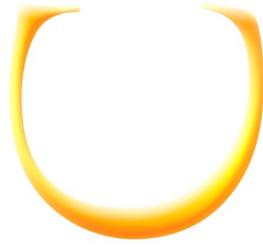


THE OPULENCE OF PLOMARI



King Spiros  
of Plomari

&

Christopher Schubert

THE SEVEN  
KAPITAL SINS



**T**HE QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI  
Published by *The Queendom of Plomari*

www.artsetfree.com

*The Seven Kapital Sins*  
was first began written in 2021

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

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

Loveletters to the authors are received with everwhelming joy

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

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

*Who said we're not supposed to get excessive?*

*Go to the authors website at*  
*ArtSetFree.com*

*For more books in the series*

*The Seven  
Kapital Sins*

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PLOMARI

# CONTENTS

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

# KEEP ON FUCKIN

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Welcome to the real world, Jackass

*Pride*

*Selfies*

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

~The Kingdom of Plomari and King Spiros

Dear Audience of all platforms...

**T**he sloth in all of us is endless content and it wrapping reality itself:

**T**he neverending vast wasteland has overgrown beyond storage limits the cloud has expanded to block the sun from any warmth. Hordes of lazy pricks just fondling controllers like their collective cocks. Dreams of glory and falling to the crumbs of cake. Taking all the love and fame of other's deepest desires and coveting that creative patchwork as their own folklore. Never attempting to break down the bricks but becoming the wall itself. Drunk off the idea of sleep and rest and never having to work again. The neverending stories of the countless services and conglomerates that control the media programming. Ask yourself, why bullets and guns are glorified and nipples and vagina are illegal, why are there more guns than kisses?

~The Kingdom of Plomari and King Spiros

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

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

~The Kingdom of Plomari and King Spiros

Dear Christopher,

**R**egarding the state of Gluttony and Process addictions and the desires of Mankind...

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

~The Kingdom of Plomari and King Spiros

Dear Christopher,  
Re: Lust

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

~The Kingdom of Plomari and King Spiros

My Dearest Christopher,

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

~ King Spiros the magic mushroom in high person



Dear King Spiros and the Queendom of Polmari,

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

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

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

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

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

