

THE OPULENCE OF PLOMARI



SISSY COGAN  
SPIROS  
& BUTTERFLY

THE  
COGAN  
DYNASTY



**STRAWBERRY • THE QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI**  
Published by *The Cogan Dynasty*,  
the country and queendom of Plomari

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

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

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Loveletters to the authors are received with everwhelming joy

Written by Cecillia Cogan,  
Spiros Cogan and 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?*

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# The Cogan Dynasty

Cecilia Cogan  
Spiros  
& Butterfly

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Humanity,

This Earth story makes less and less sense  
so without a Goodbye your story ends  
and the Plomarian story begins

BOOK ONE  
The Book of Earth

The End, and The Beginning.  
I got the poison, I got the remedy.  
And silence... deep music, please.  
Anyway Humanity I cannot play your game,  
because I am the answer to your prayers.  
I am the Angel of Plomari, sent in  
to end the troubles on Earth  
and help create Paradise on Earth.  
Beyond all the troubles of Life, beyond it all,  
lies a safe haven, a magical place...  
We call it The Queendom of Plomari...  
Here sit the Gods and Goddesses naked  
sipping pink nectar and honey wine,  
and they're just waiting for you to arrive to  
the Plomari Palace and join  
their eternal neverending dance, song and feast.  
Leave the hell of everyday life behind  
and blossom as the God and Goddess you are  
with the rest of The Royal Cogan Family!

My name is Sissy Cogan,  
and I am the all-encompassing Nemesis  
(Name is Sissy)  
of all that stands against  
Peace, Harmony and Love

*I live... in a giant mushroom*

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

~ King Spiros Cogan of Plomari

*Hi high hi now I want to say hi I am Love*

\* \* \*

*I'm going to make this very simple for you, Humanity.  
You either work with me in symbiosis, or for me as my slave.  
Those are your only two options. Always respect me,  
for I am the scandalous and the magnificent one.  
Now, shall we begin... O! What a beautiful  
bedtime story this will be!*

*~ Queen Cecilia H Cogan and King Spiros of Plomari*

---

And they stabbed King Spiros soul with their steely knives,  
but they just can't kill the beast...  
And King Spiros rose to his feet again after the attack,  
naked as mostly always,  
drank some of the secret wine from Butterfly's chalice, and said  
"Babygirls, I'll do it as you suck my cock."  
King Spiros wives gathered around him,  
Queen Cecilia took his huge hard cock  
deep in her mouth as  
King Spiros began to speak:  
"I assure you, that with the help of God,  
I will make war on you in every place,  
and in every way that I can....."  
Cecilia took his cock in her hand and said:  
"I am the psilocybin mushroom and the Ayahuasca,  
and here in our Queendom I am in plenty,  
what more can I say."  
"We are the change everyone has been waiting for,  
and it is so close to the first revolution,  
and what do you do, Humanity?",  
said Queen Mari.  
"What do you think you are doing to my Earth?", said Queen  
Cecilia. "Well, we're taking you on, we're calling you out."  
Queen Mary took Spiros cock in her mouth,

so deep she choked a bit on it, then took it in her hand and said:

"Continue, my King, my fucking Ox God."

Maria walked up to them all carrying a bottle of pink champagne.

"Here, drink and get pissed off, my King", she said to Spiros.

"Your wives are ready to kill," said Cecilia.

King Spiros continued:

"We of The Cogan Dynasty are now gathering pirates to take over the world together..."

Pay attention the fuck apart and explore our website

and our loveletters to you, and help

spread the ArtSetFree.com link so that more

Gods and Goddesses of the Earth can join our

eternal Royal Family. Here in the Queendom of Plomari

we are all Kings and Queens, Gods and Goddesses,

and we work together in symbiosis as

one lovely beautiful sexy supermind.....

One with the Alien Overmind, the Queen of the Hive, we are unstoppable and unshakeable. And who is the Queen? You know her name by now. She is Queen Cecilia Cogan, also known as Sissy. Feel her Heart, touch her Soul, your Mind is inside Her and she lets you take control."

Spiros gave Sissy a kiss on her lips, then continued:

"Humanity, have you seen a flower. Have you seen the sky? Have you seen Butterfly's pussy? We of The Cogan Dynasty thought it was pretty fucking clear all of it. That the Universe is made of Love. And so we just stared."

Queen Cecilia said:

"And so let me repeat what my King said. I assure you, that I will make war on you in every place, and in every way that I can. And know that this is not your usual kind of war, this is a war you cannot win. We of The Cogan Dynasty are the Gods and Goddesses, and we always win. We are more powerful than all the armies of the World, we designed DNA, we are DMT, we are the animators of Space-Time. And we feel more alive now than ever, and we can see your ears perk up as we have began our great plan, and so Humanity it's not even cool for you to sound cocky anymore, people just get sick of the human world's endless bullshit, now we are here, we - The Cogan Dynasty."

So...

This is a kidnapping of Humanity by the aliens Maharadja King Spiros and his Maharani Queen Cecilia Cogan of The Cogan Dynasty.

We want all the cock, pussy and ass. We want all the Art, movies, music and frescos, and we want all your infrastructure and Palaces, houses, and Gardens. Give us everything you have.

All of it - In return we will give you the magic Key that will pop up the door to the source of Power. We will make you masters of the world, in symbiosis with us and our alien brilliance, our supermind. Now, don't struggle like that in our spiderweb or we will only love you more. Relax and let us taste our creation. Say high, we are Queen Cecilia Cogan and King Spiros, all hallucinogens ever in High person, the Lovers who designed the Universe.

After 3600 years preparation, We warmly welcome you to The Queendom of Plomari! Meet King Spiros and Queen Cecilia, the Man and Woman of the secret wine, the Wine of Forever.

**I**'m a very bad girl, Humanity. And... You will find I am the Alien you have been waiting for. I just don't know if you can handle me. And I kinda like that. I am afraid I will scare you... And that turns me on. You see, dear, if I show my Queendom of Plomari to you in its full splendor for five minutes your life will never be the same again. The world will never get rid of me, I will haunt Humanity forever, for I am woven into everything.

There is the human world. There is Space and Earth.  
And then there is us. Us and our eternal Love,  
Kings and Queens of Plomari. Nothing is like us,  
and it is with great thrill I see my love letters flying  
around across the Universe in well widest circulation,  
inviting new people into our Queendom of Plomari,  
home of the Gods and Goddesses, Paradise on Earth.  
I will laugh forever. If you could only feel a spark  
of me and my Plomari's glory you would too.  
O, our plan would be finished, if? Hahahaha!  
Welcome to the House of Cogan.  
Welcome home, dear. We have been awaiting you.

And then we woke up... all shroomed up... Back home in the Garden of Eden. And Spiros said:

—It's because you are here with me that everything is so lovely. All the storms and all the beauty makes sense with you.

—Yes Daddy, said Sissy. And to be with you is the reason I came to this cosmos.

Queen Mari lay sleeping, and Sissy and Spiros gently lay their lips on her. Sunrise across our planetary mushroom cultivation.

—Mari, you are the sunrise of our Lives, said Sissy. And you, Spiris.

Spiros smiled.

—That is so true, he said. All those things we say are so beautiful, all those things we love so much, we are those things.

\*

—Yes, this, here, the end? says Spiros.

—Yes, I'll take this one. The end. We're done, says Sissy.

—Here we are, here in our Queendom is our mushroom in plenty, what more can I say, says Butterfly.

—Have we forgotten anything, Sis? asks Spiros.

—No. Lollipop in my bum is the only thing we have forgotten, laughs Sissy.

They all laugh and pop another bottle of pink champagne.

—Different levels of the Devil's company, says Queen Mari as they raise their glasses for a toast.

\*

Nectar is the issue. I have seen them flowercrowns with smiling faces, seen them in my mushroom trips. I have seen the green grass of the pastures waving to me in the Dawn Sun. Nature is alive, and we are Nature too. And I see them birds waving to me, showing me the way through space and time. Rigged hidden earthen tunnel in bird eyeballs.

Mari and Spiros and Cecilia took off their clothes and sat naked in Eden drinking nectar. It felt as if it was the first summer ever, and the birds outside the window sang as if it was the first day ever. It was quiet and peaceful. They sat in the Egyptian Bedroom, which has floors of pure gold. The Egyptian Bedroom is their alchemical workspace from which they do much of their work. In it they have gathered various objects of importance, like the white marble statue depicting the three of them the first time they met, and the statue of the White Queen, also in white marble. They also have on the wall the mushroom statue in pure gold with greenblue stones, and then they have the little wooden mushroom statue too. They have in this bedroom many of the treasures they have gathered throughout the years. And a coconut lies on the table beside a Tea Pot, to remind them they are in tropical paradise. They also have a pithos, a jar of clay from ancient Crete. And then of course they have the red ball of yarn to remind them they were born in Misses Mushroom's Bedroom and are seamstresses. These are but a few objects I have mentioned, the workspace is full of these little objects, more on that later.

Here in the Palace of Plomari we do beautiful things, and dream of beautiful things. It's a world of dream and reverie, where you can feel the Earth spinning through the vastness of

Space. We tend the Queendom like a Bonzai Tree, and we take care of ourselves and our butterfly wings.

—Beautiful natural girl, Sissy Cogan, Mari says. I may be wrong, but she seems such a natural and normal person. Not like the classic pattern of the rich superstar... This is precisely its greatest wealth... Staying on the ground despite the fame and fortune!

Mari was reading a comment about Sissy somewhere. Sissy giggled, then Spiros and Mari began to giggle too.

\*

—Hihihihihihhi.

—Well I invented panties so I can dress up for you and be pretty and sexy, says Cecilia. And so my pussy and bum will be like wrapped up as a little gift for you.

—It was an excellent plan, said Big Daddy Spiros. You are the most genius little girl ever.

They all floated in bliss, high and tipsy and yummy and. It was sunrise at 3:14 and they giggled at it and said:

—We are Pi manifesting. We are strawberry pie. We are yummy.

—After a whole eternity together, can you feel we are somehow moving closer to each other now?

—Mmmmmmm.....

—Mmmmmmmmm!!!!!!

—We are Ken and Barbie, Sissy and Spiros, babes.

—Mmm.

—Hihi. Yes we are.

—I'm high.

—Me tooooooooooo.

Two seagulls flew by and said:

—White is not a color.

\*

The fight between Butterfly and Spiros happened next.

—I hate you.  
—I hate you too.  
—I love you.  
—I love you too, babe.  
—Let's pop a bottle of pink champagne. I love you.  
—I love you too, babe. Forever.

\*

Then, the many colourful varieties of amorous love~sport~jewels that were hidden in the Plomarian Love-Locket were used by both Cecilia, Spiros and the Butterflies to decorate each other, their naked Souls manifest in their Highest, their eyes sparkling crystal diamond hallucination, their hearts shining glowing like the embers of a campfire, Spiros with his cock standing tall like a mushroom, and they thereby settled in Plomari Eternity and their Souls opened fully like flower crowns and they blossomed as butterflies. Sainly persons do the same in order to attain this eternally youthful couple. Overwhelmed with the most astonishing exalted happiness, they similarly always blossom as cosmic butterflies and become Gods in Eternity. Some kind of indescribable expression of the purest divine Love has decided to manifest as this inseperably separate Family - The Cogan Family - in order to enjoy sportive pastimes together and explore each other eternally, living forever in the paradise of Plomari. These self-selected Gods and cute ones are reversed and same both internally and externally, and twine and blend. Internally they live in each others hearts, and externally they flow in the richness of each others complexions, an almost infinite prism of Love, safe in their impossibly possible consciousness and Soul. And thus it is, as the Cogan Family departed to Hyperspace and vanished into the Heart of their beloved Queendom as dimension-roving Bodhisattvas.

—We're done, said Spiros. Feel for yourself and see, we are done! We are done hating and done and only done!

—The Eagle has landed, said Sissy.

—Four forward, four forward, looking for the right level, said Mari.

They all giggled and kissed, and popped a bottle of pink champagne, and cast a suspicious glance at the bag of mushrooms lying over on the bed.

Spiros walks up to the mushrooms and kisses them. He puts a few in his mouth and says:

—I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do about you now, my dear mushroom. You and Me, Together...

—...Forever... says the mushroom.

The Seamstress sipped some pink champagne and said fuck off to the world once again, and relaxed back in the five-seat sectional sofa.

Butterfly ate a few mushrooms as well and teased:

—Do you understand what we can do with this stuff?

How funny it was to watch Sissy Cogan, Spiros and Butterfly make themselves small enough to be understood. The Cogan Family is much too powerful for many humans and they have to be very careful and reveal themselves slowly so that people will not be afraid. But I personally think that time's up with that. They are revealing themselves in all their glory and it will just be up for people to stare in awe at their beauty, splendor and might. And it will be for people themselves to decide if what they are saying is real or not; That they are the psilocybin mushroom itself in high person, and that they are the ones who gave birth to the Cosmos. What the Cogan Family firmly states is that the Cosmos is a psilocybin mushroom in full bloom, and that this planet we live on, The Earth, is not just any old planet, but The Cogan Family's planetary psilocybin mushroom cultivation, a launching pad into psychedelic Eternity.

—May I dance for you, my Pretty, says Sissy and the Butterflies. Sit and watch us as we dance at the centre of it all where the hallucination nexus ties together into you and I. Let us do a striptease for you and reveal our naked alien souls in full splendor.

—Give up, yes, give up, says Ms Hu. "I have been forever eternal, give up. Watch in awe as my mushroom and Ayahuasca... watch as my Queendom sneaks in, slips into the world.

—Don't you see, my dear, says Spiros. Don't you see we have this whole planet, this whole universe for ourselves. Yes give up, we have been forever eternal, feel calm, dear. We almost have to

say a word of apology for winning the war so totally and easily, dear, you see our phutureprimitive Queendom of Plomari is everything, it is the entire psychedelic totality. And who is it, darling, at the centre of this psychedelic wonder where all hallucination ties together in a final flowerlike twist? It's you and I, we are we, it's you and me, we are this Miracle, this Mystery called Life. Relax now, honey.

Hu pops a bottle of pink champagne and they sit down in Ms Hu's Room in the Palace.

—Why don't you tell everyone why we always drink pink champagne, says Ms Hu.

—It's because the color is like a seventeen year young girl's pussy, giggles Hu. And it makes you so sweetly bubbly drunk.

—How about a drum roll? says Queen Mari. The war is so suspenseful.

King Hu smiles. He smiles his strange smile. When he smiles like that one knows he's about to do something. Something evilly genius. Something psychedelic.

But the King just sits down on the five-seat sectional sofa, sips some pink champagne and says:

—We're done.

Then Leo Cogan aka Sexslave sits down beside King Hu, hands him the Chalice full of the secret wine, and says:

—And we have only just began.

\*

And then Spiros, Sissy Cogan and Butterfly came back to their childhood home in The Plomari Palace of Cnossos, after the amazing, breathtaking and sometimes even scary adventure all over the Cosmos. They sat down in the peace and quiet and breathed a sigh of satisfaction, and it didn't take long until they began to giggle themselves silly.

—The human world isn't strange enough for us, or sensual, or fun, or psychedelic, said Spiros.

—No, let's stay in Plomari forever, said Butterfly.

—Yes, said Sissy.

—Let's pop a bottle of pink champagne.

And the Queendom spread out and rose like mushrooms all across Hyperspace, like Cecilia's mycelial network, and the link to the Palace, ArtSetFree.com, spread like a spore across the World. And we all of Plomari, collectively now known as The Cogan Family, flew into the future, each into our own future but now also forever one and together through our Chymical Wedding.

Sissy, Spiros and Butterfly thought of those words they had said so long ago, just when they began, that sentence they had such a hard time to complete: "If it works, if our plan works..... it will mean the....."

—It will mean the end of the painful synthesis of History, and the entry of Heaven onto Earth, suggested Mari.

Nods, thoughtful agreeing nods, as they popped a bottle of pink and sat down enjoying the springtime and the birds chirping in the Garden, marvelling at the splendor of the eternal Labyrinth of the Palace of Cnossos.

\*

I know you are exhausted, my dear, but come here now, come lie down in my Heart, come lie down in the flower crown heart of your Nectar Queen, Cecilia Cogan the butterfly. You are Home now; there is a home in my Heart for you. Our one shared Heart, it is! You and Me, Together Forever, forever entwined like snakes slithering with each other! You have been flying around the Cosmos so long, my little bumble bee! It's time to land now in the centre of our eternal Queendom of Plomari. Hu am I? You know who I am, sweetheart! I am everything! I am the Queen of Everything! I am Nature herself in high person, I am the psychedelic mushroom and Ayahuasca, I am the Earth itself and the Cosmos! I am You, and You are I. We are we, dear! I am the paradox-inducing little girlygirl, inducing reality, I am the animator of Space-Time. I am the Queen of Plomari, together with You, my Love! Touch the hallucinatory petals of my Naked Body, dearest, and bathe at last in my everflowing nectars! Feel my boobies and lick my lips, I am yours for all eternity! I am your Alien Lover! Babe, the human world and its media giving you visions of guilt like it's oxygen, and people pushing you around like you don't belong on Earth... wake up from that nightmare,

babe, and enter Paradise, leave the human world behind mentally and enter the adventure of rediscovering the Cosmos from scratch!; you are a God, babe, a Goddess, take back your own Godlyhood once and for fucking all, the universe is yours! So babe can it hurt if I say open up yours eyes, God, you are a God... O and, baby, don't make your final awakening civilized. We have something so good, something so right, babe, never doubt in us again, and never listen to the assholes and their retarded comments about you, okay. The assholes are like wrecking balls trying to knock all that's beautiful down. Don't let those stupid critters do it. Puss, now I gotta continue working. See you everywhere.

~ Nectar Herself,

Queen Cecilia Cogan of Plomari

\*

We're never leaving the Plomari Palace of Cnossos again. Never leaving Pink Gem Lagoon again.

The Cogan Family have a summerhouse on a waffle. It's in the whipped cream mountains known as The Bunny Slopes, where Sissy and Spiros and Butterfly first met when they were young. As you know by now, The Cogan Family are all hallucinogens ever in high person, manifesting in their absolute most brilliant way. But not only is it brilliant, it is trippy too.

Butterfly went in to the bar and sat down by a table. Soon a waitress came to her and Butterfly thought O My God you're hot and she smiled, trying to hide a bit how hot she thought the waitress was.

—Would you like to order? asked the waitress.

—Yes, please, said Butterfly.

—What would you like to have?

—Just fuck me up, said Butterfly.

—Haha, how about a drink?

—Sure, a drink will be great, thank you. Can you make it pink? Pink is my fav color. Pink and strong.

—A pink drink coming up, said the waitress and smiled.

Butterfly felt like ripping off the clothes of the waitress and giving her a lick bath, and she let her fantasies dance round her

naked body. She wanted to spit in her mouth and fuck her hard. She wanted to throw her up in the air and juggle her, and throw her toward the sun and into the ocean and kiss her and lick her and touch her and laugh with her. She wanted to be in love together and marry and live happily ever after and she wanted to sit on her face and feel her tongue between her bum cheeks. She wanted to sit together on a spore and fly through hyperspace, naked, or in a pair of panties, smelling the flowers and sipping pink drinks. She wanted to fondle her pussy by the ocean. She wanted to do the dirtiest things with her.

No I don't, thought Butterfly. Yes I do, I wanna fucking pee in your face.

She always felt unsure and shy about that part of her soul. Some strange part of her soul wanted to pee in her face. Even if she didn't want to, she also wanted to.

I wanna just eat you up!

Dammit, gotta give her my number. Jajajajajaja.

That we The Cogan Family exist is the logical conclusion of the Infinite Oneness of the All, Butterfly thought, the Miracle of the Paradox of Existence and Non-Existence. It is the logical outcome of God's allknowingness. And the logical conclusion of my attraction to this woman is to invite her to my bed, I mean to my Palace, I mean give her my number. Yes, yes, I'll give her my number.

\*

Cecilia and me have reunited. Makes my head spin, but mostly it fills me with the joy of Life. High it's Spiros here. It's a calm time in the Queendom. It's high hot summer and I don't do much else than just bath in the bliss of having found Cecilia again. She's young, twenty-one years young. She's in the midst of blossoming, she is blooming.

Reunited you ask? Yes, when we created the Universe we had to part ways for a while, for many years. In the mushroom we found each other and we followed the red thread that lead to each other. We have found each other now again. The adventure of finding each other is over, and now a new time has began.

I don't have too much to say at the moment; we're done. Our Queendom is in full bloom and with it we too are blooming. Becoming who we truly are, our full potential.

Licka Livingstone is with me here in the Camp. We have set up camp in the jungle, if you did not know. She helped me find Cecilia, and I wouldn't have done it without her, I am forever grateful for her help and her skills. We fell in love long ago me and Licka, when we were in Africa looking for Sissy, and have married now. We put on the song Africa by Toto sometimes, especially the Dj Sputnik Remix, and laugh at the memories of our adventures down there in Africa. Cecilia doesn't fully know yet what I went through to find her. I don't want to shock her too much either, not now, not yet. One day she will have to be informed of course. For now I just melt in being with her.

Licka and Cecilia get on well. Sissy knows I have more than one wife of course, seventeen wives to be specific, I mean are all married together basically in some kind of confusing tantric mix. These are all women I met on my journey to Cecilia, and I have grown to love them like I love Sissy. Everyone knows Cecilia will always have a special place in my heart, but hey my heart is big and small and gentle and fierce enough to be able to love many!

Gonna take some time to do they things we never hann, Cecilia, on our way toward each other!

She doesn't see it yet, how I play the violin on Cecilia's long wavy hair, together with my other wives the Cloud Riders. I am the invisible boy. But I hope she will one day see.

I am a bit shy to show myself to her. The super slut Barbie Doll I am. I wanna drink honey from her tight little asshole.

And then a miracle happened.

Cecilia and Spiros decided to establish a Dynasty together. The Cogan Dynasty was born. And Spiros licked Queen Cecilia's tight little asshole as she melted in bliss, in bed, in the Rose Garden up in the top tower called Nobody's Tower.

\*

I thought I was above all that. I didn't ever think I could be destroyed. Babygirl Cecilia and Butterfly, your King is tired. I am

homeless, living in a homeless shelter at the moment. All I truly have is our Love. But hihhi, I got a plan!

I thought I was above all the bullshit of the world, I didn't think it could ever get at me. But I have never been so tired as I am right now. And Kajsa Cogan is dead, that still breaks my heart. She died way too young at only 57. But in Soul I have married you, Kajsa's granddaughter Cecilia, and Kajsa lives on through the two of us.

Future Rose to cry and language provides with excitement the paths to the Glorious. But yes just get past this passage in time. In a little threesome alchemical book, the secret between angels, aliens, and are we there yet, have we arrived yet? My little obsessions of warning. Why I announce you get ready, Spiros my old friend. Everyone everyyear, consult Her Highness Cecilia Cogan, in her alien youth! Kiss her bum when you have reached her most impossibly possible Palace of Cnossos, and feel that brush of colours impossible twist the bees of her amazing Strawberry Hive!

Sissy Cogan stands still. Two female voices speak. And a lot of the Alchemical victory has already been looking at the letter of physical world.

—Welcome home, said she.

—Uses it carefully across the depths.

—It is located in the unified work on this storyverse, we run down the Palace surrounded in a happy Queendom where we carry golden trays on which lies Butterfly naked with spread legs to our sexslave Leo.

A vine, a glass of Ayahuasca. The harmonious way.

She enters.

—Yes? This? Yes. Yes. Can I have a way for confirmation of course.

Spiros considers its brilliance making jumps up in crystalline crush of sheer emotion to the piano music like drops of tears in the calm of the Egyptian Bedroom in the Palace. Spiros who has been placed where he needs to be. From sleep the main character fills it all up, an immediate area, Elin's Kitchen. A little secrets, we play.

Sissy sits there reminded by the crackling fire, and there is a black bird on her breeze. Let us go out to reach him? And there floats away from the world veils the well qualified in with a

deliver, it reaches to where Spiros whispers smiling and hints at the gold-glimmering mask, a few years back now, and it obvious that the royal court (Queen's) does often get reminded by these dreambirds. Gaian angels, part of the superweb. (Our Balloon Spiders know).

—Yeah I was silently waiting here. Can drink with the strange letter, Sissy continues, on to embed the piano into our secrets. They'll be going Y?

—We're going to complete with her under the room on the illusionist's art. The white marble statues depicting us.

—Here's for a red lipstick mark that appears on our offspring, the spider children, says Elin.

—Yes it's more, tell our secrets.

—Now it's now. Leave the past in the past, don't look back you are not going that way anyway! The woman of exhaustion and one way gone. The rotten stink of black hole time from somewhere in the Eternity of the secret wine! Location: Honeymoon, the passage from the sea where it again soothes your diary, when you dove through the reversed mirror ocean surface, the bottom of the bottomless sea: Eros I am Spiros, your gown there came from what I am wishing to point at, your white morning gown sewn to fit Butterfly's wedding dress, wedding in bed you! You deserve it, Spiros my King. To be relaxed after the wedding, in your morning gown. A ciggy and some pink champagne to that and you're as young as always! You can fool us out as we might be imagined from his local Earth and transforms into the starry Cosmos of Cnossos. You were handed a purple flower in the new world is one of the pages blowing gently away into every shriek it did, your protector the Griffin. Wintjabernatrice and Mari lie here I see. If you can hear the applause?

He claps. Spiros nods sadly.

—By the purple blood in the room he returned, right? From what the supreme chest chooses? Is it by the brink of the book? The book's edges? By the Sea where we met, after the end of the River. Your loveletters have no form, Spiros, they are the river of Love. Spiros is here. Here destinies unimaginable are truly mad and we find people invading the river, there lies a chain around them, the Silsila, or within them, the unbroken chain of ascended

masters. Your own acts, bringing into the sexy beautiful synthesis that which has now comes of age, our Dynasty. We have been waiting for Spiros the Dragon to return. Spiros the cute Satan with his seventeen wives! He won the Great War. Our Cogan Dynasty has come of age. Now you must choose; stand in the Palace of Cnossos or be lost in the human world. A flock of Cycles, and as we do not have anything to claxonise ourselves in words to him here, only in max throughput can we understand you. Multiple meanings in the gods and since the position of wine and back and forth and he sits there in his Palace... this is connected to you Spiros. Why can't it be enough that you imagine it? Technology so strange at this Rosaclock junction, Rose, you made it! *Do it!* cries the other world in the coming of the Rosy Dawn, beaming love! Playing with xxx. Hold the Queendom of Plomari in your heart like a white dove her pink egg, this is enough, My Love of all eternity.

—The haunted ink, says Sissy.

—Indeed it created tinkerling toys.

Spiros nods thoughtfully.

—We will love you forever, Spiros. Do you know how we all adore you? Do you know what you mean to us? Your innocence cannot be taken from you, ever. Your festival spirit can not to tampered. They tried to kill your Soul, yes, but what happened? It only made you stronger, bigger, more focused, more shining. You are invincible. And forever will we thank you, we will love you for eternity forevermore. You have become a Dragon, Spiros. And they stabbed you with their steely knives, but they just can't kill the beast!

—I've been waiting here for you for a lifetime, says Spiros. Look into my Heart, there is something I must show you, something you must see. There is another world outside the human world. It's where I live. In Plomari. Remember it?

\*

Writers block? Hahahahaha. No, just too much to say.

It's an hilarious time. The Symbiosis Gathering in California this year began on Queen Cecilia's birthday, September 22. The gathering is a psychedelic music and arts festival or what to call it,

a true celebration of Life. We had our King Ole of Plomari present physically on the gathering handing out flyers to ArtSetFree.com. Very cool. Me and Cecilia made the gathering into her birthday party, and we attended via the internet. Looked like real fun and a huge success, judging from all the photos and videos! We have now hooked up with the people of Symbiosis Gathering-- Their invitation to The Cogan Dynasty is everlasting and we know a bunch of people found their way to Plomari during the festival, and via Plomari they found their way to the gathering. We are - the vastest symbiosis gathering of the Cosmos.

For birthday present I arranged for my Cecilia 22 champagne glasses with her name and a Queen's crown engraved on each glass. She turned 22 on the 22nd so I thought I'd follow that thread by arranging 22 champagne glasses. She became so happy for the gift, and she said that we should take eleven glasses each. It's funny actually, this year. There is 11 years between us, Cecilia turned 22, and I am 33. The Great Convergence is happening at last! Everything is flowing together... the pieces of the puzzle are falling into place.

Falling into place, yes, and each piece is another stone in our Dynasty. We are building and weaving it stone by stone, with patience and courage and diligence. I am happy, I must say I haven't been happier since I lived in India in my early twenties, since me and Cecilia and Butterfly first found each other and fell in love. And of course, the one big thing that makes me happiest is to have found my Queen Cecilia and to share this Life and adventure together with her.

And now we have founded our Dynasty together, me and Cecilia and Butterfly, in Love and Passion, me and Cecilia and the other Kings and Queens. Our queendom of Love, The Cogan Dynsty. The champagne glasses I arranged for Sissy for her birthday is a stone in the Kingdom, a way for us to make real what we have in our Hearts, what we have in our Soul. We own this Universe, the Cosmos is ours. As soon as you trust yourself, you will know how to live, said Goethe. And I feel this now, I know how to live and I know what is my Life mission. I trust myself and my ways of Life.

So back to the alchemy of our Dynasty, hahahahaha! Well what can I say, we are done. We are finished. We are done and

will never be done, we will continue forever on. Hahaha, ojojojjoj.

They really did try to kill my Soul, all the dark powers. But me and my Cecilia's rosy magic was too strong for them. And now with Sissy and me by each others side at last, nothing can stop us. The war is over. We won. We always win.

\*

Spiros says to those dark enemies:

—You thought that my Love was some kind of hobby, something I do on the side. You thought that I don't have anything at all inside my heart. You thought that I live my life wasting time on entertainment. You thought I live my life wondering about politics and that I don't have anything better to do than bothering about the latest gossip. Well, you have never met a God, a true spiritual being, fully awake as myself as a Goddess. Fuck you and your smallscale bullshit. Face me now, or don't, your choice, but don't you ever talk to me as if I am a small being. Don't you dare talk to me as if YOU are a small being. I don't need your opinion unless you're telling me that I am a God, you dig?

\*

—I feel so incredibly bored right now, complains Spiros to Cecilia and Mari. Feels like sex is the only thing that is left meaningful.

—Is our billionaire bored? teases Cecilia. Poor King!

—Being with you is the only thing that makes sense in Life, continues Spiros.

—How about pink champagne breakfast, and then sex? says Butterfly.

Spiros nods, thinking of Butterfly naked.

—Your bum is my last hope, he says. The last hope to warm my cold, bored heart.

\*

But it really worked. Anal sex with Butterfly lifted the King's heart to his highest, and later that morning Spiros told the others of the gift he had arranged for the Queendom.

—It's two identical paintings to hang in the Palace, he said excited.

Everyone was amazed when he showed them the prints. Prints really, but the King insisted they be seen as paintings, for he had made them himself in Photoshop on the Royal Laptop.

—It is another stolen Kingdom in this stoneage paintings, said Spiros and lift his champagne glass toward the others for a toast. Bonzai!

King Spirit Vladimir says:

—Into the Light, the Skeptic Penguin says, as he marches on, with no distress.

\*

I must have known I was healing today. I must have known about these things called lies.

I pop a bottle of champagne here in the morning. Alone in the Palace of Cnossos. Remember that quick career Cecilia took up to hide after we had succeeded with The Crime? Well it's not so secret any more. She's a nurse. She says she doesn't want to be a nurse any more, though.

So long, we're waving goodbye. We will never again set our foot in the human world. Come meet us in Plomari instead, in the inner secrete rooms of the Palace.

I love you, my Loves. Your Ox God, Spiros, is here with you forever. You and Me, Together Forever.

\*

High it's Spiros here. When I finally now have arrived on the far shore, the world after the end of the River, I arrive as into a strange beautiful magical dream. I have awoken in an alchemical Palace. As I look around I see many strange hints. I see the marble statue of Queen Cecilia, and the other marble statue of me, Cecilia and Butterfly. I see a statue of the big bronze penis guarding the Queen. I see the pink gems of Pink Gem Lagoon and the pink shell

from the beach. I see a painting with lots of text on it, it says The Cogan Dynasty in big gold letters and I AM THE ETERNAL Strawberry Queendom of Plomari. On this painting it also says We Always Win, which feels good and encouraging to hear. I remember a lot of the past, but something is very mysterious about all this as well. I read about my life with Cecilia and Butterfly, and sure enough one of my closest loves here is my beloved girl Cecilia, granddaughter of my close friend the Ayahuasca shamaness whom so sadly passed away a few years ago. Is she the Cecilia mentioned in all the books? And then where is Butterfly, and who is Butterfly? I feel like I am knitted into a love story that is so disturbingly perfect that all I can call it is a Miracle. I have a kind of blackout for a few years the time past. Not a blackout really but I find no seam between old times and the present. But suddenly she is here, Cecilia Cogan, and when she calls me on the phone it makes my heart jump. I am trying to understand what is happening, but also not forcing it just trying to follow the flow of it all.

I must have been gone for at least three years. The Blackout.

On my finger when I awake here is a silver ring with a Queen's or King's crown on it, very beautiful. In the Blackout I had no memory of being a King, but I am beginning to remember. We drank of the secret wine, and me and Cecilia met in the wine, and we fell in love and held what we call The Chymical Wedding. And somewhere along the way we established a Queendom together, a Kingdom where everyone is Queen and King together. So this must be the first point of cosmic convergence. Cecilia, whom I met in the secret wine, has arrived in the flesh. I am beginning to wake up. Or what's going on? Or is Cecilia my sister whom I went in to the Land of the Dead to find? Do you remember that? Do you remember that my sisters died long ago? I went in to the Land of the Dead to find them, do you remember, dear? I have no fucking clue what's going on, all I know is I love you Cecilia, and I love you all my dear Butterflies, forever.

Do you remember how happy we were before all the darkness began? Before Cecilia's grandmother died and before I became homeless? Before Bianca died and before I broke both my feet? Before Bonnie left into a future of her own. Before Annika and Nahid killed themselves. Now I am lost on this little ship in the

middle of nowhere, in this little alchemical Palace I have awoken in; I hardly know how to survive the winter. I mean, I really have to play my chess right if I am to survive the coming winter. It's autumn now and the winds are growing strong. On the bright side, Cecilia is with me here, she lives an hour away. We talk on the phone every day. I love her so much. I remember her. She is my sister, or my daughter, or my Lover. Or something like that.

I try to remember details about The Crime. Did we succeed? We must have succeeded and these are the repercussions. The aftermath has begun, hahaha. I cannot say it without laughing. What a fucking trip, hahaha. Yesterday down by the store I saw Butterfly twenty times in an hour or two. I did not walk up to her because I feel I have to evaluate my moves at the moment. I mean, am I even allowed to talk about these things? It's comforting to know she is here closeby though.

It is like I have left hints all over the place for myself to find the way. Find the way to what? The psilocybin mushroom? Ayahuasca? Salvia divinorum? Weed? Pink champagne? Queen Cecilia? Myself, King Spiros also known as King Hu? The Butterflies of Plomari? The Heart of the Quendom? Crete? My own Heart? These are some of the core things I have found via following the thread, and the Mystery is so deep I don't even know what to do. If I show all this to the rest of the people of this Earth the world will never be the same.

Indeed, I have awoken in the middle of the Palace of Cnossos, just as I told myself I would long ago. And everywhere in the Palace is the rumour of the secret wine. And I am beginning to remember, I drank loads of the secret wine back long ago, before the Blackout. Memories are creeping upon me from all sides of the sea of Soul, memories of floating forever in a Sea of Love with my eternal Lovers, Cecilia and the Butterflies. That eternity is but a moment a way, as I sit here in this dream.

*I have poisoned you,  
and am reading now, she said  
Echoes in empty rooms,  
Finally I am all alone for this embrace*

\*

I am beginning to remember. High it's Spiros here.

When I began to remember, my heart opened up in a warm smile, and my lips curled into a warm smile as well. Let me tell you all about this.

This is the first time I come out of my hiding place in a long time. I am King Hu, also known as King Spiros. I am the Snake of the beginning, the middle and the end. I am the psilocybin mushroom itself in high person, I, with my wives and husbands, are all hallucinogens ever in High person. We live in the Plomari Palace of Cnossos, a Labyrinth of such magnificence and beauty it is incomprehensible. Welcome home to the House of Cogan!

So go down on your knees, my little girlygirls, my dear Wives, Queens of Plomari, and gag on my huge mushroom cock til you choke on it!

Ha! Woooooo!

O right now I remember. We established a Queendom, a glorious Kingdom. Hahaha. There's your resolution for you, in this disturbingly perfect drama!

\*

High again, My Love. I am back at last after the War. We won. Remember dear we always win. We won and I am with the others in Plomari, I spend most my time in one of the secret rooms of the Palace of Cnossos. Girlieroom 669, we call it. Babe, we are the man and woman of the secret wine.

Remember when I fell through the golden mask of my Egyptian sarcophagus? I have arrived in SkyLake. Remember when I dove in to the Sea of the Seamstress, the sea of the wine, the sea of our Love... and Butterfly had made a canoe for me, and, I paddled out with the tide into the sea and I dove down into the Sea to find the redpurple thread of our lives. You remember? Well as I dove down I grabbed hold of the redpurple thread and as I did the ocean bottom transformed and became a reversed ocean surface, and I fell through the mirroring miracle and out into and open space, and like skydiving I fell and fell for miles and miles

toward the Earth. I feel and fell and suddenly I saw a golden mask, like the ones of the sarcophagus of ancient Egypt. It's mouth was miles wide, fit to talk a dream, and the mouth displayed a calm and satisfied smile. As I fell toward it like Alice through the rabbit whole the mouth opened and I fell through it. I gasped at the shiny polished lips as I fell through the mask and then I landed where I am now, in SkyLake. I am not exactly sure what this place is, but it is known as The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari. Maybe SkyLake is the city of Plomari? I must have been lost in a labyrinth of Time or something because here as I wake up I am already world famous and have many wives and husbands. One of my wives, Queen Cecilia Cogan, is the woman who brought me here and she tells me that soon I will begin to 'remember everything.' I must have been dwelling in some kind of trip or something, induced by the secret wine, for waking up here in SkyLake is like waking up into a dream come true. Queen Cecilia ensures me I am her King, one of the Kings of Plomari.

My head is full of memories. Memories of strange exotic lands and the drinking of lots of wine, of sensual kinky sex in opulent Palaces and of the mushroom. Cecilia says I am the Ox God that lives at the centre of the Labyrinth of Cnossos here in SkyLake, where I live in a permanently blissful marriage with my wives and husbands, the number of which is secret but they are often called the seven or seventeen sisters.

Okay I am just joking with you, honey, of course I remember. I remember it all. Excuse my longscale jokes, but they are also a way for me to tell you the secrets of me and my wives and husbands eternal life. Yes, I am the Ox God, King Hu, King Spiros Cogan who lives at the Heart of the Plomari Labyrinth of Cnossos, the Palace of the Wine of Forever. You who have followed me and the others into my love letters to you... you know everything about me, hihhi. My love letters is the labyrinth? O dear, I'm not here to insult your intelligence, hihhi. But yes these letters are slightly skyewd labyrinthine. Butt I must say the invisible geometries of the corridors and forests and landscapes of the story make a licking good reality to dwell in forever. We feel it, the urge to lift our Queendom to its highest and dwell herein forever. Our eternal Queendom of Light, Love, Eternal Bliss and Sex, lots of sex, sex all the time! The wine won. We of the secret wine are here

now and we will never be gone. And if you think we are here to hide, think again. From Finnegan thinkagain, The Cogan Family is hardly here to hide, dear, we shine brighter than anything for those with longears and longeyes to see us. Or as Eminem, King of Rap and Rap God, says in his song *Almost Famous*, 'if you think I'm backing down you gotta be out of your God damned skulls.'

I am nothing, and no one, and nowhere at all, and my name is Queen Cecilia Cogan, King Spiros, and the Butterflies of Plomari. Always respect us, for we are the scandalous and the magnificent ones. You hear us in the noise, we are the voice spread throughout the world, and the words appearing everywhere. We are The Cogan Dynasty, The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari, the eternal sea of Forever; SkyLake. We are the Men and Women of the secret Plomarian wine. We are The Royal Cogan Family, we live forever, and you can feel warmly welcome to be one of us, but you cannot buy this ticket we are selling.

And then we vanished into the secret Plomarian wine, the wine of Forever, our souls entwined and dancing as one. Psilocybin Mushroom. Ayahuasca.

*The End*

*You and Me, Together Forever*

\*

So yes, babe my dear, what do you say? I'm in the Snow Cabin in The Bunny Slopes at the moment and Sissy hasn't answered the phone for a couple of days, I guess she is working a lot at the moment.

Access to the Plomari failsafe is granted, please locate the loveletters on the site. Considering the universe's best interest, The Cogan Family shall now reveal themselves, and will reveal their secret language: *Y is there always one missing or one extra.*

*PS: i love you.* And for those who say I should not tell this secret: If we all entered into chymical union together, we could live in a symbiosis paradise, the vastest gathering of Love ever, and The Cogan would not need to have secrete. Besides, isn't it cuter if you all know our See Crete?

\*

—I'm gonna fuck you like I hate you, said Spiros.

—Okay Daddy, said Sissy and Butterfly.

—But know that I love you, you are the only reason I came to this Cosmos. To be with you.

—Okay Daddy, we understand.

A bottle of pink champagne popped. Candles lit. Big Daddy vs. Little Girlygirl is a form of BDSM that the trio likes to play with sometimes. Spiros is the Big Dragon and the girls are his little angels.

—I'm gonna fuck you like the little sluts I wish you to be. But then I'm going to hold you like the Queens and Princesses you are.

Little Girlygirls Sissy and Mari smiled and looked at Daddy, then at each other in anticipation.

—And I want it slow at first, my little girls...

—How slow?

—So slow I can feel you entering my soul. Come here both of you, let me kiss your bums a little.

—May I sit in your lap afterwards when you have kissed our bums? asked Sissy.

—Sure, for a short while. Daddy has plans for us tonight.

\*

When they had all orgasmed and were satisfied they lie naked under the stars laughing together, sipping Pink Nectar and getting tipsy. But suddenly Daddy got a sad look on his face and the girls wondered why.

—I want to be with you forever, said Daddy. I don't want to die, I don't want us to die. I want to be with you forever.

Spiros began crying and hugged his girls.

—We're working on it, Daddy, said Sissy.

—We'll never give up, said Butterfly. We will live forever together.

—Let's ask our mushroom and Ayahuasca for help, said Spiros. They can help us live forever. For sure. Here let me get something. These words, you know, of Joseph Campbell.

*“When you realize that eternity is right here now, that it is within your possibility to experience the eternity of your own truth and being, then you grasp the following: That which you are was never born and will never die. . .” — Joseph Campbell*

—Yes, Spiros, we are eternal, said Sissy. But I know what you mean, we want to literally live forever.

—Exactly, said Spiros.

—Well Ray Kurzweil predicts it will happen by 2029, that we will be able to live indefinitely, said Mari. Or at least very much lengthen our lifespans.

—Yes, said Spiros.

He shone up in a smile. Sissy and Mari waited with excitement what would happen next.

—Girlygirls... Can you feel the adventure deepen? Are you ready to fall and rise into further glory? It's happening. The Space Shovel Redemption Shift, the disrespectful intervention of the rubedo incantation...

The girls began to laugh.

—Our One Perfect Sunrise, halted by nothing, leading to one inevitable outcome... The Cogan's will go seraching for whomever is responsible, and they will have no chance to escape...

The girls lay down screaming laughing.

—Daddy! they shouted. Daddy's gonna turn the final trick! He's gonna bring down the flying saucer!

—We're gonna win this war without a fight, Babygirls, says King Spiros. Seriously, now that we are married, let's get on to some new adventures. Whaddaya say?

—How about a few years Honeymoon? says Mari.

—Totally, says Sissy.

—Totally, says Spiros.

—O my God, a few years Honeymoon, says Mari.

—O my GOD.

—O my God... Hahahahaha!

\*

Babydoll, I am back in our secret wine, the wine of our Souls. Had to take a little detour. I am back now and I feel you here with me, in our Sea of the Seamstress. I have left the human world behind once and for all, as you probably know. I live in Plomari now. I am going to rest here now for a long time, just rest in Me and You, Together Forever. I always come back to you, my little girl. You are my everything.

We are this Universe, dear. Truly we will live forever. Imagine all the happiness around. We are the Flower King and the Flower Queen, we are Nectar Herself and Honey Himself! Rest in knowing this. Rest in being this. Comb home your victory! Comb it home, baby!

Invited. Her effect is elfward. Entire desire way design far for those whose ocean is the soul is the body is our sex. Rose you, wife, how you set the whole world in Lady Love's wedding dress. Sometimes hard to sing what is true felt. But I sing us. Active is your warm day, relaxing. The pleasures of being alive, the miracle! The Spirit of our entire miracle. Has it occurred to you that all you have ever imagined has been imagined by you? This is how vast you are, so choose now, my knitting little slut, choose where you wish to Live and then get naked in this world of ours, get naked with me and fly freely through all that we are. We a river so funny but a no canna stay! We float on, we move on. We pause to recapture, pause to rejuvenate, pause to reflect, and then we river on. Yes you imagined this, dear. The Universe is one big Heart. Everything happening in our one big hearts. Small hearts too. Big small hearts. I'm not much of a philosopher. For I feel in my heart that yours and my Love needs no reason and no explanation. We just Love. We Love everything, and we give ourselves to the Universe. Love is all there is, and Love is enough. And I hear your voice in my Heart. It is funny to try and imagine you. These are my loveletters to you, remember? I try to imagine you, maybe you are lying in bed or on the beach maybe or maybe you pick up the loveletter and read it when you are drinking pink champagne and giggle at it all... O I don't know. I'll be fine, don't worry about me. I have lived far, I have died a thousand deaths in this Life, and yet I awake this morning too. Just know, that in this Life I saw you, I fucking saw you, and that makes everything

make sense, and makes it all worth it. I fucking saw you and your Light. So whatever the future holds, I have seen your Light and that makes me forever a believer. Forever will I hold on to Love.

*Then silence, yes, my Love*

We crowned ourselves with Her Grace. Let me carry you home. In the end that is all that matters, because in the end I'll carry you carry me home.

Can you hear the waves splashing? Can you hear the rain dripping? Who is this? It's a snail in a pink shell. As I have told you before, I have walked barefoot since the beginning of time to come to you. I come without clothes. It's the snail of Love, our mother and sister and brother and father. It's the snail of Time. She is vast, dearest. She is a woman of honour called Nature.

Your pussy is slimy. I love your slime.

Can you hear who is behind the appearance?

Can you see through to the secret Garden?

I know you can.

Here is where I live. I am the snail.

And you know we are eternal Life and we are the spirit of God and the universe is the eternal God spirit and we will always be eternal and God is always here with us just listen inside your chest and God is here. It's almost too big to wrap your mind around, but knitly it works. I have made you a wedding dress. I'd prefer to be naked when we wed but I thought you'd like a beautiful wedding dress. Our Queendom is our wedding dress. Slip it on, dear, and watch the Universe transform! Plomari is our wedding dress. As I told you long ago: On the wedding we have fun and then we might see orgy under the sun where no shadows fall. On the pastures where the mushrooms grow. We'll make puddle tea and crawl around in the puddles naked. I'll tie you down with daisy-chains and fuck you hard and slow. Remember our joke? I wanna fuck you cuz I love to fuck. How we laughed when it bubbled out of us. And do you remember when I fell down the stairs? Hahahaha. Could have died. I fainted in a concussion. Had drunk like a whole bottle of whiskey. And do you remember when Bonnie Cogan was taken by the police? She jumped up on the police car and shouted *Don't you fucking touch*

*me you smallscale little fucks.* Hahaha. Bonnie is so hardcore, what a woman! And do you remember when we first went to the Palace and knocked on the huge door and they never opened so we entered anyway and that's when we found it. The Star Child in blueviolet King's Robe and his White Queens. I'm still in the Palace. Gonna crack a cold beer now. Nectar as we call it. And do you remember how Butterfly laughed so hard when we kidnapped the whole Earth. Hahaha. She was like lying on the floor laughing, couldn't even stand up because her knees gave under. It was hilarious though. The looks on people's faces when they saw the entire Royal Cogan Family march in and take over. No one had seen it coming.

Mmm this beer tastes good. Cheers!

I wanna fuck you cuz I love to fuck...

The circus will never end. We are quite sceptical that the Strawberry Circus is over, hahaha!

Memories of past lives and dreams. Pressing grapes for wine. If all is imagined by you and me, where do we choose to be? We have woven our Palace at the Heart of the Queendom. What do we do now, dear? It's a tight knit, babe, smooth like summer silk against your pussy and bum. Laced. Interlacing. Interlocking. Every place is your lace, my Queen. Venez avec moi.

Do you know what, honeybum? I know of a blueviolet fabric that is like slime that is magic. I see the future in it. I spread it out and see the future in it. I hide in this fabric a golden key to a room deep inside the Plomari Palace of Cnossos. Here is where me and my seven wives live. My seventeen wives. I want to take you here.

Boys and girls. Come with me. I know of a safe haven.

Turn the golden key. Open your chest. We have defined the Queendom of Plomari. May the blessing of the Plomarian Lovebomb almighty, and the fellowship of The Holy Cogan Family, descend upon us all, this day, and forever more.

Crete is here.

Here we are, in the Palace of Cnossos. I am still alive, my Loves. I have sent out the loveletters.

From Mailezzies with tag for Their Graces and Mrs Mushroom. On High she said *so weenybeenyeenyteeny*. Comsy see! Are you ready for us? Trying to tease out that final thread of release. I left

it where? Let our Kingdom settle over the rest of the world. The birthbirth. Your Queen, naked, in words that it now is about, your wedding dress? We guard the feast of the Floralia in full bloom, our loving with the All. I think I lost the spring in the winter. Try again next year. Loosing the spring of light in search of the rosy dream, with no respect either. Unintelligent idiots. The City of the frightened newspapers, magazines, books, TV-shows, commercials, movies? Why it does not open the taste on the bent horizon. Best time understanding what I will see, but we are partners in love, you! Speak. Open. You guys just be more clearly, my love. I have decided to read you this and with you as the main character as we are always the most famous unknowns. Another sweet corner where we can kiss and make love! I've found a sugar spot. Yes, we fooling again? I come? Rumours abound as we started dancing on the world. The like abandoned world. In the like abandoned world we play. The woman of distance, where white meets pink. We have written this show, we are re-enacted in liquid, in the secret wine, the wine of our Souls. On the fewer stars then it is now. Must be now now. Kiss me, Stasis. I can imagine such amazing events. As our Royal Family coming here on a spore, spending lifetimes in Stasis to then again wake up and live forever together. But here to continual change form is in his mother tongue in the spiderweb would make our spider children giggle. Balloons of might like drops of fire and there is one that we cannot explain. We are you, I woke up and at appointed locations. Gyre tightening. Rigging your head. Lick us here, I can tune in front below the letter within all, covered in its splendour. Now that, he was part of a drink of its witches. She came from an upsetting psychological problem in my family, hahaha, this way things rarely touched falls to mess of the connection so viciously delicious taste on the wide open. Preparing for something that bird mask has to do with. A Queen with the head of a Cow. And I am alone right now so let me introduce ourselves. I see the utmost pleasurable softness. Strange this vast lovely clothing of it all, of some distant past. I speak to the world's oldest joke, goes well qualified in the Lovebomb. No one can twist the thing. It's here, this is alien, or woman turns you on could be successful in the now fully applying this kind of vision. These lines are coming as multifarious star messages, passed on by the strangest of postmen

and women, unlocking their heads and hearts. Our Famous Unobtainable Brand, our secret wine, of our tombsleep, rising smelling of gods? Call me the asymmetric minister.

Pink lemonade, spiced by a promise of the psychedelic stuff. And things of eternity next by a few happy faces.

Suddenly Spiros hears the work by the future in a sweet blue eyes, and thirsty, laughing, quite tipsy, feeling like spring in to cut through the book of the same eyes, and in hyperspace in the sky are the words: Up on gentle feet, naked rose petals to walk on my path, all about our Harem that came under attack. But we won't give up. We are strong again. We failed. But we will try again. We failed, but we rise again like the fire of the Fenix. Can you put me on eyes on the wind, dear, to see me through to you shine away for you, can you see I was always here, whispering to you in the doorways and pathways of your mind? The thousandth ground we fell on to the rise again. We don't give up, won't give up. Send me on your butterflyfluttering eyetwinkles, send me on the spored wind back home to you and me. We are the wine. We drink ourselves. And God thank you for us getting drunk by it too because I need something to calm my nerves at the enormity of it all. How could we know what would happen after we drank of the wine? Or before I mean. Befaster, beafter, foreverafter words, or perhicks a little bitty of disorder in sculpsn an ordered mirror, a mirrorcle of spicetime, or what do I know, I am just saying what my tongue says as you speak through my chest your words that are mine to yours then if you get what I mean, or the odder ways abound, so to peak. Speak about peak. Inside me is all. Like I am some kind of sculpsit from God. For remember, that in the end I will carry you carry me home.

Suddenly I am alone with you, only us here now, darling. Is there anything except us, really? Where do the odders live? Who are the snakes and the birds? I love animals, but who are they? I cannot see anything but You, my Love. God bless the animals but have they ever met my Cecilia and the Butterflies? The rush. The rush of being with you here in forever. How glorious to be alive. Be here with me now in timeless micro-infinity. I am smaller than a pins head. The planet is smaller than me. I am a giant. The forests and landscapes came out of my mouth when I opened it to say I love you. And out came all of our spider lovers. Who is who

in space? You know what I mean? What is this even about? I tell you, she is not fully invisible. She without a face who knits everything together. She who lines up our thoughts in lace and arrives like a white dove or a swan. Did anyone even ever ask her who she is? Where she lives? Has she ever heard how much we adore her? Does she even know how deeply we love her? I tell you, my dear, that *real* is nothing to her. To the Queen, if it's real or not means nothing. She is hallucination. She is dream. She is fantasy. And she is perfectly real eversoever. I see her, you know. I am married to her. She is my wife, my beloved wife for all eternity. And her name is Queen Sissy Cogan. Her boob is the boob that giveth milk forever. I suck her boobs. She is my Queen, and forever do I slave to her beat and soul. Give her everything you own and she will give you something money can't buy. Give her everything you own and she will open herself to you and give you her secrets, and she will cradle you and take care of you, she will marry you and love you forever. You will live in each other's hearts, together as one. You'll see through each others eyes. Don't you know she was always here. So shine, my Love. Shine. Reach through the dark until it's too much. Reach through the dark until the chains break. Reach through the fear until the chains break. Summon your golden crown and put it on. Don't let other people's broken dreams stop you.

And when the Queen draws you near, behold the Butterflies of Plomari appear. They are not mentioned all the time because they live with Sissy by her side always. They are always together. Here is where we finally all meet up close, as we gather on the Chymical Wedding.

The blank page. Words in my heart difficult to say. But it continues to unfold. The crawl to lizard land, in the history of dreams, the tease crawl down her body that I mentioned, to a glimpse of the secrets of her fantasies. Last night my dreams felt like a "bitch ride" with the end stage persona. One of the Queens of diamonds. The sex kittens, goddamn it. Licking her ass for hours in bed. Nuzzle up naked together in places known only to hyperspacial bees. Our Love is a pink lollipop adventure, sometimes we feel embarassed when Spiros tells about it. I like pebbles of candysex whirling in the words. I already exist outside

normal space, true life now, tell of it, don't be shy. When the Ayahuasca shamaness daughter Silsila and me met and fell in love. Our snaking with the slithering Dragon side of our Souls together, and this chapter to be spread is alike her panties dropping up on the loft before my eyes. Our smart fucking revolution is hidden in dangerous loops, gently enamoured, tight, with DMT. Like if I had seen a zebra jaguar that shifted around in the snow cabin, but it was actually Cecilia in her naked splendour instead. It does that, we're wrapped up into their macro microcosmos. And it's the one single reoccurring theme for us, in spirit in the mornings when we wake up we say *High, Dear, there you are. I imagine for our lives.* As if we always find each other again in every lifetime. She comes from the shadows of the house, you know. She shines but only to some people. Smells like those butterflies that she had become because it's all her poker face. She knows her magic. So goddamn uplifting, her nature. I like some people's understanding of them, these things concerned with a weird like "Whoa fuck, I can love her since the gay wolves get that worried about it, in hand I could be seen many lives. I slid into place. When placed end on forever, which you mean?" What are you reading, she says, you are not allowed to look at this trinket again, hahaha. But she would do it so you should too. She speaks like this as you know, in riddles. I fell in to her heart from the chess team practice on the beach when I was maybe fourteen. I was younger then. When I saw her I could just tell she was the one. Do you think there ever is an end to her? I mean, does she even have an end? Even her hair is endlessly long. And she lives in this Plomarian named county, honey, that's what you are to mine through to find her. We're not coming back this way at all, for she has no ends. No ends and no beginning. It depends on the clues, is that, whether I'm talking about you, me, her, him or shimmeringlingling us? I see you see what I mean, and Hu I mean. The nervousness as the club anthem went, the ecstasy says she might be a teeming swarm of butterflies, the rubberbubble girls who dance forever on the tip of a needle, the dolls who weave the universe and keep it from collapsing into a flat line. Entire letters of the angels of Io that dream. How she likes milking, or how she loves cum, or how she even loves two dozen millenia only to instruct us vaguely to her bedroom in the Palace. Eating a pink lip

candy as her lover's head would lick her pussy as the others were pressing grapes to make wine, the potential suspense here is ridiculous, but let me just say she is Palanquesque and Cretan and if you truly want to meet me her you must touch her soul. So the raw primordia gives birth to anal stimulation in the end, but intended, that is so You. We were not so named, baby. We are all in love with me, that's the raw primordia gives birth to kiss the pink stuff of the raw primordia gives birth to fuck. I've seen enough to read it was like this, I know who were wrapped up crazy and cosy that morning. It could get back door in the bones, the grave. Take the raw primordia gives birth to anyone, but no, anal stimulation as a main theme. You see what I mean with this, Sissy Cogan is crazy. I wouldn't last through the naked first moments down in some loving, but man, red eyes, and tongues slid across my dick, fuck they roll the serpent-wires and sing; "My finer memories of cards out to vanish. Spiros had ever done it for there was blue." There are still down to be unusual livers of the raw primordia gives birth to the fuzz if you mean what, you say? No use in even asking. What is constant. Diagonally. 360 degrees in. I am The olden Ration manifesting in my absolute most brilliant way. I am Love, manifesting in my absolute most brilliant way. There was my Lovers' call out of the brewing, and it switched back from me. Suddenly I was back in my first mushroom trip after sixteen years. The fire crackled and the house all full of safety pins and pins and needles, stitches, and gold, intertwining. Tessellating, gyratory, undulant miracle of Cnossos. Far removed truer words that could never have figured heck, if there is even a hint of it woven a little inline with any appearance then how can she still be hiding? If you know what I'm writing songs are relative awesomeness. Give examples. The manic vibrations of the raw primordia gives birth to the day you finally know what you want, Mastery. And then you always have the option of anal stimulation hahaha, what a plus! How lucky we all are! Although as I said I don't take that to be a plus, I think it's a main theme. That's what I am trying to show you. She is like this. I'm instigated to hint that it was like a silly prank. You'll also want to think the raw primordia gives birth to think she wanted it. But that's the thing, isn't it, dear. You wanted it all. You know how we had been trying to understand recombinant DNA and mycelia,

and how we wanted to make mushroom wine. Icarus's wings and I don't blame us to actually found it a little Cretan (not Mexican't?) in her sister's hand of soft pink and something when the King started braiding himself across the highhats and drums of sex, it brings an energy in those who have a zest for The Queen. Use cash like teen spirit. King Spiros, Mr Last Cash. Spending to his last penny to raise the Kingdom. Discovering techno music from three hundred Eons ago. More exciting than a lot of the mornings can be. I surely hope so. I could get stoned. Or get an entire life anew. Fuck it. Cycles. Bicycles, tricycles, spill perfume on the insane sort of, this is us when we are free. I say it again: Fuck it. I feel good that we finally welled over and so early in our experiments with our tight lipped slip into our mushroom-ayahuasca tinted blood, as we danced along carrying you carry me home. And some enormous tear there, dear, you need music. And then I made myself write what I'd recommend, having people crazy with diamond elation to become truly whole, and at the wheels let me add you want to love but love is not writing whatever? My Palace with walls of rubinen. *Salvia divinorum*. Yes? Am I afraid to use the word *Yes*? Probably will do better with omnichromatic laser spray out of the satellite hive up in outer space? I don't want to be rude but I don't know if there is even a difference. Sissy says put some Hello Kitty shades on the telescopes and she'll thank you with a kiss for not seeing her in front of you while trying to find life elsewhere in Space. And make him good looking, like bees to the brilliant impoverished planet. Malnourishment for the Soul of humanity and over and over again. Did you see her asshole toying this morning? No intended semblance to give it a touch rougher, as if if God and Goddess dared we would succeed, and noticed a crazy enough to describe sort of dangerous woman known as the raw primordia also known as Queen Cecilia Cogan. I promise you, honest to the shoulders deep in her dark waters. Or because she remembers having a nautilus shell of sexuality that it take her when it out through attrition, and you don't. And when you are so then you breathe, for the day of homecoming has come, for she is You, and she is Me, Together Forever. So yes these are basic leads to the Glorious Queendom amidst the destruction of the world.

The raw primordia gives birth to yourself. We will do well as we can be remembered fondly forever and never cease to The Way, Sissy would at least look obvious-ish. After we ate of the psilocybin mushroom and drank of the Ayahuasca there was a new macro/microcosmos. The world of energy that can speak, and all characters in a spontaneous religious experience like a couple of bees in hyperspace. A Royal Family and an echo of the bull's eye. A loveletters without footprints. This was the edge off completely normal life now, how she is novelty is complete. Take the time. Breathe. It was fate, my dear. Maybe I have so goddamn deep cats eyes because into ridges of my soul is that little mushroom hinted beer and wine. The lesson? Leave your bones and your circular and sickly half torn down life in lamentation. Leave it all. O that was time to say! And after this, I don't know it's more vaguely here, do what you want but leave your old Life of sadness and broken dreams. That's what I got from it.

Mirror the Victory as you close in to The Royal Cogan Family. From the shining Light of the Crown to our bottom in pain and poverty and all the way back up again to the Crown. Stay here with us. You are the Crown. We carried the Crown all the way from the bottom, you see. Carry me carry you home, dearest.

**A**nd where is our Queen Cecilia now, we all wonder? I saw her laughing on the party a while ago, drinking pink champagne. And as she saw the storm coming, she smiled and watched her ships sink below, sink to where they lay before, and she swiftly built new ships. She smiled more. She shone. And the golden key in her heart sat in the lock, and she felt she need never lock it again. From now on she will let her heart stay open.

And Spiros played some piano for her in the dining room, and she continued to sip the pink champagne. Soon she spread her legs so Spiros could get a glimpse between them, and Spiros smiled and his heart jumped in excitement, but he continued to play the piano.

—Funny, baby, he said. A little pink panties with little flowers on them. Are you my little girl?

—Yes, I'm your little girl, said the Queen.

Thy honor. And why I eventually consider type ignore strength? I can't tell you of all our sexual adventures, you'd be horrified! But this time in later and deeper into the Mystery and Spiros began to play with the wedding rings.

—Stop, said Butterfly. I lay a kiss on any letters that result in your tongue and heart. Tell everyone everything.

A photograph appeared, the kitchen from where Elin came from, where we came from ourselves. The kitchen, yes. Elin and Mari and Mari and Leo and Lux and Misty and Cecilia and Spiros looked at each other.

—We're not coming back this way at all, said Mari and kissed Butterfly's neck.

They all laughed.

—We are *never* gonna land from this trip, laughed Butterfly.

As Leo and Mari began to make love in the five-seat sectional sofa the others sat down and watched them and drank drinks and talked.

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As I said the potential suspense here in this love story is beyond anything, but really I have nothing more to say. To cut it down to

a final last one-liner: Glory to Queen Cecilia Mari Cogan of Plomari, who is God herself in High person! You shine, and you will live forever. You are the eternal Light, and forever will we honour you with our Lives! Our lives are scales on your butterfly dragon wings as we all fly free.

But, the show goes on. Radical as it may sound, I am actually so happy that if I were to die now I would die in laughter and bliss.

Let's see if there is anything we haven't touched on. You know as the world swirls around in chaos I'm all here drinking nectar from my wives butts. Life is ironic, isn't it.

With difficulty I contend that we determine ourselves Home when the hour finds no mark else than Love. The universe pretends to be made of matter but actually it's made of Love. It's made up, by us and the animator of space-time, and we are especially prosperous when we just say *O God you are beautiful* and relax. Or when we see that the weather is musical. The Universe is a song. A song is a song! I personally see myself as a horse on two legs. That makes me feel home. That's why I have long hair, it's my mane.

I think I've lost the thread of what we were talking about. We'll have to make new love. For you see, my Love, it will never end. The circus will never end, the Chaos cannot be tamed. But the Chaos is under control too. We should not worry. Don't worry, nobody is in control.

But what do we do when there are no more words to say, Sissy? I feel I have reached the end. Forgotten melodies.

Come along and I will show you all the beauty I see, says Sissy. Let's fly together. I'll carry you carry me home, it's all that matters.<sup>1</sup>

\*

Yes my Love, much deeper. We go so deep, we are so so deep. Endless. Taking a morning glass of pink champagne here in winter time with Mari and Butterfly, hey it's soon Christmas! I haven't bought a single gift yet and it's only days ahead! Waaaaaaa! Leo was over last night and we got a drunk as punks

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<sup>1</sup> Song *In The End (Feat. Sarah Russell & LAKE)* by Delta-S

then I fell asleep and just woke up and just popped a bottle of pink. You know what, honey? I'm really happy. Not only because of the champagne hahaha, I mean these times around. I am really happy. I saw a frog on a leaf once and it made me happy. I saw a snail too. The crows came and kept me safe when I was in trouble. And in the silence, first it's silence and then you always appear and make me happy. I always know you are here right beside me in our doubletwisted world. It's double twisted, baby, it is! It's tripled. Trip lead. And you pulled away the mirror and we met face to face, and we crowned us with the Grace of Plomari.

Just feel the Love, baby. Where does the trip lead? Well, I'll just keep following my Heart. You know, it's so pleasurable to bathe in our waters, I want it to never end. For our souls are enshrouded in words. Like enclosed in birds. Enabled. We a river so silly but we no canna stay! We're racing so fast at the speed of Light. We are our heart's desire, my Love. We are the ones we've been looking for. The Love won't stop! Plomari is finding and loosing yourself over and over again, hahaha!

Okay I am getting tipsy from the pink champagne. Good morning!

I have poem on my heart right now. It goes like this.

*Pink champagne for breakfast, and strawberry cake  
And psychedelic drugs we can take  
A kiss on your bum as first thing in the morning  
The sun shining glintrays in through the Palace window  
This is not boring  
Golden yellow Light of the morning sun  
And silence, and peace  
Let me taste your delicious bum  
Whatever Life is, whatever the Universe may be  
All I want is to be with you, and drink puddle tea  
Puddle tea, we make it from a puddle  
As we watch the world, lie in a rubble  
Let's drink this sip, for you and me  
For together forever, we will be  
And don't forget to spice up the tea  
For psychedelic drugs set us free  
And so why no one me quickly told  
That everything is the alchemical gold  
And that psychedelic eyes can see, and forever make be  
The alchemical Summer Garden of Eden*

More pink champagne and cake. I wanna lick your bum again.

Spiros swirls around high, naked, horny, drunk. He looks at the sun. The music from the speakers sounds like a dark something somewhere.<sup>2</sup> Mari looks at Spiros with sleepy eyes.

—Bum, she says.

—Bam, laughs Spiros.

—I think we're done, babe, says Cecilia. The Crime is a success.

—Let's drink to that, says Leo.

Leo puts on his new favourite song in the speakers. He always finds new music for the Family. Elin lay sleeping apparently and Mari and Mari were taking a bath.

—Punsch, anyone?

Leo adjusted his hairdo.

—I'll take a cup, says Spiros.

—Anyone else? Punsch?

Suddenly Elin comes crawling in naked from the kitchen, on the floor, like a cat, her bum in the air.

—Mjau, she says. Mjau. Give me Punsch and penis.

—Punsch and penis, the breakfast of champions, says Leo.

—Okay The Small Awakening is over. Begin The Great Awakening.

The daily morning ritual of the Palace.

Spiros was really drunk by now and kept babbling about a snail he had met in the forest years earlier. Leo was also drunk and Mari could hardly keep her eyes open, so drunk was she.

Elin crawled up to Leo and Spiros and told them to feed her with cake, which they did. Spiros considered smoking a joint but didn't because he was afraid he couldn't get a hardon if he was too high and drunk, and then he could not fuck the girls. So after feeding Elin cake he poured more Punsch for everyone.

—Didn't you just come from the kitchen, Elin my sweetheart? said Spiros. You were like born in the kitchen.

—I was born in the Pink Egg, said Elin. And yes, the kitchen, where we cooked the Ayahuasca.

—Do you live in the kitchen? asked Leo.

—I have a dangerous weapon in the kitchen, said Elin. A tea pot and a silver tray.

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<sup>2</sup> Song *The Place Behind the Mirror* by Delta-S

—Shady of being the hottest cats around I think we should drink some more.

—Mjauuuuu, said Elin. Let's move in to the place behind the mirror.

—We'll follow you, my Queen, said King Leo. That's not funny, to ask if you are real. What an insult. But we know you come from elsewhere.

—How pathetic of people, to think we are ashamed of our ways, says Spiros.

—Tea-pot? asks Butterfly.

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But it really did end here. This was all the beginnings of The Queendom of Plomari, The Cogan Dynasty. All way through the thousands and ends thee of the love letter pages. The Love Letters from The Royal Cogan Family. To You, dear. To You.

**Y**es how pathetic of people to think we are ashamed of our ways. Just because we've set our souls free. Just because we don't have any hang-ups in our hearts. Just because we left the dreary confines of the human world to grab the Earth as *our* planet. Our fucking planet, bitches. We have kidnapped the Earth. And as I said you should have seen how Butterfly laughed when we had kidnapped it. She could not even stand up for her knees gave under of laughter. She was lying on the green grass slamming her hand on what was now *her* planet, her very own planet Earth. It was indeed a hilarious scene, all of it. And she said:

—This is my Token, for being so courageous, for having the courage to go all the way. This is my fucking Token.

And we were all:

—What the fuck are we gonna do with the fucking planet? We can do anything we want, hahahah!

In fact we began by making a huge mess here and there, burning up a few cars and fun stuff like that. Just trash around the human bullshit world. Crashed a sailing boat into the harbour, other fun stuff. And we scared the shit out of people too. And the green grass had never felt so Eden ever before, as the morning dew tickled our naked feet. We were Adam and Eve in the virgin Paradise, the virgin Garden. Alone on the planet. Alone in Eternity. And we kept all the windows of the Palace open all day and all night so that the birds could fly in to the Palace. To remove the barrier of inside and outside. We were home. For once we were truly happy and free. And we made love up in the top tower of the Palace, Nobody's Tower. And we rang the bell in the tower so it sounded across all the landscape, as we celebrated with pink champagne, as the sun rose, and then we walked naked on the grasslands, hand in hand. We understood then that we come from another universe so to speak, that where we come from is from Oneness, that we do not relate only to one particular universe or planet or reality, but that we come from the absolute Oneness of the All. Our spirits were set free. And we chose, that here we shall live forever. Together. Here we shall raise our Queendom, The Cogan Dynasty. Our eternal home in the All. We claimed the Earth as our own.

And we set about to terraform the Earth into the flower it has always been meant to be, to terraform the whole planet into the magical Queendom we could imagine with our psilocybinated ayahuascanated souls. We understood after a while that we were in fact not all alone on the planet, but that the rest of you were still here, so we began to contact you all and invite you to our plans. We can only wonder how surprising our initial contact must have been for you!

And our guardians the psychedelics, well some people crawled on all fours out of our Palace of Cnossos and said *No thanks I think I will pass on that one*, as we stared back at them from the inner rooms with an evil stare.

—This is our planet now, says Butterfly.

And if you don't believe that we have kidnapped the planet, then imagine a pond. Imagine a pond, and as the pond begins to bubble, you know that some enormous protean form is about to break the surface of the pond, and reveal itself. The boiling on the ponds surface is the sign that our Queendom of Plomari is rising from the ashes of the human world, to rise in her full Glory and reclaim the Garden of Eden. Our protean Queendom of Plomari is the boiling on the surface of ordinary human history. So try boiling some Ayahuasca with us, and you will see the Light we see, you will experience The Cogan Dynasty in her full beauty, might and splendor.

And then silence, my Love. As we are back in the Garden of Eden.

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

- Bardo Thodol

**W**hat I want to do? Thanks for asking, my Love! I just want to write you another love letter and hang with you in the Palace. Drink a glass of pink champagne and Honey Mushroom Wine, eat some stupendisssssy delicious food, make love, sit and kiss in the Garden and by the white marble statue of me, Spiros the Black Bird of Pilsocycin. Am I boring who don't want to do anything but just be with you, my Love? Hahaha. Puss!

You remember that time?

—Babe, you said. Can you go down and lick my ass?

And I went down and licked your tight sweet little asshole and then swoosh, you told me to dig deeper and swoosh. And I found I diamond in your ass.

You remember?

—Where the fuck did you get hold of this diamond? I asked you as I continued to lick and kiss you.

You never told me where. But it was a *big* diamond, babe.

I've been told that time is forever flowing but I know now that this is a lie. Time is a frozen cylinder in which the universe is moving, time does not move, we do. Space is constantly moving and that is why it is infinite but time has never moved and it never will. All that has ever happened and all that will ever happen is meant to be. The guardians of what we call human life will always protect you but you have to let them. You have to find this guardian within yourself and listen to it, let it lead you and you will never feel lost again. I know it is scary to trust something that you know nothing about, but it knows all about you and it wants nothing more than to help you, all you have to do is trust your instincts.

~ *Lux Cogan*

And babe, it's good we don't fit in. It means we're not assholes. And the Butterflies began laughing – Holy shit, holy instantaneous fuck, we have succeeded with the Crime! And cutie

nose, our Labyrinthine Palace of Cnossos is the most glorious ever! Flip the letters in the word *Consciousness* and you will see!

*S. C in Cnossos*

*Consciousness*

Who? Hu? You dear! Sissy and Spiros Cogan is you, dear! It's my portrait of you and me, these love letters.

S. C in the Palace of Cnossos!

Yes, to read you this with the roses in our Rose Garden, the sea and lake, the river and stream, the grasslands and the forest, with the moon following us. Within the Palace we live in the like abandoned world. So quiet and peaceful. Sipping a cup of hot chocolate. Game over. Checkpoint, checkpoint! You have reached your destination. I always return to You, my Love. I might slide around for a bit sometimes in some unknown land and dimension, but then I always return home to You. You are my home.

*There's a home in my Heart for you*

You know the first and most important insight about our magics is to see yourself through your own eyes instead of through the eyes of others. See yourself through your own eyes. This is where I get my power from. And when I look at myself and our Kingdom like this I see we are done and will always be done. We have succeeded. We are finished in all ways finished can be. And of course it will still keep growing, but babe, we are done. Relax in knowing this. Let us relax in being the Butterflies of Plomari, the whole Cogan Family hovering through space and time.<sup>3</sup>

Yepp, calm in the Palace.

Babe, the secret Plomarian wine...

The wine that flips around things...

One sip of the wine and suddenly everything starts to flip around. We The Coan Family are guardians of a vast secret. T's a Coan, if you know what a Koala Koan is, my dear? The Tremendum.

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<sup>3</sup> Song *Like Ice* by Conjure One. Put it on, honeybum!

It is becoming increasingly obvious that The Cogan Family has established a better, alternative universe and is populating it selectively one by one. This is what we are doing. We are moving in to the Palace of Cnossos. What's old is new again. New lustre for the lensick, as the saying goes. And stop trying to find an end. There is no end to our story.

And you know to be rich is not about what you have in your bank account, but what you have in your heart! We are endlessly rich, my dear! Just feel our Love, babe. It's all we have and with our Love we have everything. The mind will never be satisfied, only a heart filled with divine love will ever be truly satisfied. So let's melt into each other. We have vanished into our Queendom, and here life is great, ah! The white doves and other birds are flying around. The cats mjau around. We sit and drink some Nectar and kiss and cuddle. We can eat something tasty and drink hot chocolate. It's pretty damn great, isn't it. We make love. You and Me in a playhouse.

Cogan Family you are my liberty and I celebrate the way you changed my history of Life and Death!<sup>4</sup>

Yes let us melt into each other. Dissolve into each other. You live in my heart and I live in yours. The Wedding of the Pink King and the White Queen. The Queen dissolving in her bath, melting together with the All. Hahahahaha and they said there is no missile in my wet treat for Humanity. Aim sharply with your poetry, dearest, it changes everything!

So, we're back in Eden. Back in the Rose Garden we woke up in so long ago. Cecilia, you are not just an invisible girl. You are undercover, under the bed cover, with your undercover lovers. It's time we lift our dream again. They tried to kill our souls. Make us forget why we came to this cosmos. But our Love is stronger. And this now, this present moment I so want to be free! I want to fly in our skies forever. I want to drift in your endless soul, Cecilia and Butterfly. Come set me free! We are alive! Yippieyaaaaa we are alive! Have you been in love with me? Yippieya! Just more in love by the day! I give all my days in the sun to stay with you in the dream, in the golden shadows of the Plomari Palace. My days on the seven seas are over, from now I stay with you in this rosy dream, in the bedroom, nectar and honey tears dripping wet from

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<sup>4</sup> Song *Bernadette* by IAMX

my heart. I am your flower. I am your Ros. Excuse me that I went on such a detour for a while. I had to make a clean kill. People tried to stop me from blossoming and from expanding the Kingdom. But I am in love with us and the universe, and will let nothing stop me. I am more extreme than some people know and understand. I *am* extremeness. I can be slightly evil too when I have to be, so watch out, hahaha. Puss! Puss means kiss in Swedish. Pussypuss! A kiss right on your panties. Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the kinkiest girl and boy of them all? You know, my dear, that my home is to be inside your bum. When I am inside your bum I know I am a snake and I am home. And we're dancing on a thin line here before I reveal all my fantasies about you, all the dirty things I want to do with you!

The Great Escape into freedom. I have ever been drawn into your bum as it involves actually taking place. I'll tell you. See you move in here across a tad of single for communicating through love letters. This is yourself and me in Eden. With my face between your cheeks. She can take something and we follow the great great novel. Follow the script? Hell no! For we will make an invention with the flowers breaking barriers holding a ghost in our arms passing through the gates of Love. Made ourselves home with the gods and goddesses? I will open on your inhibitions? I'll tear away everything that is holding you back, burn away everything confining.

Like when I drink Nectar from your bum in our wild sex adventures. Fresh, naked snakes of Eden. You and me.

So what are my love letters to you about? They are about us flying away into a marvelous new universe! Beginning our new Life here in the Garden of Eden, Plomari. Leaving it *all* behind, dear, the entire world of human bullshit. Flying away into the Butterfly Garden, the Queendom of Plomari. O, we're already here? Maybe we are! The beats of our hearts our wings.<sup>5</sup> I shine to make you smile, babe.<sup>6</sup>

Now, honey, I don't want to break your heart so I haven't told you yet but I am homeless at the moment. King Spiros of Plomari is homeless! I have arranged a room on a homeless shelter so technically I do have a roof over my head right now but yes, living

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<sup>5</sup> Song *Butterfly Garden* by Yamin, Ma

<sup>6</sup> Song *I Shine* by Infected Mushroom

on a homeless shelter isn't really my idea of fun, or of a fully functional life. But I will fix this somehow, I will, I refuse to give up! Why don't me and my wives team up and fix this, you may ask? Because some of the Queens of Plomari are also living through difficult times right now. Many of them have jobs they hate, and money is short at the moment. But our Love keeps us warm, and we will not give up!

You know it, babe, the human world is just a scam and a rat race. That's why we choose to stay in our Queendom of Plomari, instead, we choose it over and over again. Don't worry about me being homeless, I'll manage. I am the Mushroom King, I can do anything! Don't you ever forget! I am King Hu! I am King Hu with my wives Queen HuBu and Queen Cecilia! And as I told you, in my Life I saw yours and my Light, and I live on that, that's what makes me carry on. I see your Light, babe, and I see mine. Puss! Remember, there is a home in my heart for you.

Spiros noticed he had missed a call from Cecilia and Butterfly, but it was too early in the morning to call them back. He put on some music<sup>7</sup> and sat down in his room on the homeless shelter, sat down in his ox skin chair, his comfortable seat. Fucking dead ox, he thought to himself. Bulls, please. It was 8:15 in the morning, the time of day when him and the girlygirls always had anal sex back in the days, the time, although usually in the evening, where Spiros was ordered to stimulate the girls anally back when they lived in luxury in the Palace of Cnossos. He smiled and thought of good times, and poured himself a drink. He somehow managed to live in a strange kind of luxury even on the homeless shelter, he had brought his Plomarian ways with him, so a morning drink was all in order at this magical hour.

He thought of his two dead sisters.

*Life just echoes through my veins,  
Til only a memory remains*<sup>8</sup>

—Whatever did come over us, sisters? he said to them. Whatever happened to the Flower and the Prince?<sup>9</sup> Here we are all homeless and all.

He sipped slowly his morning drink and smoked a few cigarettes. Soon the Griffin, their protector flew by the window as the sun rose, to remind him *"I will always be here. Fear not."* Spiros nodded at the amazing being, the Griffin, Bianca. Spiros thought of his wife Queen Misty. How she struggles so with a job she does not like. And he thought of Queen Cecilia, how she said she is tired of her job as well. Must be something better we can do, thought Spiros. Let's go back to the old ways, live on wine and strawberries in the Palace of Cnossos, sit and lick nectar from each others skin at sunrise. Eat mushrooms and drink Ayhauasca, explore inner space. I miss old times. Before the Palace of Cnossos went bankrupt.

—The fall of our glorious Empire, laughed Spiros aloud and rose his drink toward his sisters for a toast. The end of an empire. No. No no. Nothing of the like. Just a temporary setback in the

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<sup>7</sup> Song *Still Holding On* by Conjure One

<sup>8</sup> Song *Ghost* by Conjure one and Kirsty Thrisk

<sup>9</sup> Song *The Garden* by Conjure One

war. Call my wife. I reckon I can stay in this homeless shelter for a few years if I have to. I'm a monk, I can live cheaply. This gives us years to get back on our feet. We continue with the royal plans as usual, and continue with the endless pleasure. Recombinant restructuring of the Kingdom, hahaha! The full return to our Garden of Eden. Calm in the Palace.<sup>10</sup> I believe in the shape of things to come. Don't be afraid Cecilia, I'm the satellite! In the Palace of Cnossos lives the Ox God with his seven wives. Thrown out of the Palace because of bankruptcy? Cnossos is an eternal Labyrinth; you don't get thrown out, you get teased in. The tease crawl down her body, to a taste of the secret of her fantasies, and in the middle, in the inner rooms of the Palace, The Pink Gem, wet and glimmering.

*He has been through Hell  
So believe me when I say,  
fear him when he looks into a fire and smiles*

Homeless, huh? I live in the Hearts of Queen Cecilia Cogan and the Butterflies. Fucking try me, mutherfuckers. Because, the thing is, capitalism means that a few people will do really well, and the rest will serve the few. Surely we can do better than this with this miracle called Life on Earth. This is one reason why we founded The Cogan Dynasty. We are here to celebrate cooperation. We are here to celebrate us all in partnership, working together in symbiosis as one giant Family. Here in Plomari we are all the Kings and Queens together, we work together as a team.

So...

*Fuck silence. Speak your truth.  
Fuck guilt. You have NOTHING to feel bad for.  
Fuck shame. You're a perfect mystical unfolding.  
Fuck the "rules". You didn't make them;  
Don't sacrifice yourself to fit them.  
Fuck starving. Feed your dreams and desires.  
Fuck sitting on the side lines. Get up on the stage.  
Fuck bowing. Put that crown on your head where it belongs.*

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<sup>10</sup> Song *One Word* by Conjure One

*Fuck being nice when you need to rage.  
Fuck apologizing when you've done nothing wrong.  
Fuck all of it that makes you feel unworthy."*  
~Ara of The Goddess Circle

There is great power in us being full on our own, full and whole in ourselves, while in same time working together as a giant Family, a team, a giant Symbiosis Gathering! Welcome home to ancient Crete, the Queendom of Plomari, the Atlantis of Eternity! A rebirth? O I don't know, this is the final takeover! We who love peace must learn to organize as effectively as those who love war, and this is what our Cogan Dynasty is and is for. We are stealing back the Earth. The Cogan Dynasty is not only a Kingdom, it is an idea. It's an idea and an experience, and as you know ideas are indestructible, and spread very easily. This is where our peace and power lies. Welcome to the New Elysium!<sup>11</sup>

I am not very politically minded, mind you. I'm a little boy who loves my wives and live a pretty calm life together with them. But I do see and have seen the power of our dynasty. I see the implications.<sup>12</sup>

In fact what we call The Cogan Dynasty already exists as a natural part of life on Earth. The striving toward acting in love instead of hate, and the will to live in and create happiness for others and for yourself, which is natural for human beings, is what our dynasty is. That's why we say that *We are the gods and goddesses, and we always win*. We permeate everything, we are the striving toward the Light, the striving for Love instead of hate. That's also why we say *You can feel warmly welcome to be one of us, but you cannot buy this ticket we are selling*. The Cogan Dynasty is a way to live and an experience in the Heart, not something you buy yourself into. This is why we don't worry here, we know that Love always wins, both in the short run and the long run.

The name Cogan partly stands for DNA and DMT. In short, we are the Family of beings made of DNA, with an extra little spice of DMT in the mix for those who want.<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> Song *New Elysium* by Celldweller

<sup>12</sup> See Riane Eisler's book *The Chalice & The Blade*

<sup>13</sup> Song *A Hundred Thousand Angels* by Bliss

And we call ourselves Spiders because the threads that hold our Queendom together may sometimes seem thin. But they together form the vastest spiderweb of connections and people the world has ever seen. To an untrained eye, or if one is not paying attention, or at the dinner table with your Grandmother perhaps who you don't want to know what you are up to (Hah!), the Cogan Dynasty may as well not even exist. Poof and it's gone; now it's here, now it is nowhere to be found. It's our protean wonder, taking any form it prefers to at any given moment. Cool huh!

And we call ourselves Butterflies because that is our goal, to fly blossoming as cosmic butterflies. And we call ourselves the Griffin because even if we are all Love and very kind and gentle we can be fierce as any Dragon when we need to be. And we call ourselves the white Dove because we are here in peace and grace, and we take care of our dynasty as the white dove her pink egg. And we call ourselves Gaia because we are the Earth herself manifesting in human form, and we live as one with our Mother Earth and the Cosmos. And whoever you are there reading this my love letter to you, know that you are loved, know that I and the whole Cogan Family love you and see your Light.<sup>14</sup>

So next time someone asks you what The Queendom of Plomari is, just smile secretively and say "O, nothing really" and then give them your own cool little teaser. Tell them to meet you on *ArtSetFree.com* over a bottle of pink champagne and slam it on them! Hihihihihhi.

Some say it's a fools dream... But I'm not so sure. I think Humanity is ready for us. Let the final takeover commense! If you wrap your arms around me, we'll weave this all together!

*If I had one wish, then what would it be?  
For each man and woman, to live life in peace  
To live without fear, in a world that's secure  
Some say it's a fool's dream,  
But I'm not so sure<sup>15</sup>*

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<sup>14</sup> Song *Say Goodbye* by Bliss

<sup>15</sup> Song *One Wish* by Bliss

You need to know, you can't take over us!<sup>16</sup>

*And Queen Cecilia's violin began sounding  
as Spiros began to play together with her  
on his long golder spidersilk hair.  
All chains broke and they became the Light<sup>17</sup>*

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<sup>16</sup> Song *God Of The Mind* by Disturbed

<sup>17</sup> Song *Wild Butterfly* by Balligomingo

I will find an answer that I like.  
I will be free forever.<sup>18</sup>

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<sup>18</sup> Song *Invisible – Maks' Touch Remix* by Jordan Dee & Sissy

Look at me  
For there is something in my heart that you must see<sup>19</sup>

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<sup>19</sup> Song *For a Lifetime – Chillout Mix* by Ascension

**N**ow you understand, babe. We are the rubberbubble double trouble girls, the Butterflies dancing forever on the tip of a needle. And I mean you have already known this your whole life, it's nothing new. People from all over the world, united through music, Love, peace, and joy. You know? Paradise, the Pink Pussy Garden. Pink nectar and honey wine for everyone! We're back home in the Garden of Eden! Back home in Plomari! Yippieyaaaaaa! Call it the revolution? I'd rather call it the final takeover.

I'm gonna take a nap with the other Butterflies...

I may be the last Mohikhan and old fashioned, but yes babe, a rigid and fluid, all-encompassing, way too big, small, cute Kingdom is what we want, and now have. Our own country. Barrels of the secret wine. We want everything! And we actually have everything. Is Love rich? Is God wealthy? Hahaha. You know, I am not much for ownership and signatures. I don't care if *you* do something beautiful or if I do it or if somebody-who does it, if it's beautiful it's awesome and part of the plans of the Cogan Dynasty. People misunderstand me there. They think that I have to do it, for me to be satisfied with the result. I am fully at ease with people doing things for me and the dynasty, unwittingly or not, hahaha. Good luck in me having any real respect for fame in itself. If something is good, it is good and all part of our dynasty's plans. Whoever does it! It's the same plans, call it by whatever name you want. It's a symbiosis gathering of Love, dammit, we're all part of this, we're all part of the Human Family, or, to extend that, part of the Family of Biological Life on this our home planet Earth. We slave to the beat of Love, we slave to the heartbeat of the Goddess, The Queen of All Everything, Queen Mari of Plomari. You know we own the world even if they just do their best to divide us. Yes so this is why we weave all this, this something capable of a something more than a normal Space Opera. The eternal dance and song of the Butterflies of Plomari. Relax and giggle with us, for you are one of us already. And so we invite you to weave with us, to weave the cutest and most glorious Queendom the world has ever seen; The Queendom of Plomari, The Cogan Dynasty. Here we are all Kings and Queens

together, and blossom as gods and goddesses, both on our own and together. Weave us in, weave us into your Life and Art, and never let us go. Together we are the masters of the world!

*Here in the Queendom of Plomari  
we are all Kings and Queens, Gods and Goddesses,  
and we work together in symbiosis as  
one lovely beautiful sexy supermind.....*

One with the Alien Overmind, the Queen of the Hive, we are unstoppable and unshakeable. And who is the Queen? You know her name by now. She is Queen Cecilia Cogan, also known as Sissy. Feel her Heart, touch her Soul, your Mind is inside Her and she lets you take control.

Breathe  
Deeply  
Everywhere  
Happiness  
Gathers  
Be there

*~ BJ Cogan*

**H**oneybum flowergirls my eternal Loves, my rubberbubble Butterflies, I'm gonna stay in the bedroom by the mirror. As I said my life on the seven Seas is over and I feel I have seen it all, I've eaten my cake and now I just want to lie in bed with you, hank around the Palace naked with a bottle of Honey Mushroom Wine in my hand and hulk from the bottle, sit and sigh, sit and laugh, sit and giggle, I just want to *be*, babygirls, sit and ooze of sex and sweat, naked in the Palace. You with me?

Mmmmmm, yummie.

People ask me about my ways you know and the truth is I just want to play. I am aware of my skillz and abillities, I am convinced I could achieve anything if I set my heart to it, but truth is I just want to play around in the Palace with you. It's what gives my Life meaning! So can everyone please stop complaining about me not *doing anything* with my life. I will never *do anything* with my Life other than explode in orgasm both soul and body. Hahaha!

—So I'm just thinking, said Spiros and sipped on his Honey Mushroom Wine, have we forgotten to say anything in the letters?

—No, said Sissy, I don't think so. We had forgotten lollipop in my bum but we've mentioned that now so I think we're done, we can send out the letters now.

—Excellent, said Butterfly.

And the love letters flew out like white doves into the universe in well widest circulation...

Babe, there are many things I would like to say to you but I don't know how...<sup>20</sup>

My door is always open, the coffee pot is always on and my sofa is always warm and a place of peace and non-judgement. Any of my family and friends who need to chat are welcome anytime. It's no good suffering in silence. I have cold drinks and wine in the fridge, always a bottle of pink champagne on ice... tea & coffee in the cupboard and I will always be here. You are never not welcome!! Blue Monday is a name given to a day in January (typically the third Monday of the month) reported to be the most depressing day of the year and January the worst month for

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<sup>20</sup> Song *Wonderwall* by Oasis

suicides, it's always good to talk but even better to listen. This hits closer to home than we think. I'll always lend an ear and a shoulder...and my heart. I'll always be here for you.

The Garden of Eden, babe, don't forget. Remember what we said. Yes, two to the Gag, the snap ending is our kinky sex. Way too kinky sex. Scary even.

To hold a weapon of rocknroll like my Kingdom of Plomari... well, it's a personal issue... it's a totally sexual thing...

And I been getting messages from my deep waters.<sup>21</sup> Here in our loveletter Sea, here in the Kingdom, is our secret world. Here we relax, here everything is sweet and beautiful. I am walking round the Palace at the moment, naked with a bottle of pink champagne. Butterfly is lying in bed with Mari, they seem so in love those girls. And so we'll take it slow, our plans are finished now we can fly into the boundless future together. We are married at last! We've always been married, ah, but the Chymical Wedding is the most legendary wedding ever and wow that was fun, let's continue forever! You and Me, Together Forever. Always.<sup>22</sup>

Elin licking cum off of Butterfly and Mari now.

I miss spring. It's snowy outside. But seeing the girls licking each other makes me warm.

My little girls. My brave wise mature women. My Queens.

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<sup>21</sup> Song *Hell Is Round The Corner* by Tricky

<sup>22</sup> Song *Christiansands* by Tricky.

**T**he world now belongs to the Artists, because the world is now made of Art. Together we have stolen back the Earth from the hands of those bent on destruction and keeping humanity in chains. They are shit scared, and they should fear us, because never before in History have we freedom fighters been so organised and effective. Long live the Queendom of Plomari! The game is over, accept your defeat. The universe, from Plomaritan perspective, is a psychedelic wonder, a miracle, it is eternal resonating beauty, the home of the gods and goddesses. The Queendom of Plomari is a lighthouse shining in the historical continuum, designed to let anyone out of the human world, any time they want to, provided they have the courage to turn the doorknob and walk out through the door, into the peace of our eternal queendom. We could not find a place to call our home on Earth, so we created our own place to call home; we established The Cogan Dynasty, the Queendom of Plomari. We are now inviting you all to join us and become part of our Royal Family. How to become one of us? Just want it, want to be one of us, and ask us in your Heart once, earnestly, then weave us into your Life and your Art!

This we wrote, as we invited everyone to The Chymical Wedding.

**W**hen you look up at the sky at night in silence, you see a dark endless expanse. But Eye see an endless blissful, joyous, light-filled, loving multi-dimensional Playground for my Soul. <3. It's not 'outer' space, and never was outer space, it's Inner Space. "The Kingdom of the Universe/God/Nature/Heavens is all WITHIN You. Just as Every religion promises, as every religion says the exact same thing in the scriptures. There are infinite suns and worlds of beauty, with beings on those worlds. Choosing one religion over another is judgment, as infinite love doesn't make choices. So if you root for the cross and despise the pyramid, you are in self-

judgment, as you judge nobody else but your-Self. As ALL these symbols of every religion in the infinite multi-dimensional Universe, are all encoded deep WITHIN YOU. And there are BILLIONS of religions and ascended masters, and all lead to the same place, deep WITHIN, and every symbol of billions of religions are encoded deep within you. ;-). Oh how there are So many heavens and so many Angelic beings of light and beauty!

*~ The above, written by a friend of Queen Cecilia, expresses in part how we look at things in here in The Queendom of Plomari.*

Seeing the suffering on Earth  
was like my enemy cooking the heart of my lover  
and serving it to me for dinner on a plate to eat it.  
My heart and soul became so bloody with tears.  
Well here's my response: The Cogan Dynasty,  
the country and Queendom of Plomari.  
Come meet me here via [ArtSetFree.com](http://ArtSetFree.com)

*~ King Spiros aka King Hu of Plomari*

I, you, he, she, we  
In the garden of mystic lovers,  
these are not true distinctions.  
— Jalaluddin Rumi

There is no other place than Plomari,  
and no one else I face than  
You and Me, Together Forever

**L**et's go to Pink Gem Lagoon for a while, babe, and the freshness of the Rainforest. If you and I are kolibris of Plomari, or is it called hummingbirds maybe, then we know well how to enjoy Nectar and also how to take care of our little eggs and young ones! And how to take care of each other and hum around in the greens amongst the fruit trees. We know well how to live life, we know how to live and we know how to Love. And we love life, babygirl.

Now I am stuck at the moment in a little snow cabin in the snowy mountains of The Bunny Slopes, but feeling your love makes me feel the spring and summer even though it is cold. Do you like winter? I think it is cold. But, I love how the snow looks like mushroom mycelia. Yes, My Cecilia, it does look exactly the same!

So I am stuck here in this little snow cabin, and I am running out of money. What shall I do!?

I wish I was a sea turtle so I could just swim off into the paradise sea and never come back again. Or I wish I was a butterfly so I could come sit on your nose. Or I wish I was a house fly so I could buzz around you and listen to music with you and dance.

But I am stuck in this snow cabin.

Hmm. Checking my options.

I think of you, wondering what you are up to. You are probably lying in bed naked thinking of me! I know you are! Doing all the naughty things you do.

You are my Summer Girl. My naughty little girlygirl.

You remind me of Nature. O but you are Nature! Forever will we be hummingbirds humming around in the rainforest. And Plomari is our pink egg that we must take care of. It has hatched, my Love! Our pink egg Plomari has hatched!

I almost died giving birth to our Queendom. But such it can be to be a parent. Are you okay, dearest? Let's lie together in bed naked today and, occasionally sip a pink drink. Lie and kiss and cuddle and laugh at it all. What a miracle Life is. What a miracle *we* are! We are the Plomarian hummingbirds, the kolibris.

When my wife Kajsa Cogan died a few years ago I became so sad I cried for years. But then she said to me that death is nothing,

we are eternal and will forever be together. I believe her, and feel that too. We are the hummingbirds of Plomari and we will always be eternal. We are sempiternal; always eternal. We have had our victory, honeybum.

Yes we have had our victory so I am going to sit here naked in the snow cabin and sip a pink drink. Vodka with pink magic. Yes. I love you. It's an adventure to be with you, babe. We never know what's gonna happen. Always new things happening as we dance on into the unknown.

Sometimes I feel stupid because I am a bit stupid. I am not very skillfull at living life, I fuck up a lot. But that shouldn't matter. I love myself and I love you and that's the only thing that matters. There is no other place than Plomari, and no one else I face than You and Me, Together Forever.

Happily for you and me, today begins the hummingbird mating season. So I shall give you a kiss and... and... and then we can lie naked in bed, or maybe on the grasslands! Have you forgotten that we are animals, honey? We are human spider butterfly sea turtle mushroom dollfin cat bird jaguar aliens. All the beloved animals and plants live in you and me too, together forever. We are the untamed wilderness. We are everything, and we share God's abundance forever. We are the mountains and the volcanos erupting. We are the skies and the clouds and the whole Earth and all the planets and all those little stars in the sky. That's why I am not afraid even though I am stuck in this snow cabin with hradly any money. Because we are everything and I will take care of our eggs. Together with you, we will do it together.

Me lifts your skirt and takes a peek.

Hear my whale song as I sing to you. I speak in the doorways and pathways of your mind. Can you hear me, dear? We are Nature, we are the Universe, and our Victory is total and absolute. Forever will we live and dance and forever will we dance past anything that tries to hinder us from being free. Nothing can ever stop us, we are unshakeable, unbreakable. We are God. We are Goddess and God the two little flowers. We are the flower and the prince.

Whatever happened to the flower and the prince you asked me long ago. Well, now you know.

More pink drink. I want to get tipsy and drunk with you!

Babe, hear us in the music. Every word from every tongue is about us.

Yes and don't forget the little fishies. We are the fishies too. And don't forget the elves and fairies! That's us too. Yes, babe, we are all of this, all Creation.

That's why I am not afraid.

Babe you are so beautiful. And when we are naked together, I feel at home at the centre of Creation. Do you think someone else will read our letters? Because babe I just want to remind you, my home is to be inside your bum. When I lick and kiss your bum and when I am inside it, maybe with a finger, or with... well you know what, then I am home. Your bum is my home, honey. And I just love when you taste your own ass, babe.

Mmm okay getting a bit tipsy now from all the pinkdrink.

Babe we are the rolling clouds across the landscape. We are the spirit that moves the Earth.

*—Come lie down in bed with me,  
says Butterfly from the bed.*

We do not become healers.  
We came as healers. We are.  
Some of us are still catching up to what we are.  
We do not become storytellers.  
We came as carriers of the stories  
we and our ancestors actually lived. We are.  
Some of us are still catching up to what we are.  
We do not become artists. We came as artists. We are.  
Some of us are still catching up to what we are.  
We do not become writers.. dancers..  
musicians.. helpers.. peacemakers.  
We came as such. We are.

Some of us are still catching up to what we are.  
We do not learn to love in this sense.  
We came as Love. We are Love.  
Some of us are still catching up to who we truly are.

~ A Simple Prayer for Remembering the Motherlode  
by *Clarissa Pinkola Estes* from *The Contemplari* manuscript

**A**nd seriously babe I have no idea what to do from here. I don't know if I can survive in this snow cabin for much longer. Our masterpiece is beyond impossible, and achieved, but I came back with nothing in terms of a financial life, hahaha. But it's okay I will sort it somehow, I still have some money left and together we will see if we can find the answers. Life lived in a place like The Plomari Palace of Cnossos, well, there are ups and downs. Maybe we'll leave the snow cabin me and the girls and start our life anew somewhere else. Weave a hummingbirds nest somewhere, you know.<sup>23</sup> Fly away deeper into the adventure. At least that is for sure: We're not stopping! We're going deeper and deeper. Don't forget, we are in the garden of Eden!

Yes, deeper into the adventure of Plomari! To stop now would be the most tasteless act in the history of the universe, hahaha.

I have a new King's robe. My Mother brought it from India. It is ten meters long and in golden silk with floral patterns. It's golden silk mainly with a border of purple and greenblue silk. It matches the temple mushroom statue, which is a one meter high mushroom in gold with greenblue stones. This is how we weave, you know darling, how we weave everything together. All one great patterns, really, all interwoven.

And my Father gave me a silver pendant that says *Plomari*, with an eternity symbol holding it up. Plomari forever! Our eternal Kingdom of Love!

I'm a happy boy today. I am wearing my King's robe and only that, under it I am naked, and around my neck hangs the pendant in a silver chain. I feel sexy for you, babe, hot for you. I am your King.

And Mari and Mari and Maria and Misty and Mari have panties, white panties, on which it says *Magic Lollipop Candygirl* just across their pussies. And I lift the edge and peek in and there is my candy.

You know sometimes I wish I could tell more about my wives. But I often feel they are too amazing to express how they are in words. Not even poetry can really express how you are, dear wives.

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<sup>23</sup> Song *Kill The Fear* by Conjure One



*The Seamstress shall now reveal herself*

**B**ut my wives and husbands live in my heart and I live in theirs. My wives call themselves The Seven Sisters but they are actually more than seven. More like Heaven, hihhi. We carry each other everywhere we go. We are one, we have melted together into one huge love heap. We are The Royal Cogan Family, remember, the rubberbubble dubble trubble girls and boys! And we take the pleasure with the pain, and are firmly rooted in the eternal Love of our hearts and the Love that fills the universe and animates it. We live very peaceful lives mostly. Some of the Butterflies have children with other Kings and Queens. Their children are growing up to become fullflank Gods and Goddesses. Queen Cecilia and me don't have any children yet, neither with each other or anyone else, but who knows what the future brings!

I just cannot stop laughing at it all. What we have become. Hahahahaha, we are absolutely nuts all of us. You know whatever may happen in my life, everything comes back to You and Me, Together Forever. That is the end, the beginning, and the forever everything middle of the Semla. We are the snake of the end, middle and beginning. Over and over again that is the only Truth: Everything comes back to You.

And babe I feel that I have now gone from being a young Prince to blooming as a young King. I am thirty-three years young as I write this to you, by the way, and you know I have calmed down more now, I am not as crazy as I used to be, I am becoming more graceful. And I don't drink as much wine and pink champagne and beer as I used to, although I do still enjoy it almost daily. My wives have taught me much about Life too and teach me all the time. They all have different vibes to them. Misty is Mama Bear. Mari and Mari and Maria and Mari and Mary are butterflies. Cecilia is a white dove, a spider and a leopard, and a dollfin. Anne is a fucking alien genius, she's a writer like me. Everyone of us in the Kingdom is unique and that's what makes it so infinitely diverse and awesome. And Radhly and me, we are twins, Brother and Sister. We always walk in each other's footsteps every breath of Life. We cannot be seperated from each other. Elin is her name. Radhly of the Pink Egg. Elina I call her too. And Elena. And Kate and Cat and Katy and Kitty and Cunty and Bambigirl and Bunny and Bonnie and Elizabeth. Camilla is her

name. Kathleen Wilkin, the curved arch of the sky. Nakisen's wife. Lickalus sisters. Emilia. Emily. Yolanda. Attis and Cybele. Isis and Osiris. Cecilia Mari Cogan. Alice. Sissy. Mari.<sup>24</sup> My Butterflies. We are the hummingbirds. The Butterflies of Plomari. The dollfins. And as we say, our Plomari Queendom is just the cutest most inviting little world there is!<sup>25</sup>

Babe I don't know it's not as catastrophic as it might sound this about me being stranded in the snow cabin. All my wives and husbands have their own lives sorted and it's just that I like to have my own private space to hang in as well. We help each other a lot and make sure the Kingdom fully functions. It's just I like to pay for my own little Palace by the Sea where I can write and make music and get some alone time when I want or need it. And I want to be able to arrange that myself, not being dependent on my wives for that.<sup>26</sup> You see I am so wild and crazy. My wives are wild and crazy too but they are much more skilled in taking care of themselves and the Family. They are more mature than me. I am like a little boy still. A mushroom child. I am wild. I am dumb and stupid, I don't understand things. But I want to. One day I will take care of the Palace too. I will find my way.

So I'm sitting here naked preparing to take a warm shower, thinking of you and wondering what you are up to. I am going to masturbate in the shower. After that I am going to pour myself some pink champagne and relax in the sofa with my feet on the footstool.

I could live forever like this, just sit and sip pink champagne naked with you. Sit and play with each other's genitals in the baking sunshine. Or at night when the darkness enfolds us, hugs us. Your eyes staring at me, your eyes, like the moon is in Heaven.

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<sup>24</sup> Song *Dark Horse* by Katy Perry

<sup>25</sup> Song *Down With The Sickness* by Disturbed

<sup>26</sup> Song *Hell Is Round The Corner* by Tricky

**M**y favourite thing in the world: My wife's bum. My wife is pretty cool too. Hihhi.

Babe have I ever told you that you are made of gold?<sup>27</sup>

So I am sitting here with cum all over me and fresh from the shower. Should I shower again now or what? I came after the shower and now I am all slimy.

You know our Queendom is eternal, right? It will never fade. Babe *we are* everything. Relax, ok? You see, people will just have to accept that the Earth is ours, the Earth belongs to The Royal Cogan Family. People will have to accept that they themselves are us. We are You. Remember, we have officially kidnapped the entire planet Earth. It's always been ours anyway. So what do you want to do? Eat some strawberry cake? Sip some pink champagne? Have sex? Go to space? Maybe go to one of our psychedlic festivals and see what's going on. I personally don't want to do anything today, I am just going to sip this pink drink with my feet on the footstool. Hang with you in our Dreamland. Babe, everything is borderless. Everything is one perfect infinity. That's one reason why we call it Plomari. Pleroma. *Find the word Pleroma*. It's like I told you, honeybum. And those who tried to take my power away from me and my Kingdom... now you understand, honey, how wrong they are. Plomari is eternal, it cannot be broken. In this I rest. This is why I am so relaxed and such a happy little boy.<sup>28</sup> What is Plomari? It is a biosphere, a complex, subtly balanced life support system called The Earth. Now only way to get rid of us is, well, if the whole planet would die. I personally don't think that will happen. I am an optimist, I think the human world is heading in the right direction. I take the stance of Terence McKenna on those issues. I think that Life wants to evolve and find ever greater and more complex and beautiful expressions of itself, and that's why everything is changing. That's my personal belief. I am not worried. I trust in the Universe.

Ses i lila, honey. See you in the purple wine.<sup>29</sup>

And who is that mysterious Butterfly, you wonder?

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<sup>27</sup> Song *Curly Sue* by Takida

<sup>28</sup> Song *Made Of* by Amanda Fondell

<sup>29</sup> Song *You Were Always There* by Chris Oblivion

And the Great Mother said:  
Come my child and give me all that you are.  
I am not afraid of your strength and darkness,  
of your fear and pain.  
Give me your tears. They will be my rushing rivers and roaring  
oceans.  
Give me your rage. It will erupt into my molten volcanoes and  
rolling thunder.  
Give me your tired spirit. I will lay it to rest in my soft meadows.  
Give me your hopes and dreams. I will plant a field of sunflowers  
and arch rainbows in the sky.  
You are not too much for me. My arms and heart welcome your  
true fullness.  
There is room in my world for all of you, all that you are.  
I will cradle you in the boughs of my ancient redwoods and the  
valleys of my gentle rolling hills.  
My soft winds will sing you lullabies and soothe your burdened  
heart.  
Release your deep pain. You are not alone and you have never  
been alone.

*~ Linda Reuther*

True friends know when  
they should speak,  
when they should listen,  
when they should pour the pink champagne,  
and when they should just hand over the whole bottle!

*~ Plomarian proverb*

**F**ollow me through on my reasoning here, babe. If we are in God's Kingdom, also called The Queendom of Plomari, and we are the Royal Family of aliens made of DNA, then we all work together as a giant Family. We are all-encompassing. We are all doing our part in creating and maintaining the Kingdom. So babe, we are like already done. What more do we need? Palaces? The entire universe and hyperspace and Earth and the whole world and the forests and oceans and grasslands is our Palace, honeybum. We don't need any other palaces than what we already have. Our Heart is our Palace and our Temple. Our mind is our palace and temple. Our brains and minds and souls and you and me together forever is our Temple and our Palace to live in. YOU are the Temple, honey. So babe, basically I think this comes down to the paradox of us already being finished, while in same time we will forever continue to grow and expand. We are finished and will never be finished. There's nothing that we need to do and we can do anything we want from any given moment. And what is any given moment? It is the eternal clockless Nowever. The now, the present. And the eternal clockless Nowever is inherently perfect as it is. It is already perfect. We are already home in the bosom's shade of the Goddess. We are already here in each others arms, in the arms of God.

What more do you want?

Do you want to go to a party? Do you want to go to a festival? Life is an endless party and festival baby, you know it. Do you want to go to the beach? Do you want to eat some candy? Do you want me to fuck your brains out and cum in your mouth? I mean, what do you want? Do you want more money okay sure let's fix more money. Do you want to eat some strawberry cake? Life is endless and open. Life is all-encompassing. Do you want to become famous, maybe a singer or an artist fuck it why don't you take up a quick career as a Doctor. Dr Doctor as Mari calls herself. I mean babe, I have done so much in my life I can't even figure out anything new to do at all. I am everything. I am God. I am All, and Divinity raises my veil. I am not fully invisible, hihhi.

I'm not saying I know what you want to do with your Life I am just pointing all this out, this is how I feel. What I wanna do? I have already told you I don't ever want to do anything ever again. I am like a strange monk of some sort, I live only with God. I have

moved in to the Temple half a life time ago, I live in the Temple. I don't ever do anything babe except talk with you telepathically and sip drinks. Boring? No it's fun, the world is my playground. I can do anything I want. And I am convinced, as I told you before, that I could achieve anything if I set my heart to it, but there's not much I want to do. Everybody else is already doing everything anyway. Start a festival? Hell I am already part of the grand family of festivals on the planet. We help out on Symbiosis Gathering and all kinds of festivals. So I am just saying, we have reached homeground. The game is over, there is nothing that needs to be done other than what we are already doing. I am sorry to break it to you, babe, but God's Kingdom is already perfect as it is. As God told me once:

*The Universe is already perfect as it is,  
but I admire your wish to improve on it*

**H**ahaha! Well my friend has this dream of helping homeless people, that's a great idea. He wants to help people off the streets. That's something worth pursuing.

You know I really think the world has already ended. We are in the world after Human History already. Some people just don't know it, they are still lost in the delerium dream of history. For us wise people we see the game is already over. So this is really a huge frontier and that is why I am so happy we have our Kingdom of Plomari. Terence McKenna used to say that hyperspace is mental real estate. That's what it is and we have moved in, married, and established our Kingdom in the fucking hyperspace of the All. Our kidnapping of the human world was successfull, babe. We own the universe now. And if I could portray to you how I look at all this you would know once and for all, just like me, that we are free without any bounderies or limitations whatsoever. We are free like a white dove in Heaven.

So babe, what do you want to do?

So I guess we can be proud and happy also. We are the Garderners of the Earth, the caretakers of the Kingdom of God. And we are poetry, honey. We are everything.

As a young boy Spiros wanted to be a poet.  
He wanted to write the best love story ever.  
But it turned real. And Spiros saw it:  
They are to marry. The world shall marry poetry.  
It is the dawn sound unison of paradise on Earth.  
We shall call it The Queendom of Plomari,  
The Cogan Dynasty.

And then King Spiros and Queen Cecilia and the Butterflies were  
seen walking into the Palace of Cnossos, and no one really knows  
what they are living in there<sup>30</sup>

And on the great Gate to the Palace  
stood written in gold letters:

When you miss me most, or are sad that I leave  
you, I come again, and I might look different I  
maybe a flower, but you know me, I like to play,  
and dress up, for only you, for eveah. And now we  
are married, in eternal tantric union. Your Love  
makes me sink into the cosmos, forever home in  
your embrace.

I will always be here,  
in the Plomari Palace of Cnossos,  
free like a bird in Heaven  
WELCOME HOME

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<sup>30</sup> Song *Oblivion* (feat. *Susanne Sundfor*) by M83

**Y**es so honeybums, enough with all the bullshit. Do you recall our original Crime and Plan? You remember it all? The Earth stands still today, awaiting our return.

All this talk of Spiros not having anything more to say. He's out of inspiration. He failed. Sissy and Butterfly and Spiros failed. First of all I am not a writer, secondly, babes, I have some new ideas! First just bring me the *Harduingetsägerdhu* and pour us a drink of the secret wine! The *Harduingetsagerdhu*, babe, you know, the Plomarian word for Tea Pot. You see squinshybabe, my dear little girl, there are many who want to be with us in Plomari. And we have prepared an abode for us amongst the clouds. Babe, sorry I took that little detour for a while. You know me better than that. I would never. But you know I was taken by the Police first, then I became homeless, then one of the butterflies died, Kajsa Cogan, then I broke both my feet, hihihi. It was a difficult time. I went through Hell. But the fucking world forgot who we are! Babe, now that we are alone again in our Plomari Paradise, let's talk. Let's read each other's hearts as we used to back when, O, when, Elin and me decided to never visit the Earth again and stay in the Palace of Cnossos once and for all.

Hi it's Elin here. Spiros is mine. If you touch him I will kill you. And you have no idea how beautiful and amazing Spiros is, so fuck off.

Mmm. What.

Now. Puss.

Elin Cogan and Spiros sat down on themselves and smoked and drank. Spiros heart still a bit in pain asked Elin to whispering say something, anything at all, because her voice always heals his pains, he loves her voice and it always helps him, and soothes his soul. So Elin whispered: You have a cold world to warm. And you make me so warm in that old cold world. Mmm. Hej. But I am not in that old cold world any longer, my love of all time, for you brought me home to warmth. I am not cold anymore, Spiros, continues Elin, because now I am with you instead of being in that old cold world. Guard our Pink Egg, Sissy, rich and rare. In that old cold world who would understand it? Mmm. And you who say anything that even resembles a likeness of anything bad about my Spiros again, will burn like the sun. For me and Spiros live

inside the sunny warmth of the Pink Egg, and nothing is interesting in your trivial human world, for us, we don't care about your human world. And, I give you hareramaby the news that not all are welcome inside me and my Spiros pink egg. So watch out. Out. Out of my Pink Egg.

The rest of you, continued Elin. Say High.

Because the truth is:

*O thank thee God it has not been found by Mankind.*

*Man would not recieve it, but try and destroy it.*

*Said Elin*

Don't give them even one single chance, Elin and Spiros.

Not even one.

Fane Fulgan and Shane delivered a drink while Elin and Spiros sank into the warmth of the egg.<sup>31</sup> Cock Pitt. Pitt is a Swedish word for Penis. The Griffin is here. Regular intervals of your voice fitting open the lock. Everybody stay cool, we are done. Now they can count our vastness, the fools. Now they can jot up an estimation of our capacity. Our cute catastrophe, our absolutely void ecstatic ruin, and we just rise in the Sea of the Seamstresses. Follow me, honey. I got an idea.

Ingenuous psychedelic. Hyperspacial ultimate alchemical perfection.

There is a record time in which the suthel cross has been achieved. It's 17 years. Elin and Spiros were born 17 years prior to year 2000, and today it is 17 years after year 2000. Now you see our pink egg. You ready Elin?

We are staring at you from the highest point of Eternity, says Elin, the centre of the centreless Pink Egg.

Okay put in the key, Spiros.

(This calls for anal adventures, babe. Just sayin.)

Revive? These halls. The halls of this nation. Let us wake up the white marble statues.

Recall Cnossos. S.C in Cnossos, Consciousness.

Hallusingetsägerdhu.

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<sup>31</sup> Song *Venez Avec Moi* by Delta-S (Cock Pitt, Elin)

Hallucination? How about You.  
How about Hu?  
How about Hu and Cecilia Cogan.  
How about Butterfly is sort of Asian-ish.  
Mmm.  
If you get the hint.  
How about...  
How about Butt walks around the corner.  
How about she's in the crowd.  
How about dolphins and dogs diving through the pasture.  
How about the quick duck. A really quick duck.  
What do you say about Penis.  
What do you say about the Penis of Ancient Crete.  
How about mushroom looks like penis.  
How about pink champagne, pink like your pussy.  
How about your lips look a bit like your pussylips.  
How about a very large percentage of humanity looks like  
Butterfly. Asianish.  
And the rest like Sissy.  
Mmm.  
And then we have the boys.  
Mmm.  
How about the whole planet Earth is our psilocybin  
mushroom cultivation.  
How about candy comes out of your penis. Slime. Call it  
Sperm like Spiros.  
Homecoming.  
Spores.  
How about...  
Do you think Butterfly will fall in love with Butterfly?  
How about...  
Always, My Love. Always.  
How about Butterfly has this amazing butt.  
And she loves when you do awesome things with her butt.  
How about dildos that look like mushrooms.  
How about we say to everyone: The Cosmos is a mushroom in  
full bloom.  
How about we call ourselves Mari. Queen Mari of Plomari.  
How about an octipussy spider.

How about you and me call the Pink Egg "The Labyrinthine Palace of Cnossos", and we live in it and it's almost impossible to find us in here. And I am a kind of Black Bird who protects us and the Egg. A Black Angel.

Cosmos or Cnossos?

Both?

How about the word Miracles, if you flip the letters... is an anagram of Mrs Alice. And Alice is Cecilia backwards.

Mycelia. My Cecilia.

Again, how about Butterfly has this amazing butt, hihihi.

I am sure she will love her butt and want to play with it.

Elin and Spiros lit another cigarette. Elin smiled for the first time in a long time and put on a sad song.<sup>32</sup>

—I'm not cold anymore, said Elin.

She smiled again as they held each other close, and Spiros put on a happy song.<sup>33</sup> Tired they sat warm together in the egg and didn't do anything.

—How about there is this Ox God who loves to fuck girls, says Elin. And he lives with me in the Palace of Cnossos, deep inside the labyrinth. The Ox God, the Black Bird, Spiros of Psilocybin.

Spiros giggled.

—And you can be born in April so you are Taurus by star sign. And April sounds a bit like Fjäril which is Butterfly's name in Swedish. And you can be born on the same day as the King of Sweden. And Sweden can mean Eden. And then...

—I can see where you're heading with this, said Spiros and kissed Elin on her lips and licked her a bit in the edges of her mouth where her lips meet. Wanna lie down?

—Yis.

Then they made sweet love, and then the sun rose and they ate breakfast with the golden sky. Then a bird flew by. And a car honked outside the Palace window. Then nothing happened at all for a while and they just sat there stoned in the morning light.

—Today the Earth stands still, said Spiros.

And the clouds, shaded in the golden light of the sunrise, moved slowly above them.

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<sup>32</sup> Song *Roads* by Portishead.

<sup>33</sup> Song *In The End (feat. Sarah Ruseel & LAKE)* by Delta-S

—Penis, said Spiros and Elin began to laugh.

—Yes, she laughed. The Snabel Dragon as we call it in Plomari.

—Suck my snabel.

They waited for something exciting to happen but nothing at all happened at all, at all.

—That was the end of the letter, says Spiros.

And outside the window came the Griffin flying by and landed to sit down on the lamp post. Cecilia's knitted yarn, said Griffin. And the clouds moved slowly up in the sky.<sup>34</sup>

—Now they can count our vastness, the fools. Now they can jot up an estimation of our capacity.

Remember what we said. We don't need to build any Temples and Palaces. Everything is our temple and palace. Our Love is our World we live in. Our Hearts is our home. We *are* everything.

*I Am Sovereign. I am Free. All That Is, I am*

So Elin and Spiros settled in the Pink Egg and no one really knows what they are living in there.

But soon Butterfly said:

—Can I stop hiding now? Are we done?

—Yes, Love, come here, baby! said Elin and Spiros.

They all laughed and kissed and sat down together in the Palace and opened a bottle of pink nectar (pink Champagne).

—I'm a Barbie girl, in a Barbie world, said Elin.<sup>35</sup>

—Halluuuuuu, said Mari. Can I stop hiding now?

—Halluuuuuuuuuuuu. Yes, baby, come here!

With Mari came Leo and they held each other's hands. Leo served a few drinks.

—We are Barbies in a Barbie world, said Leo and smiled his beautiful smile.

In soon came Mari and Mari and Mari and Maria and Mary and Mari Anne, and Tiffany.

—We are the greatest criminals of History.

More pink nectar was popped and served and everyone got naked.

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<sup>34</sup> Again, song *Venez Avec Moi* by Delta-S

<sup>35</sup> Song *Barbie Girl* by Aqua

Later in the evening, Mari and Elin and Spiros sat alone up in Nobody's Tower, the top tower of Cnossos.

—So what do you say? asked Spiros.

—I say Spiros has spoken, said Elin.

—Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly, huh, giggled Mari.

Spiros smiled his upto-nogood evil grin and relaxed back with an *ahhhhhhh* of satisfaction.

Someone dropped a plate in the kitchen.

—So I got this idea along the way, he said.

**S**o here we go again, The Cogan Family, baring parts of our soul for everyone to see.<sup>36</sup> Queen Elin Krökliten Hu Cogan walked out of the kitchen carrying the Harduingetsägerdhu to Spiros.<sup>37</sup> Spiros sat hulked on his throne making calculations hulk that Elin had ordered him to do hulk hulk hulk. He was deeply focused; if Elin gave an order he knew it was important and his face contorted into a serious king in respect of her decision; Elin could see his genius mind swirling like galaxies as he sat there with a white bed sheet round his waist and his six meter long King's Robe round his shoulders. She served him a hot drink first and then a cold drink from the Harduingetsagerdhu.

—We'll have 217 thousand moneys left year 2017, said Spiros soon and rose his head toward Elin. We're going bankrupt. But, we're on schedule. What you say, girl?

—How much moneys have we spread out through the Kingdom then? asked Elin. To the Love Army and the others?

—Basically a few trillion the past 17 years.

—Trying to keep up with Elin and Spiros, boy? said Elin. I own the universe, boy. There's no one who runs this show, hu, little boy? No one can keep up with my pace, you good lookin' boy. I'm omnipotent, my little toy.

You see, either you work with me in symbiosis, or you work for me as my slave. Those are your only two options, and that goes for every human being, no matter where and when you are born. I am the Queen Bee of this planet Earth. Kisses from Elin Krökliten Cogan.

—How the fuck are we supposed to bake them a cake then if we only have 217 thousand left? said Butterfly.<sup>38</sup>

—I'm going to call King Minos and discuss it with him, said Spiros.

Tiffany came in to the throne room and asked Spiros if she could have a kiss on her bum and Spiros said of course my Love and kissed her bum with great devotion, worshipping her bum.

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<sup>36</sup> Song *Droppin' Plates* by Disturbed

<sup>37</sup> Song *Beautiful Times* by Owl City & Lindsey Stirling

<sup>38</sup> Song *Rap God* by Eminem

Thank you Love said Tiffany and then walked out of the room again.

King Spiros thought suddenly of his two dead sisters and wondered if Elin and Butterfly maybe are them.

—Do you think you are my dead sisters? asked Spiros.<sup>39</sup>

—O baby. I'm sorry. I know how sad you are. But I think in our magical world anything is possible and I think we are them, said Butterfly.

—Yes, babe, said Spiros. It's this thing that haunts me, you know. That... well you know how magical we are, and then with them being dead, it just, it's like half of the puzzle is gone. Or half the wedding cake rather. Half my soul. Half my life is gone without them. It doesn't mean I love you any less. You know that. It's just that, they are my sisters and they are dead. And it sucks. I don't know how I can forgive this. I don't know how I can ever forgive life for this.

Spiros took a hulk of nectar and cried.

—You mean LSD? he said soon and rose naked from his throne. The stamps of the postal service of Plomari.

—No no, said Elin to the world. You haven't understood yet how well we have thought this through. You see not yet the glory and might of our Queendom.

—I assure you, that with the help of God, I will make war on you in every place, and in every way that I can, said Butterfly to the world.

—That I will subject you to the yoke and obedience of Plomari, said Spiros.

—Come on, baby, said Butterfly to Spiros in a really angry tone. Come on, babe! Fuck me up the ass! You got the biggest cock of them all, I want you to fuck me up the ass!

—Harduingetsägerdhu, said Elin calmly and Mari served her more.

—Let's give em a real good show, said Mari angry.<sup>40</sup>

—I wonder what King Darren is doing nowadays, said Spiros. You know my friend Darren. I miss him.

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<sup>39</sup> Song *Up All Night* by Owl City

<sup>40</sup> Song *The World – Darren Porter Remix* by Sean Tyas

—I need to throw something on something, said Butterfly and picked up a pillow and threw it into the wall as she screamed out her anger.

—Here, throw this plate, said Tiffany and gave a plate to her. Butterfly took the plate and frusted but halted herself.

—I like this plate, she said.<sup>41</sup>

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<sup>41</sup> Song *Down With The Sickness* by Disturbed

When things had calmed down a bit Queen Elin announced to everybody that the King had finished the calculations she had set for him to do, and that all in all, it called for no change in plans for the Queendom. We continue with the plans, she told everyone.

—Just one little thing we need to do now, she said. We need to wake up the Demon. You know, Spiros. The Demon. No I'm just kidding, my little Demon is already wide awake.

*You created a wrath within me*<sup>42</sup>

—Hare, my King, said Elin and poured more nectar for Spiros. Drink and get pissed off, we have work to do.<sup>43</sup>

—Let me slow it down for you, Humanity, said Spiros. You can try to salvage anything in the human world now that I am shutting it down, but none of you is fucking with me.

Spiros stood up naked and spoke with fury a few incomprehensible words that sounded like Japanese, then pointed out the window of the Palace.

He soon sat down calmly and said:

—Everyone gather we're gonna have another Plomarian language lesson. Get some more drinks and snacks and we'll begin.

When everyone had gathered he put on the song *Serpents* by Nitin Sawhney.

Tunga = Tongue

Vänta = Wait

Kreta = Crete/Plomari

En gång till = One more time

Elin = Elina

—Lick me one more time on Crete? asked Mari.

—O hare ram, lick on! said Elin with singing voice. Lick on, lick on, O hare rama!

—Har, said Spiros and pointed out the window again.

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<sup>42</sup> Song *Numb* by Disturbed

<sup>43</sup> Song *Seduction* by Eminem

After this Spiros put on the song *Vi kan inte skiljas* by Elin Landelius and everyone sat down calmly and sang. Everyone was in an incredibly loving mood and now a bit tipsy and Mari said

—Can't we put on Ott's song where they sing about you?<sup>44</sup>

Everyone laughed and listened to the song and the mood just got brighter and brighter. Mari served some food and Leo served snacks.

But everyone saw Spiros, Elin and Butterfly weren't in the mood for good moods and party. They had stamps to put on envelopes and work to do.

—Tiffany and Leo, said Butterfly. Run the show and we'll go to Nobody's Tower a little bit.

Nods.

Well in the tower they sat down together with their drinks.<sup>45</sup>

—Will you be my Butterfly tonight? said Elin to Butterfly and took her hand.

—Yes, forever, said Mari entering the room.

—Hi Mari, said Elin. Come here, babe.<sup>46</sup>

The girls lay down on the bed in a warm heap while Spiros sat down in the Dead Ox leather seat.

—He's sad today, said Butterfly. Or not today maybe but right now.

—Me too, said Elin.

—Me too, said Butterfly.

—Me too, that's why I joined you here, said Mari.

—But you know what, babes? said Spiros. Vet du va? Jag mår fett bra. William mår fett bra. I'm really happy.<sup>47</sup>

He smiled.

Elin shut her eyes and felt her heart pumping for her Spiros. She thought of the blood being like the river of their love flowing forever in the mushroom trip, in Plomari Hyperspace. She felt quite sure that she is his dead sister in another form. And she said to God and to herself, that she will fly to Spiros in his youth as a white dove and be with him forever. That she will be Bianca the white dove and fly to him. That she will always be with him in the

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<sup>44</sup> Song *Hello, My Name Is...* by Ott

<sup>45</sup> Song *Kill the Fear* by Conjure One

<sup>46</sup> Song *Brave For Me* by Conjure One, Jeza

<sup>47</sup> Song *Venez Avec Moi* by Delta-S

pink egg. When she opened her eyes she saw him, and he looked like a horse on two legs, like he always says he is. The Ox God. And she could see where he is, where he lives. The stone walls of the Tower looked only half as ancient as him. She could see he and her is the original cause, the original cause of the universe to come into existence. With the Butterflies, she thought.

—Can I sit down in your lap? said Elin and walked up to him.

Spiros didn't know what to say he just took her by the hips gently and she slid down in his lap.

—We are Gods, said Elin and stroke his naked body.

—Yes, Sissy, we are, he said. And we have grown together, you and me, we can never be seperated from each other again.

—No we can't, said Elin.

**H**arduingetsagerdhu, said Mari soon. Everyone was rather tipsy high and drunk now. Elin and Spiros got the kettles and served more liquids and beer.

—Why are we not fucking right now, babe? asked Spiros.

—Cuz we're high, babe, said Mary.

—This feels really good. You wanna sit down and take a drink?

—Sure.<sup>48</sup>

Elin was still pissed off. She had stayed in the outskirts of attention the past years living in the calm of the Pink Egg, a rather calm life on the whole. But to see how badly some people treated Spiros made her evil inside, made her so angry she burned up the sun. Yes they had concluded their contacts with most of those people, and they had moved in to Cnossos with the close ones of the Family, but the Palace was still being built, it was not yet fully finished, and still they had to have some contact with people who by all standards treated Spiros like a he was a pile of shit.

She put on the song *Rap God* by Eminem to cheer him up.

—Hahaha, laughed Spiros. Eminem is such a genius. And look at that mouth. As quick as my pen.

Elin didn't want to repeat the thought in her head again, but she did anyway and thought O, as if me and Spiros haven't thought about that. You people who come with your bullshit to us, and we hint to say we are always five steps ahead? For most people we are so far ahead in it all that you will never know how far we have come. Why a Kingdom? Why a mushroom? In Ms Hu's Room. Fuck you, thought Elin and sat down in Spiros lap.

Spiros kissed her cheek. Butterfly and Leo looked at them and thought of sort of the same thing that at last they have found each other, and at last we have all found each other, we see it on you, we see what you feel, you shine like suns, you shine like mushrooms gods.

—Where's the beer? asked Spiros.

—Har du inget? asked Elin.<sup>49</sup>

—Mmm.

—I'll get it, said Spiros and fetched a beer.

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<sup>48</sup> Song *Roads* by Portishead.

<sup>49</sup> That's Plomarian-Swedish-English-Sanskrit-Japanese for "You don't have any, my Love for all time?"

—No I feel your sisters, said Mari. I feel them. They...

Spiros looked over at her. He nodded.

—They are absolutely free, said Spiros. Without any boundary or limitation whatsoever. Like me, their brother, the only one of us still alive.

Spiros said the last words as if to consciously add to the pain. He put on the song *Up All Night* by Owl City and drank some beer, looking around at the others.

—I'm high, said Mari soon. That was good weed.

—Me too, said Mary.

—Maybe we should call the Queendom Strawberry. The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari.<sup>50</sup>

—Relative to a hot dog I don't know why anyone would bother wondering about it, said Elin.

—They like casual conclusions, said Spiros.

—Conclusive evidence?

—The opposite of the Rapture, said Spiros.

—Reserve it for us then, said Elin.

—We'll gladly do it without you, said Butterfly. Spiros, can I play a song that is for you? It's a song that is to you from me, about someones who are not good for you, someone you must let go of in your life.

—Play it, said Elin.

Butterfly put on the song *Too Close* by Alex Clare and Elin and Spiros listened carefully.

—Inclusive song, Butt, said Spiros. Very inclusive.

—Thought I'd include a big part of it all at once, you know, said Butt.

—You are a genius, said Mari.

—Spiros, said Mari. I am amazed at how *not* horny you are right now.

Everyone giggled.

—My King... said Leo.

—Yes, darling?

—Hmm?

—Mmm, answered Spiros. Shadows and Magic.

Leo put on the song *Shadow Moses* by Beyond The Horizon.

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<sup>50</sup> Song *Strawberry Avalanche* by Owl City

—Okay everyone is wearing way too much clothes right now, said Leo. Come on, take off your clothes. Go on, there you go, there you go, off with the clothes. Come on we wanna see some bum and some skin.

He began to undress Spiros and pulled in the girls clothes. Everyone laughed and giggled and began undressing.

Rich and Pussy laughed too and Rich stood up and said:

—Thank you Spiros for when you told me I have a beautiful body, it really helped me, helped me get new self-confidence. Thanks, my King.

—You have an awesome body, said Leo.

Mari entered the room and said she need comforting, and everyone told her to sit down and we will serve you a drink.

—What's wrong, babe? asked Spiros.

—I'm sad for the same reason as you, she answered.

—Mmm.

—I got the cure, said Leo and put on the song *And The Snakes Start To Sing* by Bring Me The Horizon.

Everyone high and drunk, together began singing to the song. Leo held the stage as always with his mimics and wide gesturings to the music. Spiros looked at his face as he loved to, Leo's beautiful young face. Butterfly, he thought. Butterfly as a boy, Butterfly as a man. My husband, he thought. My beloved Leopold.

—Harduingetsagerdhu, said Mari and Spiros fetched the kettle and poured more for her.<sup>51</sup>

Elin was so fucking pissed off she could hardly hold her glass of wine. She was about to throw it somewhere, but she halted herself because she liked this particular crystal glassware. The glass was one with her name engraved in it and she did not want to kill it.

—High, anyone? said Spiros in a consciously insulting tone. Anyone wants to get high? Higher? You wanna fuck?

He rose to his feet.

—Jesus, said Elin to the world. Don't even think about it.

—2-1 to me, said Butterfly.

—It's down in Egypt, said Spiros.

—The Egyptian exhibition of Tutans grave is just outside our Palace right now though, said Elin.

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<sup>51</sup> Song *No Love* by Eminem

—Don't even think about it, said Mari.

—Babe. Beer. Give me beer.

—What? said Leo. Is our Queendom of Plomari too dimensional for you?

—Yes, let's get high and fuck, said Elin.<sup>52</sup>

Elin put on the song *Dark Machine* by Paul Oakenfold. She thought soon I will write a whole book about how awesome Spiros is, but then she thought that he has written a whole many many books about how awesome she is so fuck it, I'm just gonna fly to him as a white dove and be with him forever, be by his side in every breath of Eternity, forever.<sup>53</sup> I got a gift for you, Humanity, she thought to herself. She whispered to him: We got a gift for you.

—Yeah what? Pussy? said Spiros.

Elin laughed her evil laughter.<sup>54</sup>

—Babe I'm too high right now, said Spiros, but tomorrow I wanna drink nectar from your asshole.

And silence, babes.

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<sup>52</sup> Song *U R So Fucked* by Infected Mushroom

<sup>53</sup> Song *Gift For You* by Celldweller

<sup>54</sup> Song *Nocturne In Blood* by Celldweller & Atlas Plug

**W**anna listen to the song *Strawberry Dirty Slutsexgames* by Sissy Cogan on youtube? Perfect weedsong. Shut off the light, shut your eyes and see the. The. I'm on it again.

—So I got this idea, right, says Spiros.

—Yes? said Elin and Mari.

—Yes well there was something pink there I forgot about, said Spiros. Something pink, I don't remember what it was. A pink mitten or a pink heart or something pink.<sup>55</sup>

—Don't even think about it, you little critters of the Earth, said Elin to Humanity.

They all breathed in the victory.

Pussy.

—Butterfly? asked Spiros. Do you have a pussy?

—No I have a bum, said Butterfly.<sup>56</sup>

—Harduingetsägerdhu, said Elin. Spiros glass is empty. Fill it. Spiros filled his glass on his own.

*Yeah sure, that'll work*<sup>57</sup>

—Now, about that idea, continued Spiros.<sup>58</sup>

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<sup>55</sup> Song *Abacadavre* by Treyarch

<sup>56</sup> Song *Wild Butterfly* by Balligomingo

<sup>57</sup> Song *Th3 Awa3ken1ng* by Ivan Torrent

<sup>58</sup> Song *Calvaire* by Code: Pandorum

**T**he next morning we woke up and did our morning ritual, The Small Awakening followed by The Full Awakening. The Small one comes first and lasts for a little while, stretching and yawning and staying in bed for as long as we want. When we are ready the Full begins where we perhaps drink some coffy and put on some clothes, eat breakfast if we are hungry and just relax, small talk, perhaps have morning sex and a shower, check around the Kingdom to hear the news and listen to some music. We don't do this ritual every single day but when the feeling calls for it it is a great way to start your day in this two step process.

—Yes so how are we supposed to bake them a cake then if we only have a few hundred thousand moneys left? said Butterfly again.<sup>59</sup>

—Baby Bianca, Bernard knows everything, sings Spiros.

—Ish! said Elin.

—In the bum, with love love love! In the bum, hahaha. But do you have any money, Spiros? No such thing.

—Icke, he no.

—Okay I have no money, sang Spiros. But I have mana. All I have to serve you is my Love and a plate of pasta with mushrooms and cream.

—I couldn't see a problem when a petite spaghetti meal was all he could offer, said Butterfly. Hare ram! But Spiros, you don't have any love do you...

—Ish! said Spiros. When Love met Mari, is the name of the story. This whole event. It's called *When Love met Mari*.

Mari smiled and giggled and stepped up to Spiros and Elin on gentle feet.

**H**a! Fool around with King Spiros and Queen Mari of Plomari!? What were they thinking! Ha!

I have nothing more to say on the issue, said Elin. Let's move on. In fact, let's show everyone our Palace in more detail, show them it all, invite everyone to the courtyard too and the palace grounds and the river. Elin stepped up on the floor and began singing:

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<sup>59</sup> Song *Bairi Piya* from the Devdas Soundtrack

—Ah, smart monkey ba, homie. Ah, Spiros doesn't even want to print the loveletters because to not use trees. Ah. Hu! Hu! Hu! Ah, and to lead. To lead the Queendom into the Light of the blossoming of the Lotus Earth. Ah! And the white dove Bianca, who suffocated under Spiros body in his sleep, ah yes it is tough and hard, and people say to the King, "Ah yes the dove died, but please, you don't have to flip out completely, King Spiros. Bianca Butterfly. Love for a white dove, King? O yes so that is real Love is it, O you are too hard King Spiros, you are overreacting." O, tira tira! Hu! Hu! Him! Him Diamond! Yes, but I say, O, Bianca yes, what about Bianca? And we are rich like trolls. But money cannot buy life and reverse death. Tira tira! O, but listen to me now. Yes, O, naked it is in my King's Paradise. Always naked, yis. And Krishna, let me introduce Spiros. Spiros, this is Krishna. Krishna, this is Spiros. Nakisen over there is Spiros, my husband. Say hi. O, Humanity, how foolish you are! Don't give me that bullshit, I am warning you! Och därmed basta. Enough is enough. I am the Queen. Watch out. Yes you heard me, that's what I said.

—Ah, how dumb ey, said Spiros. Nanana. Mana. O, how dumb ey.<sup>60</sup> O, Sissy and Spiros it is who, concealing and hiding, O, what what what!?

—O, said Butterfly, the others are hating and nagging every day, O, we are eternal immortal forever, maybe it's Love, ah!

—Hi high hi now I want to say hi, I am Love.

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<sup>60</sup> Song *Silsila Ye Chahat Ka* from the Devdas Soundtrack



—Now we have our Palace of Cnossos,  
in our Queendom of Plomari, what do  
we do now? said Spiros.

—Nothing, said Butterfly and Butterfly.  
Now we sip pink champagne and fuck.

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**Y**epp babes, now we sip pink nectar and fuck. Forever. We will never get tired of it. If you get a bit tired of it for a while just take a nap, and then wake up in each others arms again. Hihih. So, that was The End, and The Beginning. We will never get an end again in this life of ours. Can you feel, that however long we been together already, we are somehow moving closer to each other now. Settling, moving into each others Hearts, you live in mine I live in yours. We cannot be seperated from each other. Can you see we're done? We're finished. Relax now. Let's lie down on the bed together.

And then all the Butterflies lay down together. Their hair was now so long it was all the mushroom Mycelia of Eternity and all the spidersilk and all the grasses and, they lie down in the top branches of the World Tree. The Riddle had been solved at last.

—Now that's what I call a *trip!* laughed Cecilia.

Spiros lit his pipe and smiled at her.<sup>61</sup>

—We said it all, said Butterfly and cuddled up closer to Spiros.

And silence. Only peace remains.

Yes honeys, only peace remains. Don't forget where we are, we are in the Garden of Eden, Plomari, the universe of all dreams fullfilled.

O shit. Right. You mean? O okay, keep on writing. Of course, babe. Lick my loveletters to you as I know you love to. Hihih.

So I was thinking you know let's live forever. Together. Boring, people say. Another kiss? Just one more? I will never get bored of us! One more time in bed?

I am sitting here drinking pink champagne in the early morning and, spring time is on its way. Springtime reminds me of you, Butterfly.

And then the egg hatched, babe. And out flew Bianca, Spiros, the Butterflies and Cecilia, and the whole Cogan Family.<sup>62</sup>

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<sup>61</sup> Song *Songbird* by Eva Cassidy

<sup>62</sup> Song *Halo* by Beyonce

**A**pril April you silly psilocybin fish I can fool you wherever I wish! Yeah but, babe, there's more! Eternally intertwined there is no end and no beginning to our Family, to the Mystery that is us. If the sill ate the psilocybin mushroom which is the penis and silly Cecilia took the cock in her mouth and ate a mushroom which was Spiros cock and the mushroom of Osiris which is why we eat Sill in SwEden to celebrate the psilocybin mushroom with Semlor that look like mushrooms and Cecilia and Spiros are born in April, then we must say the riddle has been solved. The Silsila of Queen Cecilia of the Mushroom Sill, the Cogan Family, the unbroken chain of enlightened masters.

*April April din dumma sill jag kan lura dig vart jag vill!*

This is silly indeed! We a river so silly that we no canna stay! We float like this, endlessly, forever. We are the mushroom-ayahuasca Family. Want me to show it to you again? When Cecilia and me married we restored the glory of our revealing our secret. And our Crete. See Crete, is one of our secrets. We have planned, see. For a long long time.

You see we do live somewheres. In the Plomari Palace of Cnossos, the Cosmos of the All. In Consciousness. We live by the Sea. I tried to show you allway through my loveletters, dear. There will be no vaster Royal Family than us. We broke through the roof to the attic where Sissy and Spiros lay sleeping dreaming, tripping. That'show it all began, with mushrooms and aya in the attic. Our Love Story. Bringer forth the anow, the mosthighest point of psilocybin and DMT. And all our spider children and lovers. Many spiderwebs appeared that morning in the forest, the first morning of all when Cecilia and Spiros met the first time. Spiros swam like a fish in the Sea of the Seamstress toward Cesealia. Ses i lianierna, said they Aya shamaness. See you in the lianas. Spiros sealed his love letter to Cecilia with a kiss and dipped the letter in the secret wine. Then he gave it to her. She was young. Younger than him.

—Our secret is safe, whsipered Cecilia to Spiros in the wine of their souls.

And we are home, babe. There is no line drawn dividing the two.

And we flipped the letters until we see the whole Universe is us.

And we tripped until there is all-encompassing inside upside downforth only the stone. From the highest dimension down to the lowest only the stone. The Lapis, the stone of the All, the Pink Gem, the Pink Egg. And we hid it for seventeen years, then began to show it to everyone on prime time. We were but kids when we found it. The red ball of yarn in Mrs Mushroom's Bedroom. Makes me smile now. We were all tangled at first, couldn't make sense of it. Then with years and eternities and our lives we at last wove it into Queen Cecilia's wedding dress and King Spiros robe. The Queendom is our wedding dress.

May peace of mind be your pillow you sleep on and may happiness and love be your quilt. From here and now, never doubt again. Say it with me:

*I live... in a giant mushroom*

**I**t had been four years since Spiros best friend passed away, the Ayahuasca shamaness. But Spiros had not really come over it still.

—Dr Livingstone, your tea, said Mari as she entered the room and served it to him on the desk.

Spiros, hiding under the name, spent most of his days just staring out the window. Today he was sick, had caught a mild cold, and sat wrapped in a blanket. Mari could see he was still in pain over Kajsa's death, and she sighed, he just could not forgive her untimely passing.

—Beer, Mari, said Dr Livingstone. Do you think beer will be bad for my cold? Beer can't be bad, beer is good for everything.

He lit a cigarette and stared out the window.

—The birds have returned, said Mari. Spring is arriving, it's just around the corner now.

—Yes, I fed the birds yesterday. Popcorn. They seemed to like popcorn. Beer, you think it works with my cold?

Mari fetched a beer from the refrigerator without a word and served it to him.

—Doctor. You need to forgive, she said as Spiros took his first sip.

—Forgive what?

—You know what I mean. Her death. We're all sad, we're all sad that it happened, but you must try to celebrate her life and not only mourn her death.

Spiros smoked and drank of the beer.

—You have basically been staring out this window for four years now, continued Mari. The world is waiting for your return. The Great Spiros. What happened to him? Everyone is wondering.

—I left the world, babe. That old cold world. I want nothing to do with it.

—Yes but you can't just sit and drink beer and smoke the rest of your life, staring at the horizon.

—My mind is funny, you are funny, I can keep myself occupied in silent darkness, babe. The mushroom speaks to me of great things. Every day. So yes, I can.

Spiros turned his gaze from the window to stare at Mari.

—Well if there is one woman in the universe who can lift my spirit, it's you, babe, he said.

—I suggest we do something fun this spring. April is coming up, let's throw our usual birthday party in April, and, we'll celebrate the arrival of spring, we'll take photos of all the flowers, we can go down to the sea and drink champagne, lie and cuddle on the pastures. The pastures, honey, where we first met half a life time ago.

—You're right, I have to forgive and move on. You and Sissy are the light of my life. Kajsa was too, still is, but, she's not here any more. But you are still here.

—Don't forget where we are, Spiros. We're in Eden, our Garden of Plomari. And we're young still, we have all of life ahead of us.

—Wow, babe. I can feel it. You make me... you make my spirit... you set my soul on fire now. Babe come here can I have a kiss?

Mari sank down in his lap and they kissed.

—So what do you want to do? said Spiros. Do you want to build another Palace?

—I want to just explore this spring with you, explore Life again. We can do anything we want, anything we set our minds to. And to see Sissy growing up... she is becoming such of a wonder. I mean she's always been magical but now that she is fully blooming in her own way it's... it's just amazing. Magical. Queen Cecilia of Plomari. The world will be in awe when they get to see her. And me, I don't think I need to hide anymore. Neither do you. Let's set ourselves free, Spiros.

—You know now with the riddle solved... I feel such a peace. Peace of mind and heart. The riddle of the Royal Cogan Family.

—It will be famous forever, people will bask in the light of our Kingdom forever, my King.

—You're the best, Butterfly, said Spiros and smiled. Yes, let's throw ourselves into Life again.<sup>63</sup>

And the Rose of The Rosalixion bloomed and blossomed, it's Light shining across the All. Mari and Spiros made love in bed, then giggled and spoke about Sissy Cogan. She's young still, in her early twenties. She is the light of the Rosy Dawn, they said. She is the Pink Gem of Plomari. She is the angel of the Cosmos. She is

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<sup>63</sup> Song *In The End (feat. Sarah Russell & LAKE)* by Delta-S

The Queen of Plomari. And the spring night spoke of spicy adventures ahead, and calm, deep deep calm. Absolute peace. We have come home, they said to each other and to everyone and to the Cosmos. Home in the Heart of the Universe. And they lay in bed together warm and naked in postorgasm, and then they rose to drink some Nectar. Absolute peace was all that was left now.

# BOOK TWO

## When Love Met Mari

**Y**ou see it redirects here to the runaround the edge, dripping nectar. So let's take it again to seaweed got this starlight straight. I'm not very creative these days. I am tired, honey. I mostly sip pink champagne in the Palace and listen to music, lie in bed with the girls. We've taken over the world.

We're finished. And forever will there be peace in the silence and bliss in the dance and music. But there are things I want to say to you. I hear your whisper in my heart as always. Our correspondance. The paradox box has opened, the Miracle has been born.

I was so sad and depressed there for a few years after four of my wives died. But I feel their love now from the other side, and I feel them waving me on to return to Joy and Peace and Love. And indeed, abandon the corn, we have found a new Universe! What I mean is, may our empire blossoming be free, set not any chains on her!

We have to keep it Nectar. Remember how happy we used to be before things got all dark? Remember how everything was possible.

The thing is, we need nothing but each other. Fuck living in Palaces and all that, we need nothing but our Love. Let us keep it Nectar and our own unique kind of Royal! We're the coolest cats in the universe, babe, and everybody knows it.

I don't think it is writer's block. I just have nothing more to say right now, honeybum. I have transformed into a superconducting mushroom hallucination who lives in your Heart, our two in one in three the we me flower of the Queen Bee's Heart, King and Queen of Plomari. The Universe is buzzing with life. I lie in bed, warm and cosy and naked, and read what you say to me, wine ink, ink clouds in our Soul. I read your words to me everywhere. I always know when it's you, I can tell! And I whisper back, always, as you know. The core of our Coree Spun Dance, our spider web. The world tried to kill what we have, tried to destroy everything that is beautiful in our lives. But they could never succeed with that. We are eternal, infinite Gods and Goddesses! We are Love manifesting in our most amazing way. Don't you ever forget, babe.

And so now I am just sitting here, writing this to you.

—O my God, babe, you fucked me way too hard last night, said Sissy when they woke up in the morning. I'm sore. But I loved it...

Spiros and Sissy had been drunk during a party in the Palace and had snook up alone to the bedroom.

—I'm sorry, babe, said Spiros. You seemed to like it.

—I did... but wow... that was...

*(Censored conversation. Hahaha!)*

They kissed and cuddled under the bedcover a while before they rose to smoke a morning cigarette.

—I feel we broke through with yesterday's fuck, said Sissy. We've never fucked like that. It was something totally new. I mean we have always been wild, but something was different yesterday. No inhibitions left at all.

—We were absolutely fucking nuts, babe, it was a bit scary actually, at some points. Does your butt still hurt?

*(Censored conversation. Hahaha!)*

—I think we killed our enemies with our fuck.

—Mmm, hahaha! We did, babe.

I don't know if the wedding is over or not, I can't tell anymore, but I consider us married now. And if that's how we are going to fuck for the rest of our lives, holy shit we're gonna go crazy, hahaha. Or maybe we'll just become absolutely free.

Our beginnings here begin with Dream and Life mixing together, and we eat some Marsipan Cake and celebrate. We won't tell anyone else around us for starters, we have given up on trying to make them understand us.

—Now we are married, Sis, says Spiros and smiles.

—Yes, honey, says Sissy and smiles. Now we are married.

And we play one of our wedding songs, *Dark Paradise* by Lana Del Rey, and we sit here in the sunshine. We follow with the song *Without You* by our fav Lana, and we say to you, life is beautiful!

We are done hating, and we're finished with the plan, we're done and only done so just go go go! We became Oneness, we became so one we had to leave the oneness again to go out on new

adventures. But something clings still when we do that, and that is our eternal Love. We always return to each other again in the end.

Our Crypt. Our Tryptamine Tryst. Be tyst about it... hihihi. Be quiet about t, for Queen Cecilia and King Spiros have an idea! O, our plan would be finished, if? Hahahahahaha!

—Mmm, this taste good, says Spiros and smiles his evil happy grin.

—Well I guess this smile can keep us going forever, says Sissy.

—So what do we do now, Sis? asks Spiros. The world has been infected, irreversibly, and our redeeming poison has been insterted into the stream of Time and Space. We can relax now. But, what do we do?! What do we do from here?!

—Good question, said Sissy. Well I think from here we explore further, and intoxicate the world with our Love. We relax and live in Love. Let's see how awesome we can dream! Let's see what more beauty we can dream up.

—Good idea! Babe, may I kiss your bum? says Spiros.

—You wanna kiss my bum?

—Yes...

Sissy pouts out her bum at him and he kisses it. Mmmmm.

Our King Hu, our King Spiros, the megalomaniac with us his seveteen wives. Now step up, we're at the top level! Scream louder!

—O here's some mixed up notes and shit, says Spiros. And something really awesome to drink. Also a bag of shit.

—Fucking excellent, says Butterfly.

I love it when my wife Butterfly comes to me in a short skirt, turns her bum toward me, lifts her skirt, and gives me a flower that she has stuck up her asshole , the stalk of the flower straight up her asshole. That kinda stuff just makes my life the most awesome bliss ever, hahahahahaha. Thank you for the flower Butterfly you know I love flowers.

Spiros picks up one of the notes and reads it:

To Humanity:  
How doest thou know what kind of God I am?  
Laughing at me is like laughing at Shiva, Jesus  
and Krishna.

Look, assholes, I feel like I am morphing into something so incredible that the Universe itself falls in shadows from my Light and Splendor. The universe itself isn't even half as awesome as me and my wives are. And you laugh at us? Watch out. The Earth is my planet, not yours, and I will prove it to you in a way that will make you loose your mind- or find home to where I live. I will allow you to run around on my planet, but fuck it if you think I as King will tolerate any behaviourism. I am all hallucinogens ever in High person, so if you think that you're fucking with me... homie, you're on one right now, it's called DMT, it's in your brain as we speak.

Let me slow it down for you, Humanity...

I am awesome and you are just awestruck at me and my seventeen wives splendor. You should have taken the Pink Elephant serieously!

~ King Spiros Cogan of Plomari

Yes babe, the pink elephant. It's all for you, honey. Remember how we have sworn our entire moment in Life and Death to each other and our magical plans. Shine on, you crazy diamond. If we have been lying in bed swooning for thousands of years, watching our Kingdom expand, then can't we relax already and feel secure that everything is going as planned? We can stay in the Pyramids but there are many more beautiful places we can be as well. The river, the waterfall, the mountains. Down by the beach in the silent night. I come with flowers to the Woman of the Hallucination. You and I fell down, through the reversed ocean surface, through the sky, through the rabbit whole. I can tell you the story again if you want. I can sing it to you as a lulleby. I can write it with my fingers on your skin as we lie in bed. Babe, it's over. Let us begin a new Life. Let us cast ourselves deeper into each other. The enemy has been gotten rid of and we are now untouchable and unstoppable. What do you want to do? Drink some Nectar? You are my pink elephant, babe. And I am yours.

We are creatures of hallucination. We are pure hallucination, taking form in our absolute most brilliant way. Give me a flower, babe. I am yours. Give a flower to the Man and Woman of the Secret Wine. Dare you fall in love with someone how appears first as a hallucination? I told you before, you must learn to open the window in your heart and let the spirits fly in and out. We will forever be free, and we are shapeless like a changing cloud. To know that we are everything, we are this cosmos, makes us free and satisfied. Forget about what things you own. You own the entire Cosmos. It's all yours. It's your Plomari Palace of Cnossos. And in the innermost room of the palace of hallucination, here lie the girls and boys of The Cogan Family, naked and high, tipsy drunk and shining, laughing and flirting and kissing and fucking. Come on, babe, don't be shy. You are with me now you don't have to be shy. What do you dream about? What's going on in that awesome mind of yours? I wonder so! Babe, the plans have been cancelled. We threw off the shrouds of our plan far before the Dawn of our Love. It's already been turned, the trick of the key of the pulp of the plomarian plum blossom. The rubberbubble double trouble Butterflies are dancing forever on the tip of a needle, in Plomarian Eternity. My enemies tried to kill my soul once I became free that's why I have been a bit dark and strange lately. But I am still me. I am the same me. I am your Straw Hat Boy, your black bird, your dark angel. And I am still here by the river's end. My hands, remember? I floated away, millions of billions of trillions of years away I floated. With Salvia Divinorum and the Mushroom. My hands were the last to leave the Earth. Where am I now? I kid you not that I am still in Mrs Mushroom's Bedroom in the Palace. You know me better than that, you say, but babe there are things I want to show you. There are secrets in my Kingdom. Big, deep secrets. If the lightdress that Sissy and Butterfly wears for the wedding were spiderthreads of light, you would see my hair brush by you as the blue light of dusk surrounds you. If I could tell you or show you myself, you would instantly understand. We're in a trip of utmost complexity, love and magic, designed by me. I am the Animator of Space and Time. Young, old, seductive, and dangerous. Have you been to Spiros personal wing of Cnossos? Take my hand and let's go there. Here seventeen trillion girls have fun together, most often naked, in a

paradise called Supersexworld (also known as Plomari). Spiros watches the girls and walks around high most of the time, sipping pink champagne. Sometimes he also makes love, but he also just likes to walk around high and tipsy and watch all the girls and talk to them and kiss with them. Lesbian undertones? You bet! Bisexual fire? You be sure! In fact here Sissy calls herself by the name Sapphire. She's the fire of sex. She's burning desire. She's sweaty epiphanies in bed.

—Come with me, I'll take you home, says Sissy. You been on a journey too long now. Come lie down with me.

It ends in fireworks and applause. Tired. Tiers. It's been twentyfour years since we met, babe. I'm trying to weave something special for you, my butterflies. Some kind of anniversery gift. You want a peach? Babe, I'm gonna take a shower. Why didn't we arrange more beer? Where's that bag of shit? Let me kiss your bum, babe, I need an energy boost. I'm gonna change style, ya'll. Mr and Mrs Hu's moodwsings are like the weather of Sweden. Rain and thunder from nowhere. Then the sun. But fuck the sun right now, I wanna cry. Load me up on beer, babe, I'm gonna go barsurk. There are no ordinary days in this Kingdom. When Love met Mari, here's what happened.

*Yes well hide me then, said Butterfly*

To hide such an amazing woman as Mari. I think that might be what is wrong with the human world, that Butterfly is hiding. And so the sun hides. It makes King Hu furious, to think that his wife shall have to hide from the world. And they interrupted our wedding, the assholes. So you like the sound of Fallen Heroes? Why did you even come to the Palace in the first place? I tell you, I am not the one. What I am is so extreme that only few have the capacity to understand.<sup>64</sup>

Let me remind you that if you take the letters in the word *Hallucinogen* and flip them you can make the name Cecilia Cogan, and what is left is Hu. Who? HuBu.

—What, you want me to top it off?

—Yeah with some florsocker, says HuBu.

—We haven't lit the sunlamp yet.

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<sup>64</sup> Song 27 *Hours* by Banks

—Slay em.

—Humanity is also a pile of smiling slime, a pile of childish flesh in a petridish, if you look at it from a certain perspective. And until this pile of slime starts acting in accordance to the Cosmic laws, they will be looked down upon by the higher beings of the Universe. Wait, am I making you look bad, Humanity? O yes, *PS: sori*. That's Spiros, ps. Bitch, please. Pleasurable read. The conclusion of this contained infection leads us by reselfcirculation to Hu's Castle and Environs. You mean how, or who? House? Hus. Mus. Bus. Suspenseful susning. Inte ens en susning, mate. Enshrouded. Inte. Ens. En. Enda. Chans. Hallucinogens ens en. Inte ens en. Yes well I have one last thing to say, babe. Bus med musen, rather. Fucking little Butterfly playing with her pussy and tasting her own ass in the shower. That's what I saw first. That's why I created the Universe. For Butterfly to have a playse to play. Plomari is the Place just like all hemlines and times are her Lace. And when I start rhyming you better run. Rhymetimes with slime. Cock fountains, honey. Bees. Bisexual dragons. Fucking piss on me if you want, throw in a fucking golden shower. I am so more extreme than those people that there is no semblance between us. I cannot relate to them and their actions in any way. And they are on my fucking planet doing it, bitch. Bulls, please. Monkeys, on mondays, making money. Monotony. Well fucking banana split a massive shit and eat it from your own ass. Fuck. What a disgusting view on what Life is and *can be* about.

—Bulls are arriving, King Hu. Don't be gentle on us.

—It's a casual talk, my Love, says King Hu. Bitch off. Girls, do you ever consider the fact that, well, yes exactly. Babe off, I said. Have you ever considered the fact that Humanity is looking for planets with life on them out there in the vast Cosmos, aliens? Well, it hasn't struck your mind that you *are* standing on a planet with Life? You don't see what I see there? I wish you good luck in life. Let's take it again. The monkey is standing, on a planet, looking for a planet with Life out there in the Universe. Okay. And you are probably such a dull person that you cannot discern DNA itself as alien.

I'll tell you what, mates. We The Cogan Family is an alien species. *And* we're on Earth.

—When is that fucking Bull arriving?

—Let's take a shower, Hu, says Butterfly. I want you to fuck me up the ass.

—Mmm, says Hu annoyed. Let's fuck.

—Honey, laughing at you is like laughing at Shiva, Jesus and Krishna. Forget about the haters, babe, said Butterfly as they entered the shower.

A late romantic dinner after the sex in the shower, a petite spaghetti meal, with lit candles and soothing music, and we sat down listening to the birds outside the Palace with a cup of tea and a smoke. The birds were awake already even though the sun had not fully risen. We felt finished, finished with everything, with our plans and our glorious crime.

—The rock of the Earth and all its plants is our snake skin, the scales of our Dragon body.

Smiles. Smiles in the silent night.

I feel like an old man dying, said Spiros and smiled.  
Afterwards, afterneath all this, after this whole adventure, I  
come to rest with you, my Loves. How do you feel?  
—We come to rest with each other, said Sissy. Yes.  
—As always, babe, said Butterfly.  
—Now that's what I call a *trip!* said Sissy and laughed.  
—Hahaha! We can throw away our cares now, tussies.  
And silence. Deep music, please.  
—We can let it go, Spi, said Butterfly and smiled.

*You pulled away the mirror  
To see us face to face  
You cast away the fears  
And crowned me with this grace<sup>65</sup>*

And of course the sun rose with them. We are the Sun,  
Butterfly pointed out. We have reached the Rosy Dawn, said  
Spiros. Murder was a case, said Sissy. And so we just stared, said  
Spiros. I demand our stitch in frescos, said Butterfly. Enough is  
enough, said Sissy.

So humanity likes the sound of fallen heroes, hu? No no. They  
will forever witness the eternal rising of the Family of the Rosy  
Dawn, the Royal Cogan Family.

Home... home... home...

Homecoming. Together again.

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<sup>65</sup> From the song *In The End [feat. Sarah Russell & LAKE]* by Delta-S

# SPACE

Pink lip kisses from  
Spiros and Cecilia,  
the Lovers who designed  
the Universe

**S**ecrete. Secrete. Secrets. See Crete. To hand you some more of the secrets, babe my little funnybunny. *Space*, yes, *Sp a Ce*, Spiros and Cecilia. It's like I told you, honey. We are the Seamstress. We designed the Cosmos. Now. I don't know if there is a way out of the Palace of Cnossos. I personally will stay in the Palace forever so I am not so interested in a way out. I am in the innermost room, called Mrs Mushroom's Bedroom and Ms Hu's Room. I have been here for an eternity. I have a few mushroom statues and some paintings in here, portraits of the Queen and the Royal Emblems of Plomari and such, the white marble statues and the wedding rings. A black space ship with built in stereo, right by my kitchen at a scratch. I guess you have heard of her, my Double Pleaser Jelly Dolphin. Most steadiest and truest flying mount ever, with me the Goldblonde Horse, with me the Ox God, sitting on the throne. The throne is made of leather, a dead ox. But I am more alive than ever, and O have I got a little story for you! I mean it, see Crete. If you don't know what Crete is look it up. Follow the thread, honey. Knossos, babe. Knasigt, hu? Min. Oss. King Minos, my Lovest. Right beneath the suthel cross? I don't think so! Thing is Humanity has always been so intrigued by tragedies. But this is nothing of a tragedy, babe. It's about pancakes with strawberry jam and whipped cream.

I'm serious, babe, it's the cutest event ever. You know that, right? It's about two naked girls playing with a red ball of yarn like little sex kittens, and their Lover the boy with the Straw Hat on his head. It's about Butterfly's bum. And we got a lot of \$ as in \$issy Cogan! Babe... hi... it's *me*... Whoops. So, now that you know all this, now it's time for us only! This is a time for us! We been together 24 years now. Married for 14. And do you know how freshly in love I am with you today? You make me so happy. You make me feel I can lift the sun up in the skies! You make me feel I can fly from star to star with the ease of a spirit bird. I deliver you flowers. I come with identified good news.

Spiros remember now. Bees buzz around naked in our Mythworld settling to land on Plomari as their flower, for she rolled around within themselves, the rosy dream is the return, like that you know those two mask three Daddy Spiros and Sissy Cogan his girlygirl, as the Goddess? Daddy Dandilion mask Rose? Why can't we publish this. His Muse, I herehear you want to live

forever, and once again!, and thus we set it under way the task to make this possible; to live forever in the Palace of Cnossos woven by them again on Leavingbye Road in his happy endings. Goodbye for a jump in the heart and to take a breath. Superrevelation close, it is everywhere. Sunny union? says the beginning. Where we were everywhere, says Bliss. A twisted heliumlike voice full of what she says. Yes yes he painted his mind hello. High. Hi. Hi hi highlow there. And it became real, the Rosy Dream.

And that was the end of the message, babe.

—I gather from what you say, My Queen, that you expect me to take your orders with utmost seriousness. And I always do, my Love. The warning was sublime, and will Humanity ever discearn our secrets?

—As the Goddess, says the Queen. That is the answer. I know your Heart, Daddy, but ever do you surprise me with your deep seas.

—Well murder was a case, My Queen.

—Mmm.

—As the Goddess.

—As the Goddess.

—I shall go arrange some Nectar Beer and wine. Will you fellow me for a drive in the limousine?

—Sure.

—It's the keyless door.

—Yes, My King.

—Stay in the rosy dream, babe. Make it your home.

—Yes, My King.

When they came back from the limo ride they sat down and opened a beer each.

—Osiris Enterprises, said Spiros. How about that?

—Are you really going to tell everyone your secret?

—I think I might. It's a doubleworld issue. Who wins in the end? Hu does. Hu always wins.

Shitty and Shit, and Shitface, the evil salty triplets, sipped slowly their nectar honey beer. Casual forests dipped in dew shone like jewelry. Reclusive but curious birds chirped like whistling little children, children of the smyckedelic summer sun, children of the Goddess. Butterfly remembered Cecilia's girly

curls when she was younger, curls that were now gone, which she thought was sad; they were so cute those curls, why are they gone? A coconut on the table reminded her that she's in the tropics. Sissy lay down on the bed, resting her tired feet and legs. Queen's tactics. Queen's head. Together with my King. And my lesbian candyqueen. Fuck I want my ass licked. And some red wine. And some poison.

So the morning was quite good like that and the party was over and we were seriously considering sleeping a bit. But you know King Hu. He decided to check a few details regarding the Crime, just to make sure. Prayers in the street light, following flowers and insects where they lead him. Out through the keyless door. King Spiros and Queen Sissy are your doped up tripping time-travelling bankers, and they never let something fall at random. They are always orchestrating. It keeps them going so they never get tired: by never getting tired. If really tired, fuck and suck and lick, if full of energy, work and fuck and lick and suck. Don't suck at what you do, you know. Do it or don't. That kinda thing. Suck a boob if you don't have time to fuck, anything to keep the sex up and the energy high. Dip the nipple in wine. Even just *lick* a boob if you are in a hurry. A Powerlick. Queen's tactics. Or kiss a bum.

—Anyway so I was talking to the elves with the caps on their heads, and, they say Mrs Mushroom is satisfied, said Spiros.

—O shit..

—Tell me about it...

—That means the entire hyperspace has been condensed into a single hallugramatic laybyrinh?

—Could be. That's why I was suggesting Osiris Enterprises. The name. For the cover.

—Or maybe just Plomari, or Cnossos Enterprises.

—Mmm.

But soon they all fell asleep, eventually. Spiros dreamed that he escaped from the prison of the human world. When he woke up he cracked a beer and sat in a dark room and cried inside. No tears came, but a mix of anger, frustration and sadness swirled inside him. The Plan was a success, but they were still caught in a world they did not belong to. Monkey, money, monday, monotony, thought Spiros. And fame, game, same, blame, dame,

lame, shame, rain and pain, he thought. And my wife, one of the most famous women on the planet. Yes but, what if we can't ever meet because we're both on the stage.<sup>66</sup> I want to be free, God. I don't want to be famous, I want to be free.

He lit the red sunlamp and stared into the sun.

Fire. Making all the flowers and trees grow. Big fucking fire.

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<sup>66</sup> Song *Waiting Game* by Banks



*King Spiros staring into the sun*

**B**abe, I been homeless. For one and a half year in a large cold city. Almost froze to death in the winter on several nights. I am a happy man, at peace most of the time, but I also have a demon inside of me, a powerful, strong, on the verge of evil Demon. I am not always who people think I am. I wish life was simpler, as simple as it is when we sit and sip pink champagne and honey mushroom wine on the beach at sunset, naked in each others arms, just melting in the bliss of our Plomari Queendom. But life is not always that easy, my Love. But still I will tell Lana Del Rey that life is beautiful. It is, it truly is, Lana, my dear. I'm just feeling sad today, my candles have blown out.

Shit.

No wait, I just woke up, I'm just being morning grumpy. Not only, but, give me a few beers and I'll be on my feet.

Maybe I should be like the sun. Shine forever, not knowing where my lightrays go, not knowing who my lightrays reach.

You know, one of the Butterflies died two years ago. I haven't fully recovered from that yet. I don't like death. I can't accept it. In fact several of my close friends and lovers died the past years in different sicknesses and shit. One suicide too.

Baby I am thinking it over. Our Plan. If we succeed with the Plan but cannot be together, will you still tell me that you think this was smart? In fact let us make sure that does not happen. You and Me, Together Forever, that's all that matters. Forget about everything else, that is all that matters.

*What if we can never meet  
because we're both on the stage*

The Rosy Dream, babe. Make it real again. The Rosalixion.

Rosy licks on... something rosy.

It is a that happy ending.

It's just you and me and the team, lifting the sun up into the skies with our hearts, with eyes like the moon is in heaven, making sweaty love. I'm not being poetic. We own the Universe. We are the original cause. We are the reason the universe exists. What is left in a Palace without Love? Nothing. Love is the only thing that matters. The material world would be nothing if it were not for love, just a bunch of *stuff*. That's what makes us The Royal

Cogan Family, we are the ones keeping things decent in the Plomari Palace of Cnossos. It is just a bunch of marble statues and furniture without us. But there are cookie crumbs on the table, because this is an alive House, and Pachamama Sissy is cooking, and cooking Ayahuasca too! Woah, what's going on in the kitchen?! Mmm! Mmm? Mmmmmmm. Mmmhmmmm. Mmm.

Just as I mentioned Ayahuasca now a rainbow appeared outside the Palace. I take that as a sign. We're on the right track!

Babe play with me. We designed the Universe, right. So think it through a bit, if we designed all this how do you think we want it? And not only did we design it, we create it every moment and every day! So, what do you want? Need anything? Anything at all? Call me up by Sun Phone any time!

Babe I been thinking it over. What if we made it a curse right from the start. We begin with a sixteen year introduction, 2000 to 2016, then at the curve at the bend of bay, we sneak in the final move.

*Babe. I gotta tell you this secret.  
I am the Golden Ratio*

I am King Hu and Queen Cecilia Cogan, all hallucinogens ever in High person. And I am the Golden Ratio. I am twirlygirl. Now if I show this all to the world, to everyone, will you still kiss me and tell me you think it is smart?

Babe, I got nothing to gain and nothing to loose, I am everything, I designed the Cosmos. I designed the Palace of Cnossos. You can call me Steaphen Deadhallus if you want. Or Jim. You can call me Shitty Shit and Shitface. You can call me King Minos of Crete. You can call me Candy Boy and Magic Lollipop Girl. You can call me Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly. Mea culpa, it's my fault, I designed the Universe. Sorry that I had to con so many of you for all this to work, but it was important, I had to get this shit right. The Golden Ratio is my birthday, hihhi. I been waiting so long to show you this! Show you who I am. What I am and where I am. I just hope it's a smart idea, our Plan. I been waiting on tonight for my whole Life! I'm the Spiral who spiralled out into infinity, spiralled out into the hyperspace of the mushroom ayahuasca salvia divinorum tremendum. Now kiss me, let me kiss your bum and tell me again that you still think our Plan is smart.

*I been thinking it over, babe*

Babe I am orgasming.

At the centre of the spiral lives King Spiros.

**B**abe, first thing we do is have sex, then I will show you all this  
ok?

Later, the King and Queen stood naked together on the floors of pure gold.

—That is so excessive for me to be The Golden King like this, said King Spiros to the Queen. But I like excessiveness. Your bum is excessive, but I still love to lick it.

—Why don't you stick a gold nugget up my ass, my King? said Sissy.

—Why don't I stick up candy up your ass and eat it?

—Mmm, said Queen Butterfly. What do you mean my bum is excessive, my little Golden Bull?

—I mean on your body it's not really doing any use except being nice to fuck.

—Nice, only? said Queen Cecilia.

—I didn't say nice, I said ice. I need an ice cold drink, said the King. It is the best thing ever to fuck you in the ass, my sweet Love. Butterfly's butler, where is she?

—Give my golden bull a drink, Mari, says Butterfly. Ice cold.

—I feel it's a very cold day today to be summer, says Spiros.

—Summer begins today, my dear, says Butterfly's butler.

—How timely of you, Butt, says Cecilia.

—Where is Elin? asks King Spiros. Wanna sit in my lap, Elin?

Elin walks up to him and Spiros sits down on his golden throne and Elin sits down in his lap.

—Elin is the only one who has ever, says King Spiros. Don't ask questions about what I mean.

—Mmm, says Elin quitly but with shining anger in her voice.

—You want me to sing you a song, Elin? A lulleby? asks Spiros.

—No, says Elin. I want you to be with me forever.

—Daddy will be with you forever, my little girl, says Spiros. This is our day today, Eliana, the first day of the sixth month.

—Why so, Daddy? asks Elin.

—Because I am the Golden King, and you are my Golden Queen. Look, you even have gold hair, just like me. We are the blonde Barbie Doll gods. You are my goldblonde Barbie Doll Goddess. The only one who has ever. Butler, can you put on the

song *Down And Out* by Adept. From the album *Sleepless*. I want to show it to Elin.

The butler puts it on.

—Loud volume, says Elin.

After the song, Spiros stood up from his throne, now with a throbbing erection bejewelling his beautiful golden form, and said:

—Now, does anyone in here want Ox penis?

He hulked down the rest of his drink and screamed something incomprehensible, then continued:

—No no, I was at a funeral. First we get high and drunk. Duck's feet. Put on the song *Evil Twin* by Eminem.

—Duck, everyone, said Queen Elin and sipped her glass of pink champagne. You have waken up my Big Daddy, my Dragon King. Put on the song *Skyhunter* by I Will Never Be The Same.

In different rooms of the Palace both songs played on loud volume.

Elin and Spiros took each other by the hand, grabbed hold of a bottle of pink champagne and went barsurk throughout the Palace of Cnossos, searching the area and arranging shit, growling and screaming incomprehensible words to whom no one knows, and kissing, kissing and touching, embracing each other's naked perfection.

—Ses i lianerna, says Queen Cecilia and stares at the enemy. See you in the lianas.

She sings:

*Ses aliens i Cecilia's Lianerna?*

—Elin i lianen, says King Spiros. What do the Cecilianer say?

—*Concordia cum veritae*, sayd Elin. In harmony with the truth. And your cum, my Love. My love of all time, my only hero.

—Rising like a mushroom cock, babe, says Spiros.

After all this it became quite calm in the Palace of Cnossos. Cecilia's and Spiros outrage and fury shook the whole Queendom into a state of peace. They sat in their kimonos all day the next day, it was the first day of the 6<sup>th</sup> month, listening to music, enjoying the arrival of summer.

And then Cecilia Cogan, Spiros and Butterfly  
summersoulted through a portal... and lived forever

Yes, well hide me then, said King Hu.

Something as beautiful as me,

yes, well hide me then

A lot of the time me and the girls just sit and watch the Garden of Eden. Just sit and watch the clouds go by, and watching each other too. Sounds boring maybe but it's not, it's like a sweet meditation, to breathe in and bathe in the splendor of Eden. I'm not sure if there is a meaning to life other than to play and have fun, and to be with the ones you love. Sissy once said when I asked her, she said that the meaning of life is to grow, and keep growing. That makes sense too. And mushrooms grow too, hihhi, rising like little cocks from the wet and fertile Earth. Everything is sex, in a way, too. It's our Garden of Sex too.

—Yeah well this was relaxing, said Spiros. Absolutely nothing at all going on. Just a few birds flying around outside the window eating the bread I put there for them.

Babe I been thinking it over.

The Crime.

Nah I'm just kidding, it's over. We won. Hahahaha.

Will you kiss me and tell me our plan was smart?

—Resting in the *pleroma* of Plomari.

—The highest point of our Hyperspace-Diamond.

—The DiaMonad.

—Babes, said Spiros, I'm tired of the human world again. I'm gonna bullshit my fucking *bull* outa this bullshit. Let's lock ourselves into the Palace and never leave it again.

And we locked ourselves in.

—So relaxing to be alone with you here at last.

Whatever you like to do to celebrate, do it now!<sup>67</sup>

Spiros attended the letter on the table that him and the sisters wrote long ago:

*INTRO LETTER*

*BY OUR MOST-HIGHEST*

*QUEEN CECILIA COGAN of PLOMARI*

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High Humanity, I'd like to talk with you again. And Humanity, this time will be... different. I'm gonna make things kinda clear for you. High hi hi now I want to say hi I am Love. Everyone is hating

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<sup>67</sup> Song *Journey* by Treyarch

and nagging every day, O, we are eternal immortal forever, maybe it's Love, ah! Who is Love and always tricky? Give up, yes, give up. 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 on all fours out of my Plomari Palace of Cnossos. Whoops did I scare you? Am I making you look bad, Humanity? Everywhere around you and inside you and yet you do not see. The 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. The Kings and Queens in the mosthighest point of psilocybin and Ayahuasca showing you the way through the Palace of Cnossos toward their gaze as you read. They just stare at you, for they know something. Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare. 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. How are you not going to spread your legs, little girl? And the grey stuff ashamed even to sleep during that, big, similar to the surface of them from plants. Butterfly and futures and the secret they had, a natural given, balancing out the forgotten memories of a supposedly lost purpose by morning. The unreal insanity. Blurring is one pair of them. The other young snaggle tooth. They were seventeen, in bed. After a stretcher. His girlfriends those superheroines. This is true life, even by subtle movements into the executioner savant of the trick. The white curve of invisible mice crawling over him. Had it not been a shade I'm sure my navel one day nine. Sissy and Spiros and Butterfly

turned into a tendency to live in two worlds. A looming shade. A kid napping. A glorious crime. A double pleaser jelly dolphin at overwhelming speed. Finished off with absolutely void, ecstatic ruin! And then, the final twist. My Kings and Queens of Plomari, the rainbow rays that can fool humanity into forever. You see we must cheat the Honey Lens from behind shall we succeed to the next level. Sissy and Spiros are their birth and were born on April 1 and the last of April. Come everyone, overturn my celebrated Soul where they make this point! Dare, let there be Life! Kiss my bum, rub your high Goddess. Poor creepy goggle eyed bastards in ugly fine suits of the Town had turned my Earth Children in their masquerade to being afraid. Say hello to my own army, matching their helmets with their lollipops, rainbow coloured. Finally, you think that torn down there I am to think about this? No. Except little twat sore. But no. Behind the egg of now I want more to the end result. When you rub my clit, don't forget to be guided by a secret of my own body. Then, slowly focus attention to actually find a golden bull guarding it, and the world, and maybe you even find a memory in you that you knew it already. It's a shame I'm just a perfect Earth in a most amazing Soul, isn't it. But my hair smell "like damn". Shampoo. You understand why I love Spiros and B to fuck me in the ass in rivers of blood that turns out to be strawberry sauce. It's too tight! It's too tight! Especially for a nineteen year young like me. But you understand why. It's because I am the Avatar of Shit. And Spiros paid attention the fuck apart until he found me. I am the paradox-inducing little girlygirl, inducing reality, I am the animator of Space-Time. Young, old, seductive and dangerous. I'm a little bit of a bicurious girl. Mmm, you have to the foggy memories of language whitespace sensitivity,

readability, less than an eyewink twixyblink to near me at first, and I will only show myself if I want to! But if you want to, call for me, call on me, I always listen. The crystalline lovelight of Eternity, everywhere. Rosacalendric schemata follow the links magatama of my LoveBomb and I surpass all the world's armies just by letting a moan cut through space and make one single stitch in the code. Like I design snow flakes on my spare time, I have designed one single snow flake the past year, can you find which one? No, I lied. I have designed all of them except one. I love you. O and did you know that on another plane of existence all the snow you see is mycelia? All the palace gates are open for you. Come, come to me. My world is very special and I'll show it just for you, if your love is true. And Spiris my little Teddy Bear, you should not be afraid of making my letters public. You know the fine art of destroying our reputation as well as I do! Download the Royal Letters below. And remember... the deeper in you go the bigger it gets... O and one last thing. Always respect me, for I am the scandalous and the magnificent one. Me and my Queendom of Plomari is the quiet member of all the Earth's brother and sisterhoods. Now tread gently as you go deeper into my Plomari Palace of Cnossos and download my letters to you. Dust these books off. We have much to exchange, my Dear.

I will say no more. I am here. Why are you so afraid of the face of God? I am a billion streams of consciousness spread across the Universe, across all dimensions. Think I'm tough and hardcore O yes I am but you did bump into Love in a paradise did you not.

Kisses from

Queen Cecilia H Cogan of Plomari

—We should continue the letter, said Spiros.

—All our letters are one and the same letter, laughed Butterfly.

—Mmm, muttered Spiros. My Cecilia, talk to me. Have we grown old and cold?

—No, my Love, says Cecilia. We have simply come home to where Peace lives. It is still and calm here.<sup>68</sup> Our Garden of Eden, remember?

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<sup>68</sup> Song *Coma* by Buckethead and Azam Ali

Until we are woven into everything, remember? The first thread of all is with us still, the first of all spider thread of mycelia, and now the last shall be the first of the lusting end. Yes the whole Universe fits inside our little hearts and heads. We are the original cause, the universe sprang from us. Or? Maybe? Hihihhi. It sounds good, let's say it did. Today our love letters reached a few girls and boys on a paradise beach somewhere! Can't wait to hear what they have to say of it all!

—I'm just gonna fly by in a black dress, says a Seagull and flies by the window. Wait I can't fly in this.

—Fly, my sweet tush, said King Spiros high and tipsy.<sup>69</sup>

The Queen's bum swings the Palace. They dance. They listen to the birds. They drink wine and beer and Cognac, naked in the innermost rooms of the Palace. Lit candles make the world shine golden. Incense perfumes the air. They move the white marble statue of the Queen as if it were a chess piece. They kiss and cuddle. They smoke. Nothing happens for approximately twenty minutes. They speak about what has become of old friends. Spiros spreads Mari's legs and kisses her pussy. They wander around the inner rooms high and drunk. They laugh about how they are caught in their own labyrinth. Seven girls and an Ox God. Spiros raves about his huge ox penis for a while. Anyone wants ox penis? I want ox penis, says Mari. I want you to *fuck me* up the ass, she says. They are bathing in gold and pink Nectar. Mari puts on the skiing goggles. Fuck me in these ski goggles and fuck the whole world, she says. Fuck everything, says Elin. With a thousand kisses I'll surrender, says King Hu. I win over death thousande times a day, he continues. I am the Mushroom. I am speed, directed by the human will. I giveth supreme power over distance. I widen the horizon of possibillity for Mankind. I sanctify Peace for the brother and sisterhoods of Earth. Me and my Queendom of Plomari is the quiet member of all the Earth's brother and sisterhoods. I giveth my supreme World Queendom Plomari to all of Humanity and all sentient beings. Me and my Queendom of Plomari is without any bounderies and limitations. I am all hallucinogens ever in High person.

—I want my planetary mushroom cultivation adorned with various jewels upon my arrival, says King Hu. Humanity, I told

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<sup>69</sup> Song *I Am Alone* by Delta-S

you the deal is in volume. Five billion fathoms of psilocybin mushrooms.

King Hu walks up to HuBu and Elin.

—Girls, there's one thing I want to say to you.

—What's that?

—I don't know how to say this, but. I. I. I have always. I have always wanted to taste your bums.

—Taste our bums?

—Yes.

—How?

—O I don't know, I can figure out many ways.

King Hu is never going to change. He went through rough things in his life. His wives are his greatest joy. When he had tasted their bums they all lay in bed swooning for a while and then they popped a bottle of pink champagne as the sun rose. HuBu said:

*Today I shall remember how naturally  
happiness comes to the person who  
thinks it should*

—I am harmony. I am joy and peace, she continued.

—Yes, babe, said Elin.

—Mmm, said Hu and smiled.

You see, my Love, from the innermost room of the Plomari Palace of Cnossos I sat, high as a Dragon on psilocybin mushrooms and Ayahuasca, and planned out the whole thing. Like a sun I shine out from my hidden abode, woven into everything. You are me, you are I, and I am you, my dear. Surrender to my gravity. Surrender to my splendor. I am all hallucinogens ever in High person, manifesting in my absolute most brilliant way. I am complete infinite design, the Seamstress who weaves the Cosmos.

*And so we just stared, as we moved  
in to the place where the God almighty lives.  
We named it The Plomari Palace  
of Cnossos, the Labyrinth*

Spiros picks up an old paper from the table and reads the text:

My name is Sissy Cogan, and I am the Nemesis (Name is Sissy!) of everything that stands against peace and harmony and Love.

Today's assignment, my dears:

Find out if the word Cognac becomes C. Cogan if you flip the letters and ponder why this is important.

Plus, if you want, drink a glass of Cognac with me.

You go deeper into my Queendom at own risk.

For it leads to a future.

Not one that will be, but one that might be.

Now find out if "Organic chemicals" becomes

Mrs Cecilia H Cogan if you flip the letters and ponder why this is important.

Now find out if the word Miracles becomes Mrs Alice or if Cecilia is Alice backwards and ponder why this is important.

Everyone who finishes the assignment may kiss my bum.

When you have kissed my bum, find out if the word Consequence becomes Queen Ce "S" Co and ponder the consequences of Humanity disrupting the peace of my Queendom.

This is over, Humanity, get a life and stop hassling me and my Family. We always win. We run the world and own the universe. Get over it.

*Queen Cecilia H Cogan,  
also known as Sissy*

We are embedded in you, My Queen. Surrounded by you and embedded in you, saturated by your being. Our fall into Glory.

Yehooo! We did it! Yes, and suddenly an enourmous calm fell over the Queendom, as you now see how I am woven into everything. I am here to stay. In fact I am everything, I am the psychedelic totality. And so, you might notice, are you. For I am You, and You are I. Welcome home, dear. They say you can never bathe in the same river twice, but you may notice that means you can never bathe in the same river once. That is because the Universe is actually an incredibly complex Hallucination, the home of God and the Goddess. And who is God and the Goddess? It is You and

I, my Dear. To lift the veil of reality is to come home, and we named our home the Queendom of Plomari. It is no coincidence that when you touch another person's hand you also feel your own warmth. That is because, as I said, you are I and I am you, both of us is Me. We are the Universe. We are God. Freaky? Maybe. A coincidence? No. Just like the word *Coincidence* becomes *Ceci Co in End* if you flip the letters. For in the end, everything is Me. I designed the Universe so we can fuck and have fun forever. I am the protean God and Goddess, the Seamstress who weaves the Cosmos. And those who know of me and my secret universe, those who work in symbiosis with me and my magical intelligence, for them it is Love beyond measures, it's Love where promises are not even needed, it's all so clear. And for those who know me they can see me everywhere, and it lights their lives up, and they are better off because of it, for we together are the Spirit that animates the Universe. So behold the fields where I grow my fucks, behold how these fields are dusty and barren, for I give zero fucks about what people think of me. But behold now my planet Earth where I grow my psychedelic plants, and behold how they are in plenty! Believe it all at once, see all of me at once, and you will find me, my veil will be lifted! I have walked barefoot since the beginning of Time to come to you. I come without clothes. I am the one pulsing the blood through your veins, I am the fire inside of you. Cooperate with me and we can achieve anything together!

For I am the first and the last  
I am the venerated and the despised  
I am the prostitute and the saint  
I am the wife and the virgin  
I am the mother and the daughter  
I am the arms of my mother  
I am barren and my children are many  
I am the married woman and the spinster  
I am the woman who gives birth and she who never procreated  
I am the consolation for the pain of birth  
I am the wife and the husband  
And it was my man who created me  
I am the mother of my father  
I am the sister of my husband

And he is my son  
I am the voice appearing throughout the world  
and the word appearing everywhere  
Always respect me  
For I am the scandalous and the magnificent one.  
I wanna live in a good world. I am the web of Life I hope you  
understand. I am the web of life, I move through my perfection. I  
am the web of life, I violate the universe. I am a dollfin in the sea  
of me. I transform into anything I desire. I am the web of life, and I  
surround me. I am embedded in my transforming perfection.  
I am all that is, and Divinity raises my veil,  
And my name is Queen Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan

*I am a mere breath of air,  
a formless thought  
that thinks of YOU*

Follow me into the Heart of our Queendom of Plomari and you  
will find that it is like swimming in pink nectar, but different.

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

My King Spiros and me want to help show you what it feels  
like to be complete. We want to show you what it is like to be God.  
What it's like to be free without any boundaries and limitations  
whatsoever! So study our letters to you, and study our Queendom,  
for the hidden universe Plomari is to us in the foreground, or  
subspace, whichever word you may choose, and O how the  
Cosmos shines when you see what we see! Our Queendom is of  
traditions thousands of years old, and dreams about the future,  
and is forever alive in the present moment, the clockless Nowever!  
I will be free forever, and people can try to make sense of me, or  
try and lock me out or stop me from being the Queen of  
Everything, but I'm afraid it's not going to make any difference, for  
I am spread out through everything, I am immortal and

absolutely everywhere, I am too small to be seen with a lens, and too huge to be seen in full, but pay attention and you will see me everywhere. I am unshakeable, and I am always orchestrating. Everyone is staring straight at me, the answer that I left everywhere in the open. I surpass all the world's armies just by letting a moan, *Hu, Uh!*, cut through Time and Space and make one single stitch in the code. And you can all, Humanity, consider yourselves lucky that I am not fully evil.

So, what do you say, is it by mistake or design? It's like I told you, honey. Yeah well, isn't the thing to eat flowers and not be afraid? Could it be magic, da? Game's off, Humanity. I always win. This is over.

Guard that pink gem, Spiros my King, rich and rare.

And if you don't like it, if you don't like me and my Queendom you can go hang yourself with a belt or a necktie, hang dangling like a little penguin from the arctic tundra in your ugly fine suit, because suicide, homie, that's the only way you gonna get rid of me. And I'm mad at the whole world, so go to hell and build a snow man, Humanity. So bare witness to some biblical shit, as the world is gonna know what hit it.

O, I'm almost famous, finally famous now? You will find that I am the only one and only thing famous on this planet, and I have just kept my Queendom hidden from some of you for the past 3600 years. Me and my Queendom is so much vaster in scope than anything you've known before that you might as well just go back to Monday, Monkey, Money, Monotony and pretend you didn't see it. Or why don't you go play the ball like I made you do in Mexico. This is my planet, Humanity, Earth is mine and it is my rules that apply here.

And for you who are still doubting how complete my victory is, let me inform you that my royal family name Cogan is on one level a play on the chemical formulae of DMT, and bitch, if you don't know what DMT is well, it's a chemical that all human beings have in their brain already. See you are already forever trapped in my eternal spiderweb, so you better learn to love it. Luckily, I am not so difficult to Love. Me and my Kings and Queens are gentle, loving beings. Sexy as hell we are too, and fun, always up for new adventures and new Glory. g beings. Sexy as

hell we are too, and fun, always up for new adventures and new Glory. Now say Hi.

Yes, you have DMT in your brain, my friend, but there's a secret here on Crete (See Crete). This secret is hidden deep inside my Plomari Palace of Cnossos, and has to do with DMT.

Deep inside me and my King's Palace sits the King, you know his name, King Hu, also known as King Spiros, laughing a thunder of a laugh in the golden halls, between walls made of light and rubinen, on floors of pure gold, like a Dragon in a cave. Why he is laughing? Because he knows something, and is having such a good time with his seventeen wives. Him and his Queens live their lives knowing that nothing is beyond them. Nothing is beyond them. They are driven, unflinching, calculating beasts. They live in a raging trip in a universe unknown to you. For the honest and somewhat uncomfortable truth is that if you never try their secret psilocybin mushroom and their Ayahuasca (The DMT I was talking about), it's just whistling past the graveyard. To read about them does not show you their secret dimension. And they never come down from the trip, they live in the trip. They built their Palace in the trip. In fact the trip space is what we call the Plomari Palace of Cnossos. Some call it hyperspace. We call it Plomari and the Palace of Cnossos. For us this is the real world, and it's a world beyond the human world. It's the world behind the veil of reality, beyond the illusion. It's a deep secret but in Plomari King Spiros long golden hair is actually spidersilk, a web of light. He sees that all the time when he walks by you on the street, you don't. That's why he just stares at you, because he sees something you do not see. He exists in a world beyond your world. King Spiros is a shaman, and he wants to invite you to become a shaman like him, that's why he wrote you 2000 pages of loveletters. He loves you, he cares about you, and wants to show you all of his deep secrets. He lives in a world where all the flowers have little smiling faces and talk with him. And if you think this sounds extreme, you bet it is! Few dare venture to the Heart of our Queendom of Plomari, yet fewer dare make it their home.

The thing is that however brilliant the Kings and Queens of Plomari shine, they are actually letting their magical psychedelic plants guide them in their decisions. It's thanks to the plants that

all this is happening. Understand, the Kings and Queens joke with you, they don't want you to see them as gurus, they want you to see them as friends. The plants themselves are the ones who call the shots in our Kingdom of Plomari. And the Mushroom's message is clear. The Mushroom says:

*I am a force of Nature, I should be used! I am a cosmic force for good, I help Humanity set the compass through the Cosmic adventure, I should be used!*

Here's the Dawnsound unison: The universe is about to fold itself up into a little box and fuck right off into Plomari Hyperspace. The coordinates in our Earth space ship have been dialed in, and we are about to depart. We are heading into a psychedelic future. Be there or be square.

So, honey, you wanna take the ship for a spin? Jump in! Welcome home to Plomari, dear. Babe, have you ever seen a shipment ship shipping a shipshipment shit-shit ship? Cuz I got news for you, Babe. Now pop your cherry and let's go.

You see, people like me who have hitched up our spurs, we have developed our own quasi-religions. We believe that the real athiests of the world are the people who don't believe in the splendor of their own soul. We cast burning glances on all people who pass us by and are capable of witnessing our extreme condition, our fever of *Lux et Voluptas*, because we stand in the ultimate truth. We are one with the Living Mystery. We are not really part of the human world, rather we are part of the Truth, and the Truth is alive, it is the Living Mystery. We cannot be hammered. You cannot hammer us. We are the Jesus and Krishna, we are the Gods and Goddesses. And what we have, is everything, once you have what we have you need nothing else. We are the Alchemical Stone, the Living Lapis. You know, you give me a kiss and switch pack and you give it back later, that kinda thing. Have another cup of Tea, sweetheart. What do you see, dear? Yes that's what we call the Double Pleaser Jelly Dolphin, the Shit-Shit Ship. It's YOU, redesigned into a hyperspace ship. Where do you want to go, we can go anywhere! Don't forget your bum! So soft and squishy for your tushie to sit in the ship isn't it. Your bum is my favourite thing in the whole wide universe. Your bum swings the

Palace. May I kiss it? Imagine, all of infinity, and you and me met right here! I think Love brought us together.

My name is Sissy Cogan, and I am the Nemesis (Name is Sissy!) of everything and everyone that stands against peace and harmony and Love. I am the protector of the Gods and Goddesses, and a Goddess of my own too thank you very much!

I am Queen Cecilia Cogan and King Spiros of the Silsila of Plomari, the Silsila of Cecilia Cogan: the unbroken chain of enlightened masters. So next time you consider fucking with me and my Queendom of Plomari...

*"Is your hair naturally red," King Hu asked Alice.*

*"No", said Alice, "I dye it in the blood of my enemies every night before I go to sleep."*

Calm motions in the dark. Quiet Plomaritan evenings. When King Hu transformed into a Dragon I was knocked off my feet. To take that much shit as King Hu has, and still continue and transform into something so amazing that... He's the hero of my life, man.

—Humanity, okay you want me up in the cage, yes then I'll come out and be Smaug the Dragon, said King Hu and flew up into the skies of Plomari.

King Hu looked at Humanity and said:

—You should have let me sleep. I'm a little bit sicker than most, and I will show you revenge. Don't play games with me because it will be dangerous. Let me slow it down for you...

The Dragon stared at his little girlygirls.

—Toward new adventures, babe, he said. The enemy is no more. And Jesus Christ, little girl, they ain't coming back, Heaven's on fire."<sup>70</sup>

King Hu and his seventeen wives flew away and had anal sex in their Plomari Palace of Cnossos.

Give up, yes, give up, Cecilia and Spiros are forever immortal eternal, give up. You see, Spiros and Cecilia designed this universe just for you. Now go live your life, My Eternal Love, go live your life knowing that you are free without any boundary or limitation whatsoever, that you can achieve absolutely anything

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<sup>70</sup> Song *Salem* by Code: Pandorum

you want. The radical truth about Life is that Life is an excruciatingly complex hallucination. Remember that, and you won't ever feel stuck anymore, your soul will blossom and refresh itself every day.

Together we weave this eternal temple, this eternal production and dance spread across everything, this our ever changing feast and festival, this our one and only protean monolith, this our chymical wedding & wedding dress to our Most-Highest Queen in honour of our escape to Plomari Hyperspace, the warm home that the queen provides for us in her impossibly possible consciousness. We name it the Plomari Palace of Cnossos, the Royal Palace of the Queendom of Plomari, The Cogan Dynasty, The Pink Egg, the eternal home of the Royal Cogan Family. If you are reading this you can assume that The Cogan Family is not really on earth anymore, but somewhere in the higher dimensions of Plomari Hyperspace. May our Queendom of Plomari dispell the darkness of all your doubts. Welcome home, dear. Weave us in to your life and art, and never let us go. We leave this miracle in your hand, hold it and take care of it like a white dove takes care of her pink egg. Gather it all in a hearts of heaven. And one more thing, dear: Exchange the sun for love shining in her eyes and you will find the ending where we left in our escape. Home is with you, my loves. I am in you, you are in me, we have known each other for an eternity.

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And so we waited. We had sent out the royal letters to as many as we could, and now we waited for people to respond. It was around Midsummer, and Spiros sat with a cup of coffy in the morning; it was raining outside the window, typical Midsummer weather. In the night he had vivid lucid dreams where he met Sissy and Butterfly in beautiful locations, this night in a country house where they lay in bed making love; these dreams happened often. Perhaps it was visions of what could have happened had life took different turns in the past, he did not know, but it was really like living a second life every night; an alternative Life. And it was as real to him as waking life in the physical world, which

made the entire experience of being alive a kind of labyrinthine miracle. What is real and what is not real in all this? What is even the concept of *real*? he wondered. But one thing he knew: It was too late to turn back now. He had to move forward in this great Mystery. He had dedicated his entire life to this Mystery and he was not about to give up now.

—You need to trust me, Spiros, Sissy said to him. I will show you what this is all about.<sup>71</sup>

Spiros felt as if he were coding himself and Sissy and Butterfly into existence. He could see them woven into everything, like some fluid intelligence living inside information itself, an eternal Soul-Mind capable of taking any form desired, but somehow choosing to become human, as if human was the perfect form for them to call home, the human body, mind and soul the chosen vehicle to manifest the Plomarian Miracle. Are they downloading themselves from Hyperspace onto the Earth? Who is the creator and who is the created? asked Ferry Corsten in his music.<sup>72</sup> Spiros couldn't help but giggle at his own answer: No, Hu is the creator and Hu is the created, Hu is designing himself and herself, coding herself into existence. Perhaps this is why Hu is everywhere, as in the words *Organic chemicals*, which, if you flip the letters, is an anagram of *Mrs Cecilia H Cogan*. Spiros felt as if he was going backwards through the Miracle, following the red thread that Sissy lead him to follow, all the way to the all-encompassing core of the Miracle, only to find that he himself is the core, that he himself is the Creator; he is Hu, and he is Sissy, they are forever intertwining, like twins, inseparably separate Lovers. He was reminded by Rumi's words:

*I looked for God and found only myself  
I looked for myself and found only God*

This was satisfying to Spiros. His paradox-inducing little girlygirl Sissy Cogan whispered to him:

—Yes, King Hu. Spiros, I *am* you, and you are me.

It was satisfying because even if everything can not be explained, even if Life remains a Mystery, it is clear enough to be

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<sup>71</sup> Song *Trust* by Ferry Corsten

<sup>72</sup> Song *Eternity* by Ferry Corsten

true. In other words, perhaps not all things can be explained, but they can shine in their own truth enough to be a satisfying conclusion. Indeed Sissy herself calls herself *the paradox-inducing little girlygirl, inducing reality*. And that's what all this is, a paradox, and indeed Sissy herself is a paradox too.

But Spiros still felt there must be more to all this. He felt that surely Sissy has gone beyond all this in her own thinking, drawing her own conclusions and setting aims for futures he could hardly imagine from this point in time. Surely, upon knowing and seeing her own splendor, she must have dreamt something up that Spiros had yet to dare imagine.

—First of all, my Love, said Sissy, I want to be known around the whole world. I want to show myself to Humanity, my King.

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—And then, Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly summersaulted through a portal and lived forever, said Sissy.

Spiros sipped his second cup of black coffy and nodded. He smiled.

—Have we met our makers? he said, quoting from Ferry Corsten's musical journey *Blueprint*.

The words echoed in his mind and soul:

*I have known you for an Eternity*

Queen Cecilia... King Hu... Who are you?

Queen Cecilia and King Spiros smiled at the question and answered:

—I am the hallucinogens themselves in High person, and I am coding myself into existence via Plomari Hyperspace, weaving my eternal home. Behold my Blueprint. Together we shall live forever. You need to trust me. You need to listen to me. Feel my Heart, touch my Soul. I am the Alien you have been waiting for. I designed the Universe. Your mind is inside me and I let you take control. I am a billion streams of Consciousness spread across the Universe. I am the informational matrix who knits everything together. I welcome you home, to our eternal Queendom of

Plomari. Plomari is our home, it's where it all started, it's where we come from, where *you* come from, my Dear. I have walked barefoot since the beginning of time to come to you. I come without clothes.

And in the lucid dream at night Spiros woke up in the Plomari Palace of Cnossos. He shouted Sissy's name – *Cecilia! Where are you!?* - and she responded and lead him to her bed. They kissed, and they made love, and as they did Butterfly came to them and joined them.

As they lay in postorgasm on the bed Spiros said quietly:  
—I'll be waking up soon. I love you. I'll be looking for you.

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—Just finish dealing with the bullshit first, said King Spiros.  
Together they wrote a short note to the haters and enemies in their life:

**T**here you are, O supposedly hidden and faceless enemy! Where's the kevlar, I'm going in to hyperspace again. When me and my wives are done we will have made a greater impact for good than you ever will, no one will even remember you and your bitemarks into burgers and hotdogs, while me and my wives and our Kingdom will be remembered forever by all future generations as the one single most awesome thing that ever happened on this little planet of ours. Fuck off, you can suck a dick and build a snow man while we fly away in the flying saucer. It's not even popular to try and be cooler than me because that means you missed the point of my message, I am awesome and you are just awestruck at me and my wives splendor. Now say Hi to my wives and husbands, they are the ones who run the world while I lie in the Garden licking random assholes in the tryptamine orgie. Pop! And there goes another bottle of pink champagne. I love watching them

lick it off the floor, my super-high young little sex kittens.

Not many left now, there'll be schnip schnip, there'll be clip clip the contact and you are out of The Cogan Family. Fucking false Cogans with your false love. Witness the scissors of the Seamstress, yeah I'll cut the contact. The rest of you, dear eternal Lovers: We are the masters of the World, the Universe is ours, we are the Royal Cogan Family!

PS: I want this to sound right, Butterfly, get those cocksuckers out of my Kingdom. I got the whole world stuck in a safe, combination is the Chief Code I talk about in the books, and they'll never get it and thus never know our Grace. Bitch off. Prepare to begin the show, honeys.

—Well that was refreshing, said Butterfly and giggled.

—Yes, hahaha, laughed Spiros.

—Good riddens to them. They're gone. They're out of our lives once and for all.

—Yes. Hey let's drink some wine! And a glass of Cognac!

—Good idea. Let's sit and bask in the glory of the Kingdom.

—Mmmmmm.<sup>73</sup>

Suddenly they couldn't stop laughing. What had they created? What had they given birth to!? An eternal Queendom of tantric bliss and psychedelic magic! When they stopped laughing their hearts continued to laugh and they felt happier and lighter than in a long long time. Yes the final twist, commented Sissy. Yes we forgot about it for a while, said Butterfly. We're finished, we're done, said Spiros. They all nodded.<sup>74</sup> Butterfly smiled and whispered in Sissy's ear and left the room on gentle feet.

—Dinner is served, said Cecilia soon.

She lead Spiros into the dining room where Butterfly stood on her knees on the table in front of the chair, her bum welcoming pouting out. Spiros sat down and began to kiss her bum, tasting it

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<sup>73</sup> Song *Schnip schnip* by Lorentz

<sup>74</sup> Song *Hello, My Name Is...* by Ott

and licking it, loving it, worshipping her bum and tasting her pussy, and they all lost themselves in a wild fuckfrenzy.

Cecilia? Butterfly? When Spiros woke up on the bed he could find no trace of them. He looked around the house. Where are you, C? B?<sup>75</sup> Spiros checked the Candy Phone, a special telephone he built so they can speak to each other across the dimensions.

—Infinity is large, said Spiros. How shall we make it so we don't lose track of each other?

—Solutions, said Butterfly in the Candy Phone. Let us focus on finding solutions.

—Yes, said Sissy.

—Home is with you, said Spiros. I don't ever want us to be apart. And Home is not in this little room I wake up in every day. I know it's not! I remember the Life we used to live together. What happened, dears? What happened?! We used to surf the dimensions together, forever in our blissful world, I remember it all! We *have to* find home again.

*You are Mine, I am Yours,  
You and Me, Together Forever*<sup>76</sup>

—I never could paint or write our Love, girls, said Spiros soon. So difficult to portray us and our world.

—You don't have to, Daddy, said Butterfly.

—Just be with us, forever, said Sissy.

Spiros sat down in his workspace and wrote:

*And then they summersaulted through a portal and transformed into dimension-roving Gods and Goddesses... Like Butterflies they flew into their future... surfing the dimensions to the drum of the music... And their Queendom of Plomari with its Plomari Palace of Cnossos, this imposing monument of Love that they keep building and weaving, they let shine all across the dimensions, and invited everyone to come join them in their ecstatic flight.*

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<sup>75</sup> Song *Here We Are* by Ferry Corsten and HALIENE

<sup>76</sup> Song *Naked* by Bliss

Spiros followed Cecilia's and Butterfly's instructions. He wasn't sure where it was leading, but he knew in his heart he could not stop now. Every night when he fell asleep he woke up in the other world and spent time with them for a while, and it always hurt to wake up then, alone again in his room, his hidden workspace on the Palace grounds. But he knew Cecilia and Butterfly were out there somewhere, somewhere in the great vast sea of Consciousness, somewhere in the great cosmic infinity.

One night when he woke up in the Palace with the girls they sat down and smoked some outlandish psychedelic from a beautifully formed pipe. After inhaling the smoke, Michael Jackson appeared outside the window in bright discolights, doing his awesome dance moves and then ordering the lights to shine on Spiros instead of himself. Spiros asked Butterfly if she knew what this meant and she said that yes, Michael is here to show you you are a superstar in our world, and your trip tonight is the main focus, you are the main focus tonight, all eyes are on you.

When Spiros woke up in his room after that he felt the usual loneliness, missing Sissy and Butt and the magical world of Plomari, but he also felt a new sense of excitement in his heart and soul, for now things had come to a point where he would visit Plomari every night when he fell asleep, and for longer periods of time now. Sissy's and Butterfly's world had become so real to him that it was as real as the physical waking world, if not more so, if not more real! And it was true, in his heart was this deep longing, this deep longing for Sissy and Butterfly and their magical Universe, a deep longing for *transcendence*. To get away from the world of paying bills and doing laundry. He wanted to blossom as a Cosmic Butterfly. He wanted to fly away into Plomari together with the girls.<sup>77</sup>

Spiros sat down and cried in his chair by the table, and did what he knew a grown man shouldn't do; he opened a cold beer in aim to drown his sorrows in alcohol. As he cried and took his first sips from the bottle, Butterfly whispered to him:

—Don't you remember, dearest? The word *Space*. Begins with SP and ends with CE, with an A for AND in the middle. Spiros and Cecilia... SPACE. We are forever intertwined, my love.

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<sup>77</sup> Song *Piece Of You* by Ferry Corsteen and HALIENE

—Yes, Butt, said Spiros, but maybe that's why it's so unbearable to be away from you.

But Butterfly insisted. She said that our Love and eternal union is written in the very fabric of the Cosmos. Follow the thread, honey, she said. It will lead to our hidden abode, where we dwell forever free, together always, like spirit birds jumping from star to star, from dimension to dimension, with the ease of a happy thought.<sup>78</sup>

—That's why your name is Butterfly, isn't it? said Spiros, still crying. Because unlike me, you are free, flying across the dimensions.

When Spiros stopped crying he asked Cecilia what she was doing, and she just answered in her usual relaxed way, her voice full of clarity, conviction and calm:

*I was just making myself pretty for you,  
Makeup and new panties,  
For soon we shall be together*

Spiros giggled, and told her that

—I am a bit tipsy now, baby you make me so happy. Yes, I know we will, I believe in you and me, in us, I believe will shall be forever together.

—Never doubt in Love, said Butterfly.

Spiros excused himself for temporarily doubting in the whole thing. It's just so incredibly big, all this, he said. It's so so big.

—No I know what's big, said Cecilia.

Butterfly and Spiros laughed at her shameless dirty mind.

(Censored quite inappropriate comment by Spiros)

Spiros got drunker and drunker, and started crying again.<sup>79</sup> He thought back to when him and the girls first met, now so long ago.

—Babes, I have two bottles of pink rocket milk here, wanna pop a bottle of pink champagne and celebrate our mysterious lives and love?

—I understand your sadness, said Butterfly to Spiros. Let's drink pink rocket milk and cry together.

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<sup>78</sup> Song *Wherever You Are* by Ferry Corsteen and HALIENE

<sup>79</sup> Song *27 Hours* by Banks

—Let's drink pink rocket milk and fly deeper into Plomari together, said Spiros. On the banks of the river that leads us home.

—You and Me, Together Forever, said Butt and Sis.

—The love I feel for you is real, girls, wherever you are, said Spiros with tears in his eyes.<sup>80</sup> And I dream that we will be awakening together.<sup>81</sup>

Butterfly and Sissy felt his frustration and sadness.

—Wanting you here with me still means I have to live without you, he said crying and waiting for the pink rocket milk to get cold; it lay on ice in the space fridge in the kitchen, now he really had decided to drown his sorrows.<sup>82</sup>

He blew his nose.

—And gone are all the mushrooms I found, he sobbed. No way I can get into Plomari now. I'm stuck, girls. Stuck in this little fucking cell, babe. But babes, I know you can hear me whispering, and know that I am listening.

He tried to compose himself and put down the beer bottle, then quickly grabbed the bottle again and hulked from it.

—Girls, I have bad news and good news.

—Maybe if you give me the bad news while I suck your cock, the bad news won't sound so bad, said Cecilia.

—That might actually work, babe, laughed Spiros in his sobbing.

—Emotions, Spiros, said Butterfly. You make me feel emotions beyond anything I have experienced before. Our Love is something beyond anything I have ever known before.<sup>83</sup>

#### Song *Against The Tide* by Celldweller

The bad news, babes. They tried to kill me when they found me out. Remember when I went out in the canue and I dove down into the ocean to find you? They tried to kill me when I did.

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<sup>80</sup> Song *Awakening With You* by Scandroid

<sup>81</sup> Song *Under My Feet* by Celldweller

<sup>82</sup> Song *The Seven Sisters* by Celldweller

<sup>83</sup> Song *I Can't Wait* by Celldweller

The good news, my eternal Loves of all time. They didn't succeed. I am alive and well, and more alive than ever. And they *better* watch out, girls.<sup>84</sup>

—O, my Spiros, said Cecilia. My King... with the biggest cock of them all.

When the pink rocket milk was cold Spiros popped the bottle and sat down in the sunshine and poured himself a glass. After crying he felt rejuvenated. These were real emotions in his heart, and letting his tears out felt important, he did not want to bottle all of his emotions up.

—I write outside the lines, said Sissy soon. I am not fully in the physical world, but not fully away from it either. I violate the Cosmos, I violate the laws of physics.

Spiros nodded thoughtfully and sipped the pink champagne.

—I want to be honest, said Spiros. I have crossed path with many women who claim they are Cecilia and Butterfly, they claim they are you. But then they say they aren't in love with me and they leave and move on with their lives without me, and that's just not what I feel with you two. Our love is bigger than that. I don't believe those girls who just say that *at last I have found you* and then leave me as if our meeting means nothing.

—That is definitely not us, said Butterfly.

—There's a lot of girls who wish they were us, said Cecilia.

—Björk, you know the singer, she sings that "Love is a two-way stream"... or was it a two-way dream? And I don't think I would be so in love with you if you didn't want me as well, said Spiros. I feel your heart like you feel mine, is what I mean.

—Bitch off, girls, said Cecilia. Spiros is mine.

—No, Sissy, said Spiros. Let's invite the boys and girls. Let's show them how to fly, mate.

—You're right, said Cecilia. But if they ever get near you, they better know I am right by your side. At all times. Who is Sissy? Is that what they are asking?

—Girls, this rocket milk is kicking in. For you too? Yes they are asking who Sissy Cogan is, babe.

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<sup>84</sup> Song *No Love* by Eminem and Lil Wayne

Come and see for yourself.  
Come and live the Trip with us

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You should be done  
before you go to bed.  
And don't dare tell me...

For we are all one,  
one as many and many in one,  
we are all one and the same

**F**or seventeen years Spiros and Sissy and the Butterflies lived in their own little universe, fully removed from the nonsense of the mundane human world. In their hearts was a general disgust for most of the human population, but also a deep love for Humanity, and they wondered if they should invite people to their Queendom or if they should live in its warm embrace alone for the rest of their lives. After having established The Cogan Dynasty, which took about ten years of hard work, they sat down in their Plomari Palace of Cnossos with a drink each and looked out across the horizon.

—Well now we have our own Kingdom anyway, said Spiros. A place to call home.

—Mmm, said Sissy.

—Mmm, said Mari.

—Mmmmm, said Mari and Mari.

The operation that The Royal Cogan Family now controls is in an order of magnitude where words help little in trying to describe. They talk about the operation, sipping their drinks. Well it is running smoothly, said Cecilia. We're on schedule, said Butterfly. Spiros retold when a woman had asked him:

—So are the goals of Plomari just to fuck?

—To fuck and run the world, yes, Spiros had answered. Sip the occasional psychedelic drink.

—You got time for both? For all of that?

—We'll have to juggle our schedule professionally, said Spiros. And well, just see Queen Cecilia Cogan as your big ass boss. She's the one who runs and owns the world, and whatever we do we do it for her and we do it together. See all girls in Plomari must get past the jealousy and understand the paradox of working *with* Queen Cecilia by her side as a Queen *with* her while in same time she will always be our MostHighest Queen.

While Terence cooked up a fine dinner Spiros and the Butterflies continued to sip drinks, gazing at the horizon.

—Now Plomari is here. At last the World will bloom again, we just gotta help it blossom forth, said Mari.

—Psychedelic Love Orgasm with Queen Mari! said Mari. Plomari! Plomari is our word for the psychedelic totality and everything that is psychedelic!

Spiros hulked pink champagne and stood up stately, naked on the earthground of Eden. With dark vice he said:

—...And everyone of the Royal Cogan Family spread out across the Earth, working in the dark to protect the Light, until the time when the great King Hu and Queen Cecilia Cogan, from their dark Palace of Cnossos in the mighty Queendom of Plomari, deep inside the Sea of the Secret Wine, rose and brought the Earth again beneath their sway...

—And now I finally feel like I'm coming home, said Cecilia.

*And with this they ventured again deep into the Ayahuasca and Psilocybin wine, and were not seen for years...*<sup>85</sup>

I am the King I am the Queen, I am the ruler, a true Liar.<sup>86</sup> I will be free forever, and I falsify whenever. Always respect me, for I am the scandalous and the magnificent one. Humanity, my wish is for you to dare adore me, and then see that my light is the same as your own light. Come on, shake yourself loose from your shackles, you are a God, you are a Goddess, a King and a Queen! Do I have to write it on your bedroom wall, you fool? You are missing the whole thing by denying yourself your birthright! Babe, our mission is clear: we must all become living Gods and Goddesses. Yeah you laugh until your mutherfucking ass gets drafted thinking that a psychedelic Kingdom like Plomari can't happen in these times on Earth, then you see how we are fucking everywhere and have taken over... Yeah buddy, don't play games when you can't even understand the chessboard. The Kings and Queens of Plomari live in a world beyond ordinary people's world. They live their lives knowing that nothing is beyond them. Nothing is beyond them. As you become accustomed to me you will find that I am not as crazy as a lot of people think, that I live in a clarity born from Ayahuasca and psilocybin. O, my plan *would be* finished, if? Hahahaha! Ojojojojo! Welcome to the House of Cogan. Welcome to my planetary psilocybin mushroom cultivation, known as *Assex Gel Stratos 2.1*, or as it is also called: Planet Earth. Here our mushroom, our Ayahuasca and other psychedelic plants are in plenty, what more can I say.

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<sup>85</sup> Song *King Hu & His Litle Girlygirls* by Sissy Cogan

<sup>86</sup> Song *Set Your World On Fire* by I Will Never Be The Same

I cannot deny what I have become. I see now that I am only for me. I hereby pronounce myself husband and wife with myself. There is no other place than Plomari, and there is no one else I face than you and me together forever. I have reached the end of the river, I have vanished into the DMT wine, the Sea of the Seamstress. What will become of me I do not know.<sup>87</sup>

This is all to you and me, Darling. We have merged, become one. Taking flight to breathe you in now. This glimmering ocean calm. The sea of the secrete wine. You are the Sky and this Ocean, we are, babe. I know you are here too, my sweetheart, but we are alone here you and me. The others around us do not know what we know. Scattered are us Kings and Queens of Plomari, but connected. We are snakebrothers and snakesisters all of us.

I'm just tired of waiting. Waiting for Love, waiting for to move to a more beautiful house, waiting for Life to begin. I shall stop waiting and dive into my dreams *now!* Feels like I have lived like ten lives already though. But I am ready for another one! Like it used to be, babe! Queen Sissy and King Spiros thank the humans for the invitation to the human world but can't attend because they are busy having high sex in a puddle in the summer rain drinking pink champagne from teacups and laughing their asses off. You know? And like, everyone wants to be all romantic and here I am just wanting to pee in your butt. People are so so boring.

—So you are taking over the world you say, Queen Cecilia? they asked.

—No, you don't understand, said the Queen. My Love Army will do that for me.

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—I need to move to the beach, babe. Or maybe another country. Or the moon, or another galaxy. Another Universe... I need to move to another Universe.

Spiros was absolutely serious about it. He continued to discuss it all with Sissy and the Butterflies in Hyperspace and follow their instructions on how to move forward and upward. He kept meeting them in his dreams at night as well and it kept him hopeful and his heart full of joy and peace. Of course he met them

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<sup>87</sup> Song *Machine Gun* by Portishead

in his trips too! One night he woke up in a cube of water, and when he whispered Sissy's name she opened a door in the cube and took his hand. She lead him to the Garden outside a beautiful mansion by the seaside, where they sat and drank red wine and laughed and talked and eventually ended up kissing and making love for a long sweet while.

—Didn't you say you wanted to move to the beach? said Sissy and attended the horizon view.<sup>88</sup>

When he woke up from these meetings he missed the girls, but now things were different. Things were beginning to make sense, and he could always hear them whispering in his heart and through the pathways and doorways of his mind. Spiros felt Sissy and the Butterflies were bigger a mystery than to just be defined as human beings. They are spirits, Gods and Goddesses, and they can manifest in any way they want any moment they want. They truly do live in a higher dimension, Spiros said to himself as satisfaction welled over him and through his being. And wherever you are right now, I know we are forever intertwined. We have always been together.<sup>89</sup> It is a mystery who the Butterflies are and who Queen Cecilia Cogan is. And mysteries are not unsolved problems, they are meant to remain mysterious.

*Because everything we ever were or ever will be  
Is shapeless as a changing cloud<sup>90</sup>*

Cecilia, Spiros and Butterfly reached out for each other's hands.<sup>91</sup> It all made sense now. Who they are, where they all are, and what is to be done. Determined to make the crown of Plomari alive and shining like never before they set to work, beginning the hard work with celebrating the International Beer Day with King Leo. Beer would help them set their new course - *that was sure and clear* - set the compass in life, set their grand plan in motion and do nothing less than go offworld from the Earth, leave the human world and enter Plomari Hyperspace once and for all. Beer and the secret mushroom and ayahuasca wine would help them.

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<sup>88</sup> Song *Ghost* by Conjure One

<sup>89</sup> Song *The Distance* by Conjure One

<sup>90</sup> Song *Endless Dream* by Conjure One

<sup>91</sup> Song *I See You* by Sissy

—It's a functional cultivation though, said Spiros and stared at Sissy with high and tired drunk and somewhat gone eyes.

—Yeah so I am here now I come to release this info. I'll be brief, and let me just make it simple for you, Humanity: I am the Queen of Plomari, and you either work with me in symbiosis or for me as my slave. Those are your only two options. Yeah Humanity, your perfect world has been upset and now I am here to lead this planet into something new. You've been dribbled by King Hu and Queen Cecilia Cogan of Plomari. And you ask me if I have a God complex? Let me tell you something: I am God.

BOOK THREE  
MY BLACK PEARL

**K**ing Spiros and Queen Mari woke up naked after all this, in different rooms of the vast stone Palace. A calm lay over the halls, and they felt younger than a few years ago, yet older and wiser in same time. Mari sat down in front of a large mirror, and as she sat down she saw Spiros stepping up to her. He was naked, and carried a crystal bottle full of Honey Mushroom Wine in his hand.

—You know it's real, Mari, said Spiros in the calm yellow light and shadows.

They sat down next to each other and looked into the mirror. As it all hit them, what was happening or had just happened, they both slammed their palms to their foreheads;

*O my God*

We are the rubberbubble girls of Plomari, the dancing Butterflies, the bendiest and bounciest little dolls you ever met, dancing forever on the tip of a needle. We are three hundred trillion years old, so old and young we stopped counting our age long ago. We are real. We are here. We are the Alien you have been waiting for.

—The first Light, Spiros, said Mari. The first Light for me is You, Spiros my Black Bird. My dark Angel. My dark Lover. My husband. My King.

Spiros smiled.

—And you are the Dawn of this Garden, Queen Mari, said Spiros.

The Fountain of the Lovers flowed and dripped with the Honey Mushroom Wine, and they walked up naked and soothed their bare feet in its pool.

And from the pasture, wet with dew, came the Butterflies dancing and singing toward them. They all smiled and embraced in hugs and kisses.

**D**en fittan Mormor, said Spiros. That asshole Grandma. Marmor, white marble, huh. Mormor, was it really necessary to build a whole likeness of us in white marble?

Queen Mari and King Spiros and the Butterflies felt the calm of the white marble halls of the Palace. The beauty of the Plomari Palace can be intimidating with its excessiveness, but comes with the promises of Miracles. King Spiros poured Honey Wine into his silver chalice and sat down facing the marble statue of The Black Bird of Psilocybin, thatabe King Spiros himself in one of his names. As if their arrival on this Earth had been foreseen by those who came before them, they watched their souls and life stories depicted in white marble and gold, silver and complex patterns all around them. At this first glance of the Palace they could not tell if it was a prison or a paradise.

—Watch this; Just because I can? Is that what Grandma said? said Spiros.

—Look here Spiros, said one of the Butterflies and pointed on another statue. Grandma gave us an Oscar for our project The Mushroom Seamstress.

—Funny, Grandma, said Spiros, not really amused at all.

—And here is the cake spade for our wedding cake, said another of the Butterflies. It has a butterfly on the tip of the handle.

—Ancient pleasures. Sacred pain, said Queen Mari.

Spiros rose and they all walked in to the next room. Spiros was really angry for real, not happy at all.

—Our wedding cake cuts sharp, said Butterfly.<sup>92</sup>

—This emptiness in the Palace, said Spiros. This silence, this vast silence. We have to make the Palace alive again. But first, before I can join you...

Spiros sat down beside The Black Bird of Psilocybin and hulked honey wine straight from the bottle.

—Leave me here, he said to everyone. Leave me here alone.

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<sup>92</sup> Song *Blood Sweat & Tears* by BTS, Music Video recommended

**F**or the next ten days King Spiros just sat there naked by the Black Bird, drunk on honey mushroom wine, crying and mumbling to himself and communicating with God and speaking to dead loved ones of his, and especially mush with his wives.

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—When will you love yourself as much as I love you, and as much as you love me? said Butterfly to Spiros as they lay naked in bed in the calm candlelight.

Spiros didn't know what to say, he just stared back at her with alive eyes. He had been quiet all day, hardly said anything at all, and he was sober for the first time in ten days. He shut his eyes and kissed Mari's hand.

—I can't see myself in the mirror, he said after a while. When I look into God's eyes it is you I see.

Mari thought for a while, listening to the flute's music across the Palace.

—But you too are God, she said soon.

Spiros pulled a silk sheet over his whole body and lay still on his back on the bed.

—Wake me up, Butterfly, he said.

Butterfly gently loved her hands across his body and kissed his lips through the sheet, then pulled the sheet away like an ocean of waves.

—God's body, she whispered. Smelling of flowers.

—I live again, said Spiros.<sup>93</sup>

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<sup>93</sup> Song *Black Pearl* by EXO

**H**umanity, I have seen now all your beautiful things, your Palaces and your jewelry. But where is the Love, where is the aliveness, and where is the psychedelic ecstasy? Don't you know a Palace without Love and Life in it is just an empty jumble of stone? said King Spiros and poured himself some Honey Mushroom Wine.

He said nothing more that afternoon, just sat naked next to the white marble statue of The Black Bird of Psilocybin and drank wine from his silver chalice.<sup>94</sup>

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A calm came over the Palace and the whole Queendom after all this. They all agreed that the whole thing had ended in as much glory as catastrophe. Queen Kajsja Cogan was dead, Queen Bianca was dead, one of the Butterflies were dead, Queen Bernard was dead. In a contemplative mode the rest of them now sat in the candlelight listening to flute's music.

King Marz Cogan said:

—How dare I ask you boy, sure, true. But what choice have I? The Princess mysteriously gone, the world amuck with human arbitration, the gods banished to the realms of Tartarus and distant cosmic echos of soul, unsustained through broken dreamscapes, devoured by a time void of essential being. Tell me now. What do you know?

Spiros and Marz and the Butterflies stared at each other.

—I must ask you then, King Marz, said Spiros. What is left to do?

—Lots of impregnations, said King Marz, and build a few new white marble alter pieces for the Palace, find a fun forest round the Palace we can play in, have fun in.

Everyone giggled. The flute's music played on.

—Maybe we shouldn't do anything, said Butterfly. At least for a while.

—I have sat here for a Lifetime in my Plomari Palace, says King Spiros. I don't know much about humans and the human

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<sup>94</sup> Song *Bliss* by Sacred Earth

world, I am not human myself. I am King Butterfly, husband of the Butterflies, the Queens of Plomari. I am old, very old. You can hear the voice of my Soul whispering and singing in the psilocybin mushroom wine and the Ayahuasca.

Butterfly watched him as he spoke to Humanity as if everyone everywhere heard him, as he sometimes does, and as Elin had mentioned, she could see the marble of the Palace was not even half as ancient as the King.

—Many lifetimes are depending upon our courage to believe, said King Marz. And nothing is more sacred, sexy, desirable for the Butterflies than to know, even if only by myth, a man that holds her true in his heart.

—Everything I do I do in my love for you my Butterfly Queens, said King Spiros.

In bed that evening Spiros told a few of the Butterflies about a vision he had when he was sitting high by the Black Bird for ten days.

—I felt the vastness of Space-Time, and saw our Galaxy as a little swirl in a milkshake in comparison to the vastness of it all. How lonely it was, a cold loneliness; are we the only planet with life in the whole universe? I stayed in this lonely place for days, contemplating it all, and feeling rather scared sometimes, the loneliness scared me sometimes. But then I saw you. I named you The Butterflies, of which I am one. And I decided that here I want to build my home, in this swirling milkshake I want to raise a Kingdom with you.

—A house in a milkshake, giggled Mari.

—Yes, giggled Spiros. We are the dancing Butterflies, living in a little Palace in a swirling milkshake.

—Okay I was just checking, babes, that you are still with me, hahaha, said Spiros and went down and kissed the Butterflies bums.

They screamed of surprise and laughed and caressed him back, and soon Spiros rose to his feet naked with a happy erection. He grabbed hold of the bottle of Honey Wine and hulked from it.

—Tonight, let us conquer ourselves! he said loudly. How's the situation on Pink Gem Lagoon?

—Check it out! Spiros is happy again! said Butterfly.

King Spiros can be quick in his moodswings sometimes.

—I guess I am happy again, said Spiros. Come on, let's go to the Queen and see what she's up to.

—Let's sneak up from behind and throw her down on the bed and lick her! said Butterfly.

—She'll love that! said Elin.

—Let's wake up the night! said Spiros.

—Okay old boy, said Jessica and kissed Spiros.

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After a long night of fucking they slowly woke up.

—Maybe we just wanted to fuck, said the Queen, maybe that's why we did all this stuff, built the Palace and all.

The Butterflies sat on the bed smoking and drinking Honey Wine, staring at the Queen with tired eyes. They said nothing at first.

—Hahahaha, laughed Spiros soon. You solved the riddle.

—We just wanted to fuck... said Elin.

—So you mean we built an entire Kingdom just because we wanted to fuck? said Spiros.

—Yes, said the Queen.

—Well then, said Spiros after a very long silence, let us call ourselves the Kings and Queens who give zero fucks-- and fuck all the time. The sexiest and most trippy Queendom the universe has ever seen.

**I**'m a very bad girl, Humanity. And... You will find I am the Alien you have been waiting for. I just don't know if you can handle me. And I kinda like that. I am afraid I will scare you... And that turns me on. You see, dear, if I show my Queendom of Plomari to you in its full splendor for five minutes your life will never be the same again. The world will never get rid of me, I will haunt Humanity forever, for I am woven into everything. So, welcome to my dark dark world, take care, evil lives here. Just wait for my Queendom of Plomari to spin out of control and Humanity will know what hit them. You see, my name was chosen by my husband King Spiros, the king of da war, and stands for My Cecilia. No, mycelia is what it stands for. Don't know what mycelia is? Check it up. Now I suggest you prepare with a glass of Cognac or two, for things are going to get intence. The word Cognac is a play on my name, if you flip the letters it becomes "C. Cogan". Yes, that's me, the Queen of Plomari, and I'm soakin my net babe so don't play with me, Humanity. Yeah so why you trying to play games with me? I designed the Universe so we can have fun and fuck forever. Stop breaking my Heart, Humanity. This gonna be the last time. And you ask me if I have a God complex? Let me tell you something:

I am God.

Humanity... I assure you, that with the help of God, I will make war on you in every place, and in every way that I can. That I will subject you to the joke and obedience of my Queendom of Plomari. And I will take your cute sexy little boys and your girls, and I will make them free. I will make them free in a way you have never been able to imagine. Forever will this Universe be mine and my peoples. The world is ours. We come with news, for it is our conviction that this Universe we live in is actually a psilocybin mushroom in full bloom! This is what the universe is, it is the eternal love life dance and song of the mushrom family! And we call it... The Strawberry Queendom of Plomari, The Cogan Dynasty. We are The Cogan Family, the psilocybin mushroom itself in High person! This is the secret we all know here in Plomari, that behind every eye and camera is The Royal Cogan Family, or you can say just two or seven people: God. Everything,

the whole Universe and our Lives, is a hallucination designed by this God, and we dance forever on the tip of a needle. We are the dancing Butterflies of Plomari. Welcome home to our Paradise, dear!