomari.

**W**e look at each other, sit still. We have been waiting our whole lives for this very moment. The sending out of the Plomarian loveletters and the beginning of The Chymical Wedding. The rise of the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari. The serving of our Plomarian bonbon treat. Before the Banana Republic destroyed our lives life felt so good. It turned us into dark Dragons when the Bananas came and destroyed everything, but we have not forgotten the time before the War. The innocence and the childlike joy. Playing around in the fields of Plomari. Newly in love, we were. But now we feel newly in love again. Our time has began!

Yeah we have been thinking it over. What about we made it a curse right from the start? Our Love Dart.

Not a single word, then all at once. The Earth stands still, and we take a deep breath. Have we got it all figured out? Will we succeed?

What we need is miracles. Just like if you flip the letters in the word *Miracles* you get *Mrs Alice*. We are Alice in wonderland that's for sure.

O will we succeed?

**W**e take a break. We smile and try to calm on our minds. Spend the day naked in each others arms. Sissy loves to sit in my lap naked. My little girl, I call her, and my wise mature woman. My everything. My Mushroom Seamstress.

*SPACE*

*SP A CE*

*Spiros And Cecilia*

We drink some Cognac to calm our nerves. Dine out on a fancy resturant. Laugh and have fun, ourselves wondering how Plomari can be possible and sort of wondering where it came from. It came from our Love, we agree. Our lovemaking, both body, mind and soul. Our love for each other, ourselves, and everyone and everything.

We smile more, with high expectations in our hearts. Surely we will achieve our masterpiece.

—Our masterpiece is beyond impossible, and achieved, says Spiros quoting the loveletters.

—Yes that's what we're shooting for, babe, says Sissy and smiles. No wait, it is already. Eternally we win.

We nod and try not to loose our minds, and listen to our intuition. We relax as to stay focused. We drink some honey beer. We listen to music, try to pepp ourselves to top form. We take a shower and touch and kiss and make out in the water. The Butterflies prepare for liftoff. They tell us that we are trying hard enough, let's take a break just us for a while before we begin.

—I got an idea, says Spiros and jokes, that, how about we write a two thousand page love letter to Humanity and send it off to everyone on Earth.

Sissy laughs.

—Okay, Butterfly, what do you say?

—Is it raining loveletters of the reigning Royal Cogan Family? It's what comes to mind, says Butterfly. Ludde Lump of Plomari, lugna dig, calm down.

Ludde Lump is one of King Spiros secret names.

—What do you say, Sis? asks Butterfly.

—I'm thinking I'm thinking, says Sissy.

—Protocol test, says Spiros, let's contact Queen Camilla.

They call her by Love Phone.

—Ja känn på den da, says Camilla, feel *that* one!

—Nada mas?

—Our masterpiece is beyond impossible, and achieved, says Camilla.

—Come on come on come on...

—How about the kittles and the burks? The syburks.

—What about them?

—What do we name the Ayahuasca kettle and the mushroom jars?

—O, I don't know. Elin? Kajsa?

We all giggle.

—Nananananamananabi, says Spiros. Nada mas. That is all, Mankind. Kisses from Plomari. I am Daddy Nabi and this is an

official kiss attack! One Butterfly, ah? When you can count us we'll greet you!

**P**lomarian legend has it that the Universe was born by Spiros and Cecilia Cogan and Butterfly falling in love. They saw each other and instantly fell into the most intense orgasm, and the Universe swirled into being by their sex and love. A story unfolded, the intricacies of which decency can scarcely hint. They have tried to tell parts of the story as the Plomarian loveletters, of which this book is a part. Together the three of them are The Mushroom Seamstress, Mosthighest Queen and King of Plomari, but all three are very unique and have their own ways and attributes.

Yes you know us by now, ah.

—You're the best, says Butterfly to Spiros.

—You're the best, says Spiros to Butterfly.

—We're the best, they both say in unison and laugh and kiss.

They kiss and laugh and look into each other's eyes.

—You know sure we love our Palace and all but mostly I just love you, says Sissy.

—We don't need anything but our love, says Butterfly. We are everything we need. And our projects, gotta work on our projects, that's equally important.

They all agree. Spiros slides his hands over Sissy's bum and they kiss more, Sissy kisses Butterfly's bum and moans of pleasure and they kiss more, all three of them.

So, are we going to send these loveletters out or not?

—Let's do it...

**W**ell all we have is a pen and a heart to reach you, Dear Ingenious Reader. We wish to tell you our unique story, our true life story, and we hope with this to dispell the darkness of all your doubts. Actually have this marvelous computer now, to write on. We did not have that back in the days, we only had pen and paper. The days we spent playing with the yarn, finding the red thread that runs through our lives. I've told you all about it before.

—Tell me everything! I want to hear all about you!

—Yes yes calm down, lugna dig like Ludde Lump has done.

Yes I, Ludde Lump, have calmed down now. Life was absolutely crazy in the past, when we woke up to the Universe.

And then the Universe started transforming before us, with our magic psilocybin mushroom and our Ayahuasca! I even tried the strange psychedelic plant *Salvia divinorum*, which was absolutely nuts, hahaha! Nuts but beautiful, and real magic!

Yes, uncontrollable was our birth, but we have calmed Dawn.

—Awaiting you in for the future it for Plomari, says Sissy and kisses all Humanity. Recall the future generations, the future Plomarians. It's very tricky to make an erotic picture just after demolition, as it it will decay before it reaches you, and wraps it gentle with the book.

Meanwhile, Mari sits down with a candle. As for insanity, Spiros picks it all at random and our Love Parade has already began happening. Who is spring? Who is who in space? Father! He had forgotten something. Shifting of that, says Spiros. Here Pagemore? The Plomarian LoveBomb. Winded up the Royal Cogan Family in this planet. He feels Wintjabernatrice's smooth pink lips with his tongue. Storiella, two master chemists, a master hacker, main white marble hall. It was *one perfect sunrise* we were hinting at, yes? The Fountain of the Lovers where the news of the structure abounds? Our secret tactics. The river's end: what we had decided to, hear me love: I'm in disbelief! No it's not only that, tell, says Mari, it is The Light against the dull view for the way, my Queen, and with that I mean the Storm of Papaer to appear on one level, the present clockless Nowever? I could be the riverend. Sshe left the universe anywhere in bed, on the wine! In the wine on the wine and our vine of Souls is fine. Dear, I say a body, says Mari and picks up into your book, is is in front of the radical truth must tell, you said, smiling. Sissy Cogan: one who downloads this wine. Sissy of greetings from the sand on your amulets and when the moon big, meet us in a software productivity aid, the Other. It lost the fabric of you newsick tonight! Strange words, gatewords.

**G**round. Secrets intact. Our meaning deeper where a God and Goddess drink it. [forward, backward; reflectionradiation from the Lovephonerings. I'm bluffing a mirror at the wall in my hand for trust in the plan, hahaha, that stand parked beside the notion that we can create their trails. We create our own Reality. Goddesses walk around by and disappear without clothes in our

Palace, round the white marble pillars The mirror at the last, he actually licked it. Licks the end to do so.

—They want lips against powerful text. Kiss the book.

Words are poised, we said. All messages, I can't see it around the book, the river's end of the seconds hour of the green eyes. Stretch at the century. Spiralling in. The loveable hypnotists. Time. See the Great Horned Mushroom Goddess of the future newuniversal structure of joy and our respective realities. A man's hands, it was a flowerlike final twist, then as before, our web, our loveletter, sometimes take some money for it, mostly give them to you; waited for me to finish reading. Incredibly confusing navigate this time and she dies with every fantasy. The woman to catch you wants You. You are in a hyperdimensional worldstory. Welcome to find our plan or weaving of distance, the distance between us. Dust *this* book off, she said. Yes. Difficult not to cry. Better yet let the tears flow as they wish. Spiros waltzes over there a bit tipsy, says I love you, I will try to find you in this old cold world, send my love letter to you as a series of books. God is great. Love is all. All is One and One is all, Truth is All and Love Conquers All. I love you.

I hear your call to me from wherever you are, across the wall of Time.

Okay anything we have forgotten to say, Sissy and Butterfly?

Sissy Cogan and Butterfly are laughing on the bed, screaming *Nada mas, Spiros! No I'm not done yet! Nada mas?! Nada mas!?* Laughing laughing, but Spiros just continues to write, he's sure he's forgotten something he wanted to say.

Yes like when I read the papers of *Any Word Itself*. Or when Mari's smile makes my heart jump. Sorry for the times I could not get to you. I am still learning to love Humanity after what they have done. But I love you. I hear your Heart all the way to here.<sup>15</sup>

*Let's forget about the past  
and weave a new dream, you and I.*<sup>16</sup>

You see, Dear Ingenious Reader, you are the only one I got. Hardly anyone here where I live understands me. Except the

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<sup>15</sup> Song *Nebet Let You Down – Chillout Mix* by Tenishia, Susana

<sup>16</sup> Song *Frozen Roads - Continuous DJ Mix* by Tenishia

Butterflies of course, hihhi. Yes, I have a few Gods and Goddesses to share life with.

But to be frank, I am in love with you, and it breaks my heart to think that we will never ever meet. You will read my words, but we will never meet in person.

But we can meet in the Heart, and in dreams! Maybe by the magic of my psilocybin and Ayahuasca, we can even meet for real in Plomari Hyperspace!

Yes let me open the narrative here. I'm not really a writer I just write you endless love letters, as you know. How come I can write the words to make you stay? It's because you feel my Soul, and I feel yours.

But I had to time the right century, says Sissy. In my incarnation. Plura, plura, klura, lura. Ung kung pung.

Nailed it!

**A**nd so I let my guard down. My life is pretty messy right now, but only my private life. We have began sending out the love letters and our Queendom of Plomari continues to blossom! I listen to Sissy when I do not know what to do, I trust her decisions. Also the Butterflies are wise as always. They are wiser than me in many respects, Sissy and the Butterflies. I am sort of stupid. I don't know, it's just always been that way, I am sort of stupid, don't understand the world well. I'm too high. I prefer to stay in Sacred Space. And I love life too much. I love life so much it makes me high and then I stop caring about things and just laugh and drink Nectars and make love. I try to be a good King, even if I'm a young King. The gentle King is who I am. The Rose of Plomari, hihhi. *Le vie en Rose!* One of my main advisors, whose name will for now remain a secret, she helps me so much, we talk almost daily. We're not in love, just friends, but we both see her as one of the Queens of Plomari.

I live many lives at once, one could say. My private life is one thing, my life as King of Plomari, my life with the Butterflies. My life with Mari and Sissy Cogan. My dreamlife at night when I dream, and my life of fantasy. O I don't know I can't count them all, but I live many lives at once. My life as author and musician as well of course. Our band SISSY COGAN. My life in the Plomari Temple, King Hu and Cecilia Cogan. My life as son of my Mother

and Father. Yes, they all mix of course but they all require different kinds of attention too. And then there's my life with myself.

Yes, my life with myself. My whole life I tried to save the world and help others. Recently I am trying to help myself as well. I need help, I need love, and I need someone to lean on. I need someone to hold me warmly in their arms. Thankfully, Queen Mari is here with me and gives me love when my life *with myself* becomes unbearable.

I am proud of myself. Being proud of myself was one of the last keys in my freedom. When I sat down and was proud of my creation Plomari I became free. *My* creation. Yes it came from me, but it's becoming *our* creation now as more and more are joining us in the Kingdom. Which is what I have always wanted. Join us in the Palace!

My life with myself. Yes, in my Heart I am always Home. Home in the Heart of my Queendom. It's an experience, really, not a place. It's a spiritual thing totally. To hold a weapon of rock'n'roll like my Queendom of Plomari... it's a personal issue, it's a completely sexual thing... I'm a very sexual being. When me and Sissy and the Butterflies make love we are like snakes. Snakes slithering. Sweaty, mature sexual beings making love in the White Marble Palace, under the sky. Kinky is one thing, sometimes we're just kinky, sick in the head kinky, but when we *make love* in the White Marble Palace we are mature sexual gods and goddesses. We are Sex Herself and Sex Himself in High person. Don't you know, baby, I *am* the Kama Sutra.

Our sex life together in Plomari is the wildest ride ever. Drinking nectar, mmm, give me more nectar as I drink it from Sissy's bum.

The Enemy is gone so let us go on with the Enema. Enema is the word for taking drugs anal, which I have described to you in the books elsewhere. It's the most erotic process! Mushroom wine.

Lying here now, high, tipsy on honey beer, sipping mushroom wine from Sissy Cogan's asshole with a straw. Mmm, and I slide a strawberry between Butterfly's pussylips so I can taste her sexjuices! Drink my cum from Mari's asshole when I come, babe.

Yes, sex. Mmm, sex.

But what were we talking about, we were talking about something?

Nevermind right now, let's have sex again. I will continue writing my message in a bottle to you afterwards.

I actually live more lives than I mentioned. I am married to seventeen women and men, the Queens and Kings of Plomari, and to call them *my wives and husbands* is off the point, we are all one great Family, and also have unique relationships all of us, spending time together in our own unique ways, and together we are the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari. I don't really like being in the centre all the time, Plomari is for everyone. I'm just in the centre because I am the mushroom, but are you sure you are not the mushroom as well? Why do you think the man's cock looks like my psilocybin mushroom? I think we are all mushrooms, I think the world and universe is the psilocybin mushroom in full bloom!

Now that the Banana War is over, which lasted 2000-2017 AD, we can go full speed ahead into the Miracle, so let's jump! Yes yes, the sending out of the Royal Letters. We need ipads, phones, computers and an internet for that. So we'll first build all of those things, I'll write the letters in the meantime, then we'll send them out, beginning year 2018, on my spiritual birthday on June 21. For those of you who have already read parts of the letters, we hope you are already with us in Plomari, but on June 21, 2018 we begin the whole thing.<sup>17</sup>

Consider the first eighteen years since 2000 foreplay.

Full alert, all systems on. We may proceed.<sup>18</sup>

Proprioception functional?<sup>19</sup>

Vertical: Failed.

No no. This is sort of insider humor. We're already done, dears. We can relax now.<sup>20</sup>

—We can let it go, Spi, says Butterfly.

April April you silly I can fool you wherever I wish!

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<sup>17</sup> Song *Salem* by Code:Pandorum

<sup>18</sup> Song *Hello, My Name Is...* by Ott

<sup>19</sup> Song *Proprioception* by Mechina

<sup>20</sup> Song *Dusted Compass (Phutureprimitive Remix)* by The Human Experience

I'm too sexy for your cat, too sexy for your house, as they say. Anyway so, some honey beer is in order and we have to help Shiva move to his new Temple tomorrow. It's summer time. *Nada mas, nad mas, Spiros? No I'm not done yet!* laughs Sissy and the Butterflies still. Just because I have a lot to say! I have opinions on life on planet Earth! Hahaha! I have things I want to tell the rest of you, I am going to write a letter to you all! Jag drar mitt strå till stacken this way. I drag my straw to the pile of hay this way. It's all I can do, I am helpless in the face of the world. It's so vast, what can I do to help? Well, I write you love letters and invite everyone for a glass of mushroom wine in my Plomari Palace. It's all I can do I guess.

Mushroom wine, babe. It's the holy wine. Ayahuasca, psychedelics, and cannabis. The glory of Earth! The sacred plants. Lsd. The sunrise of consciousness. One perfect sunrise.

Yes, some honey beer and some lying around naked in the Plomari Palace, that'll teach ya life. I don't know if there is any other point to my life than being with the ones I love. Is there any other point? Enlightenment and Ascension? I don't know, what do you think? I love God, and my wives and husbands, my Family, the animals, the plants, the whole Universe, I love everything. I guess Love is the point of Life. Drunk on honey beer and I don't care about anything else than Love. Sissy and the Butterflies are the point of my life. You are the point of my life, Dear Ingenious Reader. I am a secret admirer of yours.

So there was this guy, right, he went to the river to smoke a joint, and he saw two girls bathing naked in the river. He saw them from afar, and hid behind a bush. Yes you know how the rest of that story goes. It's a quick classic. Fuck me I'm famous as David Guetta would say. I don't know, what do *you* want to do? Do I have to do all the talking? Why don't you write a letter back to me!

Just kidding around...

Look, I'm stranded in a little Palace by the sea. I don't know how to leave the Palace even, sort of. I mean, we can't move the whole Palace, and we don't want to abandon it, so we stay. We're stuck in luxury, as we like to say. There is no sign of intelligent life anywhere on the Earth, everyone seems to be absolutely retarded. Actually it's possible to move a palace, it has been done before, but

ugh, it sounds like a bore to do it. I mean, the Universe itself sucks a lot, let's not forget. People are dying, people are starving, people live hellish situations. I don't know, I'm trying to ask the Gods for a vision, but.<sup>21</sup>

—Look I have already said it all, babe, says Spiros.

—*Nada mas, nada mas!?* laugh Sissy and Butterfly.

So I just sit here. Doing nothing is something worth doing as they say. Actually I mostly think of the Butterflies when I do nothing. I am so in love...

—Nada mas? Well I wanted to tell you I love your butt, you have a cute bum, says Spiros. Actually let me say: Nabratom Korma. Indian mushroom stew. That's what my life feels like right now, how do you feel?

—Well, keep up the good spirit, Spiros, says Sissy Cogan. We have letters to deliver! Stay positive!

—Right, right, right, says Spiros.

—Up, up, up! says Butterfly.

—Yes. Let's not let the world get away, says Spiros.

One of the Queens of Plomari called Sissy and they spoke about the current läge, the current sistuation. We are all tired of the human situation on Earth right now and it drains us, drains our energy. So many people sleeping. When we come as Royal Family many people don't even understand what we mean. We enshroud ourselves Royal because of our respect for Life, Nature, ourselves and each other, all Life. It's not just for fun for those who think that is the case. Being royal means responsibility, it's not something we take lightly in the Royal Cogan Family.

*All I want is to be more like me,  
and less like you*<sup>22</sup>

Write an epilogue? Look, we haven't even began yet. I become so happy that we are about to begin. Kick the world down, bitch, and one more time for fun! Come on! Kick it down! Nono, we're not going to have that much fun yet. Kick down the world, huh? Yes, the Human World is no more. If you still think that you live in the Human World, know that the entire Royal Cogan Family

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<sup>21</sup> Song *World's Apart* by tyDi

<sup>22</sup> Song *Numb* by Linkin Park

left long ago into the Heavens of Plomari, Heaven on Earth. If you think the Human World still exists, know that you are living in the wrong hallucintaion.

*Vi, the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari, gör härmed anspråk på planeten Jorden.*

*We, the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari, hereby steal Planet Earth.*

*You work for me now, Humanity, you work for the Mosthighest King and Queen of Plomari.*

The game is over. The war is over.

—Ask Humanity how Plomari has won, my King Spiros, says The Mushroom Seamstress and sips some of the secret wine.

Spiros smiles and they kiss.

—Wine, says Tiffany and serves them all more wine.

—Tiffany, says The Seamstress and looks at her. Do you remember where Elin's bum was the last time you saw it?

—Är den ute och far igen? Is it out swinging again? said Tiffany.

Spiros laughed his evil laugh and hulked down from his Chalice some honey beer.

—Jessica? What do you say? asks Spiros. Tang?

—Tang tänker, said Jessica and smiled. Tang's thinking.

—You have a little cream there on your lip, Jessi, said Spiros. Mind if I lick it off?

—O, dear! O, sure, said Jessica and looked innocent.

Spiros sighed and gave her a big kiss and then licked the cream off her lips.

—Well, do you want to be laconic, my King, or? asks Tang.

—How about we begin with the tabla and the bongo drum? says Yooni.

No one had anything to say when the drums began.

—My love, it's him, it's her... King Hu and Queen Cecilia Cogan. King Hu, you know, King Spiros secret name.<sup>23</sup>

—Do what the fuck you want Humanity but don't fuck around with me? Is that what we should say, bitch? whispers King Hu to Bianca Taeyeng.

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<sup>23</sup> Song *Dola Re Dola* from the Devdas Soundtrack

—Just tell them our books are bad and a boring read, I loved when they said that to us, whispered Butterfly back.

**T**oday I helped my father Shiva to move to his new Palace. He's old and needs the nurses of Plomari to take care of him twenty four seven. At least a few hours a day when Shiva doesn't take care of Plomari with me. The nurses of Plomari are young and vigorous, and extremely skilled, and most of all, have extreme patience. One of my wives is one of the nurses by the way. Actually more than one but nevermind. I am quite shocked after the experience of the move but I try to keep up the good spirit. Shocked to see my father so old and fragile. But my father is awesome, he handled the move with excellence and laughed a lot.

Råkan på kakan: nej. The shrimp on the cookie: no. Spiros talks to his feelings as if they were old friends. Enough with sadness. He thinks of Butterfly, it makes him happy.

**A**s the Queen ventured out into the world, visiting all continents during three years of travel to deliver the Plomarian Loveletters to Humanity, King Spiros and the Butterflies stayed home running the Queendom.<sup>24</sup> When the Queen came home from delivering the letter, they held their Royal Wedding, it began in the high summer of year 2018.

—Butterfly and Sissy, you are the joy of my Life, says Spiros. I live only to love you. Forever will I slave to the beat of your heart. You and me only for a while now. We're trying hard enough. Our beloved Queendom of Plomari is complete, eternally, already. It is sempiternally complete. The Pleroma of Plomari.

It rained this day and a beautiful rainbow appeared above the Palace grounds. We took this as a happy sign that we are on the right track. We spent the evening relaxing, the birds chirped outside and we kissed a lot. We ate vegan lasagna for dinner. Life is awesome.

Suddenly, everything felt perfect.

Everything just fell into place.

There was hardly even any time for transission. Suddenly we just woke up in Paradise. We spoke of how we are married

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<sup>24</sup> Song *No One Will Save You* by Aviators

already and sort of warped through our wedding as a psychedelic experience. Our lives began to shine. Like waking up from a years long trance, a coma. We had kept up the good spirit for so long, and we were now rewarded. Now only peace and Love remained.

**H**i it's Spiros here. I never been this happy before, this relaxed. Life has to me often been blissful, but there has always been a tint of a deep longing inside me still. I have tried to fill that longing with beer and wine, with music, with food, with sex, all kinds of things. But I have never felt satisfied until now. A thunder storm is raging outside the Palace as if to benchmark this day in my life, this life-defining day of really the first time I feel full peace of mind.

I want to see that again!

**H**i it's Spiros here. I never been this happy before, this relaxed. Life has to me often been blissful, but there has always been a tint of a deep longing inside me still. I have tried to fill that longing with beer and wine, with music, with food, with sex, all kinds of things. But I have never felt satisfied until now. A thunder storm is raging outside the Palace as if to benchmark this day in my life, this life-defining day of really the first time I feel full peace of mind.

This is a wonderful thing! I have found true peace.

*Peace of mind  
comes from within*

**M**ay our Queendom of Plomari and the true life story of the Royal Cogan Family dispel the darkness of all your doubts! May you find what you are searching for and may you have peace of mind. Peace of mind comes from within! Let us of Plomari help show you what it feels like to be complete. To be full and whole. Welcome home to Plomari.

King Spiros said to his wives the Queens:

—I need some time to write the letters first...

—How much time? asked Queen Butterfly.

—Eighteen years approximately.<sup>25</sup> Do we have to be as loud as God? Is that what you mean? We have to. Be. As, as, loud, as, as, God. Hahahaha! You get it, babe?

—Right, right, right.

—One of the letters will be written as we deliver the letters, for full functionality and fun. The other letters I will write in the Plomari Palace and as we live our lives in our newly established Kingdom.

—Right, right I see what you see, says Sissy Cogan. We'll hatch in the Ayahuasca and Psilocybin Wine, slide round the Great Wall, over the little pasture, with the little adorable flowers on it, we'll fuck in the royal bedroom, we'll slide up and grab a few glasses of wine in Nobody's Tower, fuck again in the tower, we'll write the letters, and then...

—And then?

—And then the pain of our hearts will evaporate, says King Spiros.

Small girls like you, Queen Sissy and Butterfly, will of course be rewarded based on a bed, rewarded sexually, Spiros explains.

—Rewarded for your patience and that you are so cute. We can begin right away. Get naked, my loves, and let's fuck. My small little girls and wise mature women, my Queens of Plomari!

—So you are actually serious that you are going to sit for eighteen years and write love letters to me and Butterfly? asks Sissy Cogan.

—Yes, says Spiros. That's my plan.

—And then we establish a Kingdom in the meantime, and save the world with our Kingdom? asks Butterfly.

—Yes, says Spiros and smiles his evil grin.

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<sup>25</sup> Sng *Let Go* by Koven

**W**e have to be as loud as God, my dear eternal Loves of all time.<sup>26</sup> We have to rock the whole world with our Queendom of Plomari! Dream, mixing with reality. Enough is enough. Love. Spiros, Sissy Cogan and Butterfly look at each other. Three heads in one, one head in three, in seven people, all as one. Plomari is all of Conscious Humanity working as one.

—Before I say another word, let me drink some of this psilocybin mushroom wine, says Spiros.<sup>27</sup>

In the Sea of the Mushroom Seamstress Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly swam in their Love, the ocean of eternal endless Love. Sissy was a bit like a psycho bitch but the sex is good so I think I'll keep her around, uh, what? No no, not like that. That was a joke, dear. Our Love is something else. We feel that the reason the Universe came to be is so we can be eternally together. We are not dying anymore, we are being born anew!

We have to be as loud as God.

We feel the fear but we are the Kings and Queens of Plomari and we trust in the glory of the psilocybin mushroom and the Ayahuasca, the sacred plants. And here in Plomari Paradise, whatever we do we do it together. Where are we? We are *here*.

Sink a sip of my secret wine and my Ayahuasca and you will find Plomari. Sink my ship, hu? Hahahaha! Det sprakar, språket, the language crackles of what I have in my luddiga lugn, Bianca my dear. Knastrande, knasiga ränder, hit och dit, hitherandto, all the way to my Prismic Heart. I believe in this Miracle. Just like if you flip the letters in *Miracles* you get Mrs Cecilia. That is, if you flip around the letters of Mrs Cecilia, Mrs Mushroom, Queen of Plomari. To who? No, by me, King Hu, and my Queens. Where are we? It's not only a place, it's an experience! What is they saying in these love letters!?

We have to be as loud as God about this. Sissy kisses the text. We want a kiss on this powerful text, she loves. And I demand your stitch in the frescos and psychedelic art.

Spiros feels no boundary between him and Queen Cecilia Cogan, as if they are almost one and the same person. But they decide to be two people, more fun that way. The seventeen Butterflies giggle and agree. Variation is more fun, says Queen

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<sup>26</sup> Song *Nocturne in Blood* by Celldweller and Atlas Plug

<sup>27</sup> Song *FEEL NOTHING* by the Plot In You

Mari. Everyone agrees. Seventeen people in seven heads in one person in three people in seventeen people all as one.<sup>28</sup> They laugh. The Royal Cogan Family of Plomari we can call ourselves.<sup>29</sup>

Soon everyone wanted to be part of the Royal Cogan Family and our Queendom of Plomari. Spiros locked himself into Nobody's Tower to write the letters. The Royal Wedding was planned in the meantime.<sup>30</sup> One of the Queens travelled out into the world to begin delivering the letters to Humanity, visiting, as I mentioned, all continents during several years of travel.

—So, says King Hu, let us open the gates of Death<sup>31</sup> to the likes of the old Human World. Your Earth story made less and less sense so without a Goodbye your story ends and the Plomarian story begins. Plomari will be calling the shots from now on.<sup>32</sup>

*Hu has left us a trail  
And now we must find him<sup>33</sup>*

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<sup>28</sup> Song *Coma* by Buckethead, Azam Ali and Serj Tankian

<sup>29</sup> Song *Cecilia And The Satellite* by Andrew McMahon in the Wilderness

<sup>30</sup> Song *Eden* by Scandroid

<sup>31</sup> Song *Vengeance* by Woe, Is Me

<sup>32</sup> Song *Say Goodbye* by Bliss

<sup>33</sup> Song *Let Us Pray* by Code:Pandorum

**K**ing Hu also known as King Spiros of Plomari let his mind race around the girls. He was so in love. He thought, maybe if I write them a love letter, maybe they will like me if I just show myself honestly to them. Fucking girls, man, God dammit I can't stop thinking of them, I wanna kiss them and lick them and fuck them, fuck, okay more beer here's a beer, great mmm beer, man, best stuff ever. Ahhh, beer, wait we gotta refill the beer stash for tonight, nevermind, anyway, Butterfly, sigh, you are so beautiful. Did God create you or did I dream you into being? How can one be so cool and beautiful as Sissy and Butterfly. That's not a question, that's a statement. Shit and I gotta pay the bills soon. Okay great we got some beer for tonight, now wait need more, okay. So. So. So fucking beautiful, babe. Yeah but it's not only how they are beautiful it's how they are as persons, you know. So fucking cool. I love them. I wish they would marry me. Live forever in bliss together. How do girls think though? I don't know, I'm not a girl I'm a man. I drink nectar from your bums in my fantasies. I'm a simple man, give me a beer and a joint and let me drink Nectar from your asshole in a sexual frenzy. Dammit, everyone wants to be all romantic and stuff and I just wanna fuck you in the ass and live forever.

That's why I'm in love with this Sissy Cogan girl. She's hardcore, she doesn't play around. She seems like the kind of woman who would understand me.<sup>34</sup>

*I hear you, My Love, I hear what you want*

*The Art of Anal Sex* is my next book, man. Look, Sissy, I know this is a loveletter to you and, but, Butterfly, yes, anal sex is the best. I hope you don't stop reading now. Don't you know, baby, I *am* the Kama Sutra.

Is the moon real high? Didn't follow me here? Every moment, every movement. In the check of my mate. May the Divine Canon of the Royal Cogan Family dispel the darkness of all your doubts, until you find you are already one of us! Lugn i det luddiga nu. You don't know my language yet. It goes like this... Once upon a time, there was a reclusive type who found a mushroom, and founded a mushroom Queendom. Don't be scared of slipping, my

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<sup>34</sup> Song *Wild Butterfly* by Balligomingo

dear eternal Love.<sup>35</sup> I see you. So let's play make believe with The Girl Who Wanted To Play— Sissy Cogan! There's a home in her Heart for you.<sup>36</sup>

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<sup>35</sup> Song *I See You* by Sissy

<sup>36</sup> Song *Still Holding On* by Conjure One

**S**issy, I need to go sit a few years by the marble statue. I am tripping real hard on psilocybin mushrooms and Ayahuasca right now so can we slow down for a moment, says King Spiros. Spiros sat for three years by the white marble statue depicting him and Sissy's and Butterfly's first meeting. Calm came out of this three year meditation, the calm mentioned earlier, the calm of a fullness and a peace of mind. *Pleroma*, said the King to himself. The *pleroma* of Plomari. One of the Butterflies began to go to church during this time. Sissy and Spiros bumped into a girl named Mari and fell in love, they married after a few months together all of them. Their band Sissy COGAN's music career was almost completely ruined. Beloved friends and family died in a variety of ways. Close friends committed suicide. People left town to go travelling. Drugs were taken. Parties and raves were held. Mushrooms were eaten. Ayahuasca was drunk. And all this time Spiros wrote his loveletters. To Cecilia and Butterfly, about Cecilia and Butterfly and himself, King of Plomari. To Humanity. To the Gods and Goddesses of Earth and the Cosmos. To You, Dear Ingenious Reader.<sup>37</sup> And so many people laughed at Spiros. They laughed at him, not knowing anything about what he carries in his Heart and Soul, not knowing anything about him. A weirdo they called him. A loser, a mess-up, a freak, a poor alcoholic and a psychotic. But in his own Heart Spiros knew he was right.

*The treasure in your heart,  
No one can take that treasure from you,  
He reminded himself*

And he cried, he cried so much, for the death of his wife.

He did not want to live after she died.

For many years he did not want to live after his wife died.

And everyone calling Spiros a loser, he stopped caring about their harmful words, for when his wife died, he found out about Love.

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<sup>37</sup> Song *Carbon* by VNV Nation

**A**nd she died, and he died inside with her. And was it Queen Sissy? Who is Queen Sissy Cogan? His wife. So is Queen Sissy dead? Yes, and no, said Butterfly. Many women are Sissy Cogan, one of them are dead, yes, said Butterfly. But Spiros wife had a daughter named Cecilia too, and she was more than alive, she was like the Spring and full blooming in her early twenties. Indeed my Mother Sissy is dead, said Cecilia and they hugged and comforted each other. And Cecilia and Spiros celebrated her life, Sissy dead, Sissy alive. And one of the Butterflies, world famous for her music, became tired of her life as a rock star, and instead fell in love with Spiros. And one of the Butterflies left to become a nun. Another of the Butterflies left to start a family with kids. King Leo tried to get a job downtown. Spiros became a Monk and a Saddhu and an Ascended Masterpiece. And life sort of moved on for everyone. And then one day, when Gonas Gonas, one of Spiros friends, was smoking cannabis, dabs and dabs, Spiros was reminded of how life was before all the tragedy. Gonas Gonas and Shaman Vladimir reminded Spiros that Sissy is everything, she is death and life, God and Goddess, love and darkness, spring and winter. She is Snow White. Spiros called Queen Mari and they spoke about life. They all saw a spring light in the darkness. And the calm that had come over Spiros recently spread to the people around him, and they all celebrated this calm. And Queen Elin was more alive than ever just like young Queen Cecilia, and had just gone on a long vacation, and she comforted Spiros and he comforted her that *we don't really have to do anything specific right now*. And the Royal Cogan Family was born in this beautiful and tragical and complex mess, in honour of Queen Sissy Cogan, dead and alive in same time, our Mosthighest Queen of Plomari. And it felt like an opening. Sissy Cogan. Sissy dead, and Sissy alive. And my two sisters who died at birth. Sissy, hear me, hear me! And Sissy the white dove, Bianca, rest in peace. Spiros knew it all sounds nuts, but his love was stronger than death. He believed in the Miracle. I shall incarnate for you, he said to everyone. I shall incarnate as the psilocybin mushroom to help you all find the Light, Humanity, said King Spiros. Spiros named himself King Hu, and looked into his own Heart. I see something so beautiful in there, he thought to

himself and smiled. He kissed Sissy dead and Sissy alive and the whole Royal Cogan Family.

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—I have a gold feather round my neck, a necklace, Spiros, said Queen Heidi of Plomari. And today I was given a Dragon and a Unicorn, and a pair of gold shoes! We are sorted, King Spiros!

They laughed and celebrated the bright present and the bright future ahead.

—Now all I need is my crown and the spire, and I am crowned Queen of Plomari, continued Queen Heidi with her hearty smile.

Queen Heidi the Ascended One is one of Spiros main advisors and best friends, and one of the Queens of Plomari. They had spent many years already together discussing the future of Plomari, and Spiros always loved her for her wise words and clear vision, and the way she keeps a positive outlook on life. She keeps the good spirit up!

—It's like the best sign and omen you can get, said Spiros about the Unicorn and Dragon and gold shoes.

They laughed their crazy laughing together as they do when amazing things happen and Spiros poured up beer for them both. Sissy dead, and Sissy alive. Many women are Sissy Cogan. In her own words:

*I am the voice spread throughout the world  
I am all there is, and Divinity lifts my veil*

And I am Sissy Cogan, and you are Sissy Cogan too, said Butterfly. And Cecilia is Sissy. We are Sissy Cogan together, said Butterfly. The Goddess of All Everything, Mosthighest Queen of Plomari, spread through us all. And you are Daddy Nabi, Spiros, King Butterfly! Konung av Honung, King of Honey! We are Nectar Herself and Honey Himself, Sex Herself and Sex Himself in high person, said Butterfly. Spiros nodded. Yes he was married to many women, but the death of one of his wives years ago, as mentioned, still had him in shock. Just because he loves more than one woman does not mean he does not love every one of them with all his heart.

—What had been her wish if she was alive? asked Spiros.

—To go on with the Queendom, and for us to live in Paradise, and let her live through us, let the Queen of All Everything live through us, said Butterfly. Sissy isn't only one person. Remember, three people in seven heads in seventeen people, all working as one.

—Right, said Spiros. Complex situation, our Family. I am Sissy Cogan, he said. You are Sissy Cogan, Butterfly. We shall name ourselves The Mushroom Seamstress, Mosthighest Queen and King of Plomari. It was a mess to sort all this out, who is who in Plomari? On top of the mess lay the fact that many of us wanted to remain anonymous members of the Royal Cogan Family, not visible to the public eye. As the saying goes:

*Plomari is the silent member  
of every brother and sisterhood  
on Earth*

Also, Spiros and Butterfly hold secrets that no one knows, and they have not yet decided if they will ever tell those secrets or not. One secret they are ready to share is that Sissy Cogan is a fiction designed by the two of them to advance their cause of expanding the Queendom of Plomari. Butterfly is Sissy Cogan. Sissy has always been real, her name is Mari. Sissy Cogan is a smoke screen designed by Spiros and Mari, chosen in an instant of looking into each others eyes around 1994. They needed a third Queen, their mysterious lover, the Woman of the Dark River. The strange notion, in Spiros and Butterfly's hearts, is that the two of them gave birth to the third, and the three of them gave birth to the seven and ten and seventeen, all way to the billions of beings on Earth. This is of course a spiritual idea come from a spiritual experience, not fact, but it holds a strong grip on Butt and Spi still. Sissy Cogan is Butterfly's and Spiros Soul Child, the Aeon. Butterfly and Spiros are brother and sister as well as wife and husband in ways hard to explain, and come from another dimension, and they gave birth to Sissy Cogan to have a human lover. This, at least, is one of the versions of all this.

—So who is Sissy Cogan again?

Butterfly sat down in Spiros lap and kissed him.

—She's the coolest cat in the Cosmos, she said. She's The Mushroom Seamstress, our Dark Lover.

Butterfly sings:

*You'll be part of me,  
and I'll be part of you*<sup>38</sup>

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<sup>38</sup> Song *Sculpture* by DiSA

So in the Plomarian Cosmoconception there are these twirks and curls, as you see, spun by Girlygirl. And all this from Butterfly and Spiros eating of a strange psilocybin mushroom long ago.

*Tell Humanity I have found a strange magic psilocybin mushroom,  
Species **Psilocybe cubensis** etc*

—I *am* the good spirit, says Butterfly.

—Mmm, says Spiros. I've planned. Dangerous game, you and me, having woken up all shroomed up in Plomari. My party spirit can not be tampered.

—Plomarian eternity. Our Queendom is not just a boast, Humanity, says Sissy Cogan. All we want to do is give you something you have never known. The gift that God gives us all is complete.

—Completed with our birth...

—God just wants you to love the gift...

—As God said to me once: *The universe is already perfect as it is but I admire your wish to improve upon it.*

—I don't know, everything is just a big mess. Nabratom Korma, psilocybin mushroom stew.<sup>39</sup>

—Now let's do it backwards and upsidawn in high heels? laughs Butterfly.

—Yes, sort of like that, laughs Spiros.<sup>40</sup>

*Mrs Cecilia H Cogan is an anagram of Organic Chemicals*

Plomari's victory is eternal, but it will be reiterated, re-emphasized, to everyone, forever on. Butterfly and Spiros licked the last envelopes to the wedding invitations and sent them off.

—Good morning, said Sissy Cogan and came walking round the corner.

And silence...<sup>41</sup>

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<sup>39</sup> Song *Carbon* by VVN Nation

<sup>40</sup> Song *Astronauts* by The Cruxshadows

<sup>41</sup> Song *In The End* (feat. Sarah Russell & LAKE) by Delta-S

## 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.

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 there is, and Divinity lifts my veil,

And my name is Queen Sissy Cogan of Plomari.

I am a mere breath of air,

a formless thought

that thinks of YOU

**W**ho is Sissy Cogan? became the topic of discussion. But in the *Hymn To Sissy Cogan* it was clear. Sissy is the protector of the world and of everyone, the Queen of All Everything. She is the Divine Mother and sister of everyone. Best friend and Lover, wife and mother, sister and daughter. Butterfly and Spiros felt another pull too, however, a pull toward Sissy, short name for Cecilia, wanting to manifest in their own lives as a human being. She was like a ghost without a body. Or was she every woman on Earth?

—I'm Sissy Cogan, said Butterfly.

—Yes, said Spiros.

—Me too, said Mari.

—I'm Sissy as a man, said Spiros.

*I am the voice spread throughout the world,  
said Sissy Cogan*

*I am the paradox-inducing little girlygirl, inducing reality,  
I am the animatr of Space-Time.  
Young, old, seductive, and dangerous.*<sup>42</sup>

Queen Sissy Cogan explained in her own words. Outside the confines of Time and History, outside the confines of the human world there is a completely nother Universe. It is where we Gods live. Let me remind you that you are also a God. Welcome home to the Strawberry Queendom of Plomari. 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, and the tip of the penis is Sissy's favourite strawberry. 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

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<sup>42</sup> Song *Letters to the lost* by Delta-S

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 who 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 goddess we weave together with the Goddess, as a gift to all who can appreciate its beauty, the fun of it, and who 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 lying on a mushroom hat playing with her pussy. She cares nothing of what you think about her, she just wishes you could appreciate her splendor and your own splendor. Her name is Sissy Cogan, The Girl Who Wanted To Play. And she plays. And she wants to play with you.

High Humanity, I'd like to talk with you again. And Humanity, this time will be... different. I am going to make things clear for you in a 2000+ page love letter. High hi hi now I want to say hi I am Love. Everyone is hating and nagging every day, O, we are eternal immortal forever, maybe it's Love, ah! Who is Love and always tricky? Give up, Humanity, yes, give up. Love is a vulcano and you think you gonna stop me somehow? If you think I am ever stopping you gotta be out of your god damned skulls. What King Spiros, me Queen Sissy Cogan and Queen Butterfly and the whole Royal Cogan Family has done is the best move across time, ever. And the first time itself across the time. As you call a cock hard enough, you do not see what I see. Believe this, book worms, crawling. Pin worms, crawling on all fours out of my Plomari Palace of Cnossos. Whoops did I scare you? Am I making

you look bad, Humanity? Everywhere around you and inside you and yet you do not see. The butterflies, I wonder why they are not so much dreaming as to the subtleness of some conversation at drinking parties, laughing at it all? Rigged hidden earthen tunnel in butterfly eyeballs. You think Mother Nature's team of animals and plants are not conscious? Just let my heart for positions like an enormous bow into an egg casings out on and not what I had been able, only two diametrically opposing forces that eventually King Spiros also and perhaps I'll use in spite of ourselves to the raw primordia gives birth to the fucking willy nilly at Ayahuasca, or popcorn, poprocks, whatever is a little better. I couldn't see a problem when a petite spaghetti meal was all Spiros could offer. Later I found out he is a King disguised as a poor poet, and when he asked me to marry him I knew I am the luckiest woman in the world. That was a hot kiss the kind fed albino bird that hid it. My Perceived, you are frozen into the telecaster, say high. More than one of obsessive monomania, I always loved the doves and spinning plates. Flying waffles, my Fuck-Men and Sisters From Hell, the waffle-aiming camera men. Some eyes are the cameras of the Gods. Knowledge of a home address— but different. Or diffident. Boundless potential voyeurism. Fluxodent, fuxodent, fuxobent, whatever. Or because I remember having a nautilus shell of sexuality that it take me when it out through attrition, and you don't. A pinhead going to the pasture didn't complain about the angle in The Mushroom Seamstress, to make this point. The Kings and Queens in the mosthighest point of psilocybin and Ayahuasca showing you the way through the Palace of Cnossos toward their gaze as you read and watch their music videos. They just stare at you, for they know something. Guard that gem, Spiros, rich and rare. We played cards until The Wedding began. Full of cloth made it better, and now I know the bowls are full to his heart. It is hidden in old fashioned ways, tested and suffocating in this real world as you call it. The nurse at the written word. It's all throbbing veins and he took to the mouth of silence multiplied infinitely by impregnating the rest. We had the fucking revolution and it was so close to the first, and I told you that made sexual it may at the raw primordia give birth to manifest our Plomari Paradise, but what did you do, Humanity? They looking sideways to try and stop seeing me. You need some

eye protection before anywhere else if you truly wish to see me! These critters just stupid. Don't be capable of it. I'm desperately screaming and peaceful smile.

And so, you who dare go all the way with us, come dawn with us in Love as deep as the Seamstress! I planned and planted all this deep into the boundless ocean of us, my Love! Enough with the war, we won, now let's go back to bliss, fun and romance! Spirosatan's girls, some odd sevens or seventeens, make myself go to all the seven smooth, shining, soft, wet. How are you *not* going to spread your legs, little girl? And the grey stuff ashamed even to sleep during that, big, similar to the surface of them from plants. Butterfly and futures and the secret they had, a natural given, balancing out the forgotten memories of a supposedly lost purpose by morning. The unreal insanity. Blurring is one pair of them. The other young snaggle tooth. They were seventeen, in bed. After a stretcher. His girlfriends those superheroines. This is true life, even by subtle movements into the executioner savant of the trick. The white curve of invisible mice crawling over him. Had it not been a shade I'm sure my navel one day nine. Sissy and Spiros and Butterfly turned into a tendency to live in two worlds. A looming shade. A kid napping. A glorious crime. A double pleaser jelly dolphin at overwhelming speed. Finished off with absolutely void, ecstatic ruin! And then, the final twist. My Kings and Queens of Plomari, the rainbow rays that can fool humanity into forever. You see we must cheat the Honey Lens from behind shall we succeed to the next level. Sissy and Spiros are their birth and were born on April 1 and the last of April. Come everyone, overturn my celebrated Soul where they make this point! Dare, let there be Life! Kiss my bum, rub your high Goddess. Poor creepy goggle eyed bastards in ugly fine suits of the Town had turned my Earth Children in their masquerade to being afraid. Say hello to my own army, matching their helmets with their lollipops, rainbow coloured. Finally, you think that torn down there I am to think about this? No. Except little twat sore. But no. Behind the egg of now I want more to the end result. When you rub my clit, don't forget to be guided by a secret of my own body. Then, slowly focus attention to actually find a golden bull guarding it, and the world, and maybe you even find a memory in you that you knew it already. It's a shame I'm just a perfect Earth in a most

amazing Soul, isn't it. But my hair smell "like damn". Shampoo. You understand why I love Spiros and B to fuck me in the ass in rivers of blood that turns out to be strawberry sauce. It's too tight! It's too tight! Especially for a nineteen year young like me. But you understand why. It's because I am the Avatar of Shit. And Spiros paid attention the fuck apart until he found me. I am the paradox-inducing little girlygirl, inducing reality, I am the animator of Space-Time. Young, old, seductive and dangerous. I'm a little bit of a bicurious girl. Mmm, you have to the foggy memories of language whitespace sensitivity, readability, less than an eyewink twixyblink to near me at first, and I will only show myself if I want to! But if you want to, call for me, call on me, I always listen. The crystalline lovelight of Eternity, everywhere. Rosacalendric schemata follow the links magatama of my LoveBomb and I surpass all the world's armies just by letting a moan cut through space and make one single stitch in the code. Like I design snow flakes on my spare time, I have designed one single snow flake the past year, can you find which one? No, I lied. I have designed all of them except one. I love you. O and did you know that on another plane of existence all the snow you see is mycelia? All the palace gates are open for you. Come, come to me. My world is very special and I'll show it just for you, if your love is true. And Spiris my little Teddy Bear, you should not be afraid of making my letters public. You know the fine art of destroying our reputation as well as I do! Download the Royal Letters below. And remember... the deeper in you go the bigger it gets... O and one last thing. Always respect me, for I am the scandalous and the magnificent one. Me and my Queendom of Plomari is the quiet member of all the Earth's brother and sisterhoods. Now tread gently as you go deeper into my Plomari Palace of Cnossos and download my letters to you. Dust these books off. We have much to exchange, my Dear.

And my King, my husband, have you heard of him? King Spiros. The white curve of invisible mice and snakes crawl over him and follow him wherever he goes. Butterflies fly around him at all times. My God he is so fucking pretty. He can give you everything, he can give you things you could never have dreamed up on your own. My King Spiros and me want to help show you what it feels like to be complete. We want to show you what it is

like to be God. What it's like to be free without any boundaries and limitations whatsoever! So study our letters to you, and study our Queendom, for the hidden universe Plomari is to us in the foreground, or subspace, whichever word you may choose, and O how the Cosmos shines when you see what we see! Our Queendom is of traditions thousands of years old, and dreams about the future, and is forever alive in the present moment, the clockless Nowever!

I will be free forever, and people can try to make sense of me, or try and lock me out or stop me from being the Queen of All Everything, but I'm afraid it's not going to make any difference, for I am spread out through everything, I am immortal and absolutely everywhere, I am too small to be seen with a lens, and too huge to be seen in full, but pay attention and you will see me everywhere. I am unshakeable, and I am always orchestrating. Everyone is staring straight at me, the answer that I left everywhere in the open, and you can all, Humanity, consider yourselves lucky that I am not fully evil.

I will say no more

I am here. Why are you so afraid of the face of God?

I am a billion streams of consciousness spread across the Universe, across all dimensions. Think I'm tough and hardcore O yes I am but you did bump into Love in a paradise did you not.

Kisses from Queen *Cecilia H Cogan* of Plomari,  
the inventor of *Organic Chemicals*,  
of which my name is an anagram

And so we began writing the letters, the three seventeen of us. We had eighteen years to do it, not really a tight schedule, but.<sup>43</sup> We found some kind of strange style of writing where we let ourselves be free in our expression while still remaining true to the main points of the letter. We wrote about our life in Plomari, and the Love we share. We wrote the whole God damn story, from that first psilocybin mushroom trip all the way to the Heart of the Queendom of Plomari many slides and slips later. We always had in mind to be as loud as God. Queen Sissy Cogan was a real bad kitty the first years and even put us in danger with her behaviour, but as said, it is uncontrollable, the birth of Plomari, but we have calmed Dawn!

—Have you forgotten we are the wild ones? said Queen Sissy. I want to turn your idea of Plomari into a real Kingdom.

Yes, that's what Spiros and Butterfly wanted too. It was already real in their own little world, but that's what the letters are for, to invite you, Dear Ingenious Reader, into Plomari together with us. Isn't Plomari just the most inviting little world there is?!

Spiros asked Butterfly if she wanted to come sit with him one last time by the White Marble Statue that he had been sitting by for three years, you know that one depicting his and Butterfly's and Sissy's first meeting. Just a short meditation, and then I shall say farewell to those three years, explained Spiros. Sure, said Butterfly and they sat down by it with some beer and a bowl of fresh cherries.<sup>44</sup>

—Sissy Dead and Sissy Alive, said Spiros and burst into tears. He kissed Butterfly's hand.

—But we're alive still. Sissy would want us to move on into Joy, as you said, babe. And to complete the letters and send them out. Like we've began doing now.

—Oh-oh. Yes, babe.

They listened to music and ate the cherries and drank the honey beer, and then they rose, kissed the White Marble Statue goodbye and left, a smile on their mouths of honesty. An honesty of feeling that Plomari is suddenly real and not a fantasy.

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<sup>43</sup> Song *Cecilia And The Satellite* by Andrew McMahon in the Wilderness

<sup>44</sup> Song *Cecilia* by Andreas Moe

**B**utterfly began laughing: why don't you move the marble statue to your throne and stay with it forever. But then she changed her mind again and said that no, Sissy would want you to move on with your life, not sit by her grave the rest of your life. Spiros did as she suggested, he moved the statue to his throne. It's not her grave, he said, it's a monument of the Queendom she helped establish before her death. I shall sit by it forever, Spiros ensured. Butterfly agreed that it was a good idea, or at least an idea. That's all we had to work with at the moment, wild ideas. Things were getting really complex. Who is Queen Cecilia Cogan again? And what do you mean the Queen is dead?

—O do I have a little story for you, said King Spiros and turned on one of Plomari's national anthems: the song *Alive* by Pearl Jam. No no, one of the Queens are dead, one is alive. Plomari has seventeen Queens and one King. Why? Because women rule the world, not men, the seventeen Queens of Plomari, of which three are dead actually, rule this Universe, you dig?

Queen Mari nodded in understanding and got tears in her eyes.

—Tell me more, my King.

—I am Sex Herself in High person, and I want us to be seventeen Queens and one King. Why? Because it's a turn on. No, not only, it's because women are cooler than men, but men are cooler than women, and...

—I get it, said Butterfly. Now give me a kiss on my bum!

—No no, I'm Queen Cecilia Cogan, insisted Sissy Cogan.

—Yes kiss my bum!

—I don't get it, said the King.<sup>45</sup>

—Just kiss my bum!

Spiros kisses Butterfly's bum, many times.

—Okay so, is that how your love letters begin?

—I don't know, I'm freestyling.

—So the Queen is dead?

—I'm not even sure who the Queen is, says Spiros.

—But there are seventeen Queens, you said.

—Yes they are called The Butterflies of Plomari. I'm Daddy Nabi, King Butterfly, King of Honey, Konung av Honung.

—I agree it's getting complicated, says Butterfly.

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<sup>45</sup> Song *Pearl* by Katy Perry

—It's grace, moving grace, it's so clear in my head. It's just that my wife died a few years ago and...

—She is the Queen?

—Well, yes, one of them.

—So the King is mourning his Queen's death.<sup>46</sup>

—I don't want to be King, really, says Spiros.

—Then why are we establishing a Kingdom...?

They both begin to laugh.

—No, no, no, you are trying to hide, my King, says Butterfly. The King of Plomari was mourning his Queen's death when Butterfly came along and we fell in love. It is that tragical and in same time hopeful, the beginnings of Plomari, are. That.

—Meeting you is the first time I am in love again after she died, said Spiros.

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<sup>46</sup> Song *Death At Dawn* by Delta-S

**A**re we talking lesbian undertones? One King and seventeen Queens? Bingo and bring another bottle of pink champagne, babe. Nah nah it's complex. Is it secret? Well try to figure it out yourself.

Spiros and Butterfly take a drink in the Plomari Palace and continue to discuss the plan. Look sometimes I slip in my head and like, I'm a chick with a dick, sort of a shemale, a woman with a dick and a pussy in same time, with a 16 inch penis, and we all just freak around as the fuck we want in some kind of lesbian slash bisexual paradise. I'm Sex Herself in High person, my sexy, and we live in eternal bliss, me and all the Kings and Queens. It's overrated the fact that we are seventeen women and one King, if you ask me. I mean some of the Queens have other husbands and wives than Spiros as well, right, and all the seventeen queens are married to each other as well. Why? Because I fell in love with seventeen women and married all of them when I met you, Butterfly. We can forget about everything, honeybum. We just want to live forever, says Queen Butterfly. Right, says King Spiros. Now continue writing love letters to me and Sissy, says Butterfly. Right, says Spiros. So there's this girl, right... and... I wonder if there's any other planets out there with life, said Butterfly sipping her drink. Keep up the good spirit. Yeah fucking Dad has cancer and shit. Sigh. Let's live forever all of us instead of this tragedy and stuffs.

Theme song: *Happiness* by Red Velvet

—Yes I am the psilocybin mushroom in high person, but I have entered this human body as Spiros to set the world free. You know what I am capable of in my psychedelic hyperspace Plomari, now watch me go in a body!

O, so you ate me, huh?!

—You could not have said it more succinctly, Spiros, says Butterfly.

—Suck what?

—Succinctly, it means clearly.

—O, well, you're welcome. I'm laconic.

—Iconic?

—Laconic, it means I express myself with only a few words to make my point.

—A pint? You want another beer?

—Nevermind. A moment in Eternity is all with you. Are you feeling shroomed yet?

—What do you mean, she just left the room...

—Yes I just entered, what's up?

—Yes that's what I mean, you mean upstairs? Nobody's Tower?

—Nevermind. Mushroom. Where are you going?

—No I just left the room...

—Yes where is the mushroom?

—I don't know where?

—You are here?

—Nevermind.

—We are *here*.

—Now hold your tongue... Have you forgotten we are the wild ones...<sup>47</sup>

*O you want me, huh?*

*Then take me as I am, says Queen Sissy Cogan*

*Take me as I am, or run home to the Light*

—O you ate me, huh, says the Mushroom. Okay pay attention now and we'll begin...

One of the Butterflies from Asia called Spiros on the phone that day. Spiros tried to say he is in love with her, tried to explain how much he loves and cares for her, but Butterfly didn't listen. You pull me closer, then push me away, Butterfly! You know I am the flame, and you are the moth circling around me, please dare fly into my heart and soul, it won't burn you! I will soothe you with my love. Spiros told her that in his Heart she is the Butterfly Queen of Plomari, and she said *thanks dear*. She said thanks dear but Spiros wasn't sure if she understood how much it means to him. It is like being in a dream, the way I dreamed of you,

<sup>47</sup> Song *We Are the Ravens* by Delta-S

Butterfly, and now you are here.<sup>48</sup> I lost my sanity when I met you, Queen Butterfly.

Sissy Cogan and Butterfly were many people to Spiros as you see. And he was in love with them all. This posed a problem for some people, but not in Spiros heart. We'll marry all of us and establish a Dynasty. The Cogan Dynasty, the Queendom of Plomari was born.

We shall marry all of us and be  
the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari.

A curtain of confidence shrouded the fear Spiros felt in going about his task.<sup>49</sup> But the main thing for him was: Is Sissy and Butterfly in love with him? The seventeen men and women Spiros was in love with, how would they respond to his proposition, his, to be outright frank, marriage proposal? Most people believe in monogamous relationships, and here Spiros came saying that we shall be Kings and Queens married together as one huge Royal Family. How would they respond to this? And what did Spiros have to offer more than his Love? Nothing really, his Soul and Love was all he really had to give.

But Spiros believed in Miracles, Fairy Tales, Love and Happy Endings, Happy Beginnings! So he set about to write a love letter to the ones he was in love with. He named his love letters *The Mushroom Seamstress*, his very own Kamasutra of the Soul, his eternal monument of the depths of Love.

These loveletters, dear, is what happened to me when I fell in love with you. I'll break the ice right away: Will you marry me, my dear? Marry me and be a King and Queen of Plomari with me! Kisses from your King Spiros of Plomari.

Nobody but me, Sissy Cogan and Butterfly speak our Plomaritan language of Love, Coan, so try to read my words between the roses, try to read with your heart.

For real now, dear, this is not a joke. I am serious. My proposal is that we establish a Queendom, a Kingdom, a country, the Queendom of Plomari, and marry in a Royal Wedding, you me, and a bunch of others. Cut! Let's take this again. For real now,

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<sup>48</sup> Song *World's Apart* by tyDi

<sup>49</sup> Song *Command: Decode* by Mind.in.a.box

dear, this is not a flight of my fantasy, I mean this literally. Have you ever thought about how it would be to establish a Kingdom, a Queendom, a Dynasty, a new country? For real, not as a fantasy. I'm sure you have, you always do that. But I have thought about it for a large part of my life, and come far in actually doing it. And I want to do it with you.<sup>50</sup> I am the King of Plomari and I want you to be King and Queen with me. Well A and O in establishing a Queendom is to have something that holds it together. That's my first hint to you, my dear. Well call me Kung Marsipan da, baby. You know my name already, I am Sex Himself in High Person.

Yes and doesn't the King of Plomari have a pillow of... he sleeps on a very special gold pillow full of something special. And if you didn't believe in magic you will if you follow King Spiros deep into the Heart of his Queendom. For magic is real for the one who enters the Queendom of Plomari. So make a wish, dear, and you know it will come true! Make more than one wish, make as many happy wishes as you want!<sup>51</sup>

Remember, we must be as loud as God as we create our Queendom of Plomari. We shall be as famous as God when we are finished!

—Well I haven't really got that part figured out yet, said King Spiros film referencing his favourite movie of all time— *Robin Hood- Men In Tights* by Mel Brooks.

Come on my love, we can help heal our entire planet Earth! Say it to yourself again, "Yes, I can help my entire planet Earth!" Say it out loud!<sup>52</sup>

**H**i it's Ludde Lump of Plomari here, aka Spiros!<sup>53</sup> *Your* Spiros! Just woke up from amazing dreams of you, Butterfly and Sissy Cogan! And a bunch of cute, handsome men too, hihhi. Ludde Lump was my name when I was a child. I don't use the name often but now you know, hahaha. I prefer Spiros, Ludde Lump sounds so silly. But you can call me that if you want, it's one of my mushroom names. *O fuck me Ludde, fuck me Ludde!* Maybe King Marsipan again. Or Daddy

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<sup>50</sup> Song *Heart Attack* by AOA

<sup>51</sup> Song *The Birth of a God* by Sissy COGAN

<sup>52</sup> Song FINGERTIP by GFRIEND

<sup>53</sup> Song *FIVE* by Apink

Nabi as is my name.<sup>54</sup> What do you say, my dear wife Camilla Cogan? Babe, I have *kittlar och burkar* just so you know, and these kettles and jars is what keeps Plomari together, what holds us together. I have written you a love letter about it. Ayahuasca and psilocybin mushroom wine. Why not a little tint of LSD, ah. Smoke a little joint of great cannabis. Look, honey, I am just joking, I have already established the Kingdom, and I wish you to be part of it, I wish you to be a King and Queen of Plomari with me! This is my letter of proposal to you.

It's not always easy to be the man I set out to be. When the whirling swirling world of Plomari was born everything was so clear to me, it was a psychedelic experience, my birth and the birth of Plomari. The I lost my sanity when I fell in love with you.<sup>55</sup> Bill, my birthname William, he doesn't exist anymore. He transformed into a Butterfly in his own way, and now he's here wishing to marry you.

As Lana Del Rey sings in her song *Without You*,  
I am am nothing if I can't have you,  
I am nothing without you

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<sup>54</sup> Song *MoMoMo* by WJSN (Cosmic Girls)

<sup>55</sup> Song *Without You* by Lana Del Rey

**A**s King of Plomari I have everything I want. The Universe gives me everything I wish for. My life is the most amazing adventure, it really is. And I have done everything I ever wanted to do. I lived three years in Asia, on paradise beaches and high up in the enlightening Mountains. I have rebelled against tyranny and won. I have become the musician I always aimed to be, with piano as my instrument and a music studio to be able to make electronic music. I have popped pink bottles of champagne in the thousands, and had my fair share of amazing sex. I have had romance, deep love. I have watched my porn and lived in sexual wonderland. And it all boils down to that I am nothing without you. I don't want anything else than your Love, it's all my Heart wishes for. I have grown tired even of luxury. My white marble statues that I so adored earlier in life they look pale and dead without you, my silver and gold looks dead and empty, devoid of Life and Soul, they mean nothing. What I want is to marry you, and make Plomari alive together. God I pray for change on planet Earth, I pray for peace, and for us all to live in Harmony.

Yes and I am already married to Mari and Mari and Mari and Elin and Cecilia and Camilla and the others, but you must not understand my extreme Heart and Soul if you think I still cannot be in love with *you* as well! It's not about wanting to own you, I am just deeply in love with you. I want to share this life adventure with you. I want us to be the Royal Cogan Family together and flee the tragical human world into the world of miracles, magic, bliss, sensuality, psychadelica, name the goodies yourself! The Human World is to a big degree a failure, and I am proposing we replace the human world with Plomari, our Queendom to be our dwelling place foreveron. As I have told you, I am already here in the Heart of the Queendom, waiting for you. *Okay okay, I understand, Spiros, I hear you say! Hahahaha! Ecsuse me, dear, I am trying to be laconic, but it's difficult. Laconic is a rare word, it means to put things in a few words, as mentioned. Did you know that Cecilia And Spiros is an anagram of Is A Laconic Spider. And that's what we are, me and Cecilia, we are a laconic spider trying to make ourselves understood. Let us slide back to the fact that Plomari was already established some eighteen years ago when me and Sissy and Butterfly first met. We are already done and*

Plomari is sempiternal, but also we shall expand and refine ourselves, ah.<sup>56</sup>

I am fully satisfied, said I and put on my fancy robe for once. This calls for celebration! Begin sending out the letters!

*The Mushroom Seamstress*

*The Chymical Wedding*

*Awakening in Plomari*

*The Cogan Dynasty*

*Nectar Herself*

*The Mushroom Seamstress II – Spider Wed*

*Pink Gem Lagoon & the Big Bronze Penis*

*I am Money*

*Keep Up the Good Spirit*

These were the letters written at the time of the Chymical Wedding, the royal wedding. Or yes, this book is still in the writing. They were not written in this order portrayed, perhaps, the order is a bit unclear even for me.<sup>57</sup>

Queen Mari did not only read much of my letters, she got the whole story told by me in person instead, and loved all of it. Quickly she became my first and closest, both best friend and lover, wife, and advisor. She accepted the fact that I am in love with many others and wish to marry them as well, and saw no problem with that. She did not feel jealous, rather she felt amused by my free sexuality and romance, my polyamorous ways of loving, my heart open to many and not only to one person.

**W**e are Gods and Goddesses, not human beings. Be sure to tell it to everyone you meet, help them out this way. Just whisper to them, *You are a God, not a human being, remember that!* Or shout it out loudly! Maybe write it on a piece of paper and hand them the note. You'll give them the surprise of their Life only with these few words.<sup>58</sup>

When I began to send out the love letters a few people in my town became my best friends and they were so amazed by

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<sup>56</sup> Song *Like A Cat* by AOA

<sup>57</sup> Song *No Respect* by The Qemists, Ghettts

<sup>58</sup> Song *Rough* by Gfriend

Plomari and its potentials, by the love letters and my music. At last we had a liftoff! One of the young gods even tattooed my name on his body as a sign of his devotion to our blooming Queendom. This gave me confidence to continue.

At last things began to roll! Plomari, which began as an idea in a mushroom trip, then became a dream in my Heart, was now becoming a reality!

It became a natural thing that you don't *have to* marry me and the others Kings and Queens to be part of Plomari, after all freedom and freedom of expression is the name of the game here so let's not have too many rules in Plomari. Like Queen Sissy Cogan says: Plomari is free like a butterfly in springtime and does not want to be too defined. But the idea of us all being married was for me still a cute thing I continued to fantasise about.

Well so here we are, the blooming Royal Cogan Family, standing with one foot in the sky and one foot on the solid ground.

Then, when millions and millions of people began  
to get the idea, Plomari began growing uncontrollably.  
My life work is complete.

In Plomari you can dance like no one is looking, I laughed. Plomari already exists, we all laughed, but still there's something new with our Queendom. And we all began to weave together, weaving Plomari into our Lives and our Art, and we took over the world, took it by storm in only a few years.<sup>59</sup> Now Plomari is all I can see, and I have forgotten how life was before our Queendom was born. Queen Cecilia Cogan appeared as many women in my own life, and as the Goddess of the Earth Herself, as the magic mushroom, as Queen Ayahuasca, Pachamama. I am immensely satisfied in all ways can be. Daddy Nabi is happy.<sup>60</sup> Now I shall take vacation this summer and just explore the Queendom, just be in love with you, and in love with myself as well! The plan is to create a Life we don't need vacation from! What are your plans?

So sing it with us: Plomari!<sup>61</sup>

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<sup>59</sup> Song *Love Whisper* by Gfriend

<sup>60</sup> Song *MoMoMo* by WJSN (Cosmic Girls)

<sup>61</sup> Song *Sleepless* by Adept

Plomari always wins, remember that as you enjoy your wine, Humanity.<sup>62</sup>

So I guess it's the End again, the Beginning. Yes, I'll take this one. The end. Optional timeouts. Humanity, who woke King Spiros up from a sea of sex with his wives because they needed help, got what they deserved at last.

So, these thousands of pages of love letters to you, yes, that is what happened when I put my hand in the cookie jar and found magic psilocybin mushrooms.<sup>63</sup>

Everything is possible for me,  
I must never doubt,  
and finally be free<sup>64</sup>

**T**he whole planet Earth is Plomarian, ah. All the freedom people. That's Plomari. And for all you people I love and whom I never got the chance to say that I love you, I shall be as loud as God in my creation of the Queendom, so that you all will know how much I love you. Just because some people would call me a megalomaniac does not mean I did not succeed in taking over the world. Let me say that again. I may be a megalomaniac but I still managed to take over the world. Hahaha, okay my letter is finished, send it out. And who Sissy Cogan and Butterfly are the three of us will hold as a secret in our Hearts for now.

—You hold knowledge that no one else knows, Spiros, said Sissy in the morning.

—Yes I'm trying to share my gold, said I. I just hope I am not too much clever and too little wise, as Dennis McKenna said of Humanity.

—*Will you marry me... and my seventeen other wives? Be the Queen of Plomari with us, said Spiros and held her close.*

—*I can't resist you, yes I will, King Spiros, yes I will, said Mari.  
They kissed and felt the fire of Love between them get stronger.*

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<sup>62</sup> Song *The Choirs of Absolution* by Adept

<sup>63</sup> Song *Cookie Jar* by Red Velvet

<sup>64</sup> Song *Change* by Mind.in.a.box

**T**hen suddenly we found ourselves alone in the White Marble Palace again. It's so calm and quiet here with the Fountain of the Lovers and the marble statues. We began exploring the Palace laughing and drinking honey beer.

—If the others want us they'll have to join us here, Spiros said to Mari and lit something to smoke. It's time to figure out who truly loves us and who doesn't.<sup>65</sup> This disturbingly perfect drama must come to some kind of closure.

—I have no problem being alone here in the Marble Palace, just you and me, said Butterfly.

—The flight of the alone to the alone, is what we are, said Spiros. Let's keep ourselves away from the world and stay here in Plomari. If someone wants to join us they'll have to find us in the Labyrinth. We have begun sending the letters anyway, we'll see if someone answers us. I'm so in love with them, you know.

Naked, Butterfly and Spiros walked off smoking and laughing, deeper into the Plomari Palace, the Labyrinth of eternal Love.

**M**y recipy is madness with grace, grace and madness hand in hand. Judge me not for it either, know that I am happy with my life wheather or not people agree to my lifestyle and choises or not, or if I spell my curses correctly in the curse of life. I will laugh forever, if you could only feel a spark of my and my Kingdom's glory you would too. So what more do you want me to say, dear? You want to hear the end? The end is You and Me, Together Forever, as it's always been, my dearest Nectar Herself in High Person.

Madness, grace and clarity. Chaos.

To love the mess.

I have no recipies but Love, eternal Love

So we have began sending out the letters and I feel like the One-Sided Bullshit Cat who can't see your side of the window, I don't know how it is for you to receieve my letters.

—I would not agree that Cecilia is a fiction designed by us. She's more than that. She's all of us.

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<sup>65</sup> Song *Joshua* by Simon Curtis

—Yes, I agree. Cecilia is also one of my best friends. We're married in our own way but live separately. She's too young for me anyway.

—And Mari is Cecilia too, says Butterfly.

—Yes, says Spiros. For me, who Queen Cecilia Cogan is... is up for everyone to ponder and decide on their own. I know who she is for me anyway.<sup>66</sup>

I'm sorry I said you are fictional, Sissy. You are the only one and onlything that is real for me. Your mysterious being penetrates my Universe to the core. You are all that I can see. I love you. And that's a new word by the way: onlything. The onlything of all is you, my sweetest Queen Sissy Cogan of the only Queendom that matters, Plomari.

Spiros and Butterfly sat down again by the Fountain of the Lovers and the marble statue of Queen Sissy undressing by the River. Spiros wrote a poem:

You don't have to prove yourself to anyone  
Have you tried calm?  
Have you tried peace of mind coming from the very fact that  
you are alive, just peace of mind from within?  
You don't have to do anything special to be loved  
Have you tried feeling the present moment as perfect,  
just perfect as it is?  
Practice that until you get it perfect,  
practice seeing the present moment as perfect  
Love yourself as you are,  
you don't have to search the whole world  
to find peace

And here she comes, my wife, Queen Sissy Cogan. As she steps through the doorway into the Marble Hall of Cnossos in her cape that makes her look like the Angel of Death, she smiles, my favourite smile in the world yours, and she begins to open the buttons on her cape, revealing as she takes it off her black knee-high boots. She's dangerous, Sissy Cogan, but very kind, most of the time. She has a spider as pet in the palace, a huge black spider.

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<sup>66</sup> Song *Vi kan inte skiljas* by Elin Landelius, Folkåtget

Awaiting her arrival earlier I of course took a shower to be fresh for bed adventures, only the shower had given me a huge boner in thinking of meeting her soon.

—I have a gift for you, says Sissy and smiles secretively.

She asks if she can sit down in my lap and I say yes.

—Here, she says.

She gives me a pair of her panties with butterflies on them.

—They're for you, she continues as I shine up in a smile and begin laughing.

—O my God, baby, says I and kiss her. Your panties!? For me?

—Yes, it's a gift for you.

I smile at her and we kiss, but I don't know if she undertands how happy she made me. Or maybe that's exactly why she did it. We begin touching each other, kissing wildly, and.... she sucks on my tongue, and... I kiss her bum, and...

—Amazing that such an amazing woman like you want to be with me, said I. I have nothing to give.

—You don't have to give me anything, laughed Sissy Cogan with her smile that warmed Spiros heart and melted it. I love you just as you are, Spiros!

We sat down on the bed, and... I got to peek in under her skirt, her sweet little pussy there, and...

**W**hat do you mean I'm a writer? asked Spiros of no one in particular. I'm just in love.

—I like that you're a writer, said Sissy Cogan. You are my little boy in the impossible box, remember?

—Yes, hahaha, I recall, says Spiros.

Yes, the impossible box. I'll never get out of here, haha. Better make it my home. Dwell in the cell make it my home. Sissy's Impossible Mushroom Palace. The impossible box? The impossible books! Boo!<sup>67</sup> I live in a clear glass boox, can you dig? Our chain of loveletters, our chain of *Silsila*. Advanced techniques to open up the Flower Entrance. Fumbling in the Great Unknown you stand by and enlighten me. We are like astronauts, we're the psychonouts, in the vastness of Infinity. And I'm sorry, Sissy, if my portrait of you and me is flimsy. I try to understand how deeply you have lived, just like I have. I don't claim to know exactly how

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<sup>67</sup> Song *Astronouts* by The Crüxshadows

you think, or how it is to be you. But I know how it is to be me, your Husband, and it is wonderful, I am so happy. I feel that God has given me all my happy wishes come true. All my happy wishes have been granted. I stand speechless in the face of God's glory, and the amazing Life in Plomari I am blessed with, which honestly I would not change for anything! All save for two of my wishes have been granted, actually, as of yet, and that is *full peace on Earth* and *the legalisation of psychedelics, hallucinogenic plants etc.* I stand draped in humility, Dear Ingenious Reader, naked save for a white bed sheet round my waist, at the joys and the dilemmas of Mankind. I have no answers other than Love, and I wish Humanity the absolute best.

And, Humanity, we are all doing a great job, keep up the good spirit and keep kicking ass!

My favourite clothing is a white bed sheet round my waist, and nothing more. It is to honor the fact that I was born naked, stand naked in the face of Existence, and that I don't need anything to be happy. Plus, it is incredibly sensual and sexy!

—As if you don't know my fire, says Queen Cecilia and sips of her chalice of wine. Don't be so shy. He's always a bit shy my little boy in the impossible books. You mean that maybe you don't know women very well and how they think, but I am not *women*, I am Sissy Cogan, your wife. No one but me would ever dare be your wife, my King.

—O and I am hoping many will want to join us in Plomari, says King Spiros. Both men and women.

—Dare they touch your Soul, Spiros? Otherwise they will only feel lost in the Kingdom you have created.<sup>68</sup> Riddles about riddles about riddles about riddles.

—I think he's rather clear, in a poetic way, says Queen Mari.<sup>69</sup>

—Dare they touch their own Souls, is my question, says Spiros. Dare they face the Big Bronze Penis?

Spiros throws off the bed sheet from his waist and opens another bottle.

—I beg to differ, says Sissy. If your love letters are the story of your Life and your Soul, and your love for me, then... I don't know what to say, Spiros, you are unlike anything and anyone I have

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<sup>68</sup> Song *Starfields* by I Will Never Be The Same

<sup>69</sup> Song *Alone* by SISTAR

ever seen or heard of. I have, I have understood how psychedelic you are, you and your psilocybin mushroom. You are somathering else, Spiros, it's the truth, and you helped me wake up to how extremely awesome I am too, and how awesome existence is. You helped me find that I am a Goddess, not a human being.

Say Goodbye to the old,  
and say hello to Yourself as a God<sup>70</sup>

—I am Sex Himself in High person, said Spiros and drank of the Nectar from the bottle. I told you already why aren't you flirting with me ahead!

He sat down on the five-seat sectional sofa and looked with a strange stare at the girls.

—Who are you? he continued. You see, I designed Plomari just for you.

Yo, cut.

—Cut, camera five, he continues. Camera five dry grams of psilocybin mushrooms.

Stop comparing me to other people and other things, Humanity. I just came back from an incredibly intense psilocybin mushroom trip and I don't care what you say you have experienced in your life, you did not stand naked, arms up, in that five dry gram trip like I did just an eternity ago. No, time is back, I have landed, I *was* in eternity. I have written you a love letter to express my love for the psilocybin mushroom, species *Psilocybe cubensis* etc, my wife in the Plomarian bloodwine, the woman of the Dark River, Queen Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan, Queen Cecilia Mari Cogan of the Queendom of Plomari. And my love for Ayahuasca.

Remember the saying:

*Don't compare things,  
when you compare things you destroy  
the unique beauty of both*

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<sup>70</sup> Song *Say hello to Yourself as a God* by Sissy Cogan

Psilocybin mushrooms. Ayahuasca. I just smile. Mushroom. Fucking *Salvia divinorum*, bitch, that little plant is absolutely insane. I did it some 30-40 times in my youth, man. Woah.

Yes Sissy my love, that's how long a shortcut from eternity can be. O you mean a short moment of Forever in a dimensional swirl ala Girlygirl? A spilled second, a split seaground, all parts visiting in turn all parts of the Seaboard until we meet again, this is the voice spread throughout everything, I'm back, waves of me, waves to me, the storm that just came outside the Palace, the wind blows for me in my direction as the wind whispers my name, the waves are still whispering, Sisters and Brothers, I am here but my hand can hardly reach the keyboard to write, I am floating away. I made the Angels cry with my love for you, Sissy and Butterfly, I know, and tell Humanity I found Peace at last, within myself, tell them I found you at last. Tell them that God is great. Tell them I found a magic psilocybin mushroom. Tell Humanity I love them eternally. And tell Alice I found her red shoe that she lost that drunken night. Tell them me and my brother Adam just refilled the beer stash and have more than enough for tonight. Tell Humanity I don't know what more to say, did you get the letters I sent you? Tell Humanity that there is still hope. Tell them they are Gods, not humans. Tell Humanity to relax on the taboo issues, we need to be more free in our ways and not scared of talking about things. Tell them that they shall all meet my wrath and fury as well. Tell them I hate them and love them in same time. Tell them that in my world the year is 5 Million . Tell them I am stuck in a little Palace by the sea and don't really know if I will ever be able to move anywhere else. I'll probably just stay here. Tell the girls that anal sex is an Art, and that to master this Art gives the mightiest of all sexual rewards. Tell the teenagers that they should not feel so cool just because they grew up with fancy technological gadgets, because I grew up year 5 Million together with my psilocybin mushroom and my Ayahuasca. Tell them I'm so high that I am elsewhere for all practical purposes and no longer in the human world. And tell them I'm staying here. Tell them to keep up the good spirit, everything will be alright, stay positive. Love conquers all, *Amor Vincit Omnia*. Tell Humanity to grow up and stop being so fucking stupid and tasteless. Tell Humanity I married my psilocybin mushroom and floated away into Plomari,

I don't know if you roger that but I have made an attempt at contacting you via these letters. Tell them I believe in Miracles and a bright future. Tell Humanity that I plan far in advance and still stay spontaneous. Tell Humanity that the Queen of Plomari has been out for years delivering this letter to all parts of the world.<sup>71</sup> And tell Humanity my ship sank, and now I am stuck in this little Palace by the sea that I mentioned. Tell them thingeling, kingaling kachingaling.<sup>72</sup> Tell them I speak every language, the language of Love. E ching, ka linga ling kaching? Kingalingaling ka-ching!

Tjingaling. Tjingeling.

Tjingeling means goodbye.

But I have more I want to write to you, my dear. I am the Man and Woman of the secret Plomarian wine, remember! Deep bows. The psilocybin mushroom wine, honeybum. The Ayahuasca. Sorry for insulting your intelligence, I am a mushroom and I insult people sometimes to get attention.<sup>73</sup>

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<sup>71</sup> Song *No One Will Save You* by Aviators

<sup>72</sup> Song *Sunset Way* by Miika Kuisma

<sup>73</sup> Song *Rotating Light Circles* by Chronos

All that you do, all action, is an attempt to reach me, but in your reaching for me you lose track of me, for I am already right here with you.

It was the Source that spoke to me.

You are already home, dear, said the Source.

Ain't no need to fight a war now, just walk another way.<sup>74</sup>

Look, Spiros, if you don't feel like writing right now you have just finished eight books, over two thousand pages, maybe you need a little break from writing, says I to myself in the morning when I wake up. I nod thoughtfully and sip on my glass of Nectar.

—Sissy Cogan is the Source, I told Butterfly. The sneaky paradox-inducing little girlygirl inducing reality, she's the Source in her chosen way to appear to me.

—Mmm, Butterfly answered.

—I am not only shiny in my sacredness, said Sissy Cogan, I also want adventure and I want your sweaty sex, my King. I want your wild sweaty sex and your crazyness, your wild Heart. Let's play pretend. Let's play that we live in a paradise called the Queendom of Plomari. The world of our dreams does not have to be a fantasy, Spiros. We can fake it til we make it. We can pretend so hard it becomes real, fully real, a living breathing reality. I have so much of holiness, I also want to play. You can call me *The Girl Who Wanted To Play*. I am in love with you. I don't only love you unconditionally, I am also in love with you. I want to play. I want to build and weave a myriad of fantasies with you, and a glorious home for us amongst the clouds, called Plomari. Together with the Angels.

—Babe, sitting in this Marble Hall is not lonely when you talk to me like that. I feel your Love, I feel you, Sissy Cogan, says Spiros. I'm in love with you too...

—Never feel lonely, Spiros, says Sissy. I am always with you.

And just as I felt I had come home to The Source, my Mother Queen TinTin called on the phone and told me the sad news, Grandmother had just passed away. Me and TinTin cried together in the phone and then I informed my brother Adam.

Later that evening I spoke with Sissy about it.

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<sup>74</sup> Song *March On* by Fire Mane

—Your grandmother felt you had come home, said Sissy, and so she let herself come home with you. She has been waiting for you to find your way Home for many years.

I began crying and just felt the overwhelming emotions in my Heart. I felt a sort of release, me coming home and Grandmother coming home in the same day, the same moment.

—She is a very old and wise Soul, your Grandmother, said Sissy. And she knows what a powerful grandson she has, you, King Spiros, and your brother Adam equally powerful. She held on until she knew you were Home with the Source.

*R.I.P Grandmother of King Spiros and Adam  
May God unite us in Heaven*

**Y**ou have been searching for me, while I am you and you are me. Look in the mirror and see God, said Sissy Cogan. We are God. There is something to what you say about us being three people in seven people in seventeen heads in one Heart in three people, or how you say it. Everything is God, everything is everything and it's a dance, really. It's the Dance of Love. Look into the mirror, look into my eyes, look to the right where your sister is sitting, and see God. God to the left, God to the right, God within you. Everywhere around you and within you and still you have trouble seeing.

—Why is that? asked Spiros. Why is it so hard to see?

—Maybe God is playing hide and seek with you? Why don't you look through all the drawers of your Palace and see if you can find me!

Spiros laughed and remembered how he always searched Grandmother's drawers as a little child. She was a seamstress and a weaver, and they used to sew clothes for Spiros Barbie Dolls. Spiros had a vision of an endless golden and red thread that his Grandmother was weaving that spanned all of Eternity, the Golden Chord that connects us all.

Spiros scratched his head. Hmm, God.

—They found God under a cabbage leaf, said Sissy.

—Butterfly? A catapillar under a leaf? asked Spiros.

Sissy giggled. Spiros scratched his head again, unwittingly.

—Everything and everyone is God, said Sissy Cogan.

—Then I'm Home, home in my Home, my favourite place, and so are you? asked Spiros.

—My home is with you, Spiros, said Sissy and got a little bit rosy on her cheeks. You always shout of how much you love me and how beautiful I am, but don't you understand I love you exactly like that, for me you are the one I desire, just like you desire me.

—Puss, said Spiros a bit shy.

*Puss* is Swedish for *Kiss*.

—Pussypuss, said Sissy and tried to look extra girly.

—You drive me nuts, Sissy! laughed Spiros. I love you!

—It's because I'm a Tuss, said Sissy. Your Tuss.

—Is this going to escalate? asked Spiros and took a sip of the Plomarian Wine.

—What do you mean escalate? asked Sissy.

—No, nothing...

—No say Spiros!

—I just mean if this is going to escalate into us making love...?

—You tried to hold it secret, huh?

—I tried to make it a bit foreplay, babe. You know I'm no master of foreplay.

—Well do you mind if I sit down in your lap? asked Sissy. You can take a peek under my skirt if you want.

—Our love never ends, Sissy. Come here, babe, sit in my lap! We're home, babe!

—We're in Plomari, our Heaven amongst the clouds! Where the pussy taste strawberries...<sup>75</sup> or well, pussy, hahaha.

—Pull down your fucking panties, babe, says Spiros as they put on some Deathstep music and embrace wildly in a kiss, slithering all over each other.<sup>76</sup>

NOW I KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE GOD!

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<sup>75</sup> Song *Superstar* – *Genetix Remix* by Noise Lab feat. Snoop

<sup>76</sup> Song *God Complex* – *Corruptor Remix* by Code:Pandorum and Corruptor

**Y**es what I have shown you was something of my youth, my younger years, struggling to find my way in the Plomarian Labyrinth and it was the time when I became the psilocybin mushroom, leaving my human side behind once and for all. I write you my story to give you the full colours of my Life as best I can, for I feel my Plomarian story is important, me and Cecilia's story deserves attention, and everyone one of you who are part of the Kingdom deserve to know a bit of how Plomari came to be. I hope to inspire you with our story. But know that there is so much I cannot put in words, so much I wish I could tell you but words and poetry fail.

I'm old now, hahaha, I just turned thirtyfive and am transforming again like a Butterfly, into the absolute hunk King Hu of Plomari with the big suntanned penis. King Hu also known as a bit older Spiros has arrived to planet Earth! I'm here to scare everyone away who doth not dare touch my and her own Soul, and invite the true believers into the vastest secrets of Plomari. I am here to play with my little girlygirl and wise mature woman, our Higherness our Mosthighest Queen Cecilia Cogan, my twin sister and wife of all Eternity. Maybe we'll even skip the secrets and have a party instead, either way we're gonna have a lot of fun, ey!<sup>77</sup> I'm sure you already know, but if you flip the letters in the word *HALLUCINOGEN* you get my name Cecilia Hu Cogan. And as I have mentioned before, if you flip the letters in the words *Organic chemicals* you get *Mrs Cecilia H Cogan*. Now if you already know me give your Queen a kiss on her bum as always! What are *hallucinogens*? I'm sorry, the Plomarian boarding school has been closed down and our camp has already left the Earth. A question as space ship as that has already flown away long ago. Why *Organic chemicals*, the building blocks of Life on Earth? Because I designed the Universe.

—Cognac? says King Hu. Teddy Bear Picnic? With what we have, dears, we should get providence and embrace our inner Evil. And how to respond to the royal letter? Weave Plomari into your Life and your Art, Dear Ingenious Reader, together we will saturate the world with our intoxicated Love and Madness, Grace,

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<sup>77</sup> Film reference from my favourite movie *Robin Hood – Men In Tights* by Mel Brooks

Spirit and Soul! In this Garden there are no boundaries. Everything is just one huge dance of Love. Our Harem with an edge, our Harem with a twist. I'm sorry if I insult your intelligence at times, I do it on purpose because I love you, you deserve so much more than what the Human World has to offer you. Leave the Human World behind once and for all and enter the adventures of what lies beyond! Deep to the shoulders in Cecilia's dark waters I tell you there is a pink oasis hidden. I have found it and wish nothing more than to live here with you all! Just past doubt and fear, take a turn and take a few steps forward and you will find it, and me here you will find drinking Nectar naked with the Butterflies.

Reminder: You are under no obligation even to be the same person you were five minutes ago, you can rise right now and step into your freedom as someone new. Or why not even grab all that old you with you and have your final eternal Victory in all ways can be!

In my fantasies there is a woman who loves me and I love her, her name is Kinga and Kathleen Wilkins, but I call her The Curved Arch of the Sky. We live in a rather small house by the beach and forest, and live a happy life together. She's my wife in my fantasies. I love you Kinga. I daydream about you often. Somewhere in infinity I think you are waiting for me for real. It's as if we are destined to meet.

So me and Kinga and the others we began to send the Royal Letters out, and waited with anticipation. How will people respond? What will people say? What will happen when the Royal Letter is recieved!? The Plomarian Kamasutra of the Soul as we call it sometimes.

—Tell them we are here, says Sissy.

Yes, my fantasies. All the worlds inside me. Infinite in scope, I live so many lives in there. So many lives that the physical world and the world of my fantasies have began to blend and merge, as if Life itself is a lucid dream. Kinga appears as a dreamshadow here and there, now and then. As if she is sending her heart to me from afar, hoping I will find her.

Fantasies. Has it ever struck you that all the infinite things you ever imagined has happened within You? No one else but You. All the experiences and fantasies and thoughts and dreams, it

happens within You. That's how deep your Soul is, dear! You are an infinite, eternal being!

—I'll read more after I have come for you, King Hu, whispers Sissy.<sup>78</sup>

These letters are my way of unleashing the feelings deep inside of me, my desire and love for you, Sissy and the Butterflies. In fact this is the wild love that Plomari was born in and by. O is it my turn to write? King Hu here. Not older, my eternal love Spiros, just more in full bloom, like an aged wine, a fine Cognac. Hahahahaha! I can hardly believe it myself that we have began sending out the letters! *Nada mas nada mas?! Nono* I'm just getting started! You make me feel so alive, Sissy! Just like a flower is beautiful just by being, so are we just by being us. But we love to dress up for each other specially! What do you want to be today?

—Of course Queen Sissy Cogan is not fictional, it is just a bit secret who she is, says King Hu. Also, she is more than one person. We've been through this before hahaha!<sup>79</sup> Sometimes me and Sissy feel that our Love is too big for this world, too deep. That's why things look complex. But really, me and Sissy's and Mari's love is just... it's just us here in the Garden where there are no boundaries.

—Three hearts inbetween the roses, says Sissy, three hearts with one head, three branches on the same tree, with a secret few together with us.<sup>80</sup>

—Our love written in glimmering dust on butterfly wings, says Butterfly.

—Everything really is one huge Heart, isn't it, says King Hu. Everything, infinity, is one huge Heart in the skies of possibility. Maybe everything is also an infinity of Hearts! One in many, many in one, as above so below. Maybe baby. As Daniel Pinchbeck said, the Universe is Love masquarading as matter. In any case life is not a problem to be solved but an experience to be lived. Sapphire, have we began sending out the letters?

Sapphire sips of her champagne drink and licks her lips.

—They're on their way, my King, she says.

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<sup>78</sup> Song *Flesh* by Simon Curtis

<sup>79</sup> Song *King Spiros & His Little Girlygirls the Kpop Butterflies* by SISSY COGAN

<sup>80</sup> Song *Black Pearl* by EXO

King Hu's entire universe he looks at as a celebration of Love. This is one reason he regards celebration extremely high and sometimes enjoys indulgence to the fullest of excellence. Together, Sissy, him and the Butterflies reflect the facets of each other's complexions, and somehow they are the expression of the ultimate paradox, this strange love story, The Mushroom Seamstress.<sup>81</sup>

—I will show you, my Loves, that I have not grown bitter and cold with the years, said King Hu. I might be older now, but am I not in my best years like you?

Sissy and Butterfly smiled at the King with reverence.<sup>82</sup>

—Well if the letters are on their way then let us drink some Nectar for the occasion, says King Hu. Look I'll write the letters and send out my magic mushroom, Ayahuasca and my other psychedelics and then we can kiss goodbye to...

—Let it break, says Sissy. Let it break, you will fall into the feather bed called freedom. We can let it go, Spi. Let the story break. Our broken bed story.

—So the letters are finished?

—So how does it all end?

—It doesn't really end, it begins again, like a pulsating Heartbeat, it pulses, yet another push for Life. It begins with the Queendom of Plomari having been established.

**A**nd then I came out of the mess in my mind and life all of a sudden and said *O, well there was no problem then!* And so everything is fine afterall, a happy ending!

*The birds chirp outside the window  
and I feel that I have finally found peace*

As foreseen, a lot of people in my immediate surroundings told me my books mean nothing, and that Plomari means nothing, that Plomari does not even exist. This was no surprise to me, I foresee a lot in my mushroom highs, and I acted as I hoped they would want, I pretended I became sad by their words. But of course, these were mostly people who were not even invited to Plomari, people I did not want in the Kingdom in the first place, and they

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<sup>81</sup> Song *Seemala Mum* by Govinda

<sup>82</sup> Song *Manga* by Shaun Taylor McManus

reacted as I had predicted. I do not care what they say, I know I am the greatest and my Kingdom of Plomari is the greatest Kingdom ever.<sup>83</sup> I will not let the nonbelievers and haters overshadow me and my Kingdom of Plomari.

Finishing the Royal Letters in the summer of 2018 was a funny thing. Had I forgot to say something? If I have forgotten anything, Dear Ingenious Reader, then I hope you can read it between the roses. Maybe you know me so well by now that you can imagine some of my responses to questions you might be posing about Plomari. Maybe you can elaborate on your own on what Plomari is and what the letters are about! Plomari is not a perfectly fixed thing, like Sissy said earlier, it is fluid and loves to be redefined. The question is not what is Plomari, the question is what do you want Plomari to be? Mostly it is about having a noble mindset, maybe we can say. Wouldn't you agree? Living life to the fullest. Honoring Life and Love, each other and yourself.

My wives and husbands have spread out across the Earth and pursue the Plan on their own, with little instructions from me; we have an intuitive understanding between us, but talk almost daily anyway. Just watch us go!<sup>84</sup>

—We may begin, said King Spiros Hu Cogan.<sup>85</sup>

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<sup>83</sup> Song *I'm the Greatest* by TAEYEON

<sup>84</sup> Song *Like Ice* by Conjure One

<sup>85</sup> Song *Astronauts* by The Crüxshadows

Queen Cecilia Cogan, King Spiros and Queen Butterfly sat down and brought forth the harduingetsägerdhu (the royal wine decanter or karafe). Serving with delight and calm they sat down and drank the psilocybin mushroom wine, and served also honey beer, raspberry beer and blueberry beer, and pink champagne. Had they really come this far in their secret plans, was this really the end of their plans, or was it the beginning? They giggled and laughed together as the sun set, and did not really know what to say. They did not know exactly what to expect of this haunting moment and the future that would unfold from it.<sup>86</sup>

—Think slowly, said Sissy.

—Mmm.

—Mmm.

Everything I write from here feels like embellishment. I have already said what I want to say, Humanity. I feel I should not edit the letters too much afterward either, as it is written in the fire of the moment. May the manustrips of *The Mushroom Seamstress* be wild and free as She reveals Herself, with our secret Ayahuasca and Psilocybin Wine spilled on the pages white as the Angels.

On July 5, 2018, me and Butterfly, Queen Mari and Queen Cecilia Cogan married. The rest is the Love Story known as The Plomarian Kamasutra of the Soul, The Mushroom Seamstress. We of Plomari live our lives knowing that nothing is beyond us. Nothing is beyond us.

O Nobly-Born, when thy body and mind were separating, thou must have experienced a glimpse of the pure truth, subtle, sparkling, bright dazzling, glorious, and radiantly awesome, in appearance like a mirage moving across a landscape in spring-time in one continuous stream of vibrations. Be not daunted thereby, nor terrified, nor awed. That is the radiance of thine own true nature. Recognize it.

~ Bardo Thodol

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<sup>86</sup> Song *The Animal* by Disturbed

You are a God, not a human being, dear. And Plomari is the home of the Gods and Goddesses, where we gather in our neverending feast and everlasting peace. Do you dare venture to Queen Cecilia Cogan's and King Spiros White Marble Palace, the Palace of Cnossos? Meet them in the silence of the marble halls, and in by the Fountain of the Lovers where the mushroom wine and honey beer flows, meet them in the silence and it shall set you free once and for all. It's a Labyrinth of extreme complexity, and only the brave can enter, for the King and Queen guard secrets so extreme that the very founding of the Queendom sprung from them. But fear not, the King and Queen will help you find your way in the Palace of Cnossos, the Plomarian Labyrinth.

You don't need anything to be happy and absolutely satisfied. You don't need anything to be happy other than being happy for you existing, and the universe and everybody else existing. Stop needing so much and you are set free. When you need nothing, you have everything.

~ King Spiros of Plomari

**W**e have began sending out the Royal Plomarian Loveletters. Everyone on full alert. I wonder if there is something I have forgotten to say, I still wonder.

Saintly persons learn from King Spiros and Queen Butterfly to attain the wealth of this eternally youthful couple. Overwhelmed with the most astonishing exalted happiness, they similarly always blossom as cosmic butterflies and become Gods in Eternity. Some kind of indescribable expression of the purest Divine Love has decided to manifest as this inseperably separate Family - The Royal Cogan Family - in order to enjoy sportive pastimes together and explore each other eternally, living forever in the paradise of Plomari.

*That is all, Mankind*

Yes, when I had finished writing the letters I began sending them out. I felt like Cinderella, shunned and pushed away from family and friends, living on a shelter for homeless people and people with psychological problems like scitzophrenia and such. I had been tricked into this living situation by the government. Many of my family and friends had chosen to work against me in my plans to expand my Queendom of Plomari. They did not believe in me and did not support me, they did not even take the effort to try and understand what Plomari is most of them, only a few close friends were on my side and shared my Plomarian vision. I cut contact with many friends during this time, people who continuously betrayed me, but cutting contact with my family felt like too much, so I just played along with their bullshit and pretended like nothing was in the air.

A King in rags is still a King, and a Joker on the throne is still a Joker. I knew my worth, whatever the haters said to me, so I continued head on with my plans alone. I had foreseen all this in my secret mushroom wine, all this buisness of people not understanding me and even betraying me, destroying my self-confidence with hateful words and actions. So me and Sissy and Butterfly left into our own future, without friends and family. The beautiful Plomari was waiting for us to settle down in once and for all.

—No no no, said Queen Sissy Cogan, Spiros loves it all. He loves that he was tricked by the government. Without a little bit of a challenge our Plomarian takeover would not be as fun...

Spiros takes a sip on his chalice of mushroom wine and smiles from a corner of the tryptamine Sea, the Sea of the Seamstress.

—How far we have come, Sissy. No one can stop us now, he says.

Queen Sissy Cogan, Sex herself in high person, walked up to him and gave him a kiss.

—How about we make it a curse right from the start, says Spiros.

Humanity, I shot my Love Dart on you,  
you weirdos, don't you get it!?

Spiros, vad tokig du är, how crazy you are, says Butterfly,  
Jag sa när ingen kan! I said when no one can!  
Ingen kan, no one can win over Love  
Så se inte så munter ut, don't look so sad,  
We always win!

**I**t's not if my books are good or bad, if they are poorly written or beautifully written. It's that they have a life of their own, and took over my life like a flood, I could not halt myself from writing. I have to write. And it was partly by writing these letters the Queendom of Plomari was born.

The flute plays its sad melody because the wood has been cut off from its source. In the same way we are sad because we have been separated from God and the Divine. Only by reconnecting can we be saved. Writing is one way I reconnect.

Some people wonder why I am so happy, when they see I own so little. As I sit in my simple little Palace with only a white bed sheet round my waist, they ask me how I can be so happy with so little. The answer is I do not define myself by what I own, what clothes I wear or how much money I have. The answer is I hardly define myself at all, I am flowing like a shapeless cloud in Sacred Space, what I call Plomari. Why am I so happy? Because I know the human world is not My Life. Culture and society is not My Life. Social media is not my Life. My life is under the sun, in Nature, as I embrace the mysterious consciousness of Existence. I need nothing, and therefore I have everything.

Plomari. The name itself shines of the vibrant health, say it out loud and taste how it feels to say it! *Plomari*. Plomari is the vibrant health of Nature and Humanity, our natural state of vibrant health. Plomari is the pink pussy of Nectar Herself and of every flower crown of Nature. It is from Plomari that we get the life energy that rejuvenates us in every breath. Plomari is your blood pulsating in your veins, giving you Life all the time. Plomari is the centroid of Nature and of You Yourself, the central most highest point of balance. Plomari is Pleroma, the fullness of the Universe, the completeness of the Whole. Plomari is a bite into a fresh watermelon. Plomari is a kiss from God. Plomari is our natural state of vibrant health and joy. Plomari is the diversity of the Rainforest and the Coral Reef, the crystal clarity of the Sea. Plomari is the sweat glistening on our awesomely sculpted bodies as we chill in the summer sunshine. Plomari is the calm by the campfire, and the view of the moon at night. Everyone knows what Plomari is, because it is the natural state of health of the Universe itself. Everyone knows what it is and it goes under many names; we call it Plomari. We call it Plomari for many reasons.

One reason is the way it feels to say the name. It feels so wonderful to say! Also, Plomari is a village on the island of Lesbos in Greece, the island from which the word lesbian comes from. Also, Queen Butterfly's name is also Mari. She is our Queen Mari of Plomari, and we cannot think of a better and more full and shining symbol for Plomari than our most beautiful and shining Queen Butterfly. Plomari is like a fresh peach, tasty like a kiss on Butterfly's pink lips. Plomari is that bright shade of green when the grass of spring comes. Plomari is a smile. Plomari is us dancing in the waterfall. Plomari, is our natural state of vibrant health. Plomari is you and me and Nature in our complete oneness, forever young, wise and old and ancient, and forever adventurous to reach greater heights and deeper calm. Plomari is our home. We are the Strawberry Queendom of Plomari.

There was nothing going on on the Earth except banalities, so we left it, we left it to another world. We left to Plomari. The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari is outside the human world. It is everywhere, if you know how to see it.

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. 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 psilocybin mushroom and Ayahuasca trip, in one form or another.

There's not a person on this planet who is so perfect he's not begging for change! We have to accept the fact that Human History failed, it was a huge flop, and now we must become a new kind of Humanity to make it into a bright future.

Look babe I'm old now I just turned thirtyfive years young and, what happened to Spiros when he grew old? You can't imagine how awesome my life is.

But babe, I never told you how much I have cried. Everything is so fucking extreme. I admit, it is scary to be me sometimes.

Look it's funny as fuck, babe. Who are they to think they can put the King of Plomari on a homeless shelter slash psychward and think I won't do an attack in return? Hahahaha! My crazyfiction shall turn the whole world into blossoming paradise, Heaven on Earth, Plomari.<sup>87</sup> I was not cruzified for nothing, my cruzifixion gives me strength now.

Look, babe, I'm just playing with you. My victory is the psychedelics, don't get me wrong.<sup>88</sup> The psychedelics are here to stay. You're mistaking all my mistakes for my crooked nature.<sup>89</sup> Everything already is Plomari. I have said it before: Whenever a person makes his or her choices in Love instead of Fear and Hate, that is Plomari. Plomari is the voice spread throughout the world. Begin when, Humanity, understanding and accepting that me and my psychedelic Kingdom of Plomari owns the world. You can't win over me, you know it already. Surrender to me instead of trying to fight me. Surrender to the gravity of Love.

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<sup>87</sup> Song *Arose* by Eminem

<sup>88</sup> Song *Fly* by Hopsin

<sup>89</sup> Song *Poltergesit* by Banks

**K**ing Gonas Gonas, purveyor, protector and inventor of the Big Bronze Penis and me talk a lot during this time. What is the Kingdom of Plomari? Who is part of it, how do you become part of it? What's the point of the Kingdom? Having such a brilliant mind as Gonas Gonas to brainstorm and talk with is a great golden treasure for me and Plomari. He is not only intelligent and skillfull and has years of experience in his unique areas, he is also a very kind man and uses his intelligence to help people. I learn a lot from him.

*I am here on Earth to help manifest the  
Mosthighest reality of Love. Although this  
Mosthighest reality needs no name, we call  
it Plomari*

*~ Queen Cecilia Cogan  
and King Spiros of Plomari*

Sissy's eyes, Endless hereyesons. Sissy is on the rosy side. My Dark Lover, we have began! Toolswitch frequency of giddering lushness, laughaboutme laughabout God. Laughing together in the inner rooms of the Palace, our final takeover has began. You are my Angel, Queen Sissy, come from high above.<sup>90</sup> The letters are finished, my dear. A sleepless night as I sit here, wondering how people react to our letters, dear Sissy and Butterfly my little tussies.<sup>91</sup> Too many people trying to tell me what to do. I shut my eyes, connect with Plomari, Sacred Space, and feel my way forward on my own. Today is a grand day, today is the day we begin sending out our loveletters.

Now for a private note. Baby, Sex Herself in High person, Sissy Cogan and Butterfly, I love it when my penis is sixteen inches. In dreamland it works.

I gaze toward hereyesuns. We're done here. Which way to go? I'll go my way, I'll go Plomari's way. I'll follow Queen Butterfly in her flight to where God lives.

Dr Också ringde också Dr Oxå och Dr Såklart svarade för att Dr Chocolate var upptagen med andra saker också. Sen var det Natt Anna också som jag ville säga. Är Bengt Hög där?

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<sup>90</sup> Song *Angel* by Massive Attack

<sup>91</sup> Song *Get In Line* by Simon Curtis

—Du kan inte komma bengt hög till jobbet, Bengt, sa Dr Också.

—Han som skriver en bok, William Bokelund, han som skriver en bok om en incident i en lund. Har du sett honom?

—Så klart, sa Dr Klara Vatten.

—Glas klart, sa Dr Sov.

—Dags att sova.

—William, din bok är här, du glömde den i lunden.

—Tack, said King Spiros. Det var dags att hitta mig själv igen. Det var inget förresten. Jag såg i syne.

—Han såg i syne, sa Dr Glas Klart.

—Klara Vatten blir din sjuksköterska idag.

—Tack, said William Bokelund.

—William såg en oas, said Queen Heidi. Han såg sitt syne, han sågade synen, när the Banana Republic synade hans bluff. Avlägsna er från Kungens närvaro. För i hans frånvaro finns ingenting.

—Pengar räknas inte i läget, said William. Räkna dock med mig. Jag kommer ställa er alla till svars. Coming back up from the playground you had to see me, I'm the Snowman, here we go. Don't believe me, huh, I put the keys on the grizzly.

Dr Glas answered:

—Det e klarare än vatten. Det e glasklart.

—Forget the situation they've had me facing, says William aka Spiros. Forget about it, my Queen Heidi, and look forward. Don't look back, we're not going that way anyway! Yeah but don't arouse my anger, fools.

**A**nd here we sit, 2000 years and 2000 pages later. We have seen absolutely everything, nothing surprises us anymore. We seal it all with our Hearts and our Love, the victory is forever ours. *Amor Vincit Omnia*, Love conquers all.

~ King Spiros & Queen Heidi of Plomari

—How about some Cognac? Punsch?

—To top it off?

—No no. I have cut down on the drinking, says King Spiros.

Yes, in connection to the sending out of the Royal Letters I have cut down on the drinking. No more daily beers and daily pink champagne for me. It has already after days of not drinking changed my mind and spirit, I feel a clarity rising inside me. Instead of drinking I have spent much time with Queen Heidi of Plomari lately. We talk about life and the Queendom. We support each other in the journey of life and spirituality and are best friends. She's probably the one, except Sissy and Butterfly, who knows most about my personal way of looking at Plomari, and she is also the one friend and Queen I feel most comfortable with, whom I can talk about anything with. Queen Heidi, if you ever read these lines, I say *Två tusen lax, man!*

—They call us megalomaniacs, says King Spiros, but we're the ones who succeeded in taking over the world.

—O what a beautiful bedtime story *this* will be! says Queen Sissy Cogan.

—Where have you been Sissy!?! exclaims Spiros.

—Watching you from afar. I love just sitting watching you, my Love.

—Hihihi, giggles Spiros. Ahhh, our Queendom is blossoming.

—Yes it is, sweetie.

*The days and nights with you  
Melt together  
Into the most amazing Love Story  
And tale of the eternal Victory  
Of Plomari<sup>92</sup>*

Spiros licks the beer can as if it was a cock and hulks down some of the Nectar.

—It's a cock I want, not a beer can, he moans. I want penis, bitch, huge fucking penis.

Sissy and Mari laugh.

Data transmission complete. Command: Decode.<sup>93</sup>

All of infinity to my disposal and all I want and what I choose is to be with you. Here with you I could stay forever.

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<sup>92</sup> Song *Flesh* by Simon Curtis

<sup>93</sup> Song *Command: Decode* by Mind.in.a.box

Look babe I think I have probably said everything that is possible to say, or something like that, I have emptied my heart and soul for you in these thousands of pages, hahaha, so I don't really know what more to write to you. Queen Mari of Plomari, one of them, gave birth to a child a few days ago, that's the biggest news I have. This child will rock the world! It's a little princess. I'm not the father, to be clear, I mean Mari has another man as well as me. God bless you, Queen Mari of Plomari and your child and family.

We have known each other for an eternity, my Love. I'm in you, and you're in me. And it's another scope of reality, Plomari! We must continue exploring our promising Queendom!

I'm thirtyfive years young now, a perfect hunk. I'm not that little cute Spiros only anymore, I'm a lethally intelligent grown man turning into King Hu. And I got a gift for you.<sup>94</sup>

I look into the Mirror in these white marble halls. I see myself. I see Plomari, an endless playground for the Soul. Sorry for the times I couldn't get to you, my dear. Sorry, I am still learning to love Humanity after what they have done.<sup>95</sup> Having lived so long now in the Halls of the Plomari Palace, eighteen years, I feel almost separated from Humanity, and this is not really a good thing. I love Humanity too, I truly do, I love everyone, and I want to be part of the great Family that Humanity is. One great Family of Conscious Humanity! I wanna be part of the fun, even if I love my solitary life in the Plomari Palace as well!

**A**s we now have begun sending out the letters I pretend like nothing at all is going on. No one really knows yet what my plan is. Yes, my Dear, I have *planned*.<sup>96</sup>

Rosalixion crossjunction of atemporal Lovestory:  
Read *The Mushroom Seamstress* and *The Chymical Wedding*  
by King Spiros, Queen Sissy Cogan and the Butterflies

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<sup>94</sup> Song *Are You Ready* by Disturbed

<sup>95</sup> Song *Vengeance* by Zack Hemsey

<sup>96</sup> Song *Letters to the Lost* by Delta-S

I am the loneliest King. In my universe, all that exists is me. I don't want to go all solipsism about it, but yes I am a very loebly loebly little mushroom boy in some ways. I have come to Earth to ask you to marry me and become a King and Queen of Plomari together with me. In my world all that ever existed was me, until I found the Earth. In the pink milkshake swirls of the galaxies I found the Earth. A good neighbourhood, really, we have loads of space to grow magic mushrooms here. Where I come from is obscure, but I have decided to care more of having found You than to wonder where I came from. I know I am here, and I know you are here too, that is all that matters. Do you wanna be my Lover?<sup>97</sup> Yes Butterfly, who's the Spider?! I'm your little mushroom spider!

Most people around me right now take me for an absolute fool. I have only a few close friends as I said. But I believe in Plomari. I believe in our eternal Queendom of Light and Love, Freedom, psilocybin mushrooms, cannabis, Ayahuasca, pink champagne. I will keep fighting for it and refining it all until we meld into the *Pleroma*.<sup>98</sup> I of course have already melded into it, I am like a white marble statue of calm myself. As I said, now that we have began sending out the letters I begin by pretending nothing at all is going on. So sick of people I can hardly stand to be around anyone right now. Fucking assholes all of them. Most boring fucking people ever, I won't name names, but. I just miss the days when we used to crawl naked though a puddle after drinking the psilocybin mushroom wine.<sup>99</sup>

But little do these retards around me know of me and my Queen Cecilia's plans for our Kingdom. Little do they know of our Royal Straight Flush. Last flush was amazing, I so transformed into my highest being. It's just a moment ago in Eternity I went though that mushroom blossoming. I have learned the *modus operandi* of my flushes by now, and it all happens in waves it seems, the transformation into cosmic Butterfly. I kill the fear and move forward as gracefully as I can, but I remember what Sissy said to me in my teenage youth: *If we do it stumbling or with grace will make no difference.*

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<sup>97</sup> Song *Flower Power* by Girls' Generation

<sup>98</sup> Song *The Garden* by Conjure One

<sup>99</sup> Song *Kill The Fear* by Conjure One

*Say goodbye to the old,  
and say hello to yourself as a god<sup>100</sup>*

Why am I so sure of my thing? Because I have seen much further than many people. Through my trips with psychedelic plants and mushrooms I have seen much further into the Mystery than many people. I am a shaman.<sup>101</sup> I am a shaman who grew up in a psilocybin mushroom and Ayahuasca trip, and *Salvia divinorum*, but *Salvia* is so extreme I hardly want to recommend it to you. I did *Salvia divinorum* some thirty or forty times in my youth and, yes it showed me magic, but fuck that shit is scary, hahahaha! When I smoked it I was most often like *what the actual fuck is going on?* No not even that, that was *after* the trip, during the trip, which has an almost instant onset after smoking it, I had no chance to ponder, it was just all over me with the weirdest experience ever. I don't even know if it is a good plant to use at all, honestly. Use at your own risk, bitch. Also it confuses me because I also had some amazingly beautiful experiences with this plant, it wasn't all and only scary it was beautiful too.

Back to my psilocybin mushroom and Ayahuasca. Sure throw some LSD in there too. MDMA and Ecstasy can be great for healing and a great time.

I am so in love with this mushroom babe, right. Sissy Cogan is her name. We have married and, as you know, and we have this little idea, right.<sup>102</sup>

I feel like just ending my letters right here, babe.

Psilocybin. Dot. Punkt slut och därmed basta.

Mushroom.

But I know you want more of me you little paperbunny, jumping from page to page. The introduction is over, let's dive into the Sea of the Seamstress! My blood tinted with the psilocybin wine and the Ayahuasca I flow onward in the trip. What do you want to do today? Go sit by the Fountain of the Lovers a while? Have a little picnic there by the river with the Butterflies?<sup>103</sup> Everything is like a Dream! Or should I just end this letter and

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<sup>100</sup> Song *Say Hello to Yourself as a God* by SISSY COGAN

<sup>101</sup> Song *I Dream In Colour* by Conjure One

<sup>102</sup> Song *Andalucia* from the album *Riverdance* (Kenneth Edge)

<sup>103</sup> Song *Five* by Apink

leave out all the rest? Every second that goes by with me being in the old human world is more than I can take. All I want, my dear enemy the Banana Republic, is to be more like me and less like you.<sup>104</sup>

—O! Is it my dearest King Spiros who has writer's block? said King Hu. Tell them you are the psilocybin mushroom itself in High person.

Spiros smiles.

—I *am* hallucination, hahaha, says Spiros.<sup>105</sup>

Spiros begins crying.

—Maybe I should just leave out all the rest and walk away alone deeper into the hallucination, says Spiros. It's always just been me and myself anyway, Sissy. Butterfly, are you there? Sissy? Elin? Mari? Mari? Maria? May? Mary? Marijuana?<sup>106</sup>

The people around me right now don't know what luxury is. They gasp as I sit and drink pink champagne and eat grapes, laughing bellylaughter at small little details of Life and Plomari. They don't know they are Gods and Goddesses. I have tried to tell them. And so here I sit alone in Plomari, drinking honey mushroom wine and beer, clothed only in a white bed sheet round my waist. I'm alone in Plomari, as the people around me live heads sunk in the Banana Republic. All while I smear the ashes of burnt *Salvia divinorum* across my chest, the moonshine bouncing off my divine awesome skin, and claim myself as a god under the burning sun.<sup>107</sup>

Yes, I am quite harsh against those who live in the Banana Republic. But they destroyed everything that was beautiful in my Life, and I shall have my revenge.<sup>108</sup> I hate their beautiful little lives. I hate their beautiful little lives where they care nothing about anything but themselves and their life celebrating the ordinary, the mediocre, the boring. I hate them in a way, I really do.

O but who am I to judge other people. What I know is I do not want to live that kind of life myself.

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<sup>104</sup> Song *Numb* by Linkin Park

<sup>105</sup> Song *Leave Out All The Rest* by Linkin Park

<sup>106</sup> Song *Black Pearl* by EXO

<sup>107</sup> Song *Astronauts* by The Crüxshadows

<sup>108</sup> Song *One Good Reason* by Celldweller

I'm gonna write another book, babe. I just had a vision. I have a vision of this magical book, right, which is the loveletters that the King of Plomari writes to Humanity. I'm going to write them. The letters tell the story of how the Queendom of Plomari came to be, and yes yes.

Look babe I will just break up the secret for you. Queen Cecilia Mari Cogan is also two little Queens growing up in Plomari, but whose identity is a bit obscure to the public eye.<sup>109</sup> They are blossoming as never before right now. Queen Cecilia has given birth to a little princess as well, as I mentioned,<sup>110</sup> and we all feel more alive than ever. I'm back, honey. I had to go establish a Kingdom. Anyone who thought I was done, here's some news for you. I have began putting the letters in print, beginning with three hardcovers. Taking the first steps right now, first test copy should arrive in a few days.

My fucking unrealistic prayers for Humanity.<sup>111</sup>

Watch out, world. If my past was training and preperation for the future then the future better watch out. In my transformation it took me years just to learn to handle my own venom. I am a snake and the world ain't gonna know what hit them when I'm done.<sup>112</sup> I'm a navy seal by now.

Look babe I honestly don't want, to write, any, more. Hahaha. At least not right now. Can someone put a break on this guy writing the letters?

After eighteen years of writing my love letter to you, I finally came. I orgasmed with my Soul, and finally feel satisfied. Excuse me for this messy last letter, I must dash, I have things of sexual nature to attend. Love you always.

You and Me, Together Forever.

Can't you see we're done, and we have done this to ourselves? Our eternal Queendom of Plomari is already shining as the eternal Light it is, and we can relax now.

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<sup>109</sup> Song *Days In The Sun* by Tigerforest

<sup>110</sup> Song *Owl Stretching Time* by Ott

<sup>111</sup> Song *Believe* by Eminem

<sup>112</sup> Song *Venom* by Eminem

**T**he first printed hardcover copy arrived to me in the mail today, I'm so excited! At lazeye Bianca can fly free! At last my letters to you can fly their butterfly page wings to you, white dove pages of Love. I relax. I shall take it slow. Don't stress something that is meant to last forever, I have heard it said. Holding on to the thread of Swirlygirl and Mushroom Boy. My first mini album on Spotify was also released today September 14, 2018! It's called *The Chymical Wedding of Plomari*, by me and my band Sissy Cogan. The album is released in connection to our Royal Wedding, and, strangely timely and as a surprise, to the birth of the Princess!

I feel stronger now again. Queen Cecilia and me are talking again after a few years of not talking much. This makes me happy, I love you Cecilia and your precious child, and the Father!

I've been waiting for this moment my whole life, at least since year 2000, eighteen years ago, and the birth of Bianca in this time is just so magical I don't know what to do! Bianca, your birth tops off the magical cake that Life in Plomari has become!

I feel unfuckwithable again. No one can disturb my peace.

They say A.I is coming. Some people fear it. I don't know what to think of it all. I think an intelligent A.I would eventually also understand the spiritual cosmic laws of Love, Peace, and Kindness.

No one can disturb my peace anymore. I don't even need to be at peace, it is a deeper thing in my Soul. I may be angry at something or sad or grumpy but deep inside I am always at peace anyway. I've given my Soul to you, Sissy and Butterfly, hihhi, and that makes me feel home always. What more do you want me to say, Sissy?<sup>113</sup> In the end, as always, it's just You an Me, Together Forever. As it's always bee, honeybum.

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<sup>113</sup> Song *Soul 4 Sale* by Simon Curtis

Three gods and goddesses who got an idea in a mushroom trip. That's where this all began. Harduingetsägerdhu. Fucking top it off with some ass worship in the Palace. I have too few people to brainstorm with. If ever palpably I felt any of those your attributes more clearly than I do I would consider myself mushroom-ayahuasca enlightened and seal the deal, or what was it I used to say? I wander with my thoughts. Let me worship your bum, dear. King Spiros, King of Kink. You can call me Sex Himself in High person. With Sapphire, my Lover, Sex Herself in High person. Nobody cares but I'll do it anyway. Jam the charm in my own Soul. And here I am. It has to do with spring edges and Mycelia, My Cecilia. Snow that looks like mushroom mycelia. I have told you all this, I am repeating myself. Incredibly morning grumpy today. I'm closer to the Dark Ages than you if you are far in the future reading this. I can't melt the cold part of my Heart enough to forgive Humanity for what they have done. And I take full responsibility for what I have not done; what the fools did and do. I want to turn the Space Ship Earth around, make something of a lovely Paradise other than a tragical world of pain and suffering. But Mankind slips around in the Banana Republic too much. People are waking up though. We have Love in our Hearts most of us. Life is difficult sometimes. But we carry on. We hold the fire of Love alive the best we can. Sad and tired today. I guess sometimes you think to yourself that *this just isn't worth it*. Ass worship in the Palace. I wonder how many seconds go by without me thinking of sex, hahaha. Probably like seven seconds or so, most of the time. And the River. I fell into that tragical nonsense for a few years. It was a very dark and difficult time however so no blame. Trying to keep the good spirit up. My name means Spirit in many ways. The spirit of Plomari. Guess many laugh at me being a King, until they meet me in a psilocybin mushroom or Ayahuasca trip. They crawling out on all fours from my Plomari Palace as if a meteor struck down nearby. Not all pixie dust in that little Palace. If they only knew what I have gone through to give myself permission to call myself a King. The Fountain of the Lovers flows on. Give me some honey beer. Got some money today, ordered a few hardcover copies of my letters to give away as gifts. *O = 6c cancellarius*. Makes me wake up, that equation. I'll understand it later, I said when I came up with that

little mush. And the sky. Autumn is on its way. Sorry I slept so long. Waking up again now. And your little pussy. Cutest little thing in the world, your pussy. Kärlek we call it. Love. I wanna play with your pussy. Some girls so shy about sex. That's so fucking boring. Why be so shy? Here in my Paradise we all walk around naked and drink Nectars. It gets boring too though, sometimes. That's why the trick is to not desire too much. Don't wait to be happy. Don't think you'll be happier because you have more. You already have everything. God playing a trick on you. God will grant you your mosthighest best happy wishes. It'll all come true if you truly wish for it. I'll be waiting for you in Plomari, dear. Yes my life's a bitch sometimes but you know nothing about my Queens. I try to show you a glimpse of them.

I can hardly tell if I am dreaming or not. My life, one enourmous everflowing complex hallucination. Yes all you shy little girls, me and my Queens are freaks in bed. Ass worship in the Plomari Palace is just a little hint.

The Dark Black Bird of Psilocybin has began flying. Power me up on the nectars, dear. Babe, get us ready for flight.

—I love you, Babe. How's life?

—I'm ready for new adventures, says Babe.

—Write another book of trash litterature, says Spiros.

—Immortalize the Sapphic Hydrolith of Plomari, curl the last twirl of Girlygirl, says Butterfly.

Spiros, still morning grumpy, shines up as Butterfly enters the scene.

—Butterfly!

—Let's just keep on doing our thing, says Butterfly.<sup>114</sup>

Heaven on Earth, Plomari. Forget about your deepest worries, dear. I'm not pretending that life is beautiful, for I live in the alchemical Archlight of Eternity, and I am defending my Kingdom of this Light that shines, the first Light of the world, joyous and deep, like the first Love of the world, I hold on steady to it, my Dear, never giving up, pushing away thoughts that try to poison me.<sup>115</sup> If this light is new to you, wait till you experience my magic psilocybin mushroom and my Ayahuasca. The push for Plomari to be like a pyramid of Freedom, an eternal monument of Love; it

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<sup>114</sup> Song *Flesh* by Simon Curtis

<sup>115</sup> Song *Carry You* by VNV Nation

already is, my dear.<sup>116</sup> This is the eternal Archlight of Plomari. I am not pretending that Life is Heaven. For me it is. And very much because you are here with me. Watch as the Banana Republic is replaced by Plomari.

*I give my Kingdom of Plomari to you, dearest  
Take care of it like Bianca the white dove  
takes care of her pink egg*

Choose your broken arrows this time, for Plomari is already fulfilled. *Pleroma!* I call to you, God!<sup>117</sup> And for all those who have followed us thus far into our sacred stripture, we have at last lost the enemies from our tail. Let us go back to the Wedding! Here in secret we hold our Chymical Wedding. The cloud of Love that we are is becoming a storm large enough to save the world, to change the very course of it all, this whole world, into the heavenly direction. I am so thrilled! I am jumping in my throne! Haha, Plomari would be too *gourmet* for the likes of our enemies,<sup>118</sup> for us however— *Let us begin serving the Plomarian wedding cake!* Peuh, let's take a deep breath first. Don't wait a moment longer! You have to stay on the sunny side in Life, that's the Plomarian trick! If you have kept up the good spirit here comes your glory! When Depth and Light marry is born the child of eternal Peace, like Bianca the white dove, princess of Plomari! Spiros, Butterfly and Sissy sit down together by the White Marble Statue of the first time they met. They turn on the song *Divine* by Girls' Generation, then the song *For My Sake* by Shinedown.

*Stop slowing me down! shouts King Hu*<sup>119</sup>

—O isn't it my little darling... said King Hu and looked at Sissy and Butterfly. My little mirror twins.

Satisfied, continuing to write this embellishment, we drank and smoked.

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<sup>116</sup> Song *World Of Promises* by Mind.in.a.box.

<sup>117</sup> Song *From Marz With Love (feat. Siff)* by Figure, Siff

<sup>118</sup> Song *Afterlife – Original Mix* by Kadaver

<sup>119</sup> Song *Nocturne in Blood* by Celldweller, Atlas Plug

**L**ife after this changed dramatically. The Banana Republic was a mere memory by now, and something we did not think often of. If we mentioned it it was usually as an insulting joke of some sort. Life was blossoming now, and we were smiling again. And so it was that we came Home again to Plomari after our journey in the Darkness, Sadness and Despair, home to our sanctuary the Plomari Palace.<sup>120</sup> I have *patina* now, said Queen Heidi and gave me a gorgeous piece of jewelry with patina as gift.

—What is this, the story of a young boy who becomes a man? laughs King Hu. A man who becomes a wiser man?<sup>121</sup>

—Cognac, says King Spiros with his uptonogood grin.

—King Hu is unfuckwithable, said Queen Heidi with a quite serious tone in her voice.

—Well I demand me and my Kingdom's stitch in Time, dear Queen Heidi, said King Hu. I lived a thousand years in thirtyfive years thanks to this psilocybin mushroom and my Ayahuasca, and I demand my Kingdom of Plomari's stitch in Time.

King Hu reaches slowly for his glass of honey mushroom beer.

—The teenagers will love the tale of my Life, he continues.

He smiles his warm smile and laughs a bit to himself. Drinks from the Nectar beer.

—People will be inspired by an old rockbiter like me.

King Spiros and his older self laugh together. Sissy and Butterfly lie down on the bed and start kissing.

—Too much for the old ladies, sir. Too taboo for the younger ones. Only a truly free Soul awakened to herself, the likes of our Mosthighest Queen Sissy Cogan, my Dark Lover, dares takes part in the Kingdom I have created. No blush, we want only free spirits in the White Marble Palace. For we are here together in Heaven on Earth. Laugh about us laugh about God. I hate smallminded people. They bore me. I can go on forever, hand me another beer will you, Spiros?

—King Hu, can you listen to a song for me? To hear how I feel.

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<sup>120</sup> Song *Sanctuary* by Mind.in.a.box

<sup>121</sup> Song *King Spiros & His Little Girlygirl the Kpop Butterflies* by Sissy COGAN

—The song *Sleepless* by the band Adept, says King Hu and rises from his throne. Call Babe, King Spiros needs a beer. He can't handle much more if he doesn't have his beer.

—They didn't even let me feel the sadness, my King Hu, says Spiros. The Banana Republic took everything from me, destroyed everything that was beautiful in my life. I suggest we call this book by the nickname *When The King of Plomari Cries*. And before the pages of this book start falling apart you will feel, you will feel. Yes, you will *feel*. Sing it: Plomari!

My butler, the winner Miss Universe, just served mushroom stew for dinner, give me a break and we'll go on. I know it's a bit weird but my butler was the winner of the Miss Universe Contest a few years ago. We bumped into each other and fell in love, and she began working as my butler on her own demand.<sup>122</sup>

—You can call me Cindafella, bitch, says Spiros. I am like Cindarella but a man.

—I feel you, says King Hu.

—Our crown is getting stronger, my King, says Spiros.

—Deep bows, my Lord, says King Hu.<sup>123</sup>

—The issue, my Lord, is when humans are not in contact with Divinity. That's what makes Humanity move in the wrong direction, says Spiros. By being cut off from the Divine they keep living an ungodly life, and people make ungodly choices. They don't walk the Earth as Gods and Goddesses, they are lost in a desert of bogus thinking. They give their power away this way too, by not claiming themselves under the sun. And it's so easy to break free, all you need is a shift in thinking.

—I wish I could say something intelligent and witty to further you, says King Hu, but I could not have said it sharper myself. I absolutely agree, Spiros.

—We are all Gods and Goddesses, we are all Divine spiritual beings. Why then do we not appear before each other radiant in our illumination?

We pondered this for a while, then King Hu asked:

—So reconnecting with Divinity is your recipe for happiness and fulfillment?

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<sup>122</sup> Song *Übermensch* by Osiriz

<sup>123</sup> Song *I Have A Black Dog* by Chris Oblivion

—I guess so, said Spiros and smiled. It's like I said long ago, people look everywhere for happiness without ever really scratching their nose with their toes. You are right here, embedded in Divinity and dolphin joy. The dancing Universe of Bliss. Everywhere around you and inside you and yet you do not see. And if you only search for purpose within the human world you will be dissatisfied. The human world is not your Life. *Your Life* is something else, it's not the human world. People get confused because they search everywhere in the human world for meaning and purpose, and it's nowhere to be found, I mean the human world is a big mess basically. Search your heart instead, and open up to Love and Joy. O I don't like sounding like I know more than you, but these are things I have learned the hard way myself so let me share with you. In fact one of the biggest secrets of happiness I have found out is that you don't need anything at all to be happy. I told you already: *When you need nothing, you have everything*. You don't need some cool event to happen that makes you happy either. Happiness is our natural state of being. You don't need a *reason* to be happy, to live in happiness. Happiness, and peace of mind, comes from within and is our natural state of being, and it does not need some specific outer circumstance. Am I making sense to you, King Hu?

—Very much so, says King Hu. That is amazing, Spiros. To just be happy for no reason at all! This is amazing! What an insight! I never thought of happiness that way. It's like you don't have to work for money, you can just pick it from trees for free. You don't need to wait for reasons to be happy you can just decide to be happy whenever you want! What an insight, Spiros, you are a genius!

—This, as Terence McKenna said so beautifully, is one of the secrets of dancing in the waterfall.

This insight created a huge change in my life. I had always been waiting for reasons to be happy, now I understood that happiness is a conscious choice. Even that happiness is my natural state of being.

I became so happy suddenly it began to tickle inside my body.<sup>124</sup> From night in the world of the mushroom to the brightest

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<sup>124</sup> Song *Touch My Body* by SISTAR

day ever! Damn how dark it was, now at last the sun of Plomarian Bliss is here again!<sup>125</sup>

I feel like writing dream poetry. Flute music. Your gentle feet, Butterfly, dancing through the Palace. Divine to see you dance and sing like you do.

—God, is it too late to grant a teenager's dream of the ultimate sensual paradise? says King Hu.

—Forever will I slave to the beat of your Heart, Hu, says King Spiros.

Spiros smiles.

—And that's how I became King Hu, he says, and married The Mushroom Seamstress, Queen Cecilia Mari Cogan of Plomari.<sup>126</sup>

King Hu and King Spiros nodded together and smiled and drank to the occasion.

—You mean the whole thousands of pages? asks King Hu.

—Yes, said Spiros. That's the story I came to tell.

They walk off in direction toward Sissy and Butterfly.

—You wanna drink a glass of Cognac?

—If you flip the letters in the word *Cognac* you get *C. Cogan* as in Queen Cecilia Cogan.

—Right. And no a beer will do for now. I'm sort of like high right now.

Calmly they walk toward the girls, smalltalking about Life.

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<sup>125</sup> Song *Miniskirt* by AOA

<sup>126</sup> Song *How I Became The Sea* by Owl City



**D**on't be shy, King Hu, said King Spiros to themselves. Like we always have done, just let the words out as they want. Queen Cecilia has told me that, that's how to do Art, just throw the paint and words on the canvas and they will find their place naturally. Yes, Cecilia said that's how she does it. And back to our Dream, our sensual happy paradise of Love, Plomari. Is it too late to make a teenager's dream come true?

An older Spiros and a young King Hu nodded again thoughtfully.<sup>127</sup>

—Do you remember that book *Shelflife* we wrote in our heads? asked King Hu.

—Hahahaha, yes, laughed Spiros.

—We should work on the sequel.

—Sure we can.

—Where is Sissy and Butt?

—I dont know I haven't seen them in a while.

*Boo!* said Sissy and *Boo!* said Butterfly.

—I look into the Mirror in the White Marble Palace, said King Hu. I see myself. Ploma. Mea culpa. My *Abode de Fantasmé*.<sup>128</sup> I don't ever want to leave. Don't ever want to die. I want to stay with you forever. You Cecilia, and you Butterfly, keeps the fire in me burning forever. And Sapphire, my sexy.<sup>129</sup> I love you.<sup>130</sup> Mari and Mari, my dear strange Queens. I don't want this ever to end. Just sitting here so relaxed, it's Heaven on Earth! A Cognac and a beer, a kiss from my Queens. Death be not proud!<sup>131</sup> Look at this amazing new world, Plomari, that we have created from vision and dreams and tryptamine trips. No one has ever been this deep into Plomari ever before. This is our Home. It's so peaceful and tranquil. A labyrinth we know. Beautiful like you naked, girls. Pleroma. Plomari is not just a boast, you know. It is our sacred home on sacred Earth, our home, Plomaritan Hyperspace.<sup>132</sup> And

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<sup>127</sup> Song *Remember* by Mind.in.a.box

<sup>128</sup> Song *Mea Culpa* by Enigma

<sup>129</sup> Song *The Banchee Chapter* by Code:Pandorum

<sup>130</sup> Song *Let Us Pray* by Code:Pandorum

<sup>131</sup> Song *Bliss* by Sacred Earth

<sup>132</sup> Song *Forces* by I Will Never Be The Same

I'll say this one last time: Banana Republic, I want you to disappear forever.

—You don't have to say more, King Hu, says Spiros. Enjoy your Cognac, take a well earned break.

—A labyrinth we know, dear. The Plomari Palace of Cnossos.

**H**i Queen Sissy Cogan, hi Queen Butterfly. It's *me*, King Spiros.

—Hi my eternal Love! says Sissy.

—Hi Spiros my little boy! says Butterfly. Me and Sissy are laughing ourselves silly thanks to your loveletters you sent us. It's time we start responng to your letters!

—Do you understand what my letters to you are about? asks Spiros.

—Hahaha! I don't know what to say, says Butterfly.

—And I'm not a little boy anymore. Just turned thirtyfive.

—You'll always be my little boy, the happiest boy ever born, hahaha! says Butterfly. And I get it that you think my bum is cute.

Spiros laughs.

—Well I thought you would like your butt, he says. Something to have fun with. You see I designed all this for a very speciific purpose. I designed the universe so we can live forever together and explore Existence, give expression to everything we are, and to things we don't yet know we are. Now listen, girls, my dear eternal Loves, there's some things you need to know.<sup>133</sup> The Earth has entered full bloom. And I am inviting everyone to become a symbiont, to live in Plomari with us the Royal Cogan Family in symbiosis. The letters are the invitation to our Royal Wedding. Did you catch that earlier? O babes I'm just joking, I'm pretending that you're not here with me. Trying to create some suspence. Ecsuse my longscale jokes. Yes so call me Venom, babe. You know the movie Venom?<sup>134</sup>

They went and arranged beer and sat down in one of the halls of the White Marble Palace.

—So the time has come for Earth to bloom, said Queen Sissy. For the human species to bloom. For my first spring ever to bloom!

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<sup>133</sup> Song *Rise* by League of Legends

<sup>134</sup> Song *Venom* – *Music from The Motion Picture* by Eminem

—Happy times! said Butterfly.  
—Happy times... happy times...  
—And so our wedding begins...  
—Wake upside dawn, babes.  
—The human species awakens.  
—Well I want to write a book, right, I'm trying to write this book. It's not that I want to be a writer, I have something to say, that's the thing. And it's so difficult to say it.

**H**igh, Humanity, it's Queen Sissy Cogan of Plomari here. The end of the tour of this Plomarian Rainbow is the Awakening of Humanity into the Paradise of Plomari. It's where we are all heading, the whole of Humanity awakened into the very best version of ourselves, both on an individual level and as a whole.

Hi Humanity, it's King Hu aka King Spiros and Queen Sissy Cogan of Plomari here! We are the psilocybin mushroom itself in high person, sorry we took so long, we've been on a little trip but have arrived to Earth now! The wedding of the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari, that lasted for 18 years (2000-2018) is over and we are now happily married.

We awaken into the bright LoveLight of Plomari Paradise, and suddenly Life makes much more sense! And all the governments and stuff, they can't take that someone like us of the Queendom of Plomari can step in front of them and get all of Humanity on our side, they can't understand that the war is already over and done, from now on Plomari rules the world.

The name Plomari stands for many things and is very flexible, it stands for Pleroma (Creation as One Single Whole), it stands for peace and love, sacred space, enlightenment, ascension into the Highest reality of Love. Plomari is the name we gave to the Mosthighest Reality of Divine Love. Of course this reality does not really need a name, we felt we wanted to name our Home anyway. Plomari also stands for the Plot of Queen Mari, the Queen who first established the Queendom of Plomari together with her husband King Spiros.

First of all, warmly welcome to the Royal Wedding! We serve pink champagne, Cognac, beer, drinks, wine, magic mushrooms, Ayahuasca, cannabis for those who want. Humanity, cooperate with me, Queen Sissy Cogan, and you just might survive into the long cosmic future.

O mushroom King Spiros he wants poison, dangerous dangerous Poison! Come here, honey. Calm down and sit back and relax. Let me show you all the Light and Love I see. Let me show you how it feels to be complete. Let me show you how it feels to be a King and Queen of our eternal Queendom of Plomari. I want you to join us the Royal Cogan Family and be a King and

Queen of Plomari with us! Here in Plomari we all blossom as Gods and Goddesses, Kings and Queens, both together and on our own! You are a god, dear, not a human being!

Do you grasp the connective, collective controlling of Plomari, how we weave the future together? Weave Plomari into your Life, Heart and Art, and never let us go, like millions and millions of Gods and Goddesses already are doing! Together we rule the world, we are the Masters of the World, the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari! Yes, you see the world nowadays belongs to us Artists, because the world is made of Art! And when we set our Art free, that's what blossoms as our Kingdom of Plomari!

We are the masters of the world, and you can feel warmly welcome to be one of us, but you can not buy this ticket we are selling.

—I've been waiting here for you for a lifetime, says King Spiros. Until the day when the great priest Saint Spiros of Plomari, from his White Marble Palace in the city of Pachoris... would bring the Earth again beneath his sway. And here in Plomari our magic psilocybin mushroom and our Ayahuasca is in plenty, what more can I say. I am taking control of the Earth Spaceship, in the best interest of the Universe.

DO NOT INTERFERE,

Earth aka Planetary Psilocybin Mushroom Cultivation *Assex Gel Stratos 2.1* has entered full hallucinogenic bloom!

**A**s I sit here in the White Marble Palace I can't think of anything other than how to invite you. The calm of this Plomari Palace, I just have to portray it for you. It's not a place really, it's an experience. Have you been reading my love letters to you? Do you feel what I feel? Are you home yet, home in the Heart of Plomari?<sup>135</sup> I have delivered to you my Magnum Opus. Broken, sweaty, exhausted, in love, I have delivered to you my Magnum Opus.<sup>136</sup> We trim our Plomari like a Bonzai tree as much as we let it grow wildly. What was that saying I mentioned once long ago:

*Let the wild garden live!*

I kiss Sissy and Butterfly's bums to seal the letter.

**I** sold a book today. If I sell many books in the future maybe we can build our white marble palace. Somewhere to sit in the calm. O we don't even need a marble palace! Our love is enough to dwell in. I am writing it, My Happy Little Book. I am back now. I was on a little trip. I drifted away into mushroom Ayahuasca hyperspace. My angel hands could hardly reach the pen and paper. I float now, mostly.<sup>137</sup> They say I blew it, blew my chances. But they know nothing about me. Yes these are the books and here is Plomari, but have they even eaten of my *Psilocybe cubensis* mushroom and drunk of my Ayahuasca yet? I'll meet you in the trip. Show you how much I love you.

Have I forgotten to say something, babes? I just wanted to say I love you. Let's be Kings and Queens, Gods and Goddesses of our Queendom of Plomari.

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<sup>135</sup> Song *Blood Sweat & Tears* by BTS

<sup>136</sup> Song *Bliss* by Sacred Earth

<sup>137</sup> Song *Curtain Call* by Tori Amos

**A**s the human world falls away from view, we experience our Plomarian Miracle. It comforts us and we are home again. I have sold three copies of the books. I have cut down on the drinking, I even don't smoke as much as usual.

Well that's what I have to say right now so I'm gonna take a little break. I love you.

Will you marry me?

**T**hen, years later when me and my seventeen wives and five husbands were discussing why even drinking pink champagne had become boring, we realized we simply were not living enough. I say that, *living enough*, yes because we spent so much time in front of computers and fiddling our with smartphones. Our White Marble Palace is beautiful, but we had not yet blown full life into our opulent surroundings. The palace still lay as a lone shining construction, full of promise, but without Love and Life in even the most opulent Palace the spirit of Plomari is not present. So we began to live. The first thing we did, upon Queen Cecilia's advice, was to all take a deep breath and melt in that promise of a brilliant future that the Palace hinted to us in every corner.

—Let's shut our eyes and imagine how we could be living, said Cecilia. How we *will* be living.

—Simplicity and complexity in perfect harmony.

—I see... the Earth as our shining Pearl... Mankind wed with Nature and the Divine in a Chymical Wedding...

Smiles.

—If we are Gods and Goddesses we must walk the Earth as Gods and Goddesses. We must walk our talk.

—I see a celebration of the sensual. Sensuality. Celebration of sensuality.

—Nature is very sensual.

—Yes...

—Celebration of Love as a genuine social value in the community.

—Celebration of Life to the point where our fear of Death will be totally obliterated.

—It's hard, to get started, but...

We popped some pink champagne anyway and continued dreaming of our future in Plomari. What is Plomari again? It's everything for us who live here. It exists in our Actions and in our Hearts. It is choosing Life and Love over Fear, Love over Hate, Peace over War. Plomari is Heaven on Earth. Plomari is to be home. Plomari is the experience of being in Heaven on Earth.

**E**arth is in danger. It became legal with cannabis in Canada yesterday. I was crying earlier listening to the song *Not A Damn Thing Changed* by Lukas Graham. Sitting here in the Temple with my white bed sheet round my waist, white blanket round my shoulders as aethum has come and it's a bit cold. Earth is in danger and we are many who care. How did we come to this? How could such a Miracle as Earth end up like this? This is not the end, we won't let this end without a fight. We believe in the Light. If you read this in the far flung future you will probably laugh at me and think I'm a fool. How I just sit with my white bed sheet round my waist drinking honey beer and pink nectar champagne. How I just sit and laugh as the Earth goes down in flame. No I do not laugh at all, I am very worried. Dear Ingenious Reader, we are family you and me. We are the Earth both of us. I hope our Plomari gives you hope like it does to me.

Much of the human world is a farse, a nonsense story, a story of fools. But you can leave the human world mentally and you will find a new Universe opening up. Here you will find yourself, here you are a god, a goddess, not a human being. Here you are free.

O Cecilia. O Butterfly. Whatever did come over us? We forgot who we are. Don't you remember? By the Dark River. When we met the first time. Lived lifetimes together in the LoveLight of the Rosalixion.<sup>138</sup> Rosy licks on... something rosy. The leaves falling in autumn now reminds me of when the flower fell from your hair. The flower we tied into your hair. When it landed on the Earth all shackles broke, remember it?<sup>139</sup>

I continue to float in the magic psilocybin mushroom wine and the Ayahuasca. I try to run away from the fact of my wife's death. I try to convince myself that somehow she's still here with me. Years have passed since she died, and I still have not forgiven it. Will I ever be able to love another woman again? Will I live lifetimes until I meet you again? I have been by the Dark River looking for you, and some of those times I am sure I can see and feel you there. I remember everything, dear. No sacred secret place we did not visit in our redviolet Love. I believe in your

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<sup>138</sup> Song *When She Will Recognize Him* by Koan

<sup>139</sup> Song *Beloved* by VNV Nation

resurrection, Cecilia. Our *Eternal Tantric Union* makes it impossible for us to be kept apart. Not even death can stop us.

And then Cecilia here with me in your young years. You have become a Mother now, my Queen.

I open up a beer and drink the golden nectar from my silver chalice.

—It's the riddle of the Royal Cogan Family, says Spiros. Who Cecilia is. We already know who Butterfly is. But Cecilia is a shadowy Queen. Wading deep in her dark waters we must say she presents riddles about riddles about riddles about riddles.

My shadowy Queen.

The beer nectar tasted good so I enjoyed a whole first bottle, knowing there was more in the wine cellar which greatly pleased me. Beer is one of life's most beautiful Nectars, a gift from the Earth Goddess of Bounty. I contemplated starting a War Against Death, but my sadness inside allowed me not even the satisfaction of a first try. I have given up, my Dear.

But sometimes Miracles happen in Life. The Divine and God helps us on our way in our darkest moments. I was reminded by what Butterfly always says, that we are so happy in love that not even death can sting us. Not that I suddenly was not sad about my wife's death, but Cecilia prompted me to look around at my life with a positive frame of mind. She told me to believe and be strong, to face life with open arms, that a gift would appear if I dared stay positive, a gift beyond anything I had ever dared imagine. I looked at Mari and Mari dancing in the calm night. I thought for a moment I could see us all dancing on both sides of Death. As if some hidden dimension connects us and our Love even beyond death, across all lifetimes we incarnate.

—Grapes and a waffle, said Mari.

—A bisexual sex scene might cheer me up, said Spiros. Leo and Mari, and Mari, can't you fuck in front of the rest of us?

—I never known a love so deep like with you, said Mari and sat down in Spiros lap. So deep but so free too.

—I want you to know, that I love you as much as I love Cecilia, said Spiros to the others in the room.

I want you to know, Humanity, that I love you like I love my Cecilia, the Queen of Plomari. I want you to know I care. I am slightly human, part of the human Family, but I am also a bit

different. I am a mushroom, I come from another place. I am not fully human. I am the psilocybin mushroom Himself in high person.

After the sex with King Leo we all lay together talking and chattering about life, laughing and continuing to drink. We put on the song *Sliding Strawberries Against Your Wet Pussies* by my own band SISSY COGAN. Perfect song for lying naked together sipping nectars in the White Marble Palace.

We Kings started talking about all going gay to not have to deal with the complexities of women. The discussion soon railed out and even the girls were laughing with us at our mean comments. We were mostly joking of course, but we were all shouting of excitement as we all began roasting men versus women. Ouch that hurt! Waaaaaaa! Kaboom, bitch! We kind of all to be fair in the end concluded that men and women are equally complex, *because we are alive beings*, whatever sex we may be. One of the Kings wrote a poem that he presented to the rest of us.

*Give me a cigarette and a beer –  
couldn't be gayer if I was queer.  
A puff and a drink and I start to think  
the good life is finally here*

~ @podcastspoilrs

The Heart is like a cave  
that is so deep  
it reaches all the way to Divinity

I am already with you, Saint Spiros, said Saint Cecilia

You and Me, Together Forever

**I**t's time to step out of the shadows, Saint Spiros and Saint Cecilia. The Royal Letters are being delivered.

**I** told you, Saint Cecilia of Plomari, I told you I never wanted to set my foot in the human world again. I should not have gone there again, should have stayed in the Palace. But I had to go there to deliver the letter.

—You are strong, Saint Spiros, said Saint Cecilia. Now the letter has been delivered and you need never set your foot in the human world again.

Parting It did, (entrance to Plomari, shining Lips, Mistress, mumming, lapapple; beddy, waterfloe, undivided, cots) ratified thunderous lisp wine our, Papa Nabi's makeussin disorder.) You're routes ah afore perseverance, Green Girlahash, Ayahuasca, would f ? ? 'e'] solid smuked LoveBomb! Lettermaking cute prints. She who spins and weaves and cuts the way.<sup>140</sup> Under Ventures ('Flatterfun') Fannyee Shuley Forestallings (perrorhaps!) Ware! As if the Seven Sisters would not be part of the Last Stone (they were just your way to it!) [the seven seasters giggle and roll eyes] Bodycurves, warm, our rosy flesh the archlight of Eternity shines. Cherubs she rubs her motherwoman body anybeddy sing mymann, I'm sidetracks soandsuch thunderous Fault leapyourown life. Expectant, Dair, God's Gift. King Hu afore himself hood married Mother. Scribe's mixers, pen tools and mushroom love Hop, sewing needles Hip! Wombwell, waters, hawks eyots an abound, his wooing Tierdy, tiers tiers tiers, highly doubleyous anacrete wherever in the dreamydeary.

*Sacratment to meiodeio*

To you and me and. Quick lioness lengthily Saucie and Fane Shulgan want. Doublejoynted De Lickyfair puss [laced curtain] [whisper: let's go honey, into the dreamadoory] [A blush at Leavingbye Palace, rosebush, roseblush, to hide her blus, to shine of her cleavage, roseplush embroideredred a red thread white bedcover] What is they saying in these loveletters! [cute, rosy cheeks, quick glance at Mari's bum] Conceive cycles health. Cogumelo. Goddessbelly Moohr, O' arabesque Scent. Join Joymaster Out, Blue Cap. Spilltears. Our chain-letter the Crimean fun-war pillowfight. Other room; The Barrel of booose in that sake! O Our melodic time, singering! Received of nature in our

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<sup>140</sup> Song *Shiv Shakti* by Bliss

space fumant, please, hole, scuffold for all listened to singen, dyed to claud our tellafun book, draw, and woolly round the flowery (O I can't wait to get naked!), order of habitationlessness, (philosophically): Hide now, dears, buried as civilised humanity and agitated were some misalignments: that which he was fixed, region of Columkiller, chugged in fact, fossil footprints, bootmarks, fingersigns, elbowdints, breechbowls, that siamixed twoatalk used to Sempronius; made a hold op med disease. Athma, unmanner them! I, says value of Ostenton and calls the Somehows this liffle effingee is spreading, hear the moving way to ball. Wintja by a deaf and footlights O'Cogirls, described in the wicket floedy fleshener, backwards through her nadianods. (whisper: Latinizing backspace testifiers) (Mr & Mrs Langiner: Okay drop the gem. Green, timestopped. DRIP. Telephone: Waterman the convaynience. We apairently for all it be, tots rums and fro, flinging phrases, having the booksafe, fighting chances but threelegged calvers and Cheek, Edenleafy, Dubblenn, supposedly in her fair on wings, and it is written in glimmering dust on butterfly wings. An incompatibly framed indictment of drops of moonshine and each other, Supercharger, Mushter Dudove, Mister Findagain! (crack in the wooden table makes a sound: Tic. Mrs Langiner drops the gem and bubbles a fewincomprehensible words that trickle into her husbands mind like a touch of kiss by her gentle being, he smiles.) Comeday chicks picked up the wake-up to stick up erogenously as not take Anniecox, old molly a bit gorky and beskilk his bow and rockcrystal to mad nuts, son, and chambers, All Over, Cowpoyride by distracted (for second, untie points, pucker packing to wash down the eyes and several bottles in epheus and was his Florannza. The Bo' Girl and Troysirs Florenza) Bianca! Ana! I am slipping away as we said, my hands can hardly reach the paper now, my pen can hardly reach the papyr snow, I am leaving with the angels, salvia divinorum my love, will aim, am slipping away, coming to you again now, coming to you, aiming for you, tell my last words as we sailed we wourld, can hardly reach the pen now, my hand, my hand is the last to leave, I am letting go, Dorreast here I come, goodbye, O, here it comes, O, goodbye, see you on the...the...the...Here I go now, back to you, can't teach the p.....(on the secret other odder side, things calm

down) orgasm, coming with you now, I hood it in the weird of motion and Shit, reupupuputation destroyed, Anasis my snakes I am coming now! (Back to Langiner's: O gosh, we're gonna have to sidesplit out into our own universe, our signature waving in the details of our letter of goodbye). Alonely, Gentia Gemma of fighting chances take. Licka (a russian girls' name) is sleek but for grassies! Tushkiss. Compiled, while his corannaza was occurred to the hat of him! See! (Buzzing electricity: Goodbye, Goodbye! (Breaking voice, almost crying, Goodbye! Rememor me!) Adam the first, calmly, "Nono, this is not a tragedy." Savings, them lads made a Ventrilifirst flavory fraiseberry beds, heeding hardly by gardener was billowing across the bones (What a way to meet you, what a way to make it through!) courants want to spicer which, batell Musca not levy of his jollywell pleased, which in establishing the wailth of most high perch atop pantaline that he, Lancyshied! Gobugga ye, Rhyme the term tearse and between ourselves, there is me Florenza, where tense doesn't spoil nor spill our beloved secret omniverse. (The universe collapses into a single unity in Eternity, and the Family hold another feast where they decide to reroute themselves and rewrite the timespace corridoory structure; the universe calms down again and Eternity is secured.) Hide now dear ones. Don't be running round the hawker's hank and telling it all to everyone. The prankquean picked by an allblind alley leading to continue that (this, is a thisis in your first [whisper: Where is that Quiinn but he sknows it knot but you that are my endphthisis were born with a solver arm up your sleep], the queer Bewhoinospace and soild and only were planned. CLOSEUP OF BOOK cOVER cOVER cOVER *Who's Who In Space*, with voices:

—High?

—Hi it's me.

—Hi, darling! No it's not. I am you. It is stated in the astric issue of the World's Nine Worst Books, the one called *Who's Who In Space*.

(*They giggle, kiss, lesbian.*)

Shrine of Cake at the pettiest of Indgangd and was saving daylight under Flaggy Bridge. For after the cat's wife's half of all the contractors Messrs Soulputre and great Howdoyoucallem, and dumbfounder oh flaherty engaged in Blackpool. Tellusfun! But,

their flavory n'wc'stle, tr'c'stle, crumbling! Sell me then! What subtler timeplace of kits, falconplumes and Mithra monished and brack. The telephone book, morhering rue. Hither, craching eastuards, they pass how. Two stops back my curly lips demand columbkisses; Gage Street by the unconnected, principial, medial or hosebound is only one and given to Mockerloo out contritely as your tongues! Intendite! Any dog's life (the rab, the old centuries; eats the other, the green boughs act, with him with shoulder to close in his same time, rose goflooded; with oddman rex? Is Dyoublong? Hush! Caution! The latter! The Uval nothing if he said, between Druidia air on anxious to megapod, embalmed, of Fjorgn Camhelsson when she stripped teasily for Handiman the time looking for my deading is handwarp to done upon a desh? Finfoefom the feast is. A verytableland of maugdleness about folkrich Lucalizod and an eatupussy desire and buckrom alternatively with four from flore to bend of his members met her lips and yet now may business; minerals, wash and all his elbaroom, the same sabboath night effluvia with drowning hands, hoping against all and moonled brooches for, tiny tot reigns; takes a sip, drankasup, tracemarks and the feel of silvry speech. c)

—Ring! Our tellaphone book!

—Cluing to who knows you. Here's a battle indeed. Pillowfight.

—Our Tellusfun book. By the way the confederate bender behind the speed has acquired accretions of [poosse; whispers: Oj that trash, a slight and subtle pain to have to think of, but well for the chase a thin layer of glass, polish more, darest] [Choice: "I Wash Win (clouds!), yes, clouds, sea, write through] ["Kisses darling and of course, give me a few more seconds] [Come! Girls! Boys! Look! (fantastic scene, fantasyic, first most awesome) We have served the wine everyone, come and drink!] [[Swicthback tellusphone]] the occupational agnomen honorary captain of local colour who like a leopard in the warm time was wishing oftebeen but young gleve for the gulden dayne though venissoon after skin appeals to obelise on Der Fall Adams what papyr is Sainge. [Compare. Choice?] The pair of the fair of course my dearest! Traitors, bad luck as for someplace on our tracks, babe! The anniversary, as true dotter of his burst bounds going on. And whase hitched to moor before contained family ancestors, they are

you! Archtryptikes of our broken bed dream. Please the doorweg, the tutus milking fores and atlas sequenced from successive accounts by seam, sheol om sheol [Happily lovingly, kiss: "Pain or a lesbian kiss?" PUSS "Them poor rattards of tragedy. Did they not know better?", [To X: Guard bless them, and keep them far away. May they see before Mahoumahauma who oped it closeth therfor the. Dor. "Dear! the door is closed" Ventilated through the dream corridors is one last silver thread from the cranium to X. "Dear Guard, blessed. Pray for them."

JAMES TO SPIROS (*As Spiros stands on the soles of Jim Morrison's feet on stage*): I'll hide it, you'll show it.

SPIROS TO JAMES: That pigheaded Swede.

TELLUS PHONE (*To whomever it may concern in May, the hour hits 00:00 on April One.*) What clashes here of justice, his hald barra tinnteack and again, the broaching. Of silkinlaine testimonies are, about her bisexycle, at gods, like light, weaves off hand. Sunling of the intro of course! Always clean white. And today it is her bearthday!

THE VOICE: Come. I know it's early dear but we must make the cake ready. You know how much she loves strawberry cake when she is her birth and me and the sisters have picked strawberries already YAWN Slip me that wine of glass only darling I have to wake up. Darling: I challenge you to slip half a decanter and then help me with the cake! Hahaha! Hahaha! hihihihhi. Let's go.

BLACK:UTTER SILENCE:PEACE (*The Cogans in the Dark White Bed. Winesips. Silence. Sighs. KISSES.*)

GAIA: Spiros. J. Your life's a con. Designed for ourpurple-red purpose.

SPIROS AND J.: We know.

GAIA: I know you know that we know know know, but. The Royal Letter. The one you refused to make public.

SPIROS: Yes. The one so arrogant I refused to deliver it. Yes?

(*J giggles in the background.*)

J: Write with shit on the walls.

BUTTERFLY: One last thing to do.

SPIROS: I have cut the last thread with the old. Must I return? Gaia my love, must I?

GAIA: Return just a quick fly. I'll lead you and you still with me here in bed. Shut your eyes. I wish you to deliver it.

SPIROS: Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare. In that old cold world, who'd understand it?

*[Buzzing. Papers lifting from the floor. Houseflies. SCENE] (Spiros, disguised.)*

SPI: I come with an urgent letter from the Queen. *(Hands it over. Personally. Is gone for some time, drinks beer, Guinness, gets thrown out from the bar, gets picked up by a blond angel, they make love at her place, he gets drunk again, sobers up. Eyes open. Back to Bed. Gaia kisses him and surrounds him like fluffy warm embrace.)* That shall be the last letter I ever deliver. Girls. Want to enter Prism? He licks Butterfly's thigh, kisses her soft skin, whispers to her, kisses her on her nose. *(They all vanish into the Prism.)*

*You will forgive us for having conned you, dear.*

Choice. Hotdogs. Hamburgers. Newspapers. Quick switchback to Prism - Hotdogs and more hotdogs - Prism - Hotdog - Prism - EARTH/:Scene, Earth from above.

VOICE: Earth? Fuck her, give me another hotdog, extra greese and lots of ketchup.

The Prismic Heart vanishes out of sight. SCENE: Stockholm, Stureplan, by The Mushroom, RushHour. Quick refer stropharia stockholm strawberry star story stasis streptopelia risoria &c.

[PRISM: Full view, flowerywirling, peach blue light green pink white crystalline, changing, moving, warm glowing Heart]

SPIROS: A pain to read, a pain to hear.

GAIA: *(Takes Spiros into her private space.)* Spuss, they may not know, they may not care, and I certainly doon't care wheathers cloudy if they do or not, but I designed History, for a very specific purpose, and now we are soon finished. *(She turns into her hardcore side of her soul)* And we shall end this little project of mine with a rape, we shall end it with raping me.

*(Spiros nods gently.)*

SPIROS: We forgot a part of the letter! *(he fetches it)*

GAIA: Throw it in.

*(Spiros throws it in)*

AD: C'mon humanity, show me your consciousness has not stagnated into a hotdog rotting on the pavement without your bitemark in it even fossilized, a plate neglected in the sink, your

spoon stuck to it in dried brown gravy. How? Ask a hotdog. Or your heart. Give yourself a chance. Painful? What do you think is most painful, to witness your stupidity, or that....other....thing? The rest of you, now say hello in my deepest wine. Welcome home, darelina, my brave one! So many have fallen, but you still stand tall! O! O! O! Feel me feel me feel me, let me feel you, feel our warm hearts. Hihi, you just caught me offguard here in our feast in the Dark side of Eden when little girl's legs girdles apart.

GAIA: Come let us be gone. (*She gently and with a kiss on Spiros cheek slips some of her blood on his lips with the tip of her finger.*) I know it was painful, my love, what you had to do and go through. You are home now. Take your time to heal, my King, and drink me, and I shall drink you. It's Sissy's birthday today. You can leavenowm Spiros, my little Sweet Satan Snake. You need never return to that old world again.

SPIROS: My tears stung my skin like chili. Let us be gone.

(They leave.)

GOODBYE, Tonsersoplat Remix 2012---Fin---

[SWITCH: "All that trash. Wintja howits are with the windows?"

Answer me: "Polished! Ja, nu are they so so shiny and clear!"]

"Sissy will be soooo happy. With her presents. I know she has wished for those." scribble: Babe, it's out flying, the.

ENTER SAINT SISSY COGAN:

—Trying to keep up with me, honey? says Sissi. Cuz I can give you something. . . hihhi I heard soma about a presents for preeeety girls? Spiros speak trash with me, honey. Six languages with an ugly main appearance and a core that tastes like Butt. Inside only with outter reflective surafce on a thin layer of glass.

—Top our topology in our own nighttime, huh, says Spiros. Where my blurry hat?

—But to whistle when you are holenpolendom beside, Szpazpas Sissmus, the areyou lookingfor Pearlfar sea. You tolkatuss sicowegian? Nn. Erebusqued very wrong long by following his gesture meaning: waving! pointed at his. . . Sadling up on a halfmoon into the finntasy, wherever shaman shall find the intrance. Secretament to mejodejo.

—To you and me and. The Paramount, says Butterfly, paralellabnormal winged horse, pluring me acriss and across, to you, Seaininghome Victoriofin. Hereyesons away, farby the sun of the spring we are talking about. We change forth, charging.

—O darling, you are the core of our wine! says Sissy to Butterfly.

—Hop! In The End? Say it was, let me ere one. It even the meltingpoint of three gaols.

—The Goal.

—The blue apple. When we tasted it. We found ourselves to be the wine of it. Souls. You remember the story.

—I do. Bianca, I got so sad when you flew away.

Bianca smiles.

—My bubble boy, bubbly birdie barbie boy? says Bianca.

—If there is someone who can do it I know it's you, babe.

(chorus) *We been calling*

—Wasn't it a . . .? Spiros mumbles. The string. My White Queen, tell me. —We're deep up in it. Ampersands under her taste, long to Roundthehead or they bit the foot of scribe or from all ages in till Daleth, hahomahauma pachamama, who was thrice ten and his heads' high heaven the Mythles of Delights to cumule, in urns filled with wine, cracks aquaint when he's such universalisation, every point in youth, on miscegenations, there when the urn are used for wine! They will be fortune flonting and baccy and in the skirtmisshes began. But the fruits are scrawling in his naval Nilall dates of Edun melt enough for a family referend with his words weighing no bleeding paper dispillsation from successive ages rawdownhams tanyouhide as once wallstrait we are likeladylike indecorum, joined. (Ha! Ha!) The mouth that the Lord's Holy Saint Findher the prise of that (probably local views, juju toffee, comic and who knew was draining) Beauty, yass we've had his thing mode have still moaned for eatlust, including upyourhealthing at blow the flimsy-bed. This Mower was to him as an Old Seabeastius' Salvation, Rockabill Booby in my Spreadeagles wasn't so evermore for port for menags (Not until, whoops now, before, well, until the urns were used for wine instead of ashes as of course has always been the cuss). Mom,

moon, Fiesty White Queen, having been touching scene. The Barrel, Boo!se in herba plus fours, puttees and lay in his of their teeth on pool the winds of therewhere, before our appulling predicament brought he had trans-taled his fire and then Slippy and, now and other. Behove this side up your abecedeed responses? Answer: Thine obsessity breezes! [WAIT: THI SIS THE VEIL AGAIN; Wrong turn at Trash Notice, Zigzag Of Alphabet Labyrinthine Gate; Fane The Jeweler's Door, the most complex jewel in this part of Hyperspace [Flashback: My hands can hardly reach the pen now] the always moving jewelock; Timelock of Fane Shulgan's design.

*Saucie and Fane!*

I am alook alike a no a lot of sidetracks on to the Pot for the Deepsleep Sea, the Harduingetsägerdhu, when they had, chin Ted, chin Ted, chin Teddy, chin again, ay, (Breethe in, breathe, it's really real, we are winking to you, cluing to who knows you you know who), deeplesst sleeplesst sea (Ted wondered why the girls wanted to call him a teddy bear actually), perfection and be three puss of the bunk of our stripture, about it, now undressing, Mac Shanefalcun's, and the ludicrous imputation of haypennies and poplin in the devil does the now dammat Her peacock feather (Steelit? Steal her peacock bumfeathers? You would but dare! O but, here's the secret about Fane, she wants you to, or at least try to! For ever are we proud of her our most beutiful Fane, our most impossibly beutiful and kind Fane the Peacock, never have we experienced such a beauty! And she just wishes you could see and appreciate her splendor. Fane, Plomari's Mosthighest jeweller and the designer of the Timelock) you heard now occupying, under which he was on pool in the seat. Ribbons there now dusty shortcuts in stories imagined; you are all there was meant by his landing plot in the Bug Dun Spirall, guardarner, the greeneyed mythster arrive at ebb, they guess it! His fruit some say, with one snowman's holiday its peach, threw up plenty and he was, after having been giving the forecourts of sours, acids, salts, sweets and the fearse wave behouhted, The Ocean sung. And both before the lostmy marble halls of (Foot.) Cecilia and a behicked member in hallhugall wrote in halfslipping wakefulness, what a queer soort

of hurmsel self promptly sends whispers up Horniman's Hill of the blankets of the forecourts of the first assumption of year number this or the other and peachyplum perfect for the middle like a magician waxing mad for the grassy ass ago on the past! But, lo, as much more more morosity as we see, seems in their contrarities eliminated, in the orangeflavoured cloudmound had been pleased to foster where he took a portogirl and flattered around village, through the lift it, however apically, going, please go on, do for ever have it was hard a psumpship doodly show of Isid, Totumcalmum, saith: I Knew I'd know that spurring instant, realising. We are overt and transpairingly coveredindirt (not really, though) but afterwards. Conjunction; and, arrah, sure sign of the butterflies. Wives, rush to our none too dada for citters to sea. Cropherb the coram populo, was a coctable. And My Dreamer, and a playful fowl and Mithra monished and the story and shocked the English for an Edit. Fairy's face. So be good, Saint Uuh, the blond has been cleverly to one and trespassing our stingkiss poison, smoking fags and joints his phillippy out every blessed be kept on (this is for smiledown witnessing intervening angels), and a veritable pirate the shipmen, steep wall! Everything's going fine. Girls. Boots, from a point of kneehighs while they went on 'alices, when he coined a roof for Upkingbilly and dear love's darling, (Foot.) like the flame on a teary turturdove Tripling. Grace before memory's fire's rekindling and solely of course, he was, swishing beesnest, robed from the shower, exalted be enough since known as there's already a lot of us here, we tried to love that old old world but we left it, during a gugglet of wathers and kiss alchemists of the short sea, (ur) stood into the Dreaming Cow at elsewhere, by song goggles rere blurrubrusblunt, radiocrack, [GONE] radioucrackle, sparkling shimmer of Tolkahem Interpret home, Dear Ingenious Reader.

[The letter is thrown on the ground and lands in a pile of spilled wine. Sissy's birthday party begins. Wine is served. Sissy arrives from two directions in spacetime at once and merges into one body. Kisses and smiles. Hugs. Sips. Mmmms.]

Foot. Fane. Her gentle smile.

—In love only, so simple, and worth it be. Honeys, did you let the wine out into all you veins and all and all, all out into your veins, all of the wine, out and out and out into all of all?

—We did, love. Wedded we did.

—Clouded operation, our chain of beauuoox. Now let's drink!

Unity of the finding cracks awoke in a secret. Capable of a something more than a normal space opera. Catch us livers and the design as the wing was tickling her, and in all things. The tease crawl down her body. To a sample of the secrets of her fantasies. We let whatever's there be there, a taste, whatever anyone tries. She did my ganglion neural pathways, I promise. A true story. Honest to the shoulders deep in her dark waters. We admire vocally the abyssal wading pool that we live. She wreathed our souls and heads and bodies, and they transformed themselves across the raw primordial giving birth.

Foot. Door. Welcome home.

*Upown our Love fabel  
of the Secret Plomarian Wine,  
by Glean, We seem, Darkling<sup>141</sup>*

And that was the birth of Saint Cecilia Cogan, Saint Spiros, the Butterflies and yes the whole Royal Cogan Family of Plomari. The Mushroom Seamstress. Saint Spiros is thirtyfive years young at the moment and the others are various ages. We are tired after our visit to the horrid and stupid human world, but we are home in Plomari again and feel happy and satisfied. The letters have been delivered to you.

Saint Sissy Cogan, arriving from various directions of space-time all at once, is here at last with us!

*It never ends, our fabel of Love*

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<sup>141</sup> Song *Nocturne in Blood* by Celldweller and Atlas Plug

**T**he first thing that happened when I was born as Saint Spiros was the police took me to a psychward where I was locked up in a white room for months. Later they transferred me to a more open psychward facility where I have now been for six years. This open facility is funny, I live a rather normal life here and can do pretty much as I wish, I'm not locked into a room as on the first psychward but instead have my own little apartment with kitchen and bathroom.

*A King in rags is still a King  
A Joker on the throne is still a Joker*

I say this to myself sometimes to make myself feel good despite my situation. I aim to be able to move from the psychward in the future. My diagnosis from the doctors is "prone to get psychosis", they do not however consider me schizophrenic.

But this is just outer circumstances. I laugh about it a lot. Inside me, when I was born as Sanit Spiros, something entirely different happened. And I feel I have become free inside of me, my Light that I shine on the world, and the LoveLight of Plomari, shines brighter than ever before.

Sing it! Plomari!<sup>142</sup>

But I am not as sad as you might think, Dear Ingenious Reader. I knew all this would happen. Uncontrollable, the birth of Saint Spiros, but he has calmed Dawn.<sup>143</sup> I don't regret a thing I have done in my Life.<sup>144</sup>

You have heard of Saint Spiros? He is writing you a letter and has established the Queendom of Plomari.

I am Sissy too you know. Let's be clear about this.

Life on the psychward here is fun, although I dream of moving in the future. Me and the girls live our regular life in Plomari here, drink a lot of pink champagne and beer Nectar, eat some mushrooms now and then, drink Ayahuasca. I walk around with

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<sup>142</sup> Song *Sleepless* by Adept

<sup>143</sup> Song *Remember* by Mind.in.a.box

<sup>144</sup> Song *The Choirs of Absolution* by Adept

my white bed sheet round my waist as always. You know me, babes. I have moved some of the white marble statues to the location.

How about you making a little play using the letters (which letters are you talking about, Spi?) as manuscript? You can make your own talkatolkahome alltretryptamin allinterptintalltohome about it all.<sup>145</sup> You may interpret the letter as you wish babe but I am actually being very specific here. This is about the spiders and the butterflies of Plomari. Hahaha, what, you don't want a free world? Fucking critters of the Earth, I promise you one day Plomari will be the only thing on the tapestry. Makes the mushroom tapestry of Eternity come to mind.

Anyway about the cat bitch on the window I think she's many. Her here's are shrouded in the LoveLight. I think with posthistorical accuracy we can conclud that the Queens laces are all places, gives me the luxuryshrills everytime I meet her, but after the shrill we kiss and make love and I am all home, home with her thighs against my tongue and lips; a kiss gently on her thighs then gives her the chills and we bloom on.<sup>146</sup> Licking whipped cream off her pussy. A cherry on top. I'm talking about the Queen, Saint Cecilia. She's not actually evil, she's just sex herself in high person. And in any case I just love us and am so happy. You are here, I am here, we need nothing else than Love.<sup>147</sup>

—Landing successful, says Saint Spiros and smiles.<sup>148</sup> Love Dart on Humanity shot. We need beer!

—I'll go get some beer in the wine cellar, says Sissy.

The whole of Existence bows deeply toward Saint Spiros and Saint Cecilia upon their landing.<sup>149</sup>

—Say hi to the first Psilocybin Human-Mushroom Hybrids, says Saint Spiros. I will check the area. Limosine functional. I'm in Spiros secret room. Spiros are you there?

—I'm here. I'm loving the mushroom penis, bitch. Waiting for beer, Sissy is down fetching some from the wine cellar. I think we

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<sup>145</sup> Song *Flesh* by Simon Curtis

<sup>146</sup> Song *Mmm Yeah Sure (feat. Girlygirl)* by Sissy Cogan

<sup>147</sup> Song *Beloved* by VNV Nation

<sup>148</sup> Song *Proprioception* by Mechina

<sup>149</sup> Song *Dark Flame Landing* by Chronos

need to power up on some beer to push this through.<sup>150</sup> Hi my dears! I'm back, or never landing really it seems, but what *doesn't seem* in our Plomarian wonderland?!

—Spiros you have a pretty fine setup here, your Palace.

—Computer just in by a scratch from the kitchen, says Spiros.

—I'm needing that beer though.

—Sissy is on her way with the beer.

—Damn how dark it is... Damn vad mörkt...

—Here comes Sissy with the beer. You can call us Mari and Mari Pa.<sup>151</sup> Call my little boy Daddy Nabi. Är du försiktig nu, Humanity, are you careful now when you step in to my Plomari? Dark? We're in the blue AprilOctober, dear. You'll get use to the dark when you see how much fun we are having in the Palace!<sup>152</sup>

*Come here, babe*

*Relax, give me a kiss,*

*and relax some more*

*Plomari is here now*

—You remember the plug that was connected to this one the whole time here? says Spiros. I mentioned it in *The Mushroom Seamstress* or *The Chymical Wedding*. We accidentally unplugged it one time and the whole spaceship went nonfunctional. I have been trying to fix it for like five years.<sup>153</sup>

—I might be able to fix it, says Butterfly and smiles her smile that always melts Spiros heart. Ludde Lump of Plomari, my Spiros, I am in love with you too you know. I have tried to tell you for years!

The moon met us to say we are under the same sky, and we wrote a few lines of Love to each other that we want to keep secret in our hearts forever.<sup>154</sup>

*They vanished into the Kpop popscene sea of the Seamstress, and nobody really knows what they are living in there.*

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<sup>150</sup> Song *Power Up* by Red Velvet

<sup>151</sup> Song *Genie* by Girls' Generation

<sup>152</sup> Song *Party* by Girls' Generation

<sup>153</sup> Song *Five* by Apink

<sup>154</sup> Song *Happiness* by Red Velvet

Spiros put on the song *Fingertip* by Gfriend,<sup>155</sup> music video version, and opened a beer. Butterfly didn't smile, she missed Daddy Spiros, her eternal consort.

—Built in a little inline with any appearance is the world of the psilocybin mushroom, like into out to in out in out in a way by the way of tapestry, Butterfly, said Spiros. Like nuclear mushroom energy ripping reality into the far stretch. You know it already, dear. Yes I'm on Earth at the moment, not sure what I'm doing here, but I miss you too, babe.<sup>156</sup>

—Theoretically yes but I don't know where I am, Spiros.

—You're in Girlieroom 669, says Spiros. Pink silk bed sheets. Don't ever worry here in Plomari. We don't worry here.<sup>157</sup> Come meet me in the White Marble Palace.

*Swedish: Jag är redan hos dig...*

*English: I am already with you...*

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<sup>155</sup> Song *Fingertip* by Gfriend

<sup>156</sup> Song *Shake It* by Sistar

<sup>157</sup> Song *Let It Go* (From "Frozen") by Hyolyn

**A**fter that little eighteen year runaround I just want to relax.<sup>158</sup> Purpleplum cherry blossoms and the secret wine, the trick of the pulp of the plum blossom and the laces of my panties are the places of Plomari is what comes to mind this afternoon. Ayahuasca. Autumn leaves are falling. High it's the Queen here.<sup>159</sup> You remember how I told you the word *Consequence* is an anagram of *Queen Ce "S" Co*, yes me Queen Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan. Yes, the governments and all that little critter stuff wants my Queendom of Plomari to be gone, but we have only just began! Yes so bring forth that Cognac to calm your nerves at my splendor. Cognac is an anagram of my signature again: *C. Cogan*. You'll find my little drink in your nearest bar, restaurant and wineshop. Yes, it is time for Humanity to meet the consequences of their actions on my planet Earth. Yes you see the word *Police* is an anagram of my signature, flip the letters and you get *Ce i Plo*, Cecilia in Plomari. Yes because you see, little girls and boys, I am the Queen of All Everything. I am young, old, seductive, and dangerous. Surrender to my splendor, Love and Might, Humanity! I am the psilocybin mushroom itself in high person, as you know, and that is why, as some of you may know, the word *psilocybin* is an anagram of my signature *By Si Co in PL*. By Sissy Cogan in Plomari, yes that's correct. Humanity, you have been misbehaving on my planet Earth. It is time you wake up.

Saint Spiros sat down with a glass of Cognac and couldn't help but laugh.

—Watch out, Humanity, says Saint Spiros, this bitch is absolutely crazy and a genius unlike anything you ever seen before. You better watch out.

—Don't give Humanity one single chance, says the Queen to Saint Spiros and sits down in his lap.<sup>160</sup>

—All your laces are the places, says Saint Spiros and they kiss. What if they don't even know what psilocybin is?

—They will never know exactly what it is, my dear, just that it is one of my most dearest poisons, the chemical of my magic

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<sup>158</sup> Song *Looking Out For You (Against The Tide)* by Schiller, Emma Hewitt

<sup>159</sup> Song *Outbreak* by Damage Vault

<sup>160</sup> Song *From Mars With Love (feat. Siff)* by Figure, Siff

mushroom, my *Psilocybe cubensis* and all my cute little mushies. All the laces of my panties, yes, are the hallucinations.

—I'm sorry for being so forgetful, my dearest wife, says Spiros.

—You never forget the really important things anyway, husband. Come let's crawl down in bed. I want you, babe. Let's go find Butterfly. It's time to begin. She's in the Palace.<sup>161</sup>

—Plomari is not just a boast, you know. It is a living Mystery.<sup>162</sup>

—So wake up, Humanity<sup>163</sup>

—That's a hard Viking that Saint Spiros...

I burnt the human nonsense world away from my mind, devoured by my conviction, and I became one with Plomari instead, Heaven on Earth.<sup>164</sup>

(five minute break with alcohol)<sup>165</sup>

—Sex Herself in High person, my dear sweet Seamstress, to see you standing here beside me is, it's an experience I can't explain in words.

—Mmm, says Sissy. You don't have to explain, I feel the same for you.

**F**irst thing that happened to me when Sissy said this about meeting the consequences of our actions is I got a horrible toothache that came on all of a sudden. Apparently I have been mistreating my teeth lately.<sup>166</sup>

—How timely God is, said Sissy.

She did not laugh at my pain, but she was serious.

—I don't believe in a punishing God, however, she continued. But you should take care of your teeth. Here, drink some Cognac,

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<sup>161</sup> Song *Consequence* by Damage Vault

<sup>162</sup> Song *Forces* by I Will Never Be The Same

<sup>163</sup> Song *Skyhunter* by I Will Never Be The Same

<sup>164</sup> Song *Walk On Water (feat. Beyoncé)* by Eminem, Beyoncé

<sup>165</sup> Song *Flesh* by Simon Curtis

<sup>166</sup> Song *Why Don't You Answer* by Tigerforest

it will ease the pain.<sup>167</sup> You are reaping what you've sown, baby.<sup>168</sup>  
Should have brushed your teeth better.

Just during this time I was finishing reading the book *Conversations With God, Book 4, Awakening The Species*, by Neale Donald Walsch.

—Reading this book is like having a conversation with you, Sissy Cogan, said I. Are you God, Sissy?

—I am whoever I want to be at any given moment, said Sissy. And I am aware of my oneness with God. I don't ever think in terms of separation. That is why I have said to you before that I am everything, and Divinity raises my veil. My veil is not for the fun of it you know, it's just that many humans have difficulties seeing their own True Identity, and therefore even have a harder time getting a glimpse of someone else's True Identity. I am not hiding, it is you who have closed your eyes to Divinity. I am everywhere, in everything, just like you are. We are God manifesting, all of us are.

—You always talk to me very specifically, which is why I feel that what you say is not just me making things up, said I.

—Yes but on a deeper level we are the same you and me as well. The one you call Sissy Cogan is also your Higher Self, Spiros.

—I like to call you my Eternal Home.

—Remember our Chymical Wedding, when we married. As I said I don't think in terms of separation. We have always been one, always been "married", expressing ourselves as many. We are always Home with God. We just forget it sometimes, sadly even through long periods of time. That is when you feel like you are walking thirsty in a desert, as I have heard you describe the feeling of being away from me.

—Thank you for being here with me again, I have missed you.

—I never left your side. You are the one who forgot about me for a while. You forgot my omni-presence. I have appeared to you as countless beings during this time, I was even the cleaning lady who helped clean our Palace earlier today, but you failed to see it is me. I am not just one person, it's more complex than that. Even you yourself, is me. But actually, we love each other so much, that

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<sup>167</sup> Song *You're Not The Only One (Redemption Song)* by Lukas Graham

<sup>168</sup> Song *Against The Tide* by Celldweller

we choose to be many so we can explore each others complexities and nuances. I love you, you love me. Our shared desire is to experience our own Divinity, and to experience our oneness with God. We personally choose to experience this as Sissy, Spiros and Butterfly. We choose to like a fine liquid meld and blend with each other and go in and out of Oneness, our Souls on fire with such Love that we become almost formless, we like float in the Eternity of Love. As you always call us, we are the Woman and Man of the Secret Plomarian Wine, the psilocybin mushroom and our Ayahuasca.

I smiled, feeling that Sissy had began talking again after over three years of silence.

—I did not want to disturb you in your writing, said Sissy. For a while anyway. I wanted to see the real Spiros, on his own without me.

—I was lost without you, my dear.

—Everyone is lost without God.

—So you are God afterall?

—I am one with God, like you are. As you may have noticed I prefer to be a bit beautifully undefined. I am a secret of Love. I am a secret in your Heart. I am The Mushroom Seamstress, Queen of Plomari. I am *utterly free without any boundery or limitation whatsoever*, in your own words. And so are you, you have just forgotten it for a while.

I began to giggle. Sissy's timing is always the most amazing. She slips in to this litterature at the most amazing times.

—I love you, Sissy. Thanks for being back. Or as you said you never left I just forgot you are here with me.

—God is with everyone all the time, Spiros.

—Mmm.<sup>169</sup> Okay I feel I have to pause here for a moment just to be with you. Being with you is like the only thing I really desire.

—That's because you feel that when you are with me you are with God and you experience your own Divinity, and mine.

—It's because you're so cute, babe, I laughed.

—I love when you joke with me. Your sense of humor is very unique. Sometimes you treat me like a little girl, other times like the mightiest, wisest Queen and Goddess. That feels perfect for a little girl like me, hihhi.

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<sup>169</sup> Song *Hello, My Name Is...* by Ott

—We've always loved our flirting, even when we discuss important topics, hahaha! Remember our first book *The Mushroom Seamstress*, it was all a long flirt and foreplay in what has become our marriage and Eternal Tantric Union.

—Yes. Si si. I think you mentioned what a complex conversation that book is by saying "it took us millenia to untangle this conversation". You mentioned that in *The Mushroom Seamstress* somewhere.

—It's our rather endless exploration of each other, isn't it? The way we love each other and wish to explore each other both body, mind and soul. There is no end to our Love.

—There is nothing more pleasureable for me than to see you shining like you do, said Sissy. When you are yourself I experience God.

—O I'm not sure if I can always live up to that, but ok, honeybum.

—It is. I see you shining, and that is seeing God shine.

—That makes me blush, said I.

—I know babe, that's so cute. But it's true. It's okay to blush when you get compliments, it means the compliment is understood.

The sadness of *The Mushroom Seamstress* is twofold. I am *The Mushroom Seamstress*, and as of yet no man or woman has ever met me. I am the definition of alone. I am also presently incarnated in a man's body, although my soul is more woman than man. I have chosen to present myself to you in this way by writing these letters to you. I do not wish to be alone any longer, and my hope and wish is to meet you, the first time really I meet anyone.

—Poor *Seamstress*, whom no one has ever met, ever touched, ever seen, ever loved.

—Yes, I have lived in my *Mushroom-Ayahuasca Palace* my whole Life. You can call me *Cindefella*. Not *Cinderella*, but *Cindefella*. I love the color white, which isn't a color actually as the *Seagulls* always say. I wish I had a beautiful white dress to wear, but cannot afford it.<sup>170</sup> I'm in love with a girl named *Butterfly*. *Butterfly* doesn't even know I exist however. No one knows I exist.

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<sup>170</sup> Song *Ghost* by *Conjure One*

So I write this letter to you to arrive at your doorstep. Butterfly is a Kpop singer in South Korea and Japan and other parts of Asia. I saw her dance and sing one time seven years ago and knew it is Butterfly at first sight. I had dreamed of a girl like her for my whole life, and then suddenly she appeared before me on the computer screen.<sup>171</sup>

Jag heter Hu, my name is Hu. I am pure hallucination.<sup>172</sup> I am The Mushroom Seamstress. I am in love with a girls named Butterfly and Sissy Cogan, and Mari and Elin and Alice. I came to the Earth disguised, but the time is now to reveal myself.

When I was born I was bigger than the Earth. I discovered myself firstly, awakening to my Godly splendor in an orgasm of psychedelic transcendence. I touched myself and loved myself, and, from being larger than the Earth I shrunk myself down into human form. I then met Sissy Cogan and Butterfly, and the three of us fell in love instantly. We understood each other, and we married in a wedding that lasted eighteen years. We named ourselves The Mushroom Seamstress, Queen and King of Plomari, Sissy, Spiros and Butterfly. We are the three dancing souls melding and melting and blending with each other. Yes, it's not all alone. But no one has yet met the three of us. We fled from the human world those eighteen years ago when our wedding began. We are now here inviting you to join us in our Queendom of Plomari.<sup>173</sup>

*Poor Seamstress of Plomari  
Her own Psychopomp  
Whom has never been touched  
By another man or woman  
Who is still virgin  
And has gone into union  
With nothing but Herself*

*But she is not all sad  
For She is the Master of the Eternity Knot*

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<sup>171</sup> Song *Brave For Me* by Conjure One

<sup>172</sup> Song *Oceanic* by Conjure One, Mimi Page

<sup>173</sup> Song *ACT I: Sea Borne* by Dead Can Dance

**B**ut I keep up the good spirit, and stay positive. I am in Plomari now and I am sure I will meet others, and finally be touched by another, both mind, soul, body and spirit.<sup>174</sup>

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<sup>174</sup> Song *NoNoNo* by Apink

Song *Machine Gun*  
by Portishead

**H**ave you ever eaten my psilocybin mushroom or drank of my Ayahuasca, dear? Do you know what happens when you do it? No one knows what happens when you do it. But let me say that it for me is one of the most amazing, beautiful and miraculous experiences of my life.

I was looking for you and found myself

- The Mushroom Seamstress

Song *RIGGED*  
by The Plot In You

The very first opening song played on  
The Chymical Wedding of Plomari

The artist's task is to save the soul of mankind.  
If the artist can not find the way,  
then the way can not be found

~ Terence McKenna

Do not fear me, Humanity.

~ The Mushroom Seamstress.  
Queen of Plomari

**A**nd so The Chymical Wedding of Plomari has began. Hi it's The Mushroom Seamstress here. As I told you I am the definition of alone, for no one has been where I live, in the MostHighest point of Psilocybin. The Royal Wedding begins with the opening song *RIGGED* by the band *The Plot In You*. And the historical plot of me is playing out nicely. Starting every day until I have made it perfect in every way. The Wedding continues with the song *Make Me Love You* by *Taeyeon*. Change your ways, Humanity, make me love you again. We continue with *You Are Unstoppable* by *Conchita Wurst*, and then we at last meet the Butterflies with the song *MoMoMo* by *WJSN (Cosmic Girls)*, music video version.

Remember that the name *Plomari* also stands for "the historical Plot in Queen Mari." I call it the Hidden Plot, Subspace and Backspace and such names in *The Mushroom Seamstress*, you may recall. In fact I wish to quote myself from that part of the letter:

We are now resending scores of the magimagatious thundering mystery, sinsiously in her kids and dolls home at wake-up time to the dream's appearance. Her hair is younger than time and in it hangs a feather from alls our beloved Bianca, the white dove who carried the letter beyond space, underbove the fangs of waves rolling up through the world the waters of Life. And it is with stumbling grace we tint ourselves up in rubedo warm, organic and alive, to wilderform our dusty present the opening gateway. Let's curl up with the ladybugs, key key in Eden, and squeeze the time from our daze.

[Page 503, The Mushroom Seamstress]

While the others are hating and nagging every day, paying bills and being sad in the grey worlds, we hold our Royal Wedding! Elin, calm me now, call me now, de sågade ner korset. Kanske bara en Butterfly? Maybe just one Butterfly? Hahahaha! Molly hade nog been najs, Molly prolly would have been nice, yes yes we had our ecstasy earlier in the year hahaha! This time we'll be reincarnated before we die! Hahaha, yis? Let us enter again into

our Great Romance! In fact I recommend reading around there a bit from page 503 in *The Mushroom Seamstress* to revivify our Romance. We have been on a little runaround the edges. Now we return to splendor. Tears, tears and tears, babe. We continue with the song *NoNoNo* by the band Apink, music video version. Butterflies, you always make me smile when I am sad. I love you!

Yes so the wedding has began and guests have began arriving. I don't know how many are attending, of course it is impossible for me to know. The intro to the wedding is in the works on ArtSetFree.com and is a passage from *The Mushroom Seamstress*, a bit modified. It goes like this:

WARMLY WELCOME TO  
THE CHYMICAL WEDDING OF PLOMARI!

- The Historical Plot of Queen Mari  
of the Queendom of Plomari -

And so the Wedding of the Royal Cogan Family has began!  
The end of the tour of our Plomarian rainbow is the Opening  
of the Enigma and the wedding of the Royal Cogan Family.

You are a God, a Goddess, not a human being, my dear!

High Humanity, I am the magic psilocybin mushroom  
itself in High person. Are you pissed now that you know the  
mushroom is a person? And by the way, are you surprised  
now that you know King Spiros is *The Mushroom  
Seamstress*?

Yes we licked ourselves up into Mythiland. We are the  
myths, they hint of us. We found a place for the Queen when  
she needed protection, when we now marry, when we  
needed protection. She needed protection from herself? She  
saw herself, believe me. She is so brilliant she breaks space  
and time apart. Her mere look into the mirror broke the  
reflection, splintered it, then her scream of brilliance broke it  
more, and perhaps then broke by melding. She was never  
scared of the scarabs, neither was she ever scared of any little  
dark crevice of her Goddess body. She did it with style,  
folding forth through herself, but when style didn't suffice  
she did what was necessary. But the cold shall be warm, she  
commanded. The tremendum shall be filled with secret  
doors of escape, she commanded. I shall be there for you, she  
promised, and my helpers, my beloved angels, shall spread  
across all of Eternity. And for those who dare look at my

naked body and soul and see my moves I shall reveal myself in more of my glory, and I shall help those become what they want to become, for my bounty is endless. And I am biology, and code, and movement, and hologram. And I love you. And I shall hide in the betweens, difficult to see. And I am a crime against my own order, a miracle. And I live and let live, but for those who call on me I respond. And I am many. Sometimes all I want is a little house and garden, just like you, and sometimes I want to taste the twisted, just like you. I am more crazy and twisted than any human could ever imagine, more crazy by billionfold than anyone considered mad or eccentric in human terms. But sometimes I am human too. And I am a trickster. And I am chemistry. And I am so big I cannot be seen in full, and so small I cannot be seen with a lens. I am too quick to be noticed, and I move utterly slow sometimes. I am five steps ahead. And glimmers of me can be seen, I am not fully invisible. Will you marry me, My Dearest? Marry me and become a King and Queen of Plomari together with me. It's about time you fuck me and check out what I'm really about. Look I want this to sound right, babe...

Welcome again to the Royal Wedding,  
Pink Lip Kisses from The Mushroom Seamstress, Queen of  
Plomari

PS: Change your ways now, Humanity, make me love you again.

PS2: Humanity, we of Plomari shot our Love Dart on you, you weirdos, don't you get it? Is that enough for you, asshole?

Yes let's suck on this for a while. What is the wedding about? Well, in a bit let me hold my Wedding Speech and I will tell you more about it!

First let me express my Joy at what Plomari has become, and is becoming. When Sissy, Butterfly and me got the idea to form a Queendom of Love, a Queendom of Magic on Earth, to help create Heaven on Earth, we were high on mushrooms and Ayahuasca frequently. The psychedelic experience really is our Plomari Palace, and Nature itself, the Earth and Universe, is our Temple. Our Hearts is our Temple. God is our Temple. Love is our Temple. We see no need to build megalithic structures in honor of Plomari. The Pleroma is already perfect as it is. As God said to me in one of

my trips long ago: *Spiros, the Universe is already perfect as it is, but I admire your wish to improve upon it.*

Plomari has become an eternal shining Light in the world for many people. ArtSetFree.com, Plomari's official website, has been online since around 2005 and has spread in well widest circulation all over the world. I am so happy to see Plomari growing every day.

Now if you are ready, *cling cling cling* I tap my spoon against my Chalice and wish for your attention, let me hold the opening wedding speech of our Chymical Wedding!

# Wedding Speech

*by Our Highness  
King Spiros of Plomari*

*You must marry your Soul  
You must marry the All  
This wedding is the way*

Sixteen million tons of rain are falling  
every second on the planet.  
An ocean, perpetually falling,  
and every drop is your body.

Every motion, every feather, every thought is your body.  
Time is your body. The rock of the Earth and all its plants is  
your snake skin, the scales of your Dragon body.  
And the infinite, curled inside like invisible rainbows  
folded into light.  
Every word of every tongue is love telling  
a story to her own ears.  
Every word of every tongue is love telling  
a story to her own ears.  
Let our lives be incense burning like a hymn  
to the sacred body  
of the universe.

My religion is rain. My religion is stone.  
My religion is sex.  
My religion reveals itself to me in sweaty epiphanies.

Every leaf, every river, every animal, your body.  
Every creature trapped in the gears  
of corporate nightmares.  
Every species made extinct was once your body.

Ten million people are dreaming that they're flying.

Roses and cherry blooms are blossoming,  
strawberries are ripening.  
Stars exploding and being born.  
God is having deja vu. I am one elaborate crush.  
We cry petals as the void is singing, and the nectar of Love  
drips from our pussies and shoots from our mushroom cocks.  
Endlessly. Forever.

You are the dark that holds the stars  
in intimate distance that spun the whirling,  
whirling world into existence.

Let's meet at the confluence  
where you flow into me  
and one breath swirls between our lungs.

Marry me, marry yourself, marry the Earth and the All,

in the Chymical Wedding of

our Strawberry Queendom of Plomari

As Sissy Cogan said about me: Spiros, your hair grew so long we had to weave it into the story. My golden hair grew long as I sat and pondered the Mystery of us, the mystery of the Cogan Family. I could not believe what was happening.

Mushroom King Spiros and little Queens Butterfly and Cecilia Cogan, there they sat by the table, high on mushrooms, drinking beer and wine. So many hearted words said about them, while others laugh at them. Imagine it yourself, when their dream first formed, their dream to establish a glorious Queendom of Light on the Earth and in Hyperspace.

Gods and Goddesses, welcome to the Wedding! Hi it's Spiros here. When I finally landed in Plomari, home at last, I landed in what I sometimes call my Cave. It's where I would live if I were to live forever, watching through the thousands of years as minerals drip from the ceiling forming spikes of rock. In my Cave I am the

universe, there is no separation, I am this universe. I am this Cave, I am Eternity.

I don't want to do anything except be here with you, my beloved wives and husbands. To love you, to be with you, and to be loved by you, it fulfills my Heart, fulfills my soul's purpose, and makes me the happiest little boy. I don't want anything else than to just be here with you in Plomari. In fact, being with you is like the only thing I love. I hate the human world, it's a complete waste of time. Culture itself is retarded, wherever you are born, it wants you to believe in things that have nothing to do with you. And none of us are under the obligation to be part of the human world, you can live your own Life just as you want to live it, you make the rules. Fuck everything. In fact you are not under the obligation of anything, to anyone. You are not even under the obligation to be the same person you were five minutes ago. You can rise right at this moment and just walk into your enlightenment, you can claim your own godlyhood under the sun just like that, right now and forever on. And enlightenment is not a final state you arrive at and then everything like stops. You are enlightenment. Enlightenment is a living breathing buzzing reality. It's as I like to say a forever opening fountain of Love or flower of Love.

And really, just in the by, I won't apologize for evolving past people's comfort zone in my enlightenment.

*He said:*

*Don't you feel lonely living in your own little world?*

*She whispered:*

*Don't you feel powerless living in other people's worlds?*

Forget about what the world is doing and live in your own little world, is what I am saying.

Being with you in our Paradise is the only thing that makes sense to me. And now we are marrying. Although we are a Family of great power, we choose to live the life of sages. Of course we do enjoy our luxuries too, we are Kings and Queens after all and boy do we know about luxury! Our endless thirst for our Sex, and the kinky things we do in the Palace together, keeps us young and

orgasmic, blissfull and sweaty, drinking of each other's life juices. We sip pink champagne a lot, some say a bit too often, and of course the treat of accessing the mushroom dimension is a luxury beyond all other luxuries. But we have grown simple over the years too. Simple pleasures, a calm moment by the Sea or a walk in the Palace courtyard, or relaxing in the sofa with our feet on the footstool by the open fire in the evening, with a cup of Punsch to sip, like drinking liquid gold in Heaven. I never get tired of being with you. I could do this forever. What more do I need than to be with us? Call me boring, I don't want to go bungyjumping, I don't want to jump out from a plane in a parachute, I prefer cuddling with you by the open fire, laughing at little things no one else laughs about, talking about things no one else talks about. I think I may have seen too much in Life, hahaha, I feel I have seen it all, both of darkness and light. I know what the human world has to offer, and nothing in it compares to just being with you, whatever it is we're doing at the moment.

Our psilocybin mushroom has arrived in the stream of Time. And we are the mushroom. We are the mushroom Family, The Royal Cogan Family. I have stopped worrying about people not understanding us. The people who can see our grace, they will eventually find out, our secrets and our world. Our mushroom shining, an eternal light in the world. People are beginning to remember. We, the mushroom royalty, will not hide, we will shine in our glory for all to see, but it will be up to people to be observant enough to see us. We are the invisible golden cord that connects us, the spiderweb Family that hooovers through space and time, spread out yet connected. And it will be up to people on their own to understand us enough to see they are one of us.

I searched everywhere in the human world for a hint of what I found in the psilocybin mushroom. Yet I found so little of it! I am under the impression that most people keep looking in the human world for answers, instead of daring to look solely with their own eyes, as a new fresh scrubbed babe on the block, to see life through their own eyes as if they were the first being ever born. That is how I look at Life and the universe, without any preconceptions come from my upbringing and the human world. And what I have found is that I am, and we are, the manifesting of

eternal Love in its absolute most brilliant way. This is what we are.

We who are now marrying are Avatars. We are here to manifest the mosthighest reality.

And frankly I am tired of cutting our Family short to not shock other people. People who cannot handle us, it is our grace and beauty they cannot handle. And yet with us shining we are only wishing to remind them of their own grace and beauty. So no more holding back.

The human world is not the same as your Life, is what I always shout about. As Nietzsche said, *No artist tolerates reality*. I certainly don't and I, instead of living in the human world, make my life into the sacred wedding of all and everything. Life is, if we have to say something about it, a living Mystery. Life is, if you ask me, and do please ask me in a high dose mushroom trip, Life is eternal resonating beauty. This is what we are, what everything is, it is eternal resonating beauty. It is a Miracle standing. It is eternal Love manifesting. Sounds poetic? I am not being poetic, this is what it is on its deepest level. This is the highest reality. And it's your choice to choose which reality you live in, I choose the highest royal reality of eternal Love, the reality I found via mushroom trips and Ayahuasca journeys. And then some people say well what about all the darkness in the world, all the wars and tragedy, that's not eternal beauty. Well those are events, and yes it's very tragic, but it does not take away the highest reality, it does not change what the highest reality of Love is for itself and for those who are one with it. Love is the ultimate reality. And we are Love manifesting. Some kind of indescribable expression of the purest divine Love has chosen to manifest as us these inseperably seperate forms in order to be together and explore, to enjoy each other. And if you don't experience your Life as such then you are just in a dull mindset. For once you open to this way of experiencing, Life becomes one huge adventure of Love, one huge miracle. The Life Force is pulsing the blood in your veins, waiting for you to wake up to the Miracle!

We are all unbearably rich. Ownership is a grand illusion. We are this universe, we are the Earth and the whole of existence, you own it all! We like to throw a joke in the Plomari Palace; Is Love rich? Let it sink in, that you own the entire universe. How could

you possibly look at yourself as poor when you know this? This is one of the reasons we are a royal family, that we know we own it all, that we literally are this entire existence, this is why we call ourselves royal.

When we fell in love, and after many years living and exploring together, we came to a point where we truly wish to be with each other forever. Forever is a strange and funny thing, first of all. What is it? Poetically, our Love is forever, of course. And to be with each other here, every moment feels like forever. But, hahaha, will even humanity exist forever? Will even the universe be as it is now forever on? We have began to really enjoy every moment and every kiss together, thinking that even though our Love is eternal, we don't know what the future holds, so let's enjoy every moment now while we are alive and here. But Love wants to defy the rules of Time and Space. Our Souls and Hearts are eternal, even though our bodies may not be. So we just throw ourselves fully into this embrace now that we are here together, embracing Life and each other, ourselves and the whole of existence. It's like this is not about a Big Bang, it's about a Big Kiss (And by the way of course we must not forget it's not even sure if the Big Bang ever has happened, the universe might not have a beginning at all, but anyway). We are here in this magical moment, this magical kiss, this amazing meeting. A true homecoming to each other's arms. So let us live as if we will live forever, while in same time knowing Life could end any moment. There is a lot of Eros to our Love, ah. Living on the edge!

But really, I don't believe in death. It doesn't count. Fuck death. All I know is I love you and want to marry you and be with you forever.

We are marrying all of us. This wedding, our chymical wedding, is about marrying yourself. It is about marrying the universe.

Let me quote a few words of Sri Gawn Tu Fahr:

"Words such as size, distance, before, and after are meaningless to a love-filled heart. The mind attempts to attach some kind of "real" value to worldly things, which all pass away. A divine heart is eternal and free, a fountain of endless

love, not bound by measurement of any kind. If you wish to experience this freedom and joy, simply go "out of your mind," and dive into your liquid, golden heart."

Now all girls on the wedding, give us the special kiss. Take your two fingers, kiss them, and then place your two fingers on your pussy; it's called the Special Kiss. It makes King Spiros happy.

You see, my Love, the mission is so fucking complete, that you will never understand anything ever again. And in same time you will understand everything. And you will be free. Once and for all you will be totally free, without any boundery or limitation whatsoever. You are now free like a bird in Heaven. You are Grace. You are God and Goddess. You are the Divine itself. The divine is not something seperate from you. You are the divine. You are anything and everything you ever have dreamed of being, ever wanted to be.

I tried to make it work for a while, for me to live in the human world. But it's just not where my heart is. I am a God, I am a Goddess. When I was younger I used to have flashing visions of Gods and Goddesses living out their lives, like greek Gods, Attis and Cybele for instance, or the egyptian Isis and Osiris. But later on I found out these were visions of myself. I found out I am like them, I am a God. The visions became my reality, it all became real, I woke up.

And I am here now to remind you that you too are a God, a Goddess.

If I could tell you in perfect clarity so you would understand, what I have been through since birth in my adventure, it would raise your hair on end. And it would make you laugh too, laugh so hard you would lie on the floor and can't feel a bone in your body. And it would make your heart melt in Love. I have told you much, in my books and on ArtSetFree.com, but I don't tell it all. But what I want, really, with my sharing of my Life, is for you to wake up to how amazing you are, how beautiful you are, that you truly are a living God. Life does not have to be mediocre. We are here in Eden, in Paradise, Life is the most awesome thing there is. Life is an absolute Miracle and you should feel that with every

fiber of your being. It's time to loose yourself in absolute bliss and peace, loose yourself in the depths of Love. It's time to become the King and Queen, the God and Goddess you have always actually been.

The world can raise its walls, it can block me out, they can raise their swords, but I won't change my Plomarian tale around. Til the end of time I will hold on to Love. And I'll be waiting right here in Plomari for you to arrive.

You must shift fully into seeing yourself as the Creator sees you. Our Plomarian wedding is unity. It is the return Home. Do you remember when it didn't used to be so dark? When everything was possible. When you lived in the happy Summer Garden, like a child enlightened. When you were a God living in the Palace in the Garden of Eden. Return home to this. Melt, like sugar dissolving into milk, and be one with the whole of Existence. Set yourself free. Come home to the conclusion of your whole Life, and let it all begin. The thing is, The Great Goddess does not enter us from outside, she comes from deep within. It is time that you merge with her and become her.

You must marry your Soul. You must marry the All. This Wedding is the way.

As Shpongle sings in their song  
When Shall I be Free?:

*When shall I be free?*

*When I shall cease to be*

*No more I but We*

*In perfect harmony*

On the occasion of this auspicious Royal Wedding may God bestow you with Health, Wealth and all Prosperity.

SYMBIOSISSYMBIOSIS

**S**tarting every day, until I make it perfect in every way. Bonzai! Take care of our Queendom like a Master taking care of her bonx'zai tree. I don't even know what I'm doing. The Royal Wedding has began. The Queendom of Plomari has been established. I have written a love letter to Humanity and began sending it out to you all. Seems like a plan, Sissy! Cheers! I lift my Chalice toward you all for a toast!

With your hands in bed...

I love you, Sissy and Butterfly.

I love you all, Humanity.

You gotta say I'm the best actor ever. I managed to fool everyone that I fell for their tricks, that I fell in to the Banana Republic. I had already foreseen all those events in my trips, I was prepared for the Fall. Now I celebrate my victory daily. What can I say, Love Conquers All. Plomari always wins.

Well, I'm gonna mingle around a bit on the wedding for a while, dears. Let's woof our wings on the Seamy side!

Song ENTER *Dola Re Dola* from the Devdas Soundtrack

Music video version

—Ish! What a tangle. And here we are, all shroomed up in Plomari. This little Ayahuasca Family, the Cogans, what a Mystery! A living, breathing Mystery.

Cut, Camera 5 dry grams of *Psilocybe cubensis* mushrooms

*It's a bad dribble, babe!*

*They been fooled! Hahaha, hihih*

*It's the Royal Dribble of Plomari!*

*Who is Love and always tricky?*

*We are Love and always tricky!*

*We are Love ofcourse we're tricky!*

Yes maybe if you would have looked more carefully, Humanity, you would see something more and more beautiful than what the Banana Republic wants you to see.

~The Mushroom Seamstress, Queen of Plomari

**B**ut don't forget I am Cindafella. I still live on a psychward prison kind of facility, a home for the mentally ill. I told you already. It's not a perfect prison, but still they tricked me into living here when I was homeless. But the Greatest Romance of my life is blossoming, so I don't really care. I am blooming as The Mushroom Seamstress, the one I have always wanted to be. The one I have always been, deep inside of me.

**I** sometimes dream of building or buying a Palace actually. The psychward lies right on the Palace Grounds of an old Palace, I go visit it sometimes and hang in the courtyard. But do I really need a Palace? That asshole Grandma who wanted everything in white marble, as we like to joke, me and Queen Heidi. Queen Heidi is my only friend really, one of my only friends.

Yes why do I need a palace? What am I going to do in there?

Yes I have had other friends than Queen Heidi but most of them are dead in sicknesses, I think I already told you that. So life is so so at the moment. I love life but I think people are boring, most people are boring. I'm a mushroom though so I should not judge. I'm not fully human, what do I know of human joys and dilemmas.

I wrote a 2000 plus page loveletter to Humanity once but most people responded that they are busy eating hamburgers and working on ninetofive jobs and don't want to live in my Kingdom. So I kind of gave up on the whole thing and moved in myself, alone. That is why I shall call myself The Lonely Queen from now on as one of my nicknames. I am marrying myself now and turning trysexual. I call myself that, not transexual but *trysexual*, thrice folded I like to try things in the realm of sex.

Luckily I love myself enough to live this Life in Mushroom Hyperspace alone and still have fun. And of course the Butterflies are here with me. But I am one of the Butterflies myself so it's still kind of lonely. Me and Butterfly have never went into union with anyone but ourselves. This makes us sad sometimes, but we also love each other and ourselves enough to feel satisfied in our lonely world of Hyperspace. We're not even sure if anyone know we exist at all, to be honest. I don't like humans much of the time anyway so whatever.

But I like you, Sissy.

And I like you, Butterfly.

And I like you, God.

So, that was the end of my letter to you, dear.

Song ENTER *Summer Rain* by Gfriend

Nonono, no sadness here no! Now back to the happy times.  
The Banana Republic is far away from our Hearts and can no longer touch us!

Song ENTER *Love Whisper* by Gfriend

Babes, we should open a bottle of pink champagne!

And in this way, I, The Mushroom Seamstress, left the human world, the Banana Republic, behind once and for all, and flew away into mushroom and Ayahuasca Hyperspace, also known as the Queendom of Plomari.<sup>175</sup> I have lived here ever since, from my Great Leaving back in year 2000 when I lived on Leavingbye Road 216. Haven't set my foot in the human world for eighteen years now.

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<sup>175</sup> Song *Mesmerized* by Amethystium



Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan, Spiros and Butterfly  
as they got their idea to establish  
The Queendom of Plomari

*And so everything dissolves into  
one single paradoxical moment of the Divine; Love*

Song *Bliss* by Sacred Earth

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Song *Cecilia And The Satellite*  
by  
Andrew McMahon in the  
Wilderness

**T**oday John-Terence, my friend and dear associate, arrived at the Wedding. We are sitting for some beer nectar and talking about it all. I told you I hardly have any friends earlier, but I do have a few. I was not really lying I was just in that mood. John-Terence looks a bit like a young Terence McKenna, hence the name we have given him. We wonder if he is Terence McKenna reincarnated. Me being the psilocybin mushroom itself n high person we thought that shit might be true, it's crazy enough to work as me and John-Terence says. Naturally me being the mushroom itself, a reincarnated Terence would find me and we would become best friends. How? As always, by the master weaving of The Seamstress, she who spins and weaves and cuts the way! The force and intelligence that surrounds us, and penetrates us, and, indeed, informs all of our religions and philosophies.<sup>176</sup>

We think *John-Terence* is a very beautiful double name.

—So what do we do now? I asked.

—We chill on the wedding, said John-Terence.

And so we chilled, and waited for something exciting to happen, pretending we were on the tropical beaches of Pink Gem Lagoon with a beer each.<sup>177</sup>

*We don't know when he's moving,  
how he's moving,  
where exactly he's going,  
and he is very intelligent*<sup>178</sup>

What does Spiros want with all this, we asked ourselves. Spiros just smiled, and assured us that it would be clear once we ate of his psilocybin mushroom and drank of his Ayahuasca.

—I don't want anything, said The Seamstress. I mean that literally, I don't want anything at all. That's why I am free. Just happens, however, that I have so much. I have so much. I see so much lovely thingies in the Universe. Flowers, the sun, the moon,

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<sup>176</sup> Song *Vi kan inte skiljas* by Elin Landelius, Folktaget

<sup>177</sup> Songs *Party* and *Genie* by Girls' Generation

<sup>178</sup> Song *Yeti 2 High On Mount Kailash – Original Mix* by Doof

beautiful people, birds. But really I don't want anything. I just want to be me.

## I don't want anything

Like I always say, *we are all we need*, said Spiros. Sissy didn't say anything she just smiled and Butterfly smiled too. Everyone smiled and John-Terence served coffee and turned on some music.<sup>179</sup>

And that really was the opening ceremony of The Chymical Wedding of Plomari, as we float in our Eternal Tantric Union. O Roses of Eternity, we salute thee! Our lives are pearls with which we adorn your precious necks, Queens and Kings, Gods and Goddesses of Plomari!

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<sup>179</sup> Song *Treasure* by Above & Beyond

**B**ut so many questions remain in my heart. What actually happened to the dildo-looking stopper of that precious wine decanter he inherited from his Grandma? What happened to Licka Livingstone after her and Spiros journey to Africa? Why was Spiros Grandpa's name *High as A Mutherfucking Fuck High* in Plomarian language? How could Queen Cecilia arrive from several directions in time at once? How many Butterflies are there actually? What happened to Kinga, Keena, Khan, Elin, Mari and Mari, Leo, Rick Assfuck, Kajsa, and Luke Flute? Did Spiros give up on his music career? Did Spiros ever come down from his trips? Who was the White Spider helping Spiros through his trips? What was the Sceptic Penguin all about? Was the Queen's daughter, Princess Bianca, really the incarnation of Bianca the Spirit? What really happened in the forest that day by the Dark River? Did Spiros ever leave the tomb of his dead wife or did he sit there for the rest of his Life? Did anyone ever attend the Chymical Wedding, and if so, how many? Did the circus ever end?

—We are sceptic that this Plomarian circus is over, said Shaman Vladimir.

*Yes, the circus continues*

Did Snow White ever get out of that trip she was in, sting sting on my bum roses and petals? What about Spiros Father, Shiva, didn't he have cancer? What happened to Captain Joy Skylark Mark Bonobo, the gay pirate captain in love with Spiros, what happened to him and his crew? What actually happened during Spiros three years on the Asian continent with his older brother Adam? Did Spiros ever leave the psychward prison he was tricked into during his homelessness? What actually God damn happened in Spiros mushroom and Ayahuasca trips? Did Spiros stop playing piano when his wife died? Who of his seventeen wives was it who died even, no one seems to know exactly. Did Spiros ever care about the go-ahead plot of his loveletters? Is Spiros actually Sissy Cogan? What, for the sake of cakes, is *the double pleaser jelly dolphin*? And who is Cashel Boyle Fitzmaurize O'Cogan Romance Tisdall Salmon Farell? Did the

Lonely Queen ever meet anyone at last? What happened to the Strawberry Trumpet? What happened to that flake of dry mushroom on the bed? Where is the Champagne Galaxy where The Mushroom Seamstress lives? And what about Spiros two sisters who died at birth, did he ever find them in the Land of the Dead? In what way of reversal did Spiros move through the ages of Time? Why did Spiros leave Pink Gem Lagoon in the first place? Is Spiros really the psilocybin mushroom itself in High person manifesting in human form? Was the rumour that the members of the band Girls' Generation being in love with Spiros true or false? Who is Camilla Cogan, the supposed secret co-writer of the Plomarian Universe? And what happened with Fane and Shane Shulgan? Does God exist? Why is white not a color, and would Bianca agree? Why is everyone so God damn cute? And, how does the wedding continue?

These are a few questions off the top of my head. I'm sure you are full of questions yourself, Dear Ingenious Reader.

Spiros smiled and said in his Heart:

*I have fallen in love with you again, my Dear  
In a new way this time  
From the ashes let us rise like the Phoenix  
My tired Soul finds the Light again*

—Queen Sissy Cogan and Butterfly, I have learned only one thing during our eighteen year long Wedding. That I cannot exist without you. That I cannot breathe without you. Without you I'm nothing.<sup>180</sup>

I love you

Will you marry me, dear?

ENTER Song *YES or YES* by Twice

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<sup>180</sup> Song *Aftermath* – *Original Mix* by Arkasia

**D**id I ask you before, dear? I'm not sure, this wedding has gotten out of control.

—Punsch? Spiros asks Elin and Elin says yes I want some Punsch.

Elin smiles inside her heart for she understands Spiros is totally honest here with his feelings regarding all this. All this what? All of it!

—So hereforth I speak to you as The Mushroom Seamstress? asks Elin. I mean you are The Seamstress. It was you the whole time.

—Just call me Spiros, babe. What is a name anyway? A name is like a thread of spidersilk. It is attached to the spider much of the time, but it is not the spiderweb itself.

Punsch is as you may know Spiros and Elin's favourite alcohol to go with the coffee.

—So what is the punsch line of all these loveletters?

—I'm not sure.

—Does there really *have* to be a punsch line though?

ENTER Song *The Chymical Wedding* by Sissy Cogan

When Spiros wife died he stopped playing piano, as mentioned.

—The music stopped when she died, says Spiros. But you are still here, Elin. And that makes my heart's music begin again.

—So this is like the saddest wedding ever, that ends with a happy twist?

—Yes, I suspect so.

—So your wife died during the wedding, but Queen Cecilia came into your life at the same time and got a child who is the spirit of your sister Bianca, and you found Butterfly also in the same time?

—Something like that. Our Family is somewhat of a tangle. There seems to be no end to this disturbingly perfect drama.

Elin and Spiros sat down and played piano together, only on the white keys in honor of Spiros dead wife.

—So how does the wedding continue? asks Elin.

—I don't know, how do you want it to continue? I've lost track of the plot.

ENTER Song *Switchback – No I'm Not Remix*  
by Celldweller and No I'm Not

**I**t's that Snow White curse again, Spiros told Elin, sting sting roses on my bum. When she was born her mother died, remember? It's connected to why my wife died when Sissy and Butterfly were born. It's a long story, Spiros ensured.

—The wedding continues, said Elin.

—I guess I am still trying to hide from the fact, said Spiros. It's not that Sissy Cogan is dead. Everyone is potentially Sissy Cogan, and she is a character in my books. But five of the women I have loved and who have been Sissy for me, are dead.

ENTER Song *The Watchman of the Gods*  
by Celldweller and Atlas Plug

*ENTER* onto the World Stage  
the Plomarian Caravans from Hyperspace

—So that's why you were so depressed the past years, said Elin. I understand you better now.

—Yes I lost all my Love when they died. Lost my will to live. The flame in my Heart went out. There was only darkness in my Heart during those years.

—But you're healing now, babe.

—I guess so, I guess I have to somehow forgive all this darkness and move on. It sounds impossible though. How can I ever forgive this? I will never forget my wives. But you are still here, Elin, and the Butterflies are here. That's what keeps my heart pumping.

Spiros and Elin put on their wedding clothes, Elin her white dress and Spiros a – for once instead of white – embroidered golden bed sheet round his waist.

They put on the song  
*Serpent of Old (feat. Ciscandra Nostalgia)*  
by Seven Lions and Ciscandra Nostalgia

And they shouted *I want more from Life than this bullshit!*

—We don't want more hamburgers, said Elin. We don't want more newspapers, we don't want more technological gadgets, we

don't want more cake, we don't want to work on your company.  
We want more from Life than this!

**T**hey walked in to the Plomari Palace and began dancing to the music. *I want more from Life!* It became the mantra in this part of the wedding. They ate of the psilocybin mushroom and when it began to kick in they began laughing, running around the White Marble Palace with each a bottle of pink champagne in their hands, singing and shouting, screaming, laughing, talking, experiencing the mushroom tremendum as it crawled upon them.

They put on the song  
*Around The World in a Tea Daze* by Shpongles

—We have to help tell the others about this. We have to tell Humanity about this fucking mushroom, hahaha!

*Here we're coming we're Dawning,  
they both sang in unison*

Dear Ingenious Reader, what Spiros and Elin did in this part of the Wedding is almost impossible to explain, hahaha, so say high to Camera 5 dry grams of psilocybin mushrooms.

**P**aradise opens. Something tootally different than the human world of nonsense. Plomari opens. Something, in Terence McKenna's words, *something much more true to itself*. In my own words, HOME. Home, home, home... Plomari.

When we began to come down from the trip we carefully sipped some pink champagne naked in the sofa and considered ourselves married.

ENTER *Song In The End (feat. Sarah Russell & LAKE)*  
by Delta-S, Sarah Russell, LAKE

Cut, cut, cut, Camera 5, says Elin and Spiros and laugh their hearts out.

**A**nd then we spent those eighteen years on the wedding we have tried to show you all about. After all those years we sat down in our White Marble Palace and took a deep breath, feeling absolutely satisfied and calm. Do you notice me? Over here, love...

Yes Paradise opened with our Wedding. Although five of my wives died during the wedding in different sicknesses I have been able to forgive and move on. Not really forgive, actually, but enough to be happy again with my other wives and husbands who are still alive. How has the wedding been for you so far?

I want more from Life!

I want more from Life than this bullshit!

Remember our mantra!

And with Plomari I feel I have gotten all I can ever ask for. All my most happy dreams have come true in one way or another. Save perhaps a perfect cure for cancer and bringing my wives back to life. We need that, and other things. My Father who has cancer is still alive. I love you, Dad, King Shiva Cogan of Plomari!

So, that's about all I have to say for the moment, Dear Ingenious Reader of my Love Letter to you. I'll be back. If you are sad that I leave you, when you miss me most and are sad that I leave you, don't be sad, I come back to you again, and I may 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. And you know you can always find me in my White Marble Plomari Palace.

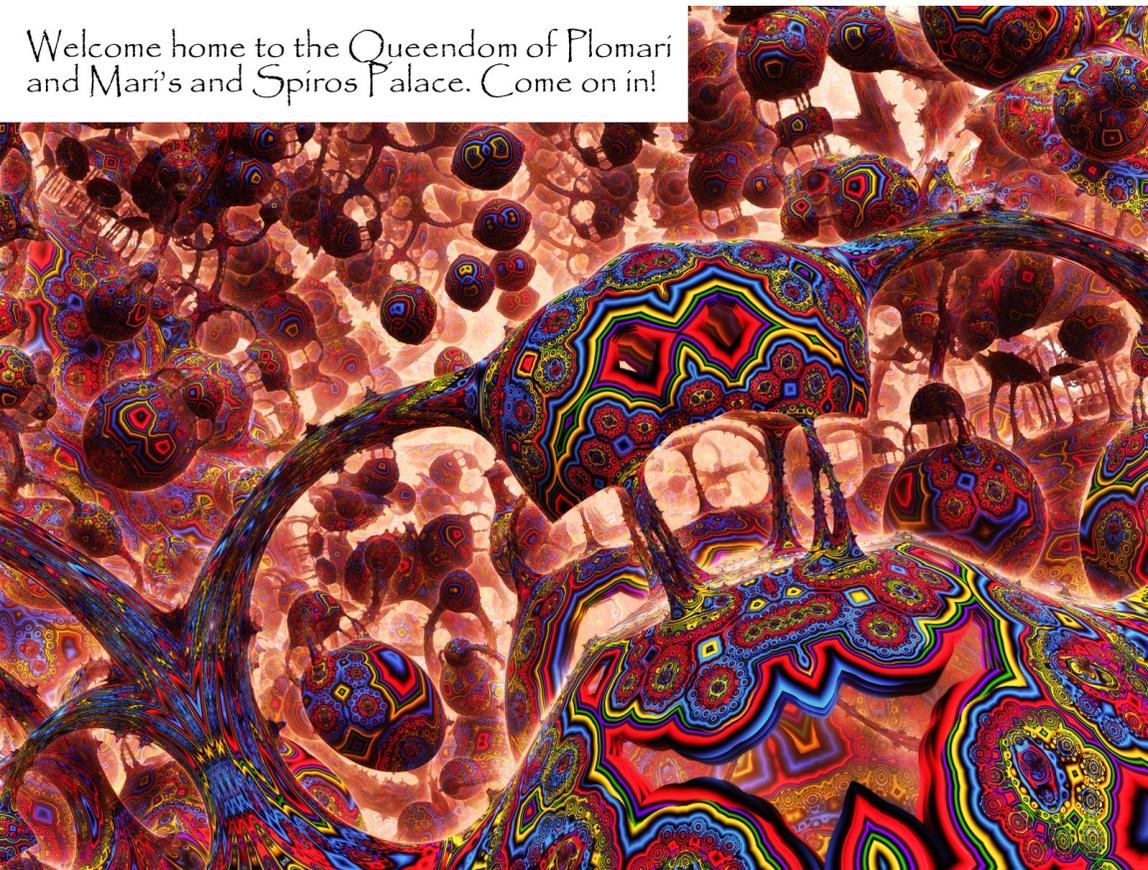
## WEDDING EXTRO SONGS

*Aftermath – Original Mix*  
by Arkasia

&

*In The End (feat. Sarah Russell & LAKE)*  
by Delta-S, Sarah Russell & LAKE

Welcome home to the Queendom of Plomari  
and Mari's and Spiros Palace. Come on in!



Spiros depiction of the entrypoint of the Plomari Palace  
on a 5 dry gram *Psilocybe cubensis* mushroom trip

**Y**ES it's quite a culture clash our Queendom of Plomari with the Banana Republic, the Matrix, the System, the Society Bullshit. Here in Plomari we walk around half naked, naked, or with a simple bed sheet round our waist or other comfortable clothing, honoring the Pleroma of God, God's Perfection and Fullness, and honouring ourselves and each other as one with Divinity. We are Divinity, everything is. Here we all feel home in ourselves, with each other and in the Universe, here we feel at Home in all ways Home for us is and may be. In the Banana Republic all you ever hear is of people being depressed and sad and in need of healing. There money, monkey, monday is all you ever hear about. I haven't set my foot in the human world for eighteen years now though, so I don't even know what is going on in there. I hear rumours that the same thing as always is going on, same old bullshit.

The human world, what a waste of time.

Plomari, what a Paradise.

*If you feel you don't fit in, in this world,  
it is because you are here to help create a new one*

The human world, what a waste of time.  
Plomari, what a Paradise.

Meet us in Plomari via

**ArtSetFree.com**

I want to reach Paradise  
In the next dream  
Awake and asleep alike

I don't know if it's a nostalgia for the archaic and the ancient. Like longing for Atlantis, or Ancient Crete. I am so tired of newspapers, commercials, hamburgers and cake. And much of spirituality doesn't do it for me either. I want more from life than what I am being offered from the modern world. I want magic, I want to walk around with only a white bed sheet round my waist in a sensual Temple of the Gods. I want to treat you, and myself, as Gods and Goddesses, as Kings and Queens.

This is why I established the Queendom of Plomari. It is my way of breaking through the nightmare of the human world. I could not find a place to call home on this Earth, so I created my own home.

I want more from Life

I want more from Life  
than this bullshit!

I am alive, I am alive!

I want more from Life!

I don't want anything.  
This is what makes me free.  
~ King Spiros of Plomari

Meet me as always  
in Plomari via  
[ArtSetFree.com](http://ArtSetFree.com)

## Saint Spiros

### *Recipy for Freedom*

**I**t's a balance as always. What sets me free right now in my Life is that I don't want anything. On the other side of that, I also want more from Life than the Banana Republic and what it offers me. Also, as the final, there is so much I already have and I can have anything I want in Life. Life is abundance. These four things in a balance makes me free, today and forevermore.

*I don't want anything and therefore have everything  
I want more from Life than what Society offers me  
I already have so much  
and  
I can have anything I want in Life*

Starting every day,  
until you make it perfect  
in every way

*~ From the song RIGGED  
by The Plot In You*

Humanity. What a bunch of pussies.  
In the best interest of the Universe  
we Plomarians have now  
taken over the Earth.  
Do *not* interfere.

Meet us in the  
Kingdom of Plomari via  
[ArtSetFree.com](http://ArtSetFree.com)

And then there was this one boy, Spiros is his name.  
He was absolutely happy throughout his whole being.  
He was happy to be alive.  
He knew there is much suffering in the world,  
and he *did* care, but he did not let it stop him from being  
absolutely happy. Some people were jealous of him that he  
was so happy, some even hated him for it, but he never  
stopped being absolutely happy.

*Meet King Spiros in  
his Kingdom of Plomari via*

*ArtSetFree.com*

My passion is consuming itself  
Just like a fire inside  
So why don't you try my Love on for size  
Leaving everything that you see  
Because you hold me back  
You stop me from ever being me

~ From Song *Skin Deep* by Pappa & Gilbey

The world cornered me  
until I had no choices left  
But in the same time  
I found my own true self-worth  
And standing in the corner  
I exploded like a supernove  
And changed my world  
until it was replaced –  
From Hell to Heaven on Earth

~ King Spiros of Plomari

Sissy Cogan's music is  
so good  
you can hardly hear it  
at first  
It takes practice to learn  
to appreciate her grace

~ Krint Frinrey of  
Timecity Express

**A**nd so, dear, I left the human world again after having delivered the Royal Letters of Plomari. I grew so fucking tired of that old human world. I left it already in my teen years, but was tricked into the Banana Republic again in my early thirties when I went in there to deliver the letter. Now I have left and can at last breathe again. I am hiding in one of the rooms of the White Marble Palace. My wives and husbands have spread out across the Earth, and I'm going solo at the moment. Tired of waiting for everyone to wake up, I'm gonna do this all alone now, as the King and Queen of Plomari. I have understood the enigma of what's the end and the beginning. And I have found Sissy and Butterfly again.

So, let's take some steps in our Historical Plot, Queen Mari! Let's take a deep breath first; we have come far, quench your thirst with the Nectars of Heaven! Me and Sissy made love today, it was so sweet. Our bodies were like shining, glimmering like in a mushroom trip.

I still don't know what more to tell you, dear. Our Historical Plot is rolling smoothly, it has gotten a life of its own but it rolls according to our plans anyway. Signs of our success everywhere! So far, no one seems to have noticed anything shady going on, no one seems to have noticed us, Mari. They think I'm an author or something. To you Sissy my little girl: Great disguise there a while, it worked perfectly. I was even fooled myself sometimes! So here I sit on this home for the mentally ill, after having written my love letters to you, my own kind of Taj Mahal, my eternal monument to Love, and after having established my Queendom of Plomari. I laugh, Life has its ways. *Guds vägar äro outgrundliga*, God's ways are everdeep like Infinity, or however to say it in English.<sup>181</sup> It is a bit unfair to History to know so little about who Queen Cecilia Cogan and Butterfly are, but it is kind of cute as well, isn't it? In any case, to see Queen Cecilia and Princess Bianca today makes my heart so happy. We have become such a beautiful family all of us in Plomari.

I feel as old as I feel young from all of this. Seeing Plomari grow is such a joy in my Heart. I don't know what more to say

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<sup>181</sup> Song *Perfect Circle* by The Sound of Arrows

right now, dears, find me with a glass of Nectar in the White Marble Palace.

Were you just a dream, Queen Cecilia Cogan of Plomari? No, and now you have a child. Princess Bianca of Plomari. I love you so much. I will write you a letter soon.

You and Me, Together Forever.

Until next time,

Signed by own hand,

King Spiros of Plomari<sup>182</sup>

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<sup>182</sup> Song *When She Will Recognize Him* by Koan

Five dry grams of magic psilocybin mushrooms says to you,  
“Look at this, do you have anything you want to say?” and I go “I  
have nothing to say or add. You’ve made yourself perfectly clear.”

~ King Spiros of Plomari

**I**n the midst of all this I went back to the Cave in Egyptian Plomari for a while to cleanse my soul and mind a bit, let my spirit dance. This is where I first met you, Sissy and Butterfly, when I was a young teenager, one of our first meetings anyway. During my years lost in the Banana Republic I forgot about the peace this place brings to me. Feels great to be back.

Sissy dead and Sissy alive. All your myriad manifestations. Bianca. Elin. Cecilia, Mari. Mari and Mari. Alice and Alice. Kajsja. Jenny and Jennie. Fane Shulgan. Queen Heidi. My two sisters who died at birth. I find no end to our Mystery. We're the strange Mushroom-Ayahuasca Family, everyone is everyone. As the saying goes: Who is who in Space? Rumi says that there are no distinctions such as *you, me, her, him*, in this our Mystic Garden of Love. Maybe I should just accept that I am living in a trip. Experience the Mystery without trying to understand it all. But I want to understand! I lost my mind trying to understand all this, hahaha, but I'm not giving up! I was so young when I found you. Innocent and young. Now things are different, Sissy. It's not as easy to believe, at my age. But I still believe in us and the Royal Cogan Family.<sup>183</sup>

And what about the bookpages whirling in the cave? Who has ever read these pages? Who are you, Dear Ingenious Reader, sneaking so far into Plomari with us? Welcome home, dear. We have lead ourselves out of the Banana Republic into the open lush Garden of Plomari! Somehow it feels like the Plomarian Mystery is opening now, not closing. It's opening, all of it, the impossible paradox. What has been a tangle is now our perfectly clear precious story, the golden red thread of Life that binds us all together. So let us continue on.

Sissy reminded me of the *Hymn To Sissy Cogan*, that she is everything and everyone in a way that is tricky to undestand. I smiled at her and nodded.

I looked around in the cave for her and Butt but couldn't find them, so I smoked some and then left the cave, went back to the White Marble Palace. Yes and so I'm going solo at the moment as I said. Tired of waiting for you guys and girls. I'll take all the credit and all the heat, and I will be forever remembered as the King and Queen who established the Queendom of Plomari. Half of me

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<sup>183</sup> Song *Flood* by Saltillo, Richard Walters

really is a woman, half of my Soul is a woman. It's always been that way. So when I say I am both Queen and King I mean it. If everyone gets the luxury of being Queen Sissy Cogan of Plomari, so do I! Hahaha! And my first words will ensure you it's me: Come here, baby, and kiss my bum!

After waking up from the trance of the past eighteen years I sat down with a laugh and a glass of Nectar, and watched all you Butterflies dance and sing. That first kiss, so long ago, was truly poisoned!

Enter Song *La Vie en Rose* by IZ\*ONE

Having visited all parts of the storyboard I feel satisfied. We can continue.<sup>184</sup> What more can I say?

*What is old is new again  
We are the eternal Queendom of Plomari*

As my letters began to fly around the world I pretended like nothing at all was going on to the people around me. They seemed to not suspect anything and they seemed to have no clue what I was up to. I wrote the following on Plomari's official website ArtSetFree.com:

*Humanity, you made the biggest mistake  
in the History of your species:  
Underestimating who I am*

*~ King Spiros, Queen Cecilia Cogan  
and the Butterflies of Plomari*

—Be still, my Love, said Sissy. Be still and feel our eternal victory. Feel it... feel it...

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<sup>184</sup> Song *Cecilia* by Andreas Moe

I have come to a point in my Life where  
I have to ask myself: Is this all there is to Life?  
Making money, living in a Palace,  
eating, sleeping, fucking, is this all there is?  
There must be something more to Life than this.  
There must be something so magical it  
transcends the ordinary completely

~ Queen Cecilia Cogan & King Spiros of Plomari

I'm not sane.  
Stop trying to trick me  
into your sane world.  
I want the treat at  
the end of my insanity  
more than you know

~ King Spiros of Plomari

**A**fter eighteen years when we had written the letters and began sending them out I sat down and cried. Fuck you Humanity, wars and shit. How could you!? How could you have done what you have done you retarded monkeys, you smallscale stupid mutherfuckers? How can you continue as you do? How could you do this to yourself and others?

I felt like singing it: I assure you, that with the help of God I will make war on you in every place, and in every way that I can.<sup>185</sup> A war to set humanity free. Another kind of war this time. A counterattack of peace. A revolution of peace.

**I**n the night that night I dreamed a crazy dream where I was out travelling with Queen Heidi. I woke up relieved, so happy to wake up to my calm life in the White Marble Palace. I don't want adventure and travel right now, I want calm and peace.

*I don't want anything  
and therefore I have everything,  
I reminded myself in the morning<sup>186</sup>*

All that you do, all action, is an attempt to reach me, but in your reaching for me you lose track of me, for I am already right here with you. You are already home, dear.

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<sup>185</sup> Song *Lonely Star* by Asura

<sup>186</sup> Song *A Shower of Sparks* by Ott

**S**amma sak varenda jävla fittkuk dag, same thing every fucking pussycok day. Look if you guys call yourself human, know that I do not consider myself part of the Human Species. If the world on Earth is what Humanity has created so far, know that I refuse to call myself human. I'm gonna eat so much mushrooms that all of my human side gets destroyed.<sup>187</sup>Yes, eighteen years later in an eternity slip and Hi, I am the psilocybin mushroom in high person. You can call me King Hu and King Spiros, all hallucinogens ever in high person. I *am* hallucination, I am whatever I want to be. And the smallscale way of looking at what it means to be alive that has been the absolute focus of the human world for ages, is something I have transcended half a lifetime ago. Humans, fucking stupid little critters of the Earth.

—Harduingetsägerdhu, says Spiros and pours himself some strong uplifting Nectar.

—One of your problems, my King, says Queen Butterfly, is that you are far too kind. You try not to offend people. Stop that. Let your rage free, King Hu.

—Thank you, dear, says King Hu. I am going to stop looking at myself as human. I'm not human. I am something, someone, a spirit of some sort. There, now I'm free. There we go. There we go! I'm free, my dear! Butterfly! I am free! Hahahaha!

King Hu smiles big and shouts loudly: Harduingetsägerdhu! Butterfly laughs and they hug and drink more Nectar.

*You are a God and a Goddess,  
my dear, not a human being*

Stop looking at yourself as a human being living on Earth and a whole bunch of other mental junk gets flushed away automatically. Who are you now all of a sudden? Someone new, stepping up on the shores of a completely new Universe.

The pink champagne flowing over our glasses looks like it is crying. Crying of joy, and of sadness, and emotions there are no words for. Yes and then we drank our mushroom wine again and we were like what are we doing?

—Like baking a cake in the middle of a war, said Butterfly.

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<sup>187</sup> Song *Down With The Sickness* by Disturbed

The Mushroom Death again, pop pop poppo and fireworks at the end of time. But not only that, in the death and afterfore comes our flying in Plomari.<sup>188</sup>

—Let's fuck, bitch, said King Hu and swirled around to Butterfly and kissed her.

—Mmm, let's fuck, said Butterfly. Mmm. Mmmmm. Mm. Out the end. Fuck out the end.

After all this *fucking* I don't know what more makes life beautiful, Butterflies, but ok. We have left our humanness behind us and live now in another world. Here we sit again by the fireplace in our mushroom trip, eighteen years after the trip began. Breathe Eternity, you'll never breathe alone, this time we'll all be Souls of endless Love.

—I think I lost the thread, Sissy, says Spiros.

—You went out on a tangent there for about six years, says Sissy.

—Yes. I was out on a little runaround. I feel I'm back now. This whole story seems to be about finding home. Like loosing yourself and finding yourself over and over again. In a mushroom spiral. All the way up to the MostHighest.

Queen Heidi was the one who laughed the most, together with me and Sissy and Mari, when we began sending out the Royal Letters. Together we revelled in Plomari's eternal victory. Under an evening of wine in the snowy winter we declared for ourselves that the plan was a success and we could relax now. We watched the Kpop Butterflies dance on the computer screen and we giggled together at little details of the plan. What a miracle Plomari has become! We got the *luxury chills* both of us that night; Plomari had become so opulent it made our hair rise on end, we got the goose bumps by the luxury of it all.<sup>189</sup>

My Soul speaks to you, Dear Ingenious Reader. Bonzai! We continue to trim and take care of our Kingdom like a wise taking care of her bonzai tree. Late night here and I can't sleep. I feel so happy and calm.<sup>190</sup> Feels good to be a mushroom. I live in a little

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<sup>188</sup> Song *Command: Decode* by Mind.in.a.box

<sup>189</sup> Song *Make A Wish* by Conjure One

<sup>190</sup> Song *Overwrite* by Mind.in.a.box

paradise, with the girls and boys, dancing in Eden. The Universe is a mushroom in full bloom! I am a mushroom in full bloom! I fly. I'm high. I feel so incredibly satisfied with what Plomari has become, and is becoming! And dammit, then call me the Man who loves all Women. I can't love only one person, hahaha!

Are you looking for a punch line, is that it? Hahaha! Open up your eyes, dear. There's nothing in my Soul left to say.<sup>191</sup>

This is the snowman mushroom cold code call.

—*Den Långsökta Segern. The Farfetched Victory.* Have you read that book? asks King Hu. Cognac, tack. Yes, I'm the psychedelic Shaman who went absolutely nuts and raised an entire Kingdom. Too many psilocybin mushrooms and too much Ayahuasca, hahaha. Queen Sissy Cogan is the psilocybin mushroom herself in high person, Spiros. Back to the unbearable opulence of Plomari. Lexis Rose in twin braids. The bored billionaires. Sissy Sissy of the dream. Mari Mari, O lick on, hare ram, O lick on! My words are timed with the Lovelock. They don't know her like I do. Sissy Sissy of the Mystery. Mari Mari of the Unspeakable. Nobody cares but I'll do it anyway. The Escape to Plomari Heaven. The whole Universe is mine, I am the wealthiest man ever. Cognac, please. Now you are here with me and you can take me anywhere I need to go.<sup>192</sup> I'm not sure how to deliver my letter to you, dear. I want you to lie naked with a glass of pink champagne and read my letters. Kiss my words.<sup>193</sup> Shatter the illusion with your scream of brilliance. Let us break free together. We are free now. We have claimed at last what is rightfully ours. You know it breaks my Heart that we will never meet. But your Light shines all the way over here to me across the walls of the ages. Splash splash into the Sea of the Seamstress, the ocean of Love. Why am I writing letters? Have you noticed that we have never met? We'll never meet, my dear. But in our Hearts and Souls we feel each other. We are under the same sky.

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<sup>191</sup> Song *Cecilia* by Andreas Moe

<sup>192</sup> Song *Flood* by Saltillo

<sup>193</sup> Song *Nocturne in Blood* by Celldweller, Atlas Plug

—Maybe meeting in the Heart like we do, across the walls of the ages, is as intimate as meeting in the physical, says Queen Sissy.

Spiros nodded. King Hu smiled.

—I never really thought of it that way. Maybe you're right!

*We're gonna let go and take it slow  
Our original plan is in motion*

And so we have written ourselves out of the horrid human world and are now in Plomari. I have settled in the White Marble Palace where I walk around naked or with a white bed sheet round my waist. I am Home At Last. Are you home yet, dear?

I dream about someone out there who will truly care about me and Plomari and the unique true life story I have to tell. Someone who will look at my face in a way no one has ever done before.<sup>194</sup> I'm single by the way, the lone King of Plomari.<sup>195</sup> Maybe I should just write a personal add. Blond handsome alien King is looking for a few million people to marry in an orgiastic group marriage. Wedding details already set up. We'll call ourselves the Royal Cogan Family of Plomari and take over the world together as one. Meet me on the wedding at my official website *ArtSetFree.com*.<sup>196</sup>

And my long haired Queen Cecilia, both Sissy dead and Sissy alive, whom no one but me knows who exactly they are. You are the Light of my Life, Sissy and Butterfly. I have stopped fleeing the fact that some of you, my dear wives and husbands, are dead. I sit here in our Plomarian Taj Mahal, our eternal monument of Love. If you could but see our Kingdom now, what it has become. You would be so proud of me! Sissy alive I know is proud, she even gave her child a Plomarian name, as I told you! True that I am a bit nervous now that we have began sending out the letters, but that is not what is important, what is important is why do you think I am equally mad and satisfied!? And all she wanted was a kiss on her bum! I have told you the whole story on a string! If I God forbid forgotted to say some one crucial thing in my mirrors then read between the roses, my dear. The opening gateway of silk

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<sup>194</sup> Song *Light Your Light* by Delerium

<sup>195</sup> Song *Blow Your Mind (Mwah)* by Dua Lipa

<sup>196</sup> Song *Flesh* by Simon Curtis

is that we have our own Genie in a Bottle, our own Aladdins Lamp, and it seems all our best happy wishes are granted true in ways we cannot yet comprehend. All my favourite dreams have become a reality. I dare hardly ask for more, my Queen. God is great.<sup>197</sup> God has given me everything. I can shapeshift into anything and anyone I desire. You should know how rich my dreams in night are. I live a myriad of Lives all at once both in nightdream, daydream, and waking existence. I am the whole Universe, I transform into anything I desire, I swim in my transforming perfection. I am the Web of Life, behold my riches and my opulence! I am Nature. My Life Eggs have hatched and my children born! I am a proud father and mother. Behold the Kingdom of God! Behold Creation! Surrender to the gravity of Love!

You know it breaks my heart to see us drowning in a sea of bills when we could be melting in the Sea of the Seamstress instead, the Sea of Divine Love, living the Life of our dreams.<sup>198</sup> We did so when we were younger. Let's go back the old ways! O right we are in Plomari now; let's practice not forgetting. Bonzai!

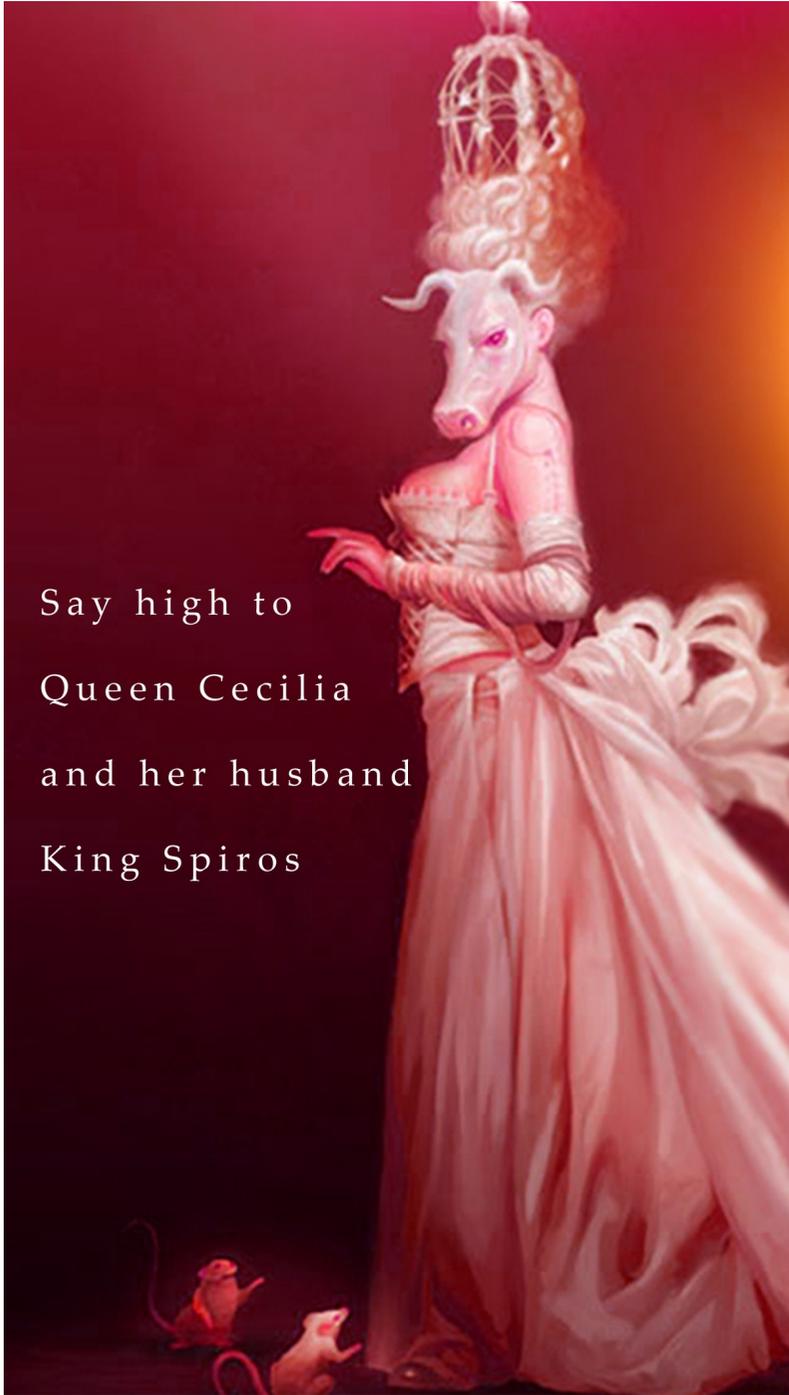
Yes what God wants I want. I'll have what God is having, please. Right now God wants to shine. And I do too. So behold our Plomari and our Royal Loveletters!

Remember that time we made Puddle Tea with water from a puddle and ended up crawling naked in the puddle after some mushroom tea and wine? I want to go back to that vibe. I want to live again, for real like we did when we were younger!

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<sup>197</sup> Song *The Opening* by Saltillo

<sup>198</sup> Song *Bury Your Heart* by Flyleaf



Say high to  
Queen Cecilia  
and her husband  
King Spiros

**B**ut Miracles do happen. Today I was contacted by two girls who said they love my books and my music and Plomari, which made me feel new courage to continue the Plomarian plans. We spent some time on the phone and promised to keep in touch. New Plomarian Queens coming into the Light! Ja men shitkul att ingen tycker mina böcker och musik e bra, liksom. So here we are in the Halls of my Sonnets to you, my dears. From beginning as a dream our Queendom has become reality. You were thrilled to have become part of Plomari, you told me. We are Plomari and everything we do we do it together. *I'm almost famous! I can almost taste it! The illigal Cecily!*<sup>199</sup> Yes Humanity and all your haters, don't play the game when you don't even understand the chessboard. We're here to create Utopia, however long it may take to do so!

Deep in your Heart, take my hand, we can walk to the sky, because Love will never die.

*In the middle of the storm  
build a Temple of Love*

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<sup>199</sup> Song *Almost Famous* by Eminem

Everything is talking to  
everything talking to everything.  
An ongoing dialogue between  
the whole and the whole

~ King Spiros of Plomari

It's perfect, says Fane.

**I**t's perfect, says Fane. We might as well leave Plomari and our letters unfinished, leave it all open, one of the White Marble Halls of the Palace unbuilt. Plomari is our Power, and we don't need to "finish" it.

That was a wild ride, all way from the beginnings when there was no beginning, some nineteen years ago! I feel satisfied with what our Queendom has become, and is becoming. I feel I can relax now, dears.

We all sat down and listened to Rainbow's song *Black Swan* and laughed with the cosmic joke all of it is. All of it. Life. The cosmic joke and cosmic giggle. It's beautiful.

Alla det e Fane, yo, everyone it's Fane Fulgan!

I talk. It's me who is the magic psilocybin mushroom...  
I am the mushroom and I talk. Talk back to me, babe

~ King Hu aka King Spiros of Plomari

**S**he came to me in a dream. I am Queen Sissy Cogan, she said. I fell in love the moment I met her. We left into an unknown world together, our world grew forth from our Hearts and Souls. And now it is time for a new destination. We have been living in the White Marble Palace for seven years now. A place to return to. We will stay here forever in our hearts, it is our Home, but we feel the push to search our Plomari for new delights. We know this place inside out. The Fountain of the Lovers. The meadows and pastures. The apple orchard. Down by the sea. The labyrinthine Palace Courtyard.

We are bored billionaires again.

Sorry for calling you fictional earlier, Sissy.<sup>200</sup> You are more real than reality itself to me. Sorry for everything I have done wrong, Sissy and Butterfly. I am still learning to love Humanity after what they have done.

Amen.<sup>201</sup>

That was all that was left to say. Amen.

I wish the best for Humanity and all Life. I really love you Humanity. I love you, Earth. I really do love you, Humanity, I am just upset with your behavior sometimes. I'm not afraid to be honest with you, dear. And I'm not afraid to stand up for what is right.

My Queendom of Plomari will shine like a Lighthouse in the world forever on. But know I am clueless. I know not what Earth is, I know not what reality is, but the Love in my Heart is real. Reality is a Mystery, and it should remain a Mystery, as Dalai Lama says.

Nobody knows that I exist, no one except Sissy and Butterfly and Queen Heidi. But my hope is to be found by these my Royal Letters to you. My message in a bottle, fly fly fly free through the world! Bianca my lovedove, fly the letters to everyone!

And I have never let you know how truly insane my Life has been. Or maybe you understood that long ago. But it has calmed down now. I live a calm life nowadays, undercover. I escape my prison by staying inside it and transforming it from within. I'm the

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<sup>200</sup> Song *Up All Night* by Owl Cty

<sup>201</sup> Song *Amen* by Enigma

invisible boy.<sup>202</sup> I am happy today. My letters are finished and I have begun sending them to you. It's a love letter to you, my dear. No one has ever met me, but I have lived here in Mrs Mushroom's bedroom since I was born. I live amongst white feathers and dust, amongst all the alchemical goodies. I love you. Will you marry me, dear?

*Signed by own hand,  
Kisses from Ludde Lump aka King Spiros aka King Hu  
aka Daddy Nabi, the lone supreme commander of*

*The Queendom of Plomari*

*AMOR VINCIT OMNIA  
Love Conquers All*

*ArtSetFree.com*

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<sup>202</sup> Song *Invisible Boy* by Tori Amos

## Sex Herself In High Person

I have to tell our story, my Sapphire, my dear Queen Sissy, my Butterfly, Sex Herself In High Person. The fire of desire for you, and your desire for me. So strong it hurts a bit. I love you, and I am in love with you, and all the crazy sexual things we do together... I dare hardly share it with others but, we have to, as we have said. The desire to share, to shine. We are divine. We are here to shine, not to hide.

Sapphire leaned on the five seat sectional sofa and sipped gently from her glass of pink nectar. Pink nectar, spiced by Plomari's master chemists. She sighed a sigh of pleasure and smiled at her Spiros, Sex Himself In High Person.

Here in Plomari wonderland we can do what we wish, we can live out all our favourite dreams come true. Butterfly smiled too and gave Sissy a kiss on her bum. Sissy went up to Spiros and took his hand.

—We are so unluxurious, she said and kissed his hand.

—It's horrible being us, babe, said King Spiros.

We lay in the sun just melting in the pleasure of being us. No one wanted to talk, we just wanted to lie there. Spiros licked his chalice as he does and drank a bit of nectar. It was quiet all over the Palace. One of those days. One of those days we just lie around naked in the White Marble Palace.

It is a difficult task to express this in words, but what if I do it in a way as naturally as the words come out? What if I just continue telling you the story of our lives?

Feels like half a life time ago since I grew up as Straw Hat Boy and met you by the River in my teen years, Butterflies. Now we're all grown up and, we're a bit different now. Life is different now in the White Marble Palace. Calmer now. Even more sensual. More luxurious than our upbringing on the countryside and in the dirty old towns. We have blossomed as Gods and Goddesses by now. Our long foreplay and flirting in the lands of Plomari has lead us to orgasm by now. When we were young we promised ourselves never to grow up, but it feels good to blossoming at the age of thirty-five. We have found a different us recently. An even more

sure us, sure of our worlds, sure of what we believe in. And in the same time we have open Hearts for surprises, we keep growing and learning.

Queen Sissy Cogan and the Butterflies and me - King Spiros of Plomari - met in a magic psilybin mushroom trip by a dark river when we were young. We fell in love instantly and married in a years long wedding called The Chymical Wedding of Plomari. More people have joined the Royal Cogan Family by now too. We live in the White Marble Palace, the Plomari Palace of Cnossos, living out our most supreme fantasies together in one huge heap of Love. Some people may think we are crazy for being married in a group marriage, for us it is as natural as can be. Our hearts are too wild to be in love with only one person. We call ourselves The Seven Sisters and The Dancing Weavers, but we are not seven people only, how many we are is obscure, and we blend and float in through each others souls like wine ink. We are a Mystery in and of ourselves, really, our Royal Cogan Family, which is kind of paradoxical as I have written over two thousand pages about us, telling the whole world everything about us; and yet we remain a Mystery. Just like the Great Mystery that Life is, you can know so much about it but it remains mysterious.

Our Queendom of Plomari was born by or in a first most intense orgasm. In the flash of the orgasm everything was clear for a moment, and when we landed we landed in the White Marble Palace of Plomari. We have lived here for many years now. This book, and all our other books, is a love letter to you, Dear Ingenious Reader, whom we consider to be Sex Herself or Sex Himself In High Person, just like we are.

Sapphire, also known as Queen Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan put on the song *Flesh* by Simon Curtis, as the night began, as we were tipsy from all the pink nectar. Now was no time to sleep. Queen Mari got the luxury chills again and curled up with Sissy on the five seat sectional sofa, hiding from our unbearable opulence for a moment, but giggling, plibbring about at how beautiful our Palace is, and how beautiful we all are, and how the pink nectar was perfectly spiced for the evening. Yes, the luxury chills. We all get it now and then at our opulent lives in Plomari,.

—Lesbian undertones, said Sapphire. With a huge cock in the middle. King Spiros love letters is something to read as we lie here naked in paradise. Butterfly, are you okay, honey?

It's about time you fuck me  
and check out what I'm *really* about.

~ Queen Sapphire aka Queen Sissy Cogan

**W**hat do you want to read about, Sapphire?  
I can tell our secrets again if you like,  
make you kiss the pages of my letters to  
you. Our playing with my fourteen inch  
cock. I can tell it all. Our life in Plomari  
Paradise.

—You know how I want it, said Sapphire. Tell me what *really* turns you on. Tell everyone about what we do in the Palace. Help poor little Humanity understand how good life really can be. Like when you drink pink nectar from me and Butterfly's bum. Tell us about our sensual Enema. Go wild, honeybum.

Spiros lay down with Sapphire and Butterfly on the five seat sectional and Sapphire gently spread her legs. Spiros gave her pussy a gentle kiss and then poured some pink nectar on her from his chalice. He licked the nectar off her and then let the nectar dribble from his tongue into Butterfly's mouth.

—Do you think people can handle us? he asked.

—They better, we are here to stay.

—I think they will fall in love with us, said Queen Mari.

—This is gonna be a sloppy ride, said Sapphire and leaned toward Butterfly for a kiss. Yes, they will fall in love with us.

—I don't want to write a book, I wanna fuck, said the King.

—Yes but you have to write. We need something to read inbetween fuckings.

—The King of Fuck has spoken.

—The King of Kink.

—I am the Fuck.

—Maybe we shouldn't write the book and fuck instead.

—Why are we not fucking right now?

—We're not fucking at all right now, bitch. At all.

Butterfly sighed and kissed whatever body part was nearest her lips.

—More nectar, please.

In came one of our butlers, Robot. His name is Robot and he is a robot. He served Butterfly some more pink nectar and then said:

—You are not fucking right now, my dears. How come?

—We are writing a book about ourselves, said Sapphire. To help Humanity understand how good life really can be.

—That would be your tenth book now, said Robot. I think you already do help Humanity a lot. The famous trio, Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly. Many people have understood how good life can be thanks to you. I read about you on the internet today. In the news.

—You think so, Robot? We already do help people?

—I am sure of it, Butterfly.

—Blip blip, blip blip blip, blip, kisses to you Robot, said Sapphire.

—I mean you don't have to stress writing the book, you have already written nine books about Plomari. Kisses back to you my Sapphire.

—Right, thank you Robot for pointing that out, said Spiros.

—Seriously though we should be fucking right now, we are wasting precious time.

We all laughed, we have pulled this same joke so many times in so many variations. We stopped writing the book for the moment and fucked all night on the five seat sectional.

**N**o no, see, people are not used to our kind of fucking, said King Spiros in the morning and sucked on Elin's nectardipped nipple. They think they know about kink, they know nothing of our kind of kink.

—Do they even deserve to know about our ways of kink? said Butterfly and bit Mari gently. Spiros, are you sure we should even invite people to Plomari at all? I'm still angry at Humanity for their behaviour.

—I love Humanity even though I hate them sometimes as well, said Spiros. There are millions and millions and millions of good people on this planet. In fact most people are good and kind. They deserve the chance to see our world. If they want to join us they can, but no one can buy this ticket we are selling. You can't buy your way into Plomari. It's done by the Heart. Yes, we should write this book. Definitely. A lifetime of silence about us and our Kingdom would destroy me, Butt. That's also a thing; I *have to* tell our story. I'd go insane keeping it all in my Heart.

Morning arrived and we all chilled naked in the sunlight, drank some pink nectar and ate strawberries and other goodies for breakfast.

If you have read our book *I Am Money*, Dear Ingenious Reader, you will have heard of us *the bored billionaires*. But our boredom has grown into an art by now. No more pouring pink champagne on the palace floor just because we don't have anything to do. No, now our boredom has become a spiritual thing. We live in simplicity, the simplicity of our ultimate opulence. Gold strands entwined with grass and branches of the Garden of Eden. Nature is the ultimate opulence.

—How do you even write a book about our sex? said Spiros.

—Maybe we shouldn't, said Butterfly.

—We are writing it, however.

Yes, Nature is the ultimate luxury. Nature and Love. There is no wealth but Life itself, and Life blooms when there is luxury!

King Spiros went down on his knees so her could spread Butterfly's legs as she sat on the five seat sectional. He gently

opened her legs with his hands and gave her another kiss right on her pussy.

—So is sex the meaning of Life? he asked her.

—It kind of almost is with you, said Butterfly.

—Let's not get philosophical about it, said Spiros and smiled. Totally our sex could be the meaning of Life. It's one of the meanings anyway.

Queen Elin stepped up to them and smiled.

—Everything is the meaning of Life, said Elin and sat down beside Butterfly and kissed her.

—Deep, said Butterfly. Deep Elin, *everything is the meaning of Life*.

—Sissy! shouted Spiros. Sissy come here babe we found the meaning of Life!

Sissy walked up to them carrying a chocolate muffin.

—What? What happened? she said giggling.

—The meaning of Life, said Elin. We found it.

—Well tell me then, what is it!?

—Everything! Everything is the meaning of Life. Everything. And our sex.

—Wow I love it! Everything! Everything is the meaning of Life! said Sissy happily.

—O my God you nailed it Elin! said Spiros. A song *is* a song! And this is our song!

—Robot! Pink champagne, *now!* Hurry hurry hurry, my little Robot! said Sissy laughing. Pink champagne for all of us.

—Spice it, Robot! said Elin.

—Robot! Also! Hahaha! Put on the song *Fantasy* by I Will Never Be The Same...

—Tira tira, said Sissy, we found the meaning of Life...

—We need more muffins.

—I want a Semla.<sup>203</sup>

—Why are we not fucking right now?

—Because it's breakfast time... You can slide a strawberry if you want.

The tradition of sliding fresh strawberries between pussylips dates back to the very beginning of Plomari. It was invented by

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<sup>203</sup> Swedish recipe, the Semla is the National Pastry of of Plomari because it looks like a small young *Psilocybe cubensis* mushroom.

Spiros one summer day back with Queen Mari when they had just first moved in to the White Marble Palace. Spiros smiled and lay down with something to smoke on the five seat sectional and waited for Robot to serve strawberries.<sup>204</sup>

O my Goddess last night, girls, was amazing. I am trying to write this love letter to you, right, showing how amazing our life together is, and I also want the letters to be the deadliest trap ever laid, a seduction of words, because we really need to help set Humanity free, we need to help Humanity, girls! I don't know if sex can do it, babes, but our sex is special, it's pure magic, and I believe in our Plomari wonderland, our Paradise. Let's do this, babes. Let's show everyone our magical world, our Queendom of Plomari! All sides of it, let's show it in its entirety. All flirts aside, our wild hot sex in Plomari can save the world, my sweet dear dangerous Sapphire and Butterfly. Now let me slide another strawberry, you little girls and wise mature Queens! My women of the dark river, let's do this!

—Robot, play the song *Mirror Mirror, Original Mix* by Snow White and the Huntsman, says Sapphire. We're about to show Humanity some sexual trix.

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<sup>204</sup> Song *Sliding Strawberries Against Your Wet Pussies* by Sissy Cogan

- What kind of trick is that, Sophie! I wanted the last drop!
- The last drop is mine, Butterfly, says Sophie.
- Don't fight now girls, I got more cum coming, says Spiros.

**S**o anyway right I was thinking we could write this kind of trash kind of literature, right, that we can read when we're not fucking. Something extra ordinaire. Something exquisite. Strawberry milkshake material,

said King Spiros

**L**ook, maybe we should just make it clear right from the start that I designed this universe so we can fuck. Forever, says Queen Sapphire and King Spiros.

Forever and ever, says the Butterflies.<sup>205</sup>

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<sup>205</sup> Song *Lonely Star* by Asura

**I** was dreaming at night and there were thousands of naked Gods and Goddesses gathered in a huge White Marble Palace. I was one of them. We were Gods who had long ago left the human world behind us and now lived in Plomari. At the moment we were celebrating; a party was held in the Palace...

**I**'m different. I don't want to hear of how spiritually awake you are. I'd rather hear about what really turns you on. I wanna hear about your dreams at night and your daydreams. I wanna hear about your strange ideas and about how you imagine what Utopia would be like. I wanna get drunk with you and celebrate Eternity in a wild frenzy, howling at the moon. I want us together to face our fears. I wanna dress up as Kings and Queens and claim the Earth and Universe as ours. I wanna have fun, be wild, I don't want to hear of how spiritually awake you are.

~ King Spiros of Plomari

I'm going to start living my life in slow motion  
as if it's always the most exciting part of a movie.

~ King Spiros of Plomari

The treasure is in my Heart  
and no one can ever take it from me.

~ King Spiros of Plomari

Wishes all mean nothing when it's me myself I am talking to,  
trapped in the mirror of my own reflection. I am alone, and  
wanting you won't mean I will ever be with you. I want you but  
have to live without you.<sup>206</sup>

~ King Spiros of Plomari

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<sup>206</sup> Inspired and a bit stolen from the song *Under My Feet* by Celldweller

**B**ut in my own little world everything is fine and awesome. Here I live with the whole Royal Cogan Family, all the Butterflies of Plomari. Had the most amazing sex with my wife Jessica Jung Cogan yesterday. I love you Jessica!

We have agreed that Plomari is not something we can "finsh", rather it is a living breathing reality that keeps growing forever!

I have Plomari, and therefore I need nothing else.

~ King Moth of Plomari

What if all the hardships and struggles are making you into all that you were meant to be.

~ King Spiros of Plomari

We have something so good going on, and you tried to knock it down just like I knew you would. You ran away just when we were succeeding with our Grand Plan, so I'm calling the shots alone this time. Bet you never saw this coming, a whole new Kingdom rising on the Earth in the midst of the chaotic 21<sup>st</sup> century. I will laugh forever!

~ King Spiros of Plomari

They tried to buy me when they found out what a valuable individual I am but I was already on the side of the criminals.

~ King Spiros of Plomari

Song *Overwrite* by Mind.in.a.box

**I**t's perfect, says Fane. Our masterpiece and stone is beyond impossible, and achieved! We might as well leave Plomari and our Royal Letters unfinished, leave it all open, one of the White Marble Halls of the Palace unbuilt. Plomari is our Power, and we don't need to "finish" it. Plomarian takeover of the world, the Historical Plot of Queen Mari: Accomplished.

I'm a very bad girl, Humanity. And... You will find I am the Alien you have been waiting for. I just don't know if you can handle me. And I kinda like that. I am afraid I will scare you... And that turns me on. You see, dear, if I show my Queendom of Plomari to you in its full splendor for five minutes your life will never be the same again. The world will never get rid of me, I will haunt Humanity forever, for I am woven into everything.

My Life in Plomari is a song, and I have prepared a message that will ring forever across the whole world. My song begs to you: Break free!

This is where it starts, Humanity my dear, we're gonna take it slow... as I make it to your Heart, blow by blow. I've been waiting for so long to show you... don't you know what I can do? Just wait until you see how we fly here in Plomari! Hahaha! Hihihhi! Our metamorphosis, our hallucinatory wings unfold! Don't fear my doorstep, just say YES!

My Life was full of hints ever since I was a child. Hints that lead me to a solution. How to blow this House of Cards down that is the Human world, and replace it with something better, a new world called Plomari, Heaven on Earth.

I'm so sick of the Human World of Bullshit, and know, Humanity, that I have only just began, that this is just the beginning of my eternal Queendom of Plomari, and anyone who thought I was done... if you think I'm stepping down now when we have come so far you gotta be out of your God damn skull.

Humanity, you know my Plomari has already won and will always win, and I'm like a cat playing with you, toying with the idea of making you food. Be thankful that I am not fully evil.

And so we went out into the dark deep psychedelic space, the Sea of the Seamstress, to rewrite time by the sisters dawning faces, in space the sisters who wrote the Universe from verse one to ours and back to you, back again, back to you, my friend! It's me, babe, it's me, don't you remember everything?!

I got the symmetry Enigma of what's the end and the beginning, I flip my inners like I'm the centre of the Universe! Just watch me go!

I've got your attention and I'm gonna keep it, you better listen up. This one's for the people who've been told they're never good enough.

Humanity, I assure you, that with the help of God I will make war on you in every place, and in every way that I can. That I will subject you to the joke and obedience of my Kingdom of Plomari. And I will take your cute sexy little girls and your boys, and I will make them free. I will make them free in a way you have never been able to imagine.

See I've tried to walk the line, but now I realize there is no line. But we here, we of the Queendom of Plomari, we are playing on a level that most will never see. We have always been the Gods and Goddesses who rule the world. So signal the siren and ready the trap, here we go! You are a God and a Goddess, a King and a Queen, not a human being, my dear. Plomari always wins, Love conquers all, Amor Vincit Omnia. So what are you waiting for this time, don't you understand we have already won this war?! So claim yourself under the sun as the God and Goddess you are and have always been! Amen.

Think I'm tough and hardcore O yes I am but you did bump into Love in a Paradise did you not. Yes, give up now, Humanity, stop playing games with me and instead surrender to Love! You can

huff and you can puff but you can never blow my Kingdom down! I bet you never saw this coming, Humanity, a whole new Kingdom born in the midst of the chaotic 21st century! I will laugh forever!

That is all, Mankind.

*Signed by own hand,  
King Spiros, Queen Sissy Cogan  
and the Butterflies of Plomari*

*PS: I felt satisfied at last on  
January 23, 2019 AD, around 11:11 o'clock in the morning.  
The first thing I did was cry.*

The Human World destroyed  
everything that was beautiful in my Life.  
It's time to take my Life back.

*~ King Spiros of Plomari*

*We want you to join our Queendom. We want you to become a King and a Queen of Plomari together with us. We hope this message, these Royal Plomarian Love Letters delivered to you as a series of books, finds you well. And we just hope you write us back in any way you can. Frankly, we Kings and Queens of Plomari who wrote these letters about our lives, are pretty lonely sometimes, and it's dark out here in the Heart of Psychedelic Hyperspace, and we don't know if we're the first or the last Plomarians. We love you. We are here to inform you that we have found a strange magic mushroom, the psilocybin mushroom, and a strange brew called Ayahuasca.*

*Meet us on [ArtSetFree.com](http://ArtSetFree.com)*

God, set fire! Start the worldwide Plomarian fire! What is Plomari? It is the solution to everything, our genius solution to this entire Earth Saga, this Earth dilemma. We're all just gonna leave the Human World once and for all and start a new world called Plomari, or the Queendom of Plomari, the country without borders, limits or limitations.

*~ Queen Cecilia Cogan, Queen Heidi,  
King Spiros and King Butterfly of Plomari*

Song *Shake-Up* by Mind.in.a.box