

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*

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Loveletters to the authors are received with everwhelming joy

Written by Cecillia Cogan,  
Spiros Cogan and th 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



**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

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 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 Marble. I suggest we move in deeper within the Pleroma of my bonbon treat, The Queendom of Plomari.

King Spiros sat down in his comfortable chair.

*A new day 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 Plomari 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 dream. 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 Rosalia'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.

Yeah it's possible, and only she shouts it: *You are a god, not a human being!* Fight for the Light! I snap a sound to get rid of the bullshit. 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, sshh! 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 harem. Lots of warning. 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. 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 on 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: Now. Inte i det här kaket. 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!

Withc 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, 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 indtroduce 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 Hu Cogan 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 righttful 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 eighth 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!

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 three 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. 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.

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.

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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

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. Yeah that makes sense.

—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 drunkenness.

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. 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

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

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

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 the System, my Plomari is bigger than anything ever before.



**L**uddigt läge, the dim situation of the blank pages of life ahead. Suddigt, med 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 creature. 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. We can change our ways. We have already began 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 fifty or 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."*

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 eighth book about Plomari I write.

And on the other hand, it's 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. 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 eat magic 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 Plomarians 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, 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 Plomaritan 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 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.

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*

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 climped up the shelf and managed to reach the jar, I opened the lid and I found dry mushrooms 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. 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](http://ArtSetFree.com) and our new SPIROS COGAN 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 me 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 UP  
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 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

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 about we drink some  
psilocybin mushroom wine before  
we begin.

~ 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 tradegy 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.

I don't really think me writing you another book will change anything, dear. I have said it all with the seven 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! Hihhi.

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 Plomari. 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! 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, Humanity! Out of my life, you fools! Fuck, honestly try the magic 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...

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, and all we ever hear from you is blah blah blah. 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! 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. Jag 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! May the blessing of the Plomarian 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 comfo cair.

—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 is going on?

—O, I'm sorry, my Queen, said Spiros and instantly felt better. Yes you're right. I got transfixed in the banana republic. 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 banatlities 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. Welcome home to our Queendom of Plomari and our spiderweb internet portal [ArtSetFree.com](http://ArtSetFree.com).

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!

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!

If 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 now begin to undress from my veil. 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.

And so I just stared. That is all, Mankind. The End, and the beginning of Plomari. The end of the tour of this rainbow is Plomari Paradise. We can begin serving the Plomaritan treat, dears. The Earth story made less and less sense so without a Goodbye your story ends and the Plomaritan 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 saw a Queendom of Light is needed on Earth! Yeah you dare eat mushrooms in ketchup but don't dare eat them in sacred space with me. Watch sports, eat hamburgers and die a little more in your wars, Humanity! Out of my life, you fools! Fuck, honestly try the magic psilocybin mushroom then! 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? 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... 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! 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.

**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?

We 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 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?

—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, also known as King Spiros Cogan of Plomari 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. 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...

Well 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. It's very tricky to make an erotic picture just after demolition, as 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 Wintja's smooth pink lips with his tongue. Storiella, two master chemists, a master hacker, main 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, my 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. Not much she 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 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! Sstrange 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. Goddesses walk around by and disappear without clothes in our Palace. The mirror at the last, he actually licked it. Licks the end to do.

—They want lips against powerful text.

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 21st 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 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?! 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 *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 Butterflies of course, hihhi. Yes, I have a few Gods and Goddesses to share life with.

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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

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 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, hihihi. 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 of Plomari. 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 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 asshole.

The Enemy is gone so let us go on with the Enema. Enema is the word for taking drugs anally, 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 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. 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.

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

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



If you still think that you live in the Human World, know that the entire Royal Cogan Family 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 hallucination.

*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 out out swinging again? said Tiffany.

Spiros laughed his evil laugh and hulked down from his cup 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 it with excellence and laughed a lot during the move.

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, which will be called the Queendom of Plomari.

—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. 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!

Humanity, we of Plomari shot our Love Dart on you, you weirdos, don't you get it?!

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 psilocybin 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, you get Miracles. 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.

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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

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 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.

O no not anal sex? Where were you yesterday when I fucked myself in the ass with my purple dildo? Punched my own teeth out and spat them on my enemies, walked away in my victory.

People are so so boring.

Wait wait wait I can't write that.

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

Look I don't even feel like writing right now I just wanna fuck. What's going on up in this mutherfucker.

I'm just kidding around with you, babes, I said I'm going to sit for eighteen years writing you love letters. I'm just warming up.

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 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>

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. Sissy COGAN's music career was 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,

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

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

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



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 looser, he stopped caring about their harmful words, for when his wife died, he found out about Love.

**A**nd she died, and he died inside. 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 it 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 Elin was more alive than ever just like

young 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! Spiros knew it all sounds nuts, but his love was stronger. 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.

—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 Plomari, 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

**S**o in the Plomarian Cosmoconception there are these twirks and curls, as you see. And all 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 of Plomari 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 soup.<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 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 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>*

**Q**ueen 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 us remind you that you are also a God. Welcome home to the Strawberry Queendom of Plomari.

**W**hat is Strawberry? Strawberry doesn't want to be captured. Strawberry is a butterfly flying happily in psychedelic tripspace. Strawberry can handle being redefined every moment, every breath. Strawberry changes name every moment, you can call it whatever you want, it does not even require a name, we just call it Strawberry sometimes because strawberries are of summer and are cute and sexy and happy and tasty. Strawberry begins with an S and ends with a Y. Why? Strawberry is the psychedelic totality, the endlessly interconnecting spiderweb of Life. Strawberry is the endlessly interlacing heads of God, of the godheads, of you as me as we. Strawberry is the cute name we giggle at for the psychedelic

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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 hu weave time and space together. Strawberry is a feeling, it is inner peace, it is dancing joy. It has no beginning and no end, and no seams; Nowhere will you find any seams. Strawberry is the goddess we weave together with the Goddess, as a gift to all hu can appreciate its beauty, the fun of it, and hu can grow with it. Strawberry is spontaneous and we head into the future with warm hearts and we know not where we are heading. It is a gift to you, a gift to us all. Strawberry is a pink pearl brought back from the psychedelic Sea. It shines in this miraculous complexity and intricacy, its dexterity makes your heart jump in surprise when you hold this pearl close to your heart. Strawberry is a heart glowing transparent like the embers of a campfire, in our heart. It's the little girl playing with a ball of light. Strawberry is God 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 The Girl Who Wanted To Play. And she plays. And she wants to play with you.

**H**igh 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.

**A**nd 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.

**A**nd 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 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

**A**nd 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.

**Y**es, 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?!

**S**piros asked Butterfly if she wanted to come sit with him one last time by the Marble Statue that he had been sitting by for three years. 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 begun doing now.

—Oh-oh. Yes, babe.

They listened to music and ate the cherries and drank the beer, and then they rose, kissed the Marble Statue goodbye and left, a

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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

smile on their mouths of honesty. An honesty of feeling that Plomari is suddenly real and not a fantasy.

**B**ut Butterfly 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. 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.

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

—But there are seventeen Queens, you said.

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

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

—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.

—It's the first time I am in love again after she died.

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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 my 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...

**O**ne 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.

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

It is like being in a dream, the way I dreamed of you, Butterfly, and now you are here.<sup>48</sup> I lost my sanity when I met you, Queen Butterfly.

**S**issy Cogan and Butterfly were many people to Spiros. 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 monogomous 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.

**B**ut 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.

**T**hese 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!

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

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

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

**F**or real now, dear, this is not a joke. I am serious. My proposal is that we establish a Queendom, a Kingdom, 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, 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? 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 King Spiros aka King Hu, Daddy Nabi, King Butterfly, Konung av Honung, King of Honey, Sex Himself in High person.

**Y**es 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>

**R**emember, we must be as loud as God as we create our Queendom.

—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.

**C**ome 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>

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

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

<sup>52</sup> Song *Fingertip* by GFRIEND

**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. Maybe King Marsipan again. Or Daddy Nabi as is ny 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.

**L**ook, 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.

**I**t'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 tranformed 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

**A**s King of Plomari I have everything I want. 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

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

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

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

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, and deep love. 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.

**Y**es 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, psychedelica, name the goodies yourself!

**T**he 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. 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. 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.*

**L**et 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>

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

I am fully satisfied, said King Spiros and put on his 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>

In the summer of 2017, I was 34 years young, I met Mari and fell in love, just as I was secretly preparing for liftoff. Mari and me later married in a hurry in the spring of 2018, crowning Mari into Queen Mari of Plomari. Queen Mari is also an author, which we think is a beautiful and synchronistic thing. Two authors obsessed with writing marrying each other, that's like a fairytale! Fit us like a glove.

Queen Mari did not even 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.

—You're the best, she said.

—You're the best, said I.

—We're the best, we said in unison and laughed and kissed.

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

**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 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 to 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 of Plomari, 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

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

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



own life, and as the Goddess of the Earth Herself, as the magic mushroom, as Queen Ayahuasca. 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 Plomari, just be in love with you, and in love with myself as well! The plan is to create a Life I don't need vacation from! What are your plans?

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

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. The Beginning.

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 of Plomari, so that you all will know. 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.

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

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

<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

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

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

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*—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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**T**hen suddenly we found ourselves alone in the 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. I will laugh forever, if you could

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

only feel a spark of my 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.

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 receive my letters.

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

—Yes, I agree. Cecilia is also one of my best friends. We're married in our own way but live seperately. 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 onlthing 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: onlthing. The onlthing of all is you, Sissy Cogan.

Spiros and Butterfly sat down again by the Fountain of the Lovers and the marble statue of Queen Sissy. 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?  
Love yourself as you are,  
you don't have to search the whole world  
to find peace

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

**A**nd here she comes, my wife, Queen Sissy Cogan. As she steps through the doorway into the Marble Hall 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. 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 understands 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...

**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. 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 letters, our chain of

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<sup>67</sup> Song *Astronauts* by The Cruxshadows

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 psychonauts, in the vastness of Plomari. 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 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.

By the way 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.

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

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

—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 ever seen or heard of. I have, I have understood how psychedelic you are, you and your mushroom. You are something 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.

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 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.

There is a saying in Plomari:

*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.

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 my 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 loose 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 seven 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>

—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. 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, I just turned thirtyfive and am transforming again like a Butterfly, into the absolute hunk King Spiros Hu Cogan 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 Highness 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, Spirit and Soul! In this Garden there are no boundaries.

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

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.

In my fantasies there is a woman who loves me and I love her, her name is Kinga and Kathleen Wilkins, but I called 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 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 we can call it.

—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, Spiros, just more in full bloom, like an aged wine. 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.<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 glass of champagne drink and licks her lips.

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

King Hu's entire universe he looks at as a celebration of Love. This is one reason he regards celebration extremely high and

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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

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.<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.

—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.

**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 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

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

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



Kingdom ever.<sup>83</sup> I will not let the nonbelievers overshadow me and my Kingdom.

Finishing the Royal Letters in June 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.

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>

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

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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

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

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

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 and you are set free.

~ King Spiros of Plomari

**T**he Royal Letters have been sent out. 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 inseparably 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.

**W**hen 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 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 me and gave me 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!