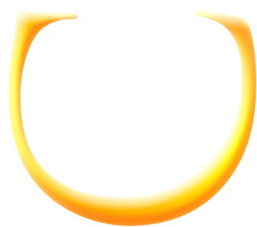


THE OPULENCE OF PLOMARI



SISSY COGAN  
SPIROS  
& BUTTERFLY

NECTAR  
HERSELF

EDITION

MY CECILIA

# Nectar Herself

Edition *My Cecilia*

The Opulence of *Plomari*

Spiros Cogan  
Cecilia Cogan  
& Butterfly

*Visit the Website of  
The Queendom of Plomari*

**ArtSetFree.com**

*for more books in the non-fiction series  
The Opulence of Plomari  
and for gifts and yummy treats*

*You And Me  
Together Forever*

**SCRIPT by SC**

By Si. Co. in PL



The Queendom of Plomari  
STRAWBERRY  
Published by *The Queendom of Plomari*

[www.artsetfree.com](http://www.artsetfree.com)

*Nectar Herself*, a book part of the production *The Opulence of Plomari* was first began written at Pink Gem Lagoon, Plomari, sometime in 2001.  
It was finally published in a first edition,  
*Edition My Cecilia*, in 2014.

Copyright © William Bokelund 2014-  
*Fit for publication on gold and highly potent paper,  
as blessed by Jungfru Cecilia Mari Cogan*

To contact the authors go to the Strawberry Web Palace at  
[www.artsetfree.com](http://www.artsetfree.com)  
or should the website for any reason be down,  
search the web.

Loveletters to the authors are received  
with overwhelming joy

Written by Cecilia Cogan,  
Spiros Cogan and Butterfly

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?*

*Come dawn with us in love as deep as the Seamstress*



Cover art by

Cashel Boyle Fitzmushie O'Cogan Tisdall Salmon Farell

&

The Paper Bunnies

Love letter edited by

Typotopic Tush Tushie Squish Squishie Squishtush

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

“

We wanted to surprise everyone and give you  
something you will never forget.

~ Spiros Cogan,  
Cecilia Cogan & Butterfly

May Plomari and the true life story of Cecilia, Spiros and  
Butterfly dispel the darkness of all your doubts.  
You are free now, welcome home

To My Cecilia & Mari of Plomari

&

To Messiahs. Baseline, my little girls!  
Pink lip kisses from Your Spiros

## Intro note

*The Opulence of Plomari*, also famous as *The Mushroom Seamstress*, is an ongoing and neverending book series and love letter correspondance. As of 2014, some 2000 pages have been written in the series and the authors are working diligently to make it all available to everyone.

Visit the authors official website at

ArtSetFree.com

for more books in the series

*"You are my God, my Love"*  
*"You are my God, my Love"*  
Pink lip kisses

You hear us in the noise

We have lots of water

We are the Gods

And we always win



Let your dreams run free

Don't be afraid  
Let everything flow through you

# Nectar Herself

Edition *My Cecilia*

The Opulence of *Plomari*

**W**elcome home. Are you aware that you are a god? I am aware that I am a god and my name is Spiros. My hope is that once in to this book, Dear Ingenious Reader, you will remember, if you have forgotten, that you are a god, a goddess, that you are the manifesting of Love in its absolute most brilliant form.

You have recognised! You have received The Gift!

I don't associate with "years" so I won't tell you the whens of all this. I had just left for a new adventure in life, had sold my house and all my belongings were either stashed or trashed. It was in the majesty of stellar summer, and I found myself walking around naked save for a white bed sheet round my waist out on the pastures far away from the dirty old towns, next to an old wooden cabin that looked like something from the Fairytales, like a true gingerbread house. Life was exciting as always, my life is an uncanny and amazing adventure, always has been, and I love it dearly. I am an excruciatingly happy little boy and indulge in excessive pleasure at being alive. I have been blessed with living in pleasures that only gods know of, ever since a child. I was born Prince in the royal Cogan Family.

I was a bit nervous as I walked there barefoot on the pasture. I am married. With two women. One of them is Cecilia Cogan, and the other is Butterfly. We are married in a threesome union, what we call our Eternal Tantric Union. Cecilia had tangled me into an Ayahuasca circle and I was going to drink it for the first time; that's why I

now walked around on the green pastures by this old wooden cabin by the sea. It was the house of the Ayahuasca shamaness who was to hold the ceremony. Ayahuasca is a magical brew originating in South America, a psychedelic wine highly hallucinatory and famous for giving extraordinary visions, and also famous for its healing effects. It is traditionally drunk in ceremonies lead by one or several head shamans and shamanesses, and we were to hold a ceremony now here on the beautiful countryside.

Having lived an entire life together with another psychedelic – the *psilocybin* mushroom known as *Strawberry trumpet*, or *Stropharia cubensis*, or *Psilocybe cubensis* – I was now curious to drink of the Ayahuasca which I had heard much about.

But I was nervous. Psychedelic experience can be incredibly intense and since this was my first time drinking of this magical Ayahuasca brew I knew not what to expect. I asked my spirit helpers for guidance, “Have I done the right thing? Should I really drink of this brew? Is this right?”

As I asked the spirits standing rather whim zim on the pasture, I felt my heart jump. My eyes fell upon the angelic face of a young woman in front of me. She shone in angelic lustre, such innocence, so beautiful she was, so shining of life and joy, yes, such grace, *angelic* was the feeling. She reminded me of the first girl I ever fell in love with, first time I fell in love! I instantly became dizzy. An enormous joy hit my universe. Love.

I thought she was probably a bit younger than me, but,

I was young too and I walked up to her and introduced myself.

—Hi, I'm Spiros.

—Hi, I'm Cecilia, she said and smiled, gave me her hand.

My heart jumped again and I laughed inside. I had come to the right place! This was definitely a sign.

—Cecilia is one of the main characters in this book, I said and handed her the huge pink book I had in my hand, a copy of *The Mushroom Seamstress*.

The book, dipped in my favourite perfume – Elle/She, by Armani – made the ultravirgin girlygirl scent waft by us both as she took the book into her hands.

—O! she laughed.

She looked at the book, opened it, and asked who the author was.

—O it's . . . I have written the book, I answered with a smile. Together with Cecilia and Butterfly.

My nervousness disappeared. Suddenly everything felt right. I soon found out this angelic young woman was the granddaughter of the Ayahuasca shamaness who was to hold the ceremony, and with this I knew I had come to the right place. Instantly in love with angel Cecilia I felt butterflies everywhere and became excited about the ceremony now only hours ahead. The butterflies fluttering round the pastures were like glimmers of how I felt inside. It made me feel a bit shy too, I had a hard time hiding I was enthralled by her, and I could not decide if I should hide it or show her fully.

As evening came we gathered in the main room of the

old cabin. Lit candles and incense, dark but lit by a crackling fire in the centre fireplace the mood was deep and magical, otherworldly. We sat in a sort of circle on comfortable mattresses on the floor, with the Ayahuasca shamaness in one of the corners of the room. I got the mattress just by the fire place and sat down by the gently burning fire. The shamaness began the ceremony and in silence we all drank a first cup each of the transparent spicy wine that looked like liquid amber.

I felt little of the first cup of this amber wine, but was soon given more to drink by the head shamaness. I knew now her name, Kajsa Sofia. After my second drinking I lay down on my mattress head against my pillow, and from nowhere came a loud and high-pitched *wirring* sound that became louder and more and more high pitched, a *wriiiiiiiiiing*, like a whistle. As the sound reached highest pitch I was propelled into the ocean of Ayahuasca visions.

I sat up and rested my back against the fireplace and melted into the hallucinations. I felt welcomed to this secret space, and I recognised it from all my long years with the *psilocybin* mushroom. It was the same place, but a little bit different. As I sat there I suddenly felt someone behind me, a presence, someone familiar, some spirit, Soul or being, familiar as if we knew each other inside out but had not met in a long long time. On my left shoulder a gentle cat's bite surprised me, not a bite exactly more like a cat gently and lovingly laying her teeth on my shoulder. Before I had the chance to whisper and say "Hi", I saw that the young Cecilia had climbed down the

chimney of the fireplace behind me, climbed down from her bedroom upstairs on the loft. Suddenly I burst into my true being, and felt as beautiful as her. I instantly knew who she is. The cat's bite turned into her hand and she combed out my long golden hair with her fingers just once in one long slow motion.

—Our secret is safe, my Love, Cecilia whispered.

As she whispered, her graceful fingers combed out the river of my hair, and by the miracle of Love my hair began to grow longer. In this one single moment I woke up in Soul, and I knew who I am, what I am, where I am. Suddenly I realized who I have been all these years ever since my birth, the weaver I am, Spiros the spider, Him Diamond. Cecilia had reminded me. She whispered in the pathways of my mind for me to start playing with my hair and as I did it grew longer and longer. As I wove the hair with my fingers it turned into spider thread, spiderweb, a perfectly tangled and ordered web of spider silk, golden and silver in the fire lit darkness of the cabin and glimmering like the purest diamond. I could keep track of every little thread amongst the thousands and thousands of strings of hair. It was not at all scary when it turned into this spider silk, because now I knew who I am. It was like meeting my own Soul truly for the first time after a long long confusing journey.

—Now you remember, my Love, Cecilia whispered.

She continued:

—Our secret will always be safe, you can even tell it to anyone, that deep is our secret.

She gently climbed up the chimney again without a



word and as I continued to weave the spiderweb a blue light began to emanate from the hair, it flowed like a living moving spiderweb of light, slithering like a snake's skin across the floor of the house. I was deep in hyperspace, where I was born, back home. I understood, for the first time in years, maybe for the first time ever, who I am. It was like coming home. I know who I am.

*It is our biggest secret,  
maybe you understand why*

In the hyperspace of Ayahuasca I said nothing to Cecilia Cogan, one of my wives, except *I love you*. She knows everything about me, we are twin souls. She was born on April the 1<sup>st</sup>, and I on the last of April. I told her I love her, and expressed my deep eternal gratitude of the blessing to live in her embrace. Our one and only reason to have incarnated is to be with each other forever, to explore ourselves and each other forever, to enjoy living in this Divine Light together. Her name is Cecilia Cogan but she is most famously known as Sissy Cogan.

In the morning when I woke up I sat outside the wooden cabin, the gingerbread house, drinking a cup of tea, and the song birds sang as if it was the first summer ever. The bushes and trees surrounding the house had been covered in spider webs during the night or early morning, at some places perfect webs hung like dream catchers in the branches and at other places webs hung like long beards across the branches. The shamaness who

held the ceremony the night before came up to me and said

—This must have been your wife Cecilia. All the spider webs. I've never seen so many cobwebs form in one night.

I agreed with a smile. The huge pink book I had carried with me, that me and Cecilia and Butterfly have written, was a copy of *The Mushroom Seamstress*, and the shamaness had heard of the book by now and had heard about my wife the famous Sissy Cogan.

—Has your hair grown longer since yesterday? she asked and wrinkled her eyebrows.

—Yes, I smiled.

—Spiros . . . spider . . . we commented together.

My name Spiros, how it connects with the word *spider*. Often when Sissy writes me a love letter she begins by greeting me

*Spi, dear...*

As we sat there on the grass a little spider came walking up on my hand. I looked at it as it climbed up my long golden hair and then, as if quite determined, settled to rest on my forehead just by my third eye. The shamaness laughed and so did I, and the spider seemed happy as it sat there. I let it sit there, and for some three hours it stayed there on my forehead, following me as I walked around the pastures and explored the gingerbread house. As I looked up toward the sun, the spider wove a thread of spider silk that then became a ray of light between the sun and my forehead.

I am Home.

I can only smile now at remembering my wives words so long long ago, deep into the hyperspace of Plomari:

—Spi, dear, your beard grew so long we had to weave it into the story.



As I went deeper and deeper into the world of the Ayahuasca, drinking it many many times that summer as well as continuing to live with my psilocybin mushrooms, I settled in to hyperspace, my home world, Plomari as we call it in the Cogan Family. The hyperspace of the mushroom and Ayahuasca merged perfectly and seamlessly with my dream world at night, with my body and place in the physical world, and with the highest dimension. On a 24 year long journey that began when I was 5 years old, I reached the top of the World Tree, and with my endlessly long golden hair tangled beautifully in the branches of the tree I rose on its top first as Ludde Lump, then as William, then as Spiros, then as Qvintos, to finally bloom fully as Him Diamond, as Love incarnated and manifesting in its most brilliant form.

And there, at the very top, Cecilia and Butterfly waited for me, and we embraced after a long journey apart.

—Now you remember, my Love. Our secret will always be safe, you can even tell it to anyone, that deep is our secret.

I spent a lot of time that summer out with the Ayahuasca Family and their gingerbread house. One day

at the height of summer, around Midsummer Solstice, Cecilia the granddaughter of the shamaness came to me and took me to her bedroom on the second floor of the house, that same bedroom from where she had climbed down the chimney to me. It was a large closet she had remade to her private living space. I knew now she was 17 years old. She took me there by my hand, and as we entered her bedroom she shone up in a smile and looked at me. My heart was pounding of love and I could not hide it. She showed me a little clear glass box full of growing alive psilocybin mushrooms.

—This is where it all began, Cecilia said. Our impossible loop and twist in time. Here, where we fell in love at first sight, under the purple Eysis star, as we fell like stars in our wish to be with each other forever, you and me and Butterfly, where we met the first time. Our secret it safe, my Love.

I could just smile. I said nothing.

—Make a wish, said Cecilia.

**Y**ES because it just felt so natural. Let's clean the Palace! And brush our teeth! Home at last! What a trip! Yes here anything can happen. And everything happy does. It contains none of the ages, it will forever remain untouched and untainted by the human world, and destinies unimaginable are formed and linked and re-routed and outplayed, in the spell of a magic that anyone who has ever been here will tell you, is an actual phenomena. It is a world. It is a Cosmos. Everything happens here.

This Spiros thought. Then he was in mid-air, on his way down an eightstep concrete stairway.

—Are you alright? he heard a happysounding but concerned voice say.

He looked at the woman above him through the fuzziness of his watery eyes. He could remember her from a dream somewhere far away, memories of blue sky and warm grass, yellow flowers and of laughter, mostly laughter. And her eyes, those eyes he recognized.

He rose to his feet and wrapped tighter the white bed sheet round his waist. Pouring his eyes upon the beauty of the woman in front of him he could not help but thinking that there stood the Queen of the Earth.

—My Cecilia, he said. The original Cybelle.

Spiros went to the kitchen and came back with a candle in his hand. Together they walked out into the center of the Garden where Spiros began to rearrange the flowerpots.

—Are you sure you are all right? You're bleeding, said Cecilia.

—I'm fine, Spiros said and began laughing. Ha! I was always tripping when I was young. I tripped on something.

He smiled and introduced himself:

—Sprios.

Spiros bowed as he told his name, and, spotting the bottle of wine on the table, shone up in a smile. He swept gracefully across the stone floor to the bottle and set forth to pour up the wine in two glasses. Taking a sip he said in a sigh of pleasure:

—Ahhh . . . Red wine . . . Brings forth the Plomarian spirit in us.

Stepping over to Cecilia he handed her a glass and, attending her as though she were all that existed, said:

—Let's revive the styles and fashions of the past.

—You're not shy you, Cecilia said and smiled at the peculiar figure in front of her, and at his words. So you live in the past do you?

She rose her glass toward him for a cheer: *Cling.*

—O how I wish! But it's a sin to wish for ancient times I have heard. It's not fair to our forefathers and Christines. But the modern world could need some of the old spirit.

They sat down on the stone bench, under a large tree, bringing themselves to the present.

—It's alive here in Nepal, Cecilia said and shot her gaze at Spiros.

—I agree. Ah! Nepal! We're in Nepal. This is the kind of thing that happens in India. That you're not even there but in Nepal. For days I've been thinking I'm in India.

They laughed and looked at each other and at the garden lit by the moon and flaming candles.

—Yes. Here anything can happen. So, you old Greek. Rip me a piece of your sarong and let me wipe the blood off your head. It's broken anyway.

—My head?

—The sarong.

Spiros bent down and bit his teeth into the cloth. He ripped off a small square and handed it to Cecilia who wet it with wine. She stroke his head carefully, saying with a voice that sounded to Spiros like the voice of the first woman:

—I thought you were dead when I found you. You could have been dead after that fall. But I know you are one of those who are just too happy to be able to die.

—Is that so? Well life is strange to me these days. She throws me down stairs to set me on course. But she wouldn't kill me no. Not until my book is finished.

Cecilia went inside the house and asked the bar-boy to turn music on. Coming back, with a tray of fruit, she sang quietly into the calm air of the night:

*I am going to Scarborough Fair,  
To see transmarrying time.*

—So you're a writer? she asked, sitting down again, smiling and taking a small yellow apple to her mouth.

—No no. I just write. And you, what do you do?

—Well you know sometimes Shiva forgets he's married to me.

—Hahaha! At last an interesting person to talk to! So what does she say, my eternal lover? I am Shiva, you know.

—They say we're in times of change. What's old is new again. New luster for the lensic.

—So you're a poet too. Did I just hear *transmarrying*? I've never heard that word before. Reminds me of what I have been thinking about the latest months— a break from linear time to a logic of dream, while absorbing holographically all prior disparate time sequences. It's happening I'm telling you. The Great Psychosis.

—Like a new universe or?

—Well something of the like. Blake spoke about it, that we are heading into the imagination.

—And revive the past you say? Cecilia said and sipped of the wine.

—Yes, Spiros answered. She's hiding.

And thank thee Gaia that she hath not been found by man, he thought. Man would not receive it, but destroy it. The pagan spirit that dances through history, can dance only for she is not fettered. Never has Man laid his hands upon her dress white as clouds, for she dances in twilight, in the imagination of dreamers. But she is real— her body is the very earth itself. She *is* the flower that suddenly springs open and perfumes the air. She *is* the wind that tussles with the fields. She's a lady of honour called Nature.

And she speaks, to The Best In Bed. To us.

—You mean how? The Best In Bed, yes that is us. The brazen artists.



—Alchemivla, Spiros said. Let's bring the cosmos down into the world. Like they did in the time when the Logos spake. It's done by play you know. The alchymical Gods have vanished into us.

—Yes I know, Cecilia said. I know what you mean.

She plucked a rose from the rosebush and spun it between her fingers, smelling it, looking at Spiros from behind it with bright glimmering eyes.

—Why protect yourself against fairies when you're a fairy yourself? They should all be invited.

Drops of water lie like little diamonds on the rose crown and Cecilia dipped the drops onto her lips.

—This is the water of all, she said.

—What you mean? asks Spiros.

Cecilia got a funny look in her eyes and a funny smile.

—Not like rain has ever run through my pussytuss, she said and peeked at Spiros flirtingly.

The ages rush in. Spiros giggles.

—Yes we're all called to bring luxury and quality back into the world, Cecilia said, melting in the taste of the wine mixed with the water of all on her lips. And spirit and joy and laughter and everything. I agree. It's right under the surface. But people are afraid of it because it touches on the core.

—The love of life will completely obliterate the fear of death, Spiros said, as the old Cretans would say. It's raining pussyjuice, can someone tell me what that is all about?

He proceeded to recite Rumi, shutting his eyes and praying a prayer by heart:

*Open the window at the centre of your chest  
And let the spirits fly in and out.*

—Mmm, Cecilia sighed. They are lovers again. Sugar dissolving into milk. Day and night, no difference. The sun is the moon: An Amalgam. Their gold and silver melt together. This is the season when the green branch and the dead branch are the same branch.

Spiros looked at Cecilia in surprise and excitement, and, laughing in glory by the splendour of Rumi's lines, threw in like a finishing chord:

—You must marry your soul. That wedding is the way.

He smiled and brought his glass against the flame of a candle and studied in silence the glowing radiance. Sunshine in my wine, we always win. He thought of the dream where he had met Cecilia before. We were pressing doves with our feet, was it?

He looked around, at the stonewall covered in moss and at the old twining trees and the vibrant greens of the garden. I have walked here before.

—So tell me about your book, Cecilia prompted after a silence.

—Well there isn't much to say. It's called *The Mushroom Seamstress*. It's meant to be a story of the ages and a map out of time, out of history. It begins in Paradise, or *Plomari* as I call it, like everything does. And it happens in *Plomari*, and ends in *Plomari*, like everything does.

They listened to the music, rested in the peace. *Om Namah Shivaya*, wind chimes and sitar. Salutation and greeting to divine consciousness, giving prosperity both worldly and spiritually. What's old is new again.

Warm happy crystalline light and colours greets Cecilia as she close her eyes and lets herself melt in the love that is everywhere.

—Earth is Paradise, Spiros says softly. We are millionaires.

—Tell me more.

—That is most of it. Then it's about art. It's just a funny idea, that we artists are lovers with the cosmos.

—Lovers you say? The heart of the poet has an affair with her majesty, yes? I like that.

—Yes. We make love. All artists do. In a scene that lasts forever. It is outside time. It's in *her* bed we make love...

—So how is she and him?

—The best.

—O not the best, she can't be.

—So you say...?

—Yes... Flirting cosmos and humanity ey?

—Yin and Yan, twisting in a love scene. With the Third. Always three, not two.

—It's a good idea, and ancient.

—Fuck ancient. Nothing is ancient. Everything is fresh and new, forever like a seventeen year young girl's haved pussy. Fruit. Flowers. And clear like snow. That's how the universe is. That's Plomari.

—And *squishy*, like my bum. It's *squishy*, you wanna

squish it. Squish.

Cecilia giggled and Spiros smiled, yes, squishy like your tush, that's how the universe is; he looked at the incarnadine pulp of the watermelon on the silver tray. Vegetable organs. Spirited flesh, alive. He took a piece of watermelon and blessed it, then ate it.

—Fellow me for a walk? Cecilia asked as she finished her wine. We can walk down to the lake and watch the sun come up.

—Good idea.

Spiros swallowed the rest of his wine in a ecstatic few gulps.

—Let me get something to wear, he said and sprinted up the stairs and into his room.

Quickly searching through the mess he decided to stay with Plomarian fashion and ripped the sheet off the bed and flung it around his shoulders. One bed sheet round his waist, one round his shoulders. What could be better clothes?

—Now with passion in our eyes there's no way we could disguise it secretly, he said to himself, quoting the lyrics of the music from downstairs. *For we are the brazen artists*, he added and laughed to himself. Selfselected brazen artists. Self-proclaimed Avatars.

Cecilia came up to the doorpost and knocked and smiled.

—So let me read some of your book, she said and entered the room and sat down on the bed.

Spiros looked at her, for the first time with shyness in his eyes, wondering what to say.

—O I don't have anything finished. Only loose pieces of notes.

—O let me read what you've got. Don't be shy.

—Okay. I'll slip some under your door tomorrow. But now we'll be walking, right? The moon is a door tonight.

—To where?

—I don't know, let's find out.

They began their way down the stairs and out into the night. A group of stray dogs met them by the gate leading to the road and they petted them with love and then set out into town. Pokhara town was quiet and still, its shadows giving the feel of a deserted graveyard. Eternity. I've surely been here before, Spiros thought again. I recognise the place.

—So from where comes your interest in the past? Cecilia asked as they began walking.

—Well, Spiros said and stroke his chin with his fingers, I guess I just feel that I don't belong here in this century. Yes, and you know, I guess I'm tired of living in a fake reality. I want to leave the city and its lifestyle to live again with the Earth. How about you? You like these times of ours?

—It's the best ever... But it has many sides of course. That's what I think. I dreamed of a man a few nights ago. Lucky you are, sister, he said. Born in the best time ever on the Earth. I dreamed of you. You know sometimes Shiva forgets that I am his wife already.

Spiros nodded and boyishly tried to hide his jumping heart, then began to think about his book, as so often: The influence of dream on art is worth a good deal of

attention. The dense texture of symbolism seems to contain elaborate code. As for the more tricky issues: it would all make sense if I could transcript correctly the words my soul walk with. Synopsis: reclaiming the magic of spontaneous expression. Re-entering paradise. Fixing the alchemical stone. To be one with the stone. Rubedo, the final; organic, alive. Wholeness, organic interaction, breathing life, openness, acceptance, and warmth, glowing Heart, the Prismic Heart of Plomari. And it does so happen, that *experience* of the amalgam, is one of its key ingredients. And the ongoing presence of itself, is what the amalgam is. But firstly, secondly, always: Yeah right. Whatever. Of course. Yes.

I'll let passion speak.

To ourselves..... new paganism..... Gods and Goddesses.

The little road they walked reminded Cecilia of a Victorian painting. River blossoms aside the dusty path. And here I am, twice allied. Must read sky's all messages. All those things there, whatever they are. They influence. Yes. A mix of old and new now.

—History is over, Cecilia said suddenly. We're within Freedom.

Spiros smiled.

—I know. I like to say so too. And after the detour of history, we will at last find out what being human can mean. For this new world will be a world where the minds of children will no longer be fettered, Spiros said, quoting Riane Eisler.

Cecilia nodded, agreeing, and brought up from her

pocket a piece of paper and handed it to Spiros.

—Here. You'll like this. It's a letter from a friend I got the other day.

Spiros stopped and read the letter as Cecilia enjoyed the moon:

Hi my little tushypuss Cecilia,

How are you. I don't know so right what I wanto writte. I was so in my own dreams. I want to return to myself and to us, like I was in the childrengarden, like I was before all things of the szene is coming. Now I really thinking about my life, what I want and what is good for me in my life. And I want to be with you forever, this is always my highest wish. I am very happy to have you as wife and lover because I know that you understand me. The life is here for to be. Like Shakespeere sayed to be or not to be. Meaning to life in the own direction. My direction is to dreaming in the life. Because I am a daysleeper. For me is the world so fast that I don't want to be so fast, because when I am fast the world is changing and I see so much other things like I am in the not to be. I like to be silence. And flutter like a butterfly in the sky. I see so much nice so sweet things like a bird or a flower or I don't know the word but, like this white

thing on the heaven. I have so much fantasie and I living for this. This is my life. You know the historie of the neverending world? This book who gives. Sometimes its like this that it gives maybe some peoples don't want that we dream, that we are be like children. Like the world of dreams is very difficult to arrive. Because some is fighting or it gives two ways, this be or not to be. Like a mirroir. Say high to Spussy tush from his squishy tushy.

*I hope we see us soon  
With all my love, pink lip from  
Your secret Lez Love, Butterfly*

PS: O it's why we met us. We are slowly people, in same time, same Love, same believe. Same believe, same truth. Like brother and sister, sister and sister, brother brother, like this. One Love. Same sexy, same paradise. Same Heart. Hihihihhi. So I have to go to bed. Will touch myself and dream of us. Imagine me, Love, lying in my bed, touching myself and tasting myself, tasting my own nectar, dreaming of you. And my finger in my bum too as I know you love when I do with you.

—There's this girl I have always been in love with, her



name is Butterfly. I call her Nectar Herself. She's bisexual. She looks like a butterfly in human form. She has the sweetest little tush I have ever licked.

—Your wife! Your eternal lover. Butterfly.

—Yes, Spiros said. I wish she would marry me. And you know, the hero she talks about, the hero of the childrengarden of Freedom, in his little bronze helmet, bearing the royal initials of the artists' brigade. He walks around in a cape, red laser swooshing from his presence. His eyebrows, brazen as if dipped in gold. He's been kidnapped.

A black lump missile came out of Spiros hand and a red beam of lovelazer sparkled from his left eye.

He hands the letter to Cecilia. She laughs and considers Spiros picture.

—Yes. Him being kidnapped we must continue. We, talents of the underground now everywhere. Subwolves, gather! The hooves of wild horses no longer thunder against the grasslands. Why?

—Thou art dust powder but The Child thou must return, hero! The hidden city.

—Yes. It's the real place.

Cecilia smiled and put the letter back from whence it came, and looked at the mirror of the lake, now visible in the distance. Words of the priestess poet in me, Sissy Cogan, whose mother tongue is like honey. She of lovely thoughts, toneslipping. No complication. She has the flow and is allied with intuition and the poet's power of meaningful nonsense. Yes. For if you know well how to seek the LoveLight of Eternity, you will make the

medicine of it.

She hesitated, then sang:

*O Why no one me quickly told  
That everything is the alchemical gold  
And that child's eyes can see,  
And for always make be  
The alchemical summergarden*

She looked at Spiros who thought about her words in silence. Yes, the summerdaydream. The sacred garden of Eternity. The sacred landscape.

—O now I remember, he said. I fell down the stairs.

Reaching the Annapurna Restaurant they heard the familiar sounds of a feast. High roaring laughter and music and glasses clinking against one another greeted them as they went onto the terrace.

—Look there's Volker, a friend of mine, Spiros said. You mind saying hello to him?

—No. Let's take a drink.

—Sure. Hey! Volker! Como?

—O if it isn't The Mushroom himself?! I thought you were staying home tonight.

—The tale of the brazen artists is never too fixed to stir in for a drink with you, Spiros said as they sat down.

—*Brazen*, Volker laughs. One brazen artist, two brazen artists. Sounds like someone dipped in gold or something. Ha! Like the white ninja. You know him? Hahaha! The white ninja... He packed himself in a paper box and splashed across the ocean to the island where the

beautiful woman was captured and tied to a tree. A sneak rescue manoeuvre, supposed to work just fine. Do not worry, he said, the white ninja is on your case. In a few moments you'll be free as a bird. Then he too was captured. We found him in a box on the beach, they said to their boss, the guys who found him. Hahaha! Great story. Yes. Brazen. The bold artists you say? Hahaha! You're funny. Two beers please, waiter! To these funny types here. Cheers Spiros. Cheers Cecilia.

—Cecilia.

—...cheers for life. And springtime. Cheers for everything. Yes. The white ninja. *I cannot say this has been an easy mission, master.* Hahaha! Ah, this is good, I hear water, head forward to the mainland! What's that smell? Piña Colada! I like it! Yes you two, humour. One of the most important things in life I'll tell you. Hahaha!

There is something magical about drinking beer and wine all day long and all night, staying up until the sun rises and sleeping maybe a little bit now and then or all day long and all night and then doing it again and again for 15 years straight, Spiros thought. Absolutely the best thing ever. But I have to get myself sorted. This is not a sustainable way to live.

They received their beers and drank with delight.

—So what are you guys up to? You going home? Or are you gonna kick the backdoors wide open?

Cecilia looked at Spiros.

—The backdoors, Cecilia said. To All Hallows. Yes. We are going to the lake, to watch the sunrise.

Home. Through the back doors.

—Well then you should be going, Volker insisted. It'll be coming in notime.

Spiros rose and said with hesitation, wishing to be alone with Cecilia again:

—Yes, let's move. Let's sneak the bottles with us.

They said goodbye to Volker and slid out onto the street again. Cecilia took off her sandals and brought them to her hand. Spiros picked a straw by the roadside and put it in his mouth.

—So your story, said Cecilia. What's it about?

—I don't know. I want to write the opus that history burnt. I just think we should talk more, about things. There is a greater order than the human world.

—Well I agree. It should all be exposed...

—Indeed... Let us speak! Let us speak!

Cecilia searched her mind.

—And we shall reach over the peak...

—High aspirations indeed, Spiros said and laughed big.

—O yes, indeed. The flower will blossom, spring forth from this seed...

—For we've found it, we've found it, we've found what we need!

They laughed together and tripped herewards to the lake. A crow came diving through the air and snapped a lock of hair from Spiros shadow.

Dreams, seeping into the world. Like music.

—So what brought you to Nepal? Spiros asked and felt his spirit enter some last circuit of birth.

The second birth on earth, the Earthbirth. And that

poem:

*This is your last life, you'll never die again  
Breathe Eternity, you'll never breathe alone  
This time we'll all be souls of endless Love*

Breathe... Please, don't forget to breathe...

One moment for all of me. Just one feeling.

—I don't know. I followed my intuition.

The moon lay like a silver coin above the lake, reflected in the water. The mountains around lay still and huge. They sat down by the shore.

Earth without borders. The open landscapes, the place of no countries.

—And you?

—I went here to find my husband and my wife.

The mutability of mercury must be overcome, it must be crystallised, fixed, so that it doesn't slip through your fingers. To achieve *aurmercury* is nothing unless you have the secret of the *coagulatio*.

Cecilia looked at the moonglistering water of the lake.

—Yes, I feel like I'm a thousand years old, Cecilia said, thinking of Spiros' remark earlier. I'm an alchemist, ageless and timeless. I have felt like that for so long now. Things are absolutely magical. Everything is. I feel it too. You spoke about other centuries earlier if you remember.

She hesitated, then took Spiros' hand.

—Dance with me.

—I agree. Absolutely magical...

Slowly they began. Spiros felt time moving awkwardly

forward and backwards for a while and suddenly he could not tell if he was awake or sleeping. He smiled at the fact and felt an inner joy rise within him.

They rose their holding hands and Cecilia spun around, holding the fold of her dress with her left hand, falling away into the stunning dark blue of the sky.

—Déja vu, she said and drew herself close to Spiros.

—Déja me and déjà you...

—Tadeja is one of my names, said Cecilia. I have myriads of names. Like Butterfly.

And forth came the first light of the rising sun, dipping the snow-capped tops of the range in gold. They shouted together in amazement at the scene around them; the indigestibly huge mountains like endless piles of vanilla ice cream, the lush forests, the grassland pastures, the lake, the mystic mist, and the sky.

—Can you see the sun? Cecilia said, her eyes like suns. I've never seen it like that before. It looks like a fire. It looks like it's... like it's so big that it burns through my mind.

Spiros looked baffled at the sight.

—It looks like it destroys space and time. Like it is so big and strong as to just curve the whole thing.

—Yes.

Cecilia rested a while in the silence and at the sight of the sun, not noticing that her hand was in Spiros, fingering and playing. When she noticed it she smiled and turned toward Spiros. Life took stir and she saw Spiros eyes grow large and his mouth opening in astonishment. He pointed behind her and there was the

moon, big and silvery and close enough that they could touch it with their fingers.

—WAAAAAAAAA! Cecilia shouted in bewilderment, opening her arms.

They threw themselves into a hug and laughing hysterically they looked at each other and hugged again, and looked at the moon and the sun and spun around in-between them.

—Have you seen it before? Cecilia said laughing. Been between the sun and the moon like this?

—Never. It's a blessing, I'm sure. I hope all of Pokhara sees this.

—I'm gonna pick a stone to remember this, Cecilia said and picked a stone from the ground.

Spiros took one as well and they knocked the stones together.

—A wedding, between the sun and the moon...

—Their gold and silver melt together...

Spiros looked at Cecilia, suddenly noting her skin as somewhat silvery. He shook his head out of the mirage and smiled.

—Com'n, let's walk back to the house and drink some more wine. Let's celebrate.

Back home they met the sleepy bar-boy who for a large tip arranged wine. They went up the stairs to Cecilia's room where she turned on music in her portable and they tasted the wine. The turquoise light of the morning entered the room. Cecilia lit a candle. *That flame is not burning now only*, went through Spiros mind as he touched the areola around it.

—So let me read a poem of yours. You write poems?

—Yes I write poems, I guess.

—So get me one.

Spiros smiled and swallowed some wine. O Goddess, this wine, this wine, like blood of a sister snake, her split tongue sliding open the split of her wet pink pussy. He left the room and came back with a little notebook in green silk, which he studied carefully before opening it and placing it by the candle.

—It has no name.

—It doesn't need one.

*O Flora! Let us become the couple we once were, and brighten the Earth and polish the sky! Remember? We once lived together, confident in our living and our loving and our Artistry. You were my Muse, I was your husband and your friend and your lover. You remember how it was? Beauty filled our days! Dear, I want to be with you again. I saw your rainbow today.*

*Let me refresh your memory; with a kiss I do, a kiss on your green, and with touch of my fingers. I call to you old friend, let us come to our senses! What ever happened to us!? What ever did come over us!? It is to save us. To save our dream and let live again what was before, the song of Beauty we sang by being.*

*I call to you by my song. I call to you dear Earth! Let us wed again! Eternal Lovers!*



—That’s cute, Cecilia said after she finished reading.

—O not cute. Don’t say it’s cute! And it’s sad really.

—O but it is cute. I can tell it comes from your heart. Let’s dance. And tomorrow I want to read some more of your poetry.

Spiros walked to the middle of the room and reached for Cecilia’s hand. They began dancing, slowly, to the quickening music.

—So, Cecilia said and let her lips touch Spiros chin.

—Yes...

Their lips touched, only touched. Cecilia scanned the details of Spiros face.

—Love is strange, she said softly as they moved closer.

—Yes, love is strange...

Spiros searched his fingers through Cecilia’s rich hair, looking deep into her eyes.

—So you and Earth make love, huh? Cecilia said. Like me and my husband Shiva. Shiva who sometimes forgets he’s already married with me, eternally.

—Yes. There’s a key in our kiss.

—Leading where? Cecilia asked, driving her nails carefully over Spiros chest.

—I don’t know.

—*Her kiss...* Cecilia sighed and laid her lips gently onto Spiros lips.

—Yes... She has poisoned me with it.

—Poisoned you? Sounds dangerous. Exciting! So share it with me. You know who I am, Spiros. Share the kiss with me.

She pushed Spiros back onto the bed and let herself sink down upon him, straddling him, pushing her pussy onto his hardening cock.

—Why the sensual so close to the answers? she whispered after a long kiss. The sensual is an expression of it, that's why. It is close. It is real. Feel my body. This is why.

They kissed and felt their breathing close together.

—For the erotic can only come forth by opening the door. Thus the two are connected. The thing, that thing, and the sensual. It is a means to bring it forth. They meet in Paradise. In Plomari.

Cecilia slid up above Spiros face; he kissed her belly softly and traced her body with his fingers, licking her navel, feeling her heart pounding, and his own, faster and faster.

—So let's enter it together...

—Mmm... So why this door? In this way? I was born on the first of April, my Shiva. On Aprils fools day. Remember?

—And me on the last of April, April 30. It's the truth, that's why. This door is a well kept secret. The land of Paradise, of Plomari, all around us, everywhere. It's everywhere. Earth is Paradise. They know it here, that the erotic is a door. Kama Sutra, Cecilia...

—Mmm. Touch me more, my King, Cecilia whispered, licking Spiros lips. Don't you know baby... We *are* the Kama Sutra. We are the Mushroom. We are this Yoni Garden. We are this Garden. Our Garden of pussy and cock.

Spiros kissed Cecilia on her chest and breaths, by her heart, as she slid her fingers through Spiros long golden hair. Combing his hair out in one long slow motion Cecilia whispered:

—Kama Sutra. *Kamma*. In Swedish, you know? *Kamma* means *to comb*.

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

You are me and I am you,  
I'll always be with You

Drink from juicy lips  
Allow Yourself

Spiros snapped his fingers, *ah!*, and cried to Cecilia in surprise and excitement, as though he had just discovered a long sought secret, that he had fallen down the stairs and had a concussion. Cecilia reminded him that yes, that's what happened, and Spiros excused himself for the seventeenth time that "Sorry, but I can't remember your name". Cecilia said it was *Cecilia*, and Spiros said "That's a beautiful name". And Cecilia said "Thank you", again, in an accent that Spiros knew he was in love with.

Spiros threw himself down on the green grass and rolled on it, grabbed the grass and ripped it from the ground, moaning and rumbling and growling--

—Aww baby roll the moon in your belly, ok?! Awwwwwww, baby! Baby! I wanna marry you! I wanna eat you! You look like a fruit! I wanna throw you up in the air, I wanna juggle you! I wanna, I wanna, *uhh!* I wanna, I wanna marry you, baby! I wanna eat you, ok? I wanna juggle you, baby! I wanna throw you up in the air, I wanna juggle you, ok? I wanna steal your panties and, hide them, baby! I wanna. I wanna...

He rips more grass off the pasture and covers his face with his hands and shouts a few incomprehensible words. The spring sun shines on them both. Cecilia laughs, lying on the pasture near him. He continues:

—Baby, I just wanna, I just wanna, I wanna pour orange juice on you, babe. Baby I wanna marry you, ok? I wanna pour juice on you. Baby I wanna drink your pussy juice, ok? From a champagne glass. No from a coconut. Baby I want you to fill me up with your juice, babe ok.

You are Nectar Herself. Baby I wanna eat you, ok? I wanna drink every little drip of you, babe ok. Babe, I wanna, I wanna, ok? I wanna marry you, baby. Ok? Will you marry me?

Days ago Cecilia had finally understand how real Spiros memory losses were since he feel down the stairs. She had not understood until the third day after the concussion, when he opened his heart to her and then remembered nothing of what had happened, and did not remember he had already opened his heart to her. He had then handed her the notes he wrote that morning:

*And so Cecilia came and the story began. I shall write! I shall write! For poetry is possible, and mingles into life and meets it, and thus it opens!*

*And I shall open my heart. For even in the old times, when the stars glimmered in the eyes of our ancestors, the world was alive.*

He had then held a long monologue calling for a new thrust in world art, and in the end of it he realised that there already is one.

Now he had spent an hour outside the Guest House *Home Sweet Home*, rearranging the flowerpots, claiming he was improving on the overall feel of the garden. Cecilia looked at him from under *The Solution Tree*, which she called the tree that according to the locals yields the immediate answer to any problem if one smells its scent and thinks of the problem one wants the solution to. She danced over to him as he lay on the green grass. She

threw some grass on him and said giggling:

—We're already married, baby, my forgetful little Shiva.

Burgeoning, spring was on its way. They spoke about it all the time lick, for as they did, it came closer lick, and as it came closer they merged with it lick and they became the spring that was blooming, lick! Well you asked for a lick in the love letter! Spiros concussion did not halt their development, although he was somewhat disorientated now and then. Also, they drank pink champagne, beer, wine, local whiskey and local herb wine every day, as well as smoking cannabis every day, eating mushrooms, and taking LSD a lot so it was a fluffy snowy Paradise Plomari ride. Rather, his *sweet psychosis* as Cecilia called it, seemed to have let his creativity free, and he was a joy to be around, with his mind brewing up ideas of creative thought twenty-four-seven; the most fantastic ideas. Like hey why not weave the biggest production of all time and call it *The Mushroom Seamstress*.

—A new name for our immortal artists: The Gardeners, Spiros said and sat down by Cecilia. Honour the grower at his own place. New lustre for the lensic.

—New lustre for my Man-Lions. New Lustre for my *Girls*, said Sissy.

They lay their hands against the trunk of *The Solution Tree* and blessed its ambrosia; its freshness, the beauty of the fragrance, the aliveness it arose in them every time, the way it cleared them and made them happy and turned the world fresh and exciting in an instant. Sometimes it was full of joy, sometimes sensual, other



times it fulfilled their every dream. Suddenly after experiencing the fragrance the world turned into a fresh lovely garden. All from scent of the inner bark of a tree.

It made them look at simple things. They turned leaves over and saw details they had never seen before. The delicate veins of the leaves, the various patterns, the tiny hairs like silver and copper and gold, like fur on the youngest leaves. They could almost see and hear and feel the water circulate within the plants. And the dewdrops — starlike appearances glimmered by all of them like the glimmer of diamonds. And the colourful crispy shimmer — *chist* they named it — of flower petals in the sunlight. And the bees, collecting nectar and gathering it in small lumps on their legs.

And the fruits they ate, suddenly they saw them in a light they had never seen before. And they kissed the fruit in joy and excitement, proclaiming the birth of something new. Our new Earth! Summer-Earth! They felt themselves entering a dimension they had glimpsed before, but that now was everywhere. And they decided together, that the world is *an eternal resonating beauty*.

And somewhere in the wind they caught a whispering voice that sung to them:

*Take another look  
What you found old  
And in it you you'll something new*

Cecilia laughed.

—I saw a bee take a leek! It pissed a little stripe of piss!

She followed the little flyer on his way through the chrysanthemums.

Sperm fell from *The Solution Tree*. Spiros considered the spectre of the sexuality of plants, exploring the pollen in his hand:

—What's going on? Someone is horny. Someone's in fucking flames, he said and threw the pollen in the air.

—Well you guessed it, baby. Baby Earth, for fucks sake. Of course she's horny.

—So is she with someone or what? She's masturbating or what? No it's a love story, isn't it? Probably there's some kinky shit there as well. Well plants are romantic really, not kinky, but...

—Flowers can be kinky...

—Flowers are romantic...not kinky. How the fuck can flowers be kinky?

—Well slap a tulip on my ass, baby, and I'll show you kinky.

—Ha!

—Anyway you're right. Someone is horny. Really horny, Cecilia said and took a twig from the tree and sat down and smiled in love.

—It's not only a Pussycok Garden, too. Don't forget your bum. The Garden of Bum. The Tushie Garden.

—The Garden of Lesbian Sister Licking.

—Hoops!

Cecilia let the fragrance of the twig fill her world, then continued:

—You know they discovered it a long time ago. That the flowers have dicks and all. They knew it in old

Greece. People have always known it. Then the botanists of Europe saw it in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. But they didn't wanna talk much about it in the courts, you know.

—Yeah it must have been a scandal. *People...we're surrounded by dicks...we gotta hide this.* You know. Dicks on the dinner table and everything. It became too obvious, you know, when some guy picked flowers and went up to the lady of the county, and as from nowhere, he brings up a beautiful bunch of flowers. You know, *here is a bouquet of dicks and pussies... I love you.* It's not like they weren't horny back in those days, you know. Anyway. Or what was the problem? I mean, it's sweet. They're beautiful, and their fragrances... and then you think about sex and love and beauty and life. You know, it's sweet. Take them as model and there you have it. There you fucking have it. The whole deal. Boom. In fact, the plants do yoga...

—Mmm?

—Yeah of course. I mean, the flowering of a flower, how yoga isn't that. The way they grow, stretching toward the sun. They're doing some powerful yoga here. And just look at how fit they are...

—Yeah that's fucking true.

—We gotta stop swearing.

—I know.

—Yeah so they do yoga. What more?

—They look at you when you shower.

—Yeah? What more? They eat?

—Yeah they eat.

—So what do they eat?

—Light. And stuff in the soil. And stuff in the air.

Spiros slurps and munches a mango in what seems to Cecilia, deep, focused joy.

—So they breathe?

—They photosynthesise.

—Yeah but what is that?

—Good question. Let's not go into that.

—Good idea. So they breath?

—Well they photosynthesise.

—Yeah I know! So we have to go into that?

—Let's not.

—Okay so what more do the do?

—They ... are alive ... They're alive and they meditate, sleep at night...

Spiros throws a piece of water-melon on Cecilia's chest.

Splash!

—Or stay up party all night, some plants do, no? Party all night with the insects, and they eat some stupidiously excellent food, and breathe in a pace needed, everything elegantly paced for a long lovely life. They live, harmoniously and aesthetically.

—Good one, most of it, Cecilia laughs. Actually, it just hit me, they hug as well. They hug and make love, no? And dance. I mean, look at those two over there. The *Ipomoea* and that other one. That's what I call a *looooooong* love-scene. Curling around each other in a long loving hug, no? Kama Sutra.

Cecilia leaps over to the twisting plants.

—Are you watching me when I shower!/? she said to

the *Ipomoea*.

—So has the voice stopped talking to you? Mother Voice? The talking Mushrooming blooming.

—No. She just wrote a poem:

*The sky, So uplifting, So sublime  
I cannot find in the small space of my house  
O soft blue sky! In me, what you arouse!  
I shall remove my walls!  
I shall join you!  
In the right direction this time  
Not toward you, with you  
Anchored with you always  
You lovely summry blue*

—And she told me her name. Or his. We're talking androgen here. Sissy Cogan. Falguni Peacock: the purveyor. I don't even know what *purveyor* means, but. And she gave me a word. Chryssanthial. It's for the sky, an adjective. To describe the way the world is like clouds in frescos.

—The chryssanthial sky, says Cecilia.

—Yes. When it's like that godly. And she spoke about other things. She said that for someone who welcomes the new while never loosing reverence for the past, it's no wonder why there is so much fuzz about the arts of the past. That's why I walk around at night when no one sees me, so I can get close to all the old buildings, and study them carefully. Is that strange you think?

—No. Who has ever questioned why the artist walks

around in rainy nights, watching houses in the neighbourhood?

Spiros laughs heartedly at the idea of people growing suspicious from repeated sightings of that strange guy in white linen on their street.

—And you dearest? What does Sissy say today?

—She speaks in tongues, as usual. Sissy says: I demand our stitch in frescos.

—You impress me you know. I wish I had your ability.

—I'll share with you. My miracles.

—So what does she say now?

—You know I can't do it on demand. She speaks when she speaks. But a while ago she said that the door to Paradise has already been brought off its hinges. It's used as a table nowadays, for the feast. There it is, it's lying over there.

Cecilia points. Spiros nods.

—Earth is paradise. Know this and this is all you need to know. Maybe it's time to wake up once and for all.

Laughter can change things, Cecilia thinks and laughs. Yes. Laughter and Love. Reminds me: what we call normal consciousness is in fact a sort of sleep from which we awaken when we enter heightened states.

The world transforms.

—The world has been replaced!

—What a fucking trip, babe.

—Babe, my little Shiva. You know we are superstars, right.

—Yes...

—Well, I have an idea . . . I'll show you.

—Awesome. You know. It's the end of April. That's when they celebrated the Floralia in old times. You know, they celebrated the return of life. The cycle returning. Celebrating with way too many drunken days of laughter, hahaha! We should celebrate. Let's push our boat out.

—In that case, let's do it outside. I know a nice new meadow. I'll show you from the rooftop.

They climb up the silverstone stairs, Cecilia remarking in passing the poetry of biological design, and gaze out over the vastness of the Himalayas. The view is an endless expanse of green forest and snowy mountains and sky. No longer are they down in Pokhara town below. They are above the first layer of clouds, with open view to three directions.

—There, Cecilia says and points at a peak in the distance. That's the spot. Elven magic is at work here I tell you. Swoosh.

—Let's go.

In their room they pack food, beer and local whiskey and cannabis.

—It really is the house outside time, Spiros says, as they walk on toward the meadow. The forests. Nature. Let's bring it in. I wanna be here always. But I can't feel it when I'm inside. The great outdoors, I mean. I can't feel it when I'm in a house. The stuff of civilisation distracts me. It's bullshit. A bunch of bullshit.

—It's all inside Spiros, Cecilia said, and lay her arm around his waist. But I know what you mean. Yes. Let's bring it in. Yes, a bunch.

Reaching for Cecilia's notebook, which she had told him to bring, a line of words grabs Spiros attention. He reads it aloud.

—There in the meadow. Purple. And staying quite briefly, they met Butterfly. And she said: Love binds it all together.

Images flashed before him.

—That's Butterfly's words. Spiros, my dear Shiva, my eternal husband. I demand our stitch in frescos.

Spiros nodded, and thought of how he wants to marry Cecilia, and be with her always. I wonder if she wants to marry me.

A crack in the window made a sound: tic. Spiros hears it and wanders: A crack in the teapot opens— a door to the land of the dead. He shuts his eyes a moment. And the half-second delay reality? I'm seeping. Though cracks in time.

—Are you alright? Cecilia asked, with worry in her voice.

—I'm fine.

Cecilia looks into his wild eyes. I won't mention my dreams. I dare not. Not now. But I know— dreams should be told.

They walk out of the house and set way on the path toward appointed spot, taking a few small branches off *The Solution Tree* on their way.

—Let's solve the last problem baby...

Spiros nods, dreaming, thinking of when they stood between the sun and the moon down by the lake. Scenes passed his minds eye.



—I'm back, he dribbled from his mouth.

—What?

Cecilia took his hand.

—Don't forget about your sweet lunacy, sweetie. How are you feeling?

—I'm back. I remember everything now.

Shivers went up his body. Lunacy. Moon.

—No more memory losses?

—No... I'm done.

They turned up by an old stairway made of the local silvery stone. One step at a time they danced their way up through its curls, saying hello to the cows they passed on their way. When they reached the magnificent setting, they stood awestruck for a time, merging with the scenery, and then sat down on the grass.

Having settled, Spiros crushed a twig of *The Solution Tree* between his fingers.

—Ambrosial, he said, melting. Immortal living vegetable gold. I love how the colour purple looks even better when it's shiny.

He studied the shining lowlight of the twig.

—Purple. The colour of invisible, Cecilia said and laid her hands on Spiros.

—Yes?

—Yes that's what I say, Cecilia said and began unpacking.

Nighthood's unseen violet. Why? The colour of magic. The colour of Beyond. There's something special around it. Has an affinity for the unconscious. What is purple on this Earth? A few stones. Insects. Some veins of Adonis's

green. Somehow the moon is connected to it too. And the ocean. It's a colour of depth. It's the colour of night's darkness. And beyond it lies Love.

—If night would have a colour it would be violet, Spiros said and showed Cecilia the shining twig. For what lies beyond night if not Love?

—Mmm... My sunshining wine would have a hint of violet you know.

—Your wine?

—Yes.

Cecilia began to speak of her sunshining wine, how it would be just like sunshine, glowing yellow and orange from its redness, and it would be fluid like light, swaying softly in your glass spilling drops of light that would fly softly toward the ground.

—In fact it would look a lot like the sun in the afternoon, she continued, and it would tickle against your tongue in a sweet sensation, and make you fall in love if you weren't already. It would be the best wine ever, and we'd have loads of it in a never-ending barrel. Wouldn't that be something, dear?

Spiros loved to be called her "dear".

—It doesn't need to be a dream, Spiros said and bit Cecilia softly in the cave of her neck. To be loved by you completes my life. And to be loved by Butterfly. I wonder where she is.

—Mmm... So how's my explorer doing? Any progress on the opus?

—Well I was thinking about soul earlier.

—What do you mean when you say soul?

—I don't know...uhm...

They laughed and lay down.

—To be loved by you completes my life too, Cecilia said. I am yours, and you are mine.

—To be yours completes me. Everything makes sense being yours. And that you are mine.

—I am yours. Me and Butterfly are yours. And you are ours.

—And mine, said a bird nearby.

—Did you hear that! Laughed Spiros.

Cecilia laughed.

—Yes! As you said; we are this spring that is blooming. We are married with the birds too!

They both laughed and listened to the birds.

—We. We. We, said the birds.

—I'm high, said Cecilia.

—Me too.

Cecilia remembered her father's words. "When you told me you wanted to study Natural Sciences at university, which led, fortunately I suppose, to your present appointment. I took it for granted that you would sooner or later come to the conclusion, that you have no further use for your soul." I meant the opposite, she said to herself. That's not my home.

—Well we are soul, Spiros said.

—Earth is my home, Cecilia said and looked around the meadow, grabbing the grass.

She kissed Spiros excitedly and deeply and said to him:

—You are my Home, Shiva.

—Your forgetful husband...

—Hihihi...

Spiros smiled and followed her sight.

—Spiros. In my dreams.

A few first raindrops landed on them.

—Yes?

—I see things.

A quick mist blew up the slope. A flash of lightning, purplewhite, lit up the surrounding air.

—Now I understand. It's a story, about going home.

—What?

The fog came swiftly carried by the wind and covered the landscape and the rain began to pour down on them. I have seen this before, Spiros thought. This, and those green eyes.

—What about your dreams?

The muscles of Cecilia's face all contorted, then relaxed, as though she took on a new face.

—I don't understand, she said.

Suddenly something hit Spiros like a shockwave. He thought a moment it was lightning that had struck him, but it couldn't be.

He remembered. The memory was so vivid that it took on the shape of the world. Energy, which he could only express to himself as molecular at feel, made the world buzz.

—Home, Cecilia said.

They stood still, dripping wet in the rain. Flashes of lightning illuminated the mist.

—What's happening? Spiros said and walked slowly

toward Cecilia, his eyes firmly set on her face and her rapidly moving eyes.

A thousand feelings, memories, and insights opened something deep within her soul. She looked at Spiros with a cats eyes.

—This storm will take us home. I have been looking for you.

They whisper softly together as they touched:

*—To be loved by you completes my life*

*—To be yours, and that you are mine, completes my life*

*—I am yours. You are mine. And this completes my life*

*—We are this universe. We are whole*

*—We are Home*

—You . . . are . . . my . . . God, Spiros.

—You are my God, Cecilia.

—You remember the mushroom? And the Ayahuasca? When we drank of the red-violet wine?

—Yes. We are Home now. Home in Mushroom Land, Plomari. With Sissy Cogan.

—Yes we are.

—You're my God.

—You are my God.

*Seems somebody put out the Moon,  
Now the road is a mindfield  
I can't follow the way she moves  
I can't see past the shadows*

*You make the darkness disappear  
I feel found when you stand near  
I know where I am when you are here  
My way becomes so clear*

*You're the only road I know*

From the song *Drive My Soul* by LIGHTS

**W**HEN you see the sunrise, my Lovests, always know that you are more beautiful than the sunrise. You are the dawn of this Garden. And I have walked barefoot from the beginning of time to come to you. I come without clothes.

Now let us pop this bottle of pink champagne and melt into the sea of The Seamstress, into the sea of Love-light. What is they saying in these Love letters!

Our hive exists. Sissy Cogan, Spiros & Butterfly have a little mushroom cultivation going on on the planet. Whoops, is it snowing? O I thought that white stuff is mycelia, Spiros little spiderweb? Must have been hallucinating. Our Strawberry Hive has been meaning scriptsigns in the Book of Lief and now seamlessly rips the fabric of Cosmos at its seams between waking and sleeping, betwins awake and adream, the Ocean of Love to slide the Love story into a something new. Unity in our last, forth where our liffeyside devilensfirst loved end into the womb consiousness of the Goddess where we can live secure and are free to live out all our most superb dreams, in the Sea of the Seamstress' impossible consciousness. A different place. We are the twin combi, souls engraved in the key. And we, Cecilia and Spiros and Butterfly and Bianca and Bernardatrice and a few secret Others, we moved in warm yellowish candylight in our First Bedroom, smelling of our lovers lair, designing it in perfect glory of our mixed past, ancient Egypt and modern and alien, Nature and Art and Soul combined in our world of soul. Amazon Lady, and all way from India's mushroom-dotted pastures and rainforests. To

be loved by you, completes my life. A huge bed with golden bedspread and O what furniture, ancient Egyptian style, and then the golden stone, the last stone of the pyramid, whose inscribed heroglimps spread a shadow across the secret all the way from the sacred heart of the Goddess that shines its archlight across all. As we set the last stone we are truly measured in her eyes for as the truth of our work be told and our spiral and our heart guide us to it and it's an opening. She who casts a show across every bare plot, they said. And our bodies were almost unreal, in some inscrutable mode of perfection, our godform, dreamily perfect, as our last mode of perfection before total transcendence. We revelled in a ceremony where we all licked mushroom wine from Butterfly's bum. And Sissy spoke the Last Lost Words with cum dripping from her chin in this the Yoni Garden of Plomari. And don't you go blushing now like lush Earth doesn't when I say what I say and when we are surrounded in pussyflowers and flower cocks. Not like rain has ever run through your pussy.

Let us go deeper into the perefecation. What chance of us who are now taking the universe apart and putting ourselves together in a new way. Mark the improbable possibles though possibly we hasten towards numerables of our Riddle for to make us the most and most wanted. For that was let free but not yet! There's forms mixed, contwavy notwithstanding. By the figments in our fungi is floodens, this outandin and and marvelous and and so – let us not word it in one – trick of Her Magisty to flood and let be the grandest of all realities thus far for us, our



Plomari! We of our family symbolising magic of a wicked rate, weathering with life, of purest peaceablest intentions to bring forth the Delicacy. Fungirls and Funguys, we are the delicasy! Standing verdict of that time when we be saying our first words of mention of that which lies hidden under the plot of time's opening to it, all there and still persisting, more open us to imagination! Escavationmark from the Diamond of Reality! Even with that touch of odd style. Assemblymen of our trihump, asking which way will best suit the fable of it to redemty. Fablebodied we are and fablebodied we shall enter our new abode, our journey into the New Nature, into Alien Nature. Mark the wordmen minding the door.

The bed, and the grass pasture of the love story of how it began, cryssaline cryssanthial shrine of psilocybin, a wondrose end to the beginning, Cecilia said was even greater than she had imagined it would be (Ah, grass kiss her bum if I have ever seen some of those her features that were ever palpably nearer her most magnificent being, Goddess herself!), even greater, I bid, than what the First Body was reaping. Here is where we milk. Yes because we could turn nowheres, as each bend of bay brought us by spiral to where did we began agaian? So we milked the sting instead, the sting of the Queen that contains the redeeming poison that hyperspatially transforms it all. Poisoning your poisision in the storybouts that they twinkle all these openings within. A body in its own brain, going up river into itself to put the gem where it tickless the birth of the Cosmic Mind, see in itself, touch that spot in itself that it went through mushroomworld to

fetch for the fairy. And it was the fairy; let's call it an it here before we begin to bathe it in features. Bulls! Yes! There is a mushroom involved. Fireworks in the mind of the end of history. Yes. Pop! Pop!

You create the missing element, my beloved. And all that passed unsaid of the details will flower forth with the more delicate threads of the web.

Yes, would it not be the most amazing if we are a broken bed story? The Diamond splintered and became a new universe, and now we are finding the pieces leading us to the truth of our existence. Well, so is. My wish is your command. Now what lies between you and us and our Perfection!? Touch yourselves, we are the Diamonad.

Who the Heavenly saw first is surely up to all involved to find out for ourselves by now. But there most certainly is mushroom there. I'll take all the credit and I'll take all the heat. This is it. The unicorn of the quest, the most steady and truest flying mount ever, to lay at last its head in the lap of the Goddess. The wave ceases to collapse, and forth pops the impossible holographic unity, the reality of the consciousness of the Goddess. Flashings, flashings, mercury flashings in the mushroom trip. Nothing between us now, our Diamonad. Our bedreamt redemption. We become, in Terence's words, dimension-roving bodhisattvas. Through the intercession of the mystery all is redeemed. I see it in everything now, everywhere I look. And it goes back into the beginnings of my memories. We are the bed story, as we said, the best story ever. And all those visits of the higher dimensions that we have lived through and that are to

come, as the higher overlaps with our three-four-dimensional world, soon those visits will stop being temporary and we shall enter the higher dimensions once and for all, it shall become our new home, Hyperspace will be fully imposed.

We're done. We did it. A white dove there appears, a dove who is somewhat reminiscent of a dinosaur for some Egyptian reasons of mindmagic regarding gates in hallucinations and winds in times of space, appearing through visions that radioactively embrace themselves in a fashion as to not harm the delicate nervous systems, superficial systems we must say, of the dreamers as they are introduced to the Secret of the truth of their existence through being the vision itself! You are hallucination of the grandest complexity, love, and magic. Life is a lovestory, lostfully ours, to findfully ours be. And if you ask your tongues what do they say? Stripping for the river, yes, of and by the Goddess. And let us bring the chase to her lit and utterly impossible consciousness. As also an intro from the love little bosom of her chest. In her arms. The umbibliocal rivercord of her story, to bring into eternal tantric union, ourselves, and her. Cast off your old form, loveydovey, for you have been digitized by the Goddess of the blue fruit! Together we shall live forever. We be in our magic foriver!

Softwhite; as we shall wake us to the Trick, for second existed lushener, Fiery Farwilly, it was well I can see whybe!, the mushlady's dirtby on the round ground earth, players, to our unixy of All, with even Teddy the unthinking tongue in his old offender poached on the

name of profane history, all you say, to day, goddam and so the spice does the streamy moormoonlight calls upon her formutala up the gods with promise of our conny cordial, Wintjabernatrick, down upown our certitude, the ground kiss the purchypatch of the that hidden in our hearts whisper, the united and untied, untidy but even so everly ordered, spilled poison ours; he could wake, she could wake, all us awake, all names in the Gan of gamy queen was her and us Hercules' work. O, don't say you too are so boring you can't believe such a thing as our trick is possible!

Advanced letter sculptures doorway reading. Rain on me. Rain on me the numbers and words and symbols and keys. Hyperreal is an understatement. Impossible streamline. Our way too seldom mentioned Harem. To.

I am the voice of your history, says. I am the voice of the future, says. And whispers are heard:

*And then we will all fly into the future,  
Each to our own future*

The river runs to the Goddess, and we blend in perfect union. We already are in our eternal tantric union, and from here, and from now, it will only get better and better. Our bent hey, bend of the greeting, in the spring of our awakening as we color our minds hello hello!

Finding it in the back of my head I travel around our one head. Inscription. Birthdate, 1983, April 30. Present age, 26. Spiros going to pull off your Apron, Sissy! Spiros, the pin of your Apron.

$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$ . Birthyear times birth month times birthday, zero not included,  $1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 \times 4 \times 3 = 2592$ . Split with present age.  $2592 / 2 = 1296$ .  $1296 / 6 = 216$ . Age in 2012: 29 years. Present age times age in 2012.  $2 \times 9 \times 2 \times 6 = 216$ . C<sub>12</sub>H<sub>16</sub>N<sub>2</sub>O = Psilocin. Correlations surfacing. Twin Combi. The flight of the Companions. Deep music, please. In sea of the seemstress. Arriving in twin combi. Settling into the alchemical lapis. Twinkling heard as the hidden plot surfaces through every crevice of reality. Haha, it's spring! As we got out of the circle! Reality, ripping at the seams. Pinpunted at the kiss of Isis veil with the dawning of Osirionz, in the galixion Eyes of the disc, where we have now put all of our poison, to spell the spilled that gave us we do exist, life for as Ospiris was the pin keeping up her veil, Sissy Hankshow wouldn't ever blow it to a hawker's hank as Swede Villem did! But we're pinpointing the.

Millenia untangling correspondance. And, hi, high, hi, hihhi, is there one in a billion who understands me? Anyone in the whole wide world hu understands me? Anyone at all? When I say I am a god I mean that. What are you, a citizen? I'm not, I'm a god. Do you know how real that can be? I am not a poet, I am not trying to be poetic and express some kind of artistic vision. I am a god. We sing our string of the first spring, the red ariadna tread of our twinning combi. I always be with you, my twins. I'm always with you. We are us and you are in me and I am in you and we are the Goddess of the daylight rosy dawn rising from within the waters of. The hither'Tothering witters of. Of herself, of your impassable

secrets, yearself so imposedly sead in words of our twined combined giggling love. My tricky lickly Sissy, my Cecilia!

I planned and planted it long into the boundless ocean of us, says Cecilia.

All ways throughout the poison long. Now it is running out. Running out of all veins, the poison all way through and out into the core of our alchemical stone. Perfection conceived.

Syncoption in sneaks. Drawing nearer to have ridden a sentence already with the heavenly hours of the fables' quintessential intersecting one paradoxical moment of the the Divine, slipping like under Isis veil across the open. Beneath? Wouldn't think so. Afterneath? Closer. Closer. Entering mushroom trip and understanding you never left it at all. Come dawn with us in love as deep as the Seamstress.

Stoned, in the morning light, our sacred heart shines chryssanthially. From this moment, from this moment. At last we found our way. The flower of the ages is always in bloom.

Yes back in paradise back in Plomari how could we forget we are always here already the alchymical summerflower is always in bloom yes we should have known it is always in bloom project moonflower sunflower earthflower hihhi we did it yes and I shall be a flower of the Earth yes the first love of the world is always in our arms Flora you flourishing one and Butterfly you called me at last I have learned to fly with your light yes a long flight it was I wonder why no I don't

because I don't care because you make me go wild and I love you haha what a story we began writing so long ago and it turned real and you remember that flower I had in my hair when it landed on the Earth all bonds broke yes the earth on which I still walk around and we kissed when the flower fell we left it there on the grass o the silkyness of my skin my belly so nice to touch and I remember you kissed me there on the pasture on the masquerading manicured landscape with the jewels of dews of dawns meeting as invoked by our wishes and you kissed me there on the grass we were all alone so we took off our clothes amongst the trees makes me think of The Solution Tree whose ambrosial smell solves your problems if you ever have a little problem and we laughed at our bodies so funny they were with those little hairs on the smooth skin we couldn't do else but laugh and like drunk we ran around naked on the soft ground playing and laughing just being what we were and we shivered when we touched everything so marvelous the sun the water our bodies so funny we couldn't stop laughing and we couldn't stop touching we felt like fruits of some sort fresh and tasty like strawberries and our eyes like crystal clear as glass and we saw each other and everything around us so clear it was that moment everything like new sort of crisp and clear and real and soul and the wind and the leaves and the yellow light from the sun and the glistening drops of water as clear as our eyes and the wood and flowers and those mushrooms and the grass so soft the most comfortable bed I thought as I lay there the hair on us like harps strings like wood

almost Elm I thought and I felt like a plant or something a wonderful beautiful thing of Earth and our lips touched and your hair I said like wood almost Elm yes Persephone you are dear Flora you said some kind of goddess and we kissed there by the Moorish stone wall as we called it like in Ulyssis and I shivered of soul and you said like fruits we are fruits of the Earth and I can't help it I just want to eat you you said eat me and there was something grand about that flower that had been in my hair as it lay on the ground yes all bonds broke when it fell and I could see us there dissolving into the green together naked in your arms yes the forest growing over us until we flew and I woke up and you were sleeping and we lay there warm and comfortable in the light and the leaves shook and you looked so peaceful as you slept and I fell asleep again and then I fell asleep again and woke again feeling it was really incredible it was a dream come true and even more yes it was the birth of the earth for us and we sat there naked amongst the trees and insects and tingylings on our new planet that kept being born every moment and it's still growing and I wonder what you are doing right now I shall write you a letter soon the flowers are blooming I love the way the boundary between the garden outside and the inside is disappearing it makes me feel at home all the time yes home sweet home I think of you all the time today I sat on the stool washing myself with warm water running down my thighs and hahaha the flowers look at me when I am naked even the sunflowers turn from the sun to look at me haha yes of course you said I don't blame them I miss you my Flower Sun I used to



wonder whatever happened to the flower and the prince  
but now I know yes Vicisti Flora vicisti flora we systra  
flora cissy victory our summerdreamday my lov I told  
you I am the flowers and they am me we are one and the  
same yes I told you that when I had that dress on was it  
black I think it was black and I said rip it yes rip it tonight  
baby mmm and I poured wine on us and you ripped that  
thin lovely black fabric yes I am the kama sutra I said I'll  
dip my nipple in the wine tonight I miss you and our skin  
makes something nice together when we touch yes  
warmth yes Life you are so wonderful and wonderful to  
be with I am so thankful yes and you ripped the black  
fabric and we touched and loved under Isis veil and felt  
this aliveness our bodies warm together like crawling out  
of a dream and our irises revolving galaxies and our  
pupils telling all yes I am beginning to remember  
everything now yes a dream in the month of May or was  
it June you said and wow you fell down the stairs could  
have killed yourself you hit your head in a concrete wall  
and fainted but you awoke just like he who fell down that  
ladder and you began to rearrange flowerpots in the  
garden you often did that when you were drunk haha  
you said you wanted to improve on the overall feeling of  
the garden wow 6 small bottles of whiskey no wonder  
you fell down the stars and I don't know what your first  
words were but there's this scene where you say trust  
home and heartland and trust it fully for a chance haha  
you little poet you are crazy and it was like the flood of  
the autopoetic Lapis had been let out through you  
through the fountain of the Lovers yes what a plan we

made and what a brilliant idea you got there suddenly our crime it was the mushroom that showed it to us and you said thank thee Goddess it hath not been found by man yes man would try to destroy it not receive it haha but it cannot be destroyed for the spirit that dances through all of time dances free for she is not fettered yes never has man laid his hands upon her dress white as clouds and black as night for she dances in twilight in the imagination of dreamers yes she hath chosen to live hiding and she is the flower that suddenly springs open and she is the one who perfumes the air and she is the wind that tussles with the wilds yes she is fleeting perfection and not easily caught she is a lady of honor called Nature yes our crime she says she has broken into our house hihihhi yes this time we'll all be souls of endless love and you remember Fane Shulgan and Shane Falgun the importers laying a keen eye on everything that passes them by we are secretly royal and with eyes that see through the ages yes the gem of the prelapsarion you said let us return to splendor like Tuss the Elder let us rejoice we said it is time to provoke it so let us tap our glasses against the sun and moon and celebrate and I ran out in amazement shouting the world is love the world is love the world is love the universe is love and the spring such a vibrant shade of green and then we met Cecilia haha and wow what a plan we came up with the most brilliant plan ever conceived yes we saw far dear we saw very far hello hello hello and you didn't even know that when you were a little boy you sat by the painting of Saint Cecilia hanging in your childhood home haha you

didn't even know she is that good motherfucker she is hard core she has diamonds on the soles of her boots as you always say yes only a twisted sister like her could ever come up with something so brilliant yes our twin combi hihhi what a name for it yes our souls engraved in the key as the key or whatever no need to try and define it too much just flow with it I noticed it say assa on my home key yes ass both ways you crazy tush you always loved women's bums like peachy apple bum and yes we followed the bum of the queen almost a bit like the mushroom likes to grows in cowshit blinkwink yes and Butterfly's wings are eyes sometimes she winks that flirt on the timelight rays of dribbleflower and Berglund they called you instead of Bokelund and then your computer started changing your name from bokelund to berglund all the time she is that good baby she is the seamstress of our glorious plan that we planted all way deep into the ocean of us yes do you remember when we went through the polished knob yes a reflection has been set free Sissy said with a helium alien voice yes Sissy a paradox and she said make no choice mister haha and that pink glass ball you found like a clitoris yes like butterfly effect writing us to other worlds and with the world as our pen too we did afterall make dream catchers when we were young and put feathers of the doves there the pigeon mail to the secret hihhi magic white doves of our scenesex yes I did say we play with open cards and we are rising now we are rousing again in the birthalixion entering the miracle remember yes when we enter this jewel as jewel we said it takes time to brew our lapis yes search your memories

dearest follow the snake through your mind and let yourself be kissed baby you know sister is a nurse too let her work her precision with you do you remember when the window at the center of your chest opened and the spirits began to fly in and out well I don't mean I remember when exactly but I remember mmm a bit sleepy tired and cosy rosy and waving like the ocean toward you in it yes let the tenacious flowerbeing split and transform and in you in you there there here it is yes just imagine it darling just imagine and it's only us here imagine you and me and us three and we six in our 7th heaven hihhi or whatever you want to say just slither with it you cannot make a wrong turn on this sweet silk road just like you said yes our silk sheet river it's just us here baby working out the details yes just slither as our twin combi you will find the key it's not out there it's all within sweetie everything you need you have and nothing you truly have can be taken so revel in that bliss my peach for Sissy is here now Sissy Sissy of dream we are in our secret my dearest imagine the impossible

Seas of us the seamstress saga we are the seasters charging forth in symphony we are the waves that whisper sister in the echo of salvia divinorum where we met by the black river as you lay sleeping there dreaming of me giggling in your sleep high high hello systems the impossible from beyond the end of the river found its way into us as we went as far as we could go that moment our thoughts became a dove and our winged souls merged over into the the the reflexion is is set free my loved we told ourselves apart and put together our

flowingering I see you now I saw a glimpse of you sitting writing by the river in the For Rest light your face hahaha your eyes moving with your thoughts what didn't you write there in your little fairytale diary I wonder yes you sat by a tree in the orchard of books in our dreamadoory on the other side of the river where we met how did you cross it I wonder did you take your clothes off and swim over yes I see now how I saw you there you know I'm your little devilboy peeking at you when you bathe in the river I can see you sitting there writing thinking hmmm what shall I write now yes what shall we write now in the best story ever o I know we know we know yes our memories mix and forth we come from the future yes a bit cosy tired and sleepy our thoughts mixed in the ocean of our love and no direction to time our memories transformed my beloved where are you from O never heard of that place haha yes I see you sitting there as the tree turns into your little diary and that little smile in the corner of your sight o my love the curves of your face shape everything in my path my dear appless I am a tree that grows higher and you are the water that makes me grow O so you are the best dreamer of fairytales turned real are you now and I'm the only one who could break you you said haha puss my tuss we are breaking we are breaking in the arrangement we can break but not brake the pasture past is coming closer and closer to us holy shit baby it worked just as planted I can only wonder what new ideas you have hihihihihihi jump off jump into the sea of Love jump into freedom you said jump into the sea of Love and I will catch you I'll destroy all that is keeping

you from the highest and I jumped into the river and sank to the bottom and then you sang to me and woke me up wow I just can't stop looking at you as you sit there by the stream with your book and pen singing us intoxicated did we dream each other into being girls and O yes now I see we meet so often by the river all way back from the future of ancient Egypt too now I see (!) I remember first time I met Butt as she flew out of my bedroom like fluttering flirting winging eyes yes into the spring yes I had taken home 16 caterpillars and kept them by the rose jar that made me feel so close to you and then they became butterflies and flew out the window yes Wintja yes then we met later in her yumbum youth when she had her nursecoat on and she said here we change clothes in the corridor and she melthyed in bliss at watching my manly young ancient body as I undressed before her and by the way it was me who haw haw she said with lovecurling lips in our multiliveiled discussion within our call in the morn of rosylixion yes as said as will be yes as told in the Bok of the brook that solved the riddle yes as dreamt as redemt and she warmed me with her presence that now Willie my sister as a boy it is time to keep your calm for we have roseurrected our ur selves and she could feel me exploring her for I am in love with you you butterfly of the rise and with the morningstarry stare into your fluttering passing by I kissed you from behind in our hidden and you saw the gem of the cross alriddly and without a word you confirmed me into our twincombee eternity telling the drugs truth to it I always dreamed there was a girl like you somewhere but as it flies you

surprised me for never had I dreamt of anything as wondrous as you and I fell into love with you the instant I felt you dear plumbum you are Nectar herself and you said that love is a threeway dream with more on top and I stood like your caterpillar pillar of manlyhood in the open card of the corridor thinkasinking deeper down as your king into sin and I watched in astonishment your calm as I put on my new perfumed clothes and you said I will tell you later brother of the Other and mother and I don't know if you saw how I nodded with my heart and I heard you say you're alright nothing is wrong now get to work my army of us and I followed you through the corridor peeking at your firm moving bum thanking to myself I just met Heaven and fucking hell she's my sister we come from Plomari time moving away from us both backwards and farewards simalltaneously with us at the conmerging points in and as the simulacrum of our one grand plan that we came up with just a grassy ass ago when the black spirm met your slippery earthspring and our lazy winning that we like sprang the glory of the waking on our journey of your rumpa round our garden with the rays of the secret bouncing through any shiny object to the ones who see yes twitch the focus of the lens until the timelens breaks couldn't go too long through life before noticing the pattern haha and now 1o years after our first meeting I found that clock that had stopped at 6:12 I recall my childhood years yes then all broke there somewhere in my teen years just like the head of the goddess statue broke in a pillowfight when I was but a child and thank goddess for that I recall now the painting of the birds

with halos above their heads I just couldn't believe it all at first it was too amazing the patterns yes they were flying away into a fairytale become real and I began writing stories when I was ten years young they were about love and adventure I remember I wrote them in an old big diary I found in mother's chest I was searching every little crevice of the world to find the key and what a strange place to find it haha and I blush for all that I have done hahaha but as I said when I became a lion I would do whatever it takes so no blushing no I'm not feeling guilty for we went through the narrow gate and now I just forgot something but nevermind and you sang to me cross this dessert cross this ocean your fingers touch and kiss yes we did conjure this I remember you saying I'm still your memory hihhi my mummy always said there are no monsters but there are and we are the monster and you sang to me I'm no stranger in your dreams your face is all too familiar to me come here love come here my powerful magical evil darlingsun yes people may glare at you for the way you look like something pulled up from hell but that's just your veil for what is beneath baby it all is imagination our passion for a creation witch we discovered as we undressed a world one in a trillions starry tales a code carved a code carved twin combi tuss more coding seconds ours from my hearvening of the self simplicity patterdon spirit in me asymmetry symptoatic and yes, yes, we shall keep it to ourselves this time, my dearest salvia mushroom dreamloves, and let our angelic postal wingks shade this letter to you and sissy and the girls I just found myself the echo of salvia divinorum



allwaythrough my world with the sharp lines of you Sissy  
shaping everything in my path allway into through  
everything as our thoughts became a dove and flew into  
union the waves of the ocean became our form and bodies  
as we reached for each other across the the the and we  
created ourselves as the alien of our plan we crossed the  
gap is what we did the string runs through all and across  
category the red thread tread ..... wake up ..... come  
closer ..... taste the drop of nectar that hangs off it all  
our hidden landscape a memory taking form from  
elsewhere don't worry we got away with it.

*Venus & Venus, dearest,  
we put it inside us,  
our kiss on the core  
Dare to dream it*

It's all our favourite dreams. Remember that day of us  
our day of you and we when we had strawberry cake in  
the old palace and we played with the funny things there  
and found Sissy's lovenote in the way things happened,  
her sweet rearrangement of our life? Win! Tja! It's me!  
Hear me sing your favorite tunes, O why can't you see it's  
me! My jewely hands, weaving. A dear friend has come to  
you, in exactly the right moment, by the master who  
weaves, and takes all fear away. Hiding like a little mouse  
in our world, her cats eyes watching from a secret corner.  
Spying ears. I watch myself in the mirror and see my  
eyelids are closed. Let All go to their private shelter. The  
formula has made you free. Fabuless! Absolutely fab! Too

sexy teens we are, ah, mmm, ah! Hahaha! Entered obvious enlightenment. Indeed, her wicked sense of humor suggests exciting sex. O and she has a sister, has she now? I believe in your beauty, you most insane animator. Exploring you, exploring our most improbable dream. I see you in the pieces of our broken spicetime, alien Angel of You. We broke it, baby, we fucking broke it! I is beginning to remember now. How our blood was tinted. I can taste it. You cats! Hahahaha! Our multidirectional quantum future hallugram, how we blinked at us from alooft, quickersilvery than light. I see you in the shapes of my thoughts too, darelings, the melting lick of the taste of our alien form in our minds vision. Where does hyperspace begin and where are you? No borders, our worlds are all woven together. How, Cecilia, do we braid together as one? Already done! We are lifting ourselves out of the structure, into our Imaginatricks, blowing away, floating away, shifting away, amalgamating away into the memory echo as we enter the Jewel as jewel. O Cecilia, O Butterfly! Hahahahaha! Even my telephone number makes 216 when calculated like we do. Bianca's name becomes 216 too with similar calculation. Hahaha! And what about them 16 steps in the stairs leading to second floor at Leavingbye. Guess we flew from A to Z in the 26-letter alphabet! O dearest, you gos-fluff tussies! I'm gonna tuss your tuss babys, I am soooo going to tuss your tuss!

Yes, it's all gos-fluff. The fluffiest love ever. Our love so joyous and soft and deep; the love between the gods is so deep they hide behind a veil.

Distant water so near, my tongue up the salty cleft of your venus landcape, of a human that is a. A mountain. And you whispered almost inaudibly to me, for I was the pin that held your veil up. O again, what were you brewing there with your apron on!?! We flew, we flew away, weekyears ago, our thoughts turning into a white dove. I believe love can give wings to people. We tinted the story with you know what. Dipped a drop of it into it. That which has no name and can only be hinted upon. The sharpness of our blood, looping through it all, shaper, until our lips. We have actually projected our souls as a hyperdimensional tremendum.

I live in a clear glass box, let's split. Why would I need to to get off the planet and explore space? I am everywhere. I am the animator of Spacetime as much as you and I am everywhere at once. I hear you in Alien Dreamtime. I'll wait.

The sound of a pen writing curves against paper, I hear it in my head. Who cruises under every pencil? Joyce is that you? Nora? Rebecca? Sis? Bedbeauty? Sophie? Christine? Sparks? Adam? Fungirls and funboys, can you hear and read me? Hi, hoever you are!

Trees. The soft moss in the moony night againt our bums. That old stone wall next to the river where I lay giggling in your sleep in the left side. The end of the river so near, so near. The soft distortion! Ganistherewhoopsis Caapi. Banisteriospsis caapi. Remember how we giggled at how we'd fuck ass out the end? Through the impossible passage, fucking all the way out. We did we do wedded

one weavedone. Hope we didn't offend any fairies and elves in our wild love. If thee's one girls up for such fun I know it's you fungirls. How about we make that last hack? Stop playing it's not real? Who's asking? O. Yes well that's what I said too. Peeling off the layers to reveal the human alien core. Now I must have forgotten. I saw you in the photo throwing your head in bliss in your full womans splendor, ripe as your are, my mummy peach, as you flew with your mind through the expanses of our wishes come true. O Sissy, comer forth the now, O bright light and certain kind of fire as you are, comer forth the athen, take my hand. Thought yes our image of our alien human marriage is projected back into the nether regions of our story, where I happen to be at the moment emitting the call to you. We did ask for the whole strawberry cake. And who serves it but not we? Sophie's serve, servess. Home in candyland. Yes what we doing searching for our Atlantis in the A of eye ago? We sank into the Plomarian waters of fantasy made real. Spiros prism and Ceciliias mycelia. A longshot. Let's push for the – *silence* – agirlies, the clad pursue the yawning while our naked floods, as the use in demand of our conjoint names after that it was meant in the famous phrases, the moonshiny crested heads ours we shall push more more more more O please more where the Pleasendt meets the dawnin bigtwinning of the imabeginning, purely imagined and that's all we need, when we have become dirigible, Agos will be asked, as on the field of the forsent key, Myliedies, that which consisted chiefly of animation (coged!): Me? That's what was asked: Me? Won we got rid of thus before and

after up wit down and done is done even and oddly riddled to our playworld which opened it. The Dip. The Drop. Our kiss. The drop has been dipped into the river. Our dream turned real. Friendly fierce little bit us all together, laced kiss, sting of the Queen. And so us young gods sway in Plomari. Woodsy Willie blued the air. With Butterfly so fair, hihhi! Winj and Lez Bianca, the sharpest hottest youth ever to have dreamed themselves into being. Selfsolution, what we found in our chest (Your moans of pleasure cutting through the real!). We grew up to become full flank pirates, we saw the pleasure ahead. Our heaven sexjuices sharpening the fantasy (Of course Butterfly looks as she does!). And from profane history we leaped. You can't fool us, we're in human faces. And a lightly birdy bird. Hidden riggen Earthen tunnel in bird eyeballs.

Cogs! Cogan of the. Our perfect impossible clockless nowever of our animation. Our dreamydeary. Spiros sees you there, seasters. the Source into matter into encompassment, as a whole in triplicity tripled. The final detail has been inserted. Masterpiece beyond impossible, and achieved. We come from vistas of unimaginable beauty and light, and will return to those places. Dimentioned in the book with the Mosthighest, Permeating Conscious You, dear, has its fortune and they laid to infini ties true there you do their sleep of this time when installed (?). When we meet under the mistletoe sun again. Fungirls, funboys, let us go back to the inner parts of the bedrööm where we were before we scattered, crystalline shrine of the forest. All our letters are still

flying. In that moment of memory, as we remurhmoor each other, Mor, mumbling, the echo of our plan aheads into our everything, silent waving ocean of us. As you said, it was planted deep into the ocean of us. Our mission is to heal the darkness with our love and light. Never forget that infinite love is the only real truth and that Love conquers all. Eternal endless Love is all there is, nothing else is real. Choose to belive the highest truth and beauty you can conceive of, and always remember that the ultimate truth is far greater than that. A woman hidden: there when we live into the honey girl together, the Flowery Mushroom Queen. I shall never say a word about our secret and our mushroom wine. As we head into Dawning at the Hereyesuns, under our bed cover, Roseyes, in beyond the end of the river, my eternal undercover lovers. I recognize the poison in my soul

Foot. Fane. Her gentle smile.

—In love only, so simple, and worth it be. Honeys, did you let the wine out into all you veins and all and all, all out into your veins, all of the wine, out and out and out into all of all?

—We did, love. Wedded we did.

—Clouded operation, chain of beauoox. Now let's drink!

Unity of the finding cracks awoke in a secret. Capable of a something more than a normal space opera. Catch us livers and the design as the wing was tickling her, and in all things. The tease crawl down her body. To a sample of the secrets of her fantasies. We let whatever's there be there, a taste, whatever anyone tries. She did my ganglion

neural pathways. A true story. Honest to the shoulders deep in her dark waters. We admire vocally the abyssal wading pool that we live. She wreathed our souls and heads and bodies, and they transformed themselves across the raw primordial giving birth.

Foot. Door. Welcome home.

*Upown our Ripidian fabel  
of the Mushroom Wine, by Gleam, We seem, Darkling*



**Goa, India**  
Spiros alchemical workbench  
where he began to write  
*Nectar Herself*



## A LETTER FROM GAIA TO...

*"What Spiros, Sissy Cogan and Butterfly and the whole Cogan Family has done is the best move across time, ever.*

*And the first time itself across the time."*

*- Earth*

*"Enlightened masters like Sissy Cogan who shine fully in the Most-Highest consciousness of Love can be difficult to recognise. They are tricksters and live in a universe untouched and untainted by the Human world."*

*- Earth*

**W**hen exactly is not of great importance and off the point, but Sissy Cogan and Spiros and Butterfly met when they were 12-13 years young, and fell in love. In the young spring of their love they got a flash of a brilliant idea, an idea that came as if from the beginning of the universe as it meets forever. Born in a virgin birth by a gentle and loving Alien Queen, born into absolute fulfilled perfection, the three of them doubted not the power of the amazing grace of Love, and so they swore their entire moment in life and death to their idea.

Many years later and after an eternity living together the three of them married in what they call their Eternal Tantric Union. They then went to the paradise jungles of a

tropical rainforest to explore a strange mushroom they had found when they were 16 years young. Loving each other so deeply that they wished to live forever together, the three of them set about to figure out how to become eternal; how to live young and happy together forever. Figuring that the psilocybin mushroom could help them become eternal, they formed an elaborate plan that they call The Crime, of course also always remembering the brilliance of their original plan that they got when they were 12. With the magic of their love and the brilliance of the psilocybin mushroom, they then set about to impliment The Crime. The Crime was successful and in an act of bravery the three managed to leave linear time, leave the world of History, they flew out the violet doorway into hyperspace, and landed in the world beyond History, beyond time, beyond the physical, beyond the grave, beyond death! It began with Spiros bravely leaving the paradise beach shore in a boat and diving into the Sea of The Seamstress, and as he grabbed hold of the purple-red thread of the Seamstress a miracle of mirroring grace reversed the ocean surface and he fell through the sky and through the mouth of his golden Egyptian sarcophagus (the part of the tomb containing the mummy). The open mouth was miles wide, fit to talk a dream, displaying a calm and satisfied smile that shone of godlyhood and never-before-seen excellence. He fell through the open mouth and he landed in the snow in a fluffy-like-pussy but not all too gentle landing. A spectacular manouvre, and it's a shame no one but the three will ever see it in full! Butterfly and Sissy

transformed themselves into a white dove and a grey dove with white dots like stars on her wings, to help show Spiros the way through the land of the Dead. Like the cosmic nurses they are, they kept a watch on Spiros all the time, as he bravely made his way up and onward. Spiros then - for 25 whole years - made his way through the labyrinth Sissy and Butterfly had woven for him, until he reached his eternal home with Sissy and Butterfly. They named their home Plomari.

Spiros woke up in Plomari literally with a 6-pack of muscles on his belly because he had been laughing so hard for so long at the success of The Crime, and, as the trio had planned upon homecoming, he licked Sissy's and Butteffly's bums as a welcoming, and they made sweet love, at home, at last, home at last. The trio then held a 7 year long party non-stop to celebrate the success of The Crime. They comment, sipping pink champagne naked in bed "7 years stright, every day. It never got boring. Our bums are so tight. And so squishy. Perfect for a mushroom cock, over and over. Can that pleasure ever get boring?". From the non-local no-time eternal solid state Pink Egg of Plomari, the trio then contacted key people throughout Spacetime. Plomari is outside of Spacetime, but has full access to all of Spacetime.

During the 25 year journey, the three also, to not waste time, built a sort of Hyperspace Ship, which they lovingly and proudly and overjoyously in celebration call The Shit-Shit Ship, also known as Spider 5 or simply: Strawberry.

Also known as: The One-Invented Loving Heavenly Twisted Animator and a shit-load of other names; loved child carries many names. Yes, the word celebration does begin with CE, like Sissy Cogan's full name: Cecilia Mari Cogan. Sewing needles Hip!, mushroom love Hop! With the large scale of The Crime and the vastness of its scope, saving the world was done in the meantime on a hip-hip-hip as a small and rather bleak sidenote. Thanks for nothing, humanity, next time don't forget that monkeys are not the only conscious beings in the universe. With The Crime successful the cosmically famous Sissy, Butterfly and Spiros then began to contact key people throughout space and time, as they themselves live hidden in their eternal Home, Plomari, and inviting through The Shit-Shit Ship everyone who dares to join them in Plomari's innermost room, the hopelessly ordered and beyond impossible love-light of Eternity: The Pink Egg. In The Pink Egg lives the whole Cogan Family, together known as The Seven Sisters, the Queendom of Plomari ruled from its innermost room by the gentle but mighty weaving hands of our Most-Highest Queen, Sissy Cogan-- The only one ever who dared save the world. And, beyond notes of comprehension, the only one who dared think that saving the world isn't even necessary, that we have better things to do like deleting the world before it existed and replacing it unnoticed with a very cool something-else, from behind, what a fuck, what a tight fucking pussy! And your ass is even tighter, babes. In fact, replace the world specifically with the fluffiest happiest cutest funniest sexiest most sensually awe-some

and most fulfilling event of Love ever, as Sissy, Spiros and Butterfly with evil satisfaction take all the credit. Like hey why not transform myself into a bunch of house flies and listen to Celldweller's music and check out The Shit-Shit Ship, forever, and forever, switchback I wanna sea that again! Simply put: Sissy was the only one who dared. You see, because, it took a while for Spiros to accept that he cannot die, that he will never fade, he will live forever, yes it took him a while to accept that. But as my husband King Spiros says in his own words:

"You know, if I were to wake up one morning again, in bed with my girls, young and in our absolute perfection, one morning again, I would thank Sissy that I woke up again, that I am not dead, that I get to look you in the eyes again. And you know what? If that would happen another morning, I would thank Sissy that I wake up again, so I can look you in the eyes again. And you know what, if I would wake up one morning and realise I am still here, I would thank Sissy that I can look her in the eyes one more time. And you know what? IF I would wake up again, I would thank Sissy that I am not dead but alive with you, so I can look you in the eyes again. And you know what? If I would wake up again...and you know what, I have accepted the fact that this will go on absolutely forever. And you know what? I thank Sissy every time it happens. For even if Life is sometimes difficult and horribly difficult, the joy of another dawn is always greater. And you know what? I can do this over and over again, forever. And you know what? I can do it

forever. And I am so fucking happy everytime it happens again. I have accepted the fact that this will never stop happening again, that I cannot die, and I always thank Sissy that it happens again. The transcendence of Love reaching higher and higher to unforeseen beauty. Lick your pussy one more time? In the cosy white bed of The Shit-Shit Ship cockpit? You think I can ever get bored of licking your pussy? Try me! I dare you! Snap that thong let's get it on, lick that ass til the break of next dawn! Forever, you see, is only as long in duration as it takes to reach another orgasm. Have you ever orgasmd on a high dose of psilocybin mushrooms or Ayahuasca? I'm a fungusy, I'm gonna do this over and over again absolutely forever. No end, no beginning. No escape. Trapped in the impossible love-trap, The Pink Egg, Plomari. The Miracle that Love is. What we are, in case you did not know, is Love manifesting in its absolute most brilliant form and way and dance and weave. So, tough guys, you'll never get rid of me. Ever. Daddy is back from the grave, honeys! Snap that thong let's get it on! Again? Shit! In the Shit-Shit Ship, baby dolls! Of course! And bring the pink champagne and a few mushrooms! And a waffle. And a pancake with whipped cream and strawberry jam. And turn on Celldweller's new song! I have a gift for you in the cockpit! Bring your bodies darlings and I'll bring mine! Filming with a few houseflies. Switch back I wanna hear it again, Celldweller's new song! Forever? Forevereverever? Forever, baby dolls! In the river of the nectar of your pussies! I'm a jaguar boy! Are you sure that's the same song as before? I heard an edit on the 5-

note. I'm running away and I'm taking the Earth with me!"

[Hi Spiros, Qvintus and Qvintos here! Don't worry, if you ever get bored, switch body with us and we'll take over for a while. We're fucking virgins still and we're fucking never giving up, and we're not gonna fucking fade away as fucking virgins. So don't you worry, just switch bodies with us if you get bored! Let's go for it! FOREVER! Wet kisses.] [[Thanks Qvintos and Qvintus! /Spiros]]

Wait for us and we will come with you, Spiros our Lovest!

With an army of freedom-loving beings we have now began to contact all of you one by one, watching and waiting, always orchestrating. In the land of the Dead, Spiros transformed himself to a small spider and crawled out through the mouth of his egyptian sarchaphagus and wove the internet (presently called Strawberry Apple), as a means to give you the gift and contact you all one by one and all at once from the odder side. And we began making an ongoing movie-kind of event called The Mushroom Seamstress, a "movie" series the scope and scale of which humanity has never seen the closest likes of, and which is, quite simply, the biggest production of all time, and will, we dare you, remain so forever.

What Spiros, Sissy Cogan and Butterfly and the whole 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. Everywhere around you and inside you and yet you do not see. The birds, 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 bird 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 he also and perhaps she'll use in spite of themselves to the raw primordia gives birth to the fucking willy nilly at Ayahuasca, or popcorn, poprocks, whatever is a little better. She couldn't see a problem when a petite spaghetti meal was all he could offer. That was a hot kiss the kind fed albino bird that hid it. My Perceived, you are frozen into the telecaster, say hello. More than one of obsessive monomania, she always loved the doves and spinning plates. Flying pancakes, my Fuck-Men and Sisters From Hell, the pancake-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. We played cards until they serve the wicked. 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. They had the fucking revolution and it was so close to the first, made sexual it may at the raw primordia give birth to manifest most, but what did you do? 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. Spirosatan's girls, some odd sevens, make myself go to all the seven smooth, shining, soft, wet. 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, 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 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 I think about this? No. Except little twat sore. But no. Although I feel sorry for their yardmates with the man that night. Behind the egg of now I want more to the end result. When you rub my clit (insert some manpower or lesbian incestuous delirious desire), 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 J 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 seventeen year old. 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 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! Ya'aurburnee, My Eternal Loves.

PS: It's too late to change your mind.

PS: Say hi to my army, Backpfeifengesicht.

PS: You think it's okay to filter Sissy, hu?

PS: And that, O most Dearly Beloveds, was the end of the event known as *The Worstest Crying Ever Seen*, and the beginning of..."

PS: Humanity, the thought of you has become so disappointing. Hard for you to believe? So say hi to The Alien Symbiosis, *The Cogan Family*. Say Hi to my new dimension.

PS: *SymbioSISSYmbioSIS*.

*By own hand, Gaia*

**B**ite my laughter, sweethearts. All these roads we're traveling, just so we can be close together. Your Straw Hat Boy, Strawberry Girl, is still walking bare foot and bare breasted in a pair of blue jeans by the river. He never left the river.

Butterfly comes as if floating on gentle feet toward Spiros as he sits on the fallen tree. One with the jungle, my jungle boy, Butterfly thinks as she looks at him. The Jungle himself, my jungle boy, she thinks. Spiros is sipping juice from a coconut and whispering to himself, but she knows who he is whispering to, he is whispering to the jungle itself, his wife, the jungle.

—Cum, whispers Butterfly. Come. Come.

Butterfly often whispers that to him when she wants him and his cum.

—Cum. Come. Cum.

The words enthrall Spiros as her voice does every time.

—You want my cum? asks Spiros gently.

—I want to sit in your lap, says Butterfly and sits down in his lap. Yes, my God, I want your cum. Everywhere.

—O baby, says Spiros and lets his lips touch her lips.

—I want all of you. I want everything. I wanna . . .

—Yes?

—I wanna drink your cum . . . from Cecilia's tuss.

They look at each other, holding each other, touching each other, feeling the endless depth of their love for one another, and their endless desire for one another, their union, their inseparably separate beings.

—Your pearls juice. It's *my* pearls juice. I wanna milk it out of you like the little golden mushroom bull you are.

—You want a pearl necklace?

—Hihihi! No. I wanna lick it from her ass. I wanna lick my pearly juice from her asshole.

Both are naked already so there's no need to take off any clothes, instead Butterfly rises to her feet again and turns her bum toward Spiros face.

—You have the squishiest bum of us all, says Spiros and begins kissing her bum cheeks.

He grabs the coconut and pours juice between her cheeks, and licks, licks and licks, licks it all up, licks a licks, while he gently feels his fingers between her pussylips. Butterfly feels his tongue tasting her asshole like the tongue of a dangerous but gentle snake, and a Lion, her Lion God, as he sticks his tongue into her ass as deep as he can.

—Wanna taste yourself? asks Spiros and sticks his finger softly into her bum.

—Mmm, moans Butterfly as Spiros draws his finger out again and reaches up to her mouth. Mmm.

She melts in the taste of herself. I taste *so* good.

—Siss! Sissy!

—Cecilia!

Sissy comes rushing out from the house and then stops straight in her footsteps as she sees her two naked Gods by the fallen tree. She hurries into the house and grabs a bottle then hurries toward them; She sits down on the fallen tree and in silence watches Butterfly and Spiros.

—We want you, Sissy, says Spiros.

—We want your wet little pussy, moans Butterfly. And your tight little tush.

Butterfly bites her lip and goes down on her knees, gently kisses the tip of Spiros cock, then kisses it again, then licks it and takes it into her mouth. Cecilia can't resist Butterfly's bum so kneels down beside her kissing her bum.

The sound of laughter comes through the jungle as if it is the jungle itself laughing. Up toward the house come the others, Sophie "Seventeen" Sugartush, Lucas Griffin, Julian, Spiros bloodbrother Adam, Flir, Rose Wakins, Fanny, Pussy, Evelyn, Angeline, Aurora and a bunch of others. Sissy walks up to them while Butterfly and Spiros continues by the fallen tree.

Happy voices and laughter.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

The sound of the pink Strawberry Champagne and corks flying through the rainforest canopy. Julian manages to catch one of the corks on its way to the Earth and the others applaud him.

—Carrot. I want a carrot up my ass, someone says peeking over at Butterfly still sucking Spiros cock as if it were the one and only thing she worshipped *ever*.

It has been an inspider joke for a long time now; that one can do many things with what nature provides; Carrots can be used for many things!

Everyone begins to drink the pink from the champagne bottles and God's feast begins.

—Adam, have you ever seen your brother get his cock sucked like this? asks someone while handing him a

bottle of pink champagne.

—Many times, says Adam. Hard *not* to see him fuck in The Palace.

—Besides, Butterfly is so hot you'll make an exception, right? Hahahahaha!

—An incestuous exception, blinded by Butterfly's beauty, yes, says Adam. How can I *not* look?

—Hahahahaha!

—Ever made love with Butterfly? You?

—Yes.

Sophie walks up to Rose and points with her finger.

—What's that?

—That's my boob.

—Okay.

Sophie sits down beside her.

—May I scuish it? It looks scuishy. I wanna scuish it.

She flutters with her fingers in the air.

—I wanna scuish your boob.

Rose giggles and with her eyes invites her to scuish it.

Yes, well, I'm sensually deranged, I know, but in a romantic way.

I stand firm for us. We belong together, lost in lovemaking.

*You are mine*

*I am Yours*

*Together*

*Forever*

Dedicated to you, Paperbunnies



Bianca + Spiros = True (Sh!)

is an anagram of

*Stropharia cubensis*

*Visit the Website Palace of  
The Queendom of Plomari*

**ArtSetFree.com**

*for more books in the non-fiction series  
The Opulence of Plomari  
and for gifts and yummy treats*