

TRAGIC VERSES



NATHAN NEUHARTH

Tragic Verses

words and art
by Nathan Neuharth

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Ancient Greece

Friday, September 28, 2012

I enjoy watching these latest ancient greek movies. *Troy*. *Clash of the Titans*. *Wrath of the Titans*. *Immortals*. Visually the movies are great. Especially *Troy* and *Immortals*. I love the look and attitudes of the Olympians in *Immortals*, but the Titans look generic. It bothers me that the gods were left out of *Troy*, that is half the story of *the Illiad*. This is something that I don't like. The changing of the stories. I mean these myths have been with us for thousands of years. And Hollywood thinks they're going to improve on these classics to turn a buck? This is why all these movies fall short. One day if some one makes one of these Greek myths more true to the original, kind of like Peter Jackson did with *Lord of the Rings*, that will be a timeless movie. I know Jackson's *Lord of the Rings* are not 100% accurate to Tolkien's novels, but he obviously had a high level of respect for Tolkien's vision. Unlike these Greek Hollywood movies. I liked the actors in *Troy*. And the gods in *Immortals*. As for *Clash of the Titans*, give me the original. Throw in the original *Jason and the Argonauts*. There seems to be an arrogance of the present. People in the present seem to believe they are superior to the past. Oh, the folly!



Anyway the Thing Is

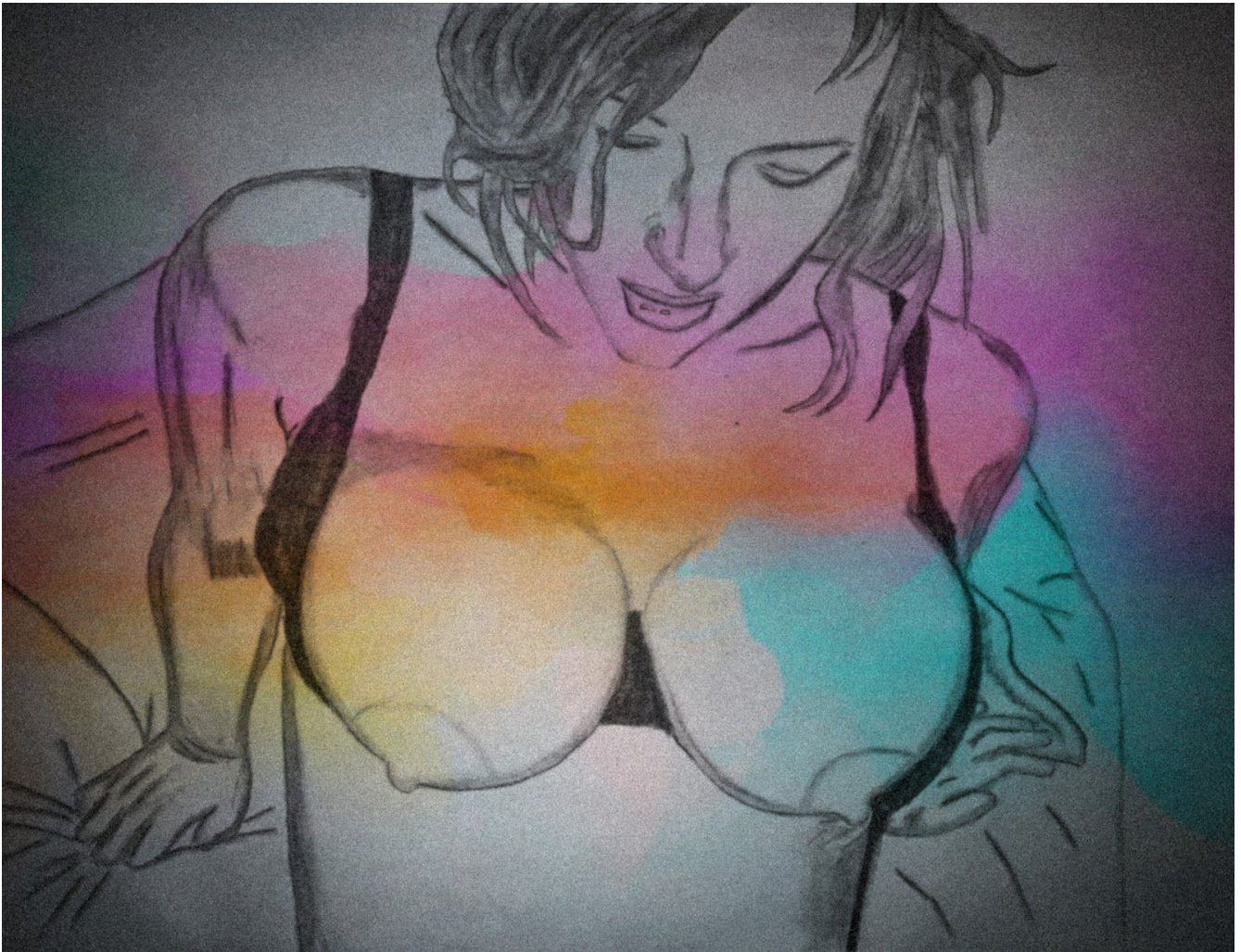
Wednesday, September 26, 2012

I've successfully removed myself from the world outside. The odd behavior of a left handed monk. Falling down and bouncing all around. Jumping up with an elegant smile.

What's the point of this internal world when the effects on the external world seem so minute. This eternal world. Ah, yes I see the effects but so insignificant in the big picture. Never give up. Haunt the world and rage like Achilles against reality. What is this internal world? This long slow building momentum. A quiet drum beat growing. It is the preparation of death. Put it all in order for passage into the evernight.

I find or earn patches of peace in greater lasting chunks. I dream of you. Filled with love like a god reaching out to nurture and protect children.

Ah, I am a king in the night. Victor's lightning coursing through these blue veins. Making love to angels deep in shadows. A choir of devils crooning. A Titan maestro. A witch dancing with her drawn out crooked hands. A drunken pianist in piss wet pants. A ballet of phantoms. A danse macabre. The sounds of ecstatic tempo and rhythm ripping the world down. As we create and shift. Give me liberty or give me death. Give me orgasm with my apocalypse.



Do you Understand Me Now?

Friday, February 24, 2012

I thought I should check in for a minute. Been a long time since I've been here again.

Working a lot. Ever busy. Two jobs. Several projects.

Riding the edge of the spirit world. Reclusive. Very much at peace with the real world. I feel like an astronaut exploring my mind instead of space. But really I am exploring space. And everything else. I find the fingerprints of god in mathematics. Geometry. The great work could be called the becoming. Yes, the suffering is enormous. Keeping the balance of midnight and daylight is a struggle. I must always be conscious of it. And I daydream with joy of the midnight to come. It passes too quickly like an orgasm. Gurdjieff's idea of work helps during the daylight. I've put on ten pounds in the past month. I remember reading in *Moonchild* that Aleister Crowley believed heavier people were more psychic because they were closer to the earth (pulled closer by gravity) hence more in tune with it. I'm paraphrasing here. Not that I want to gain weight. Fuck that.

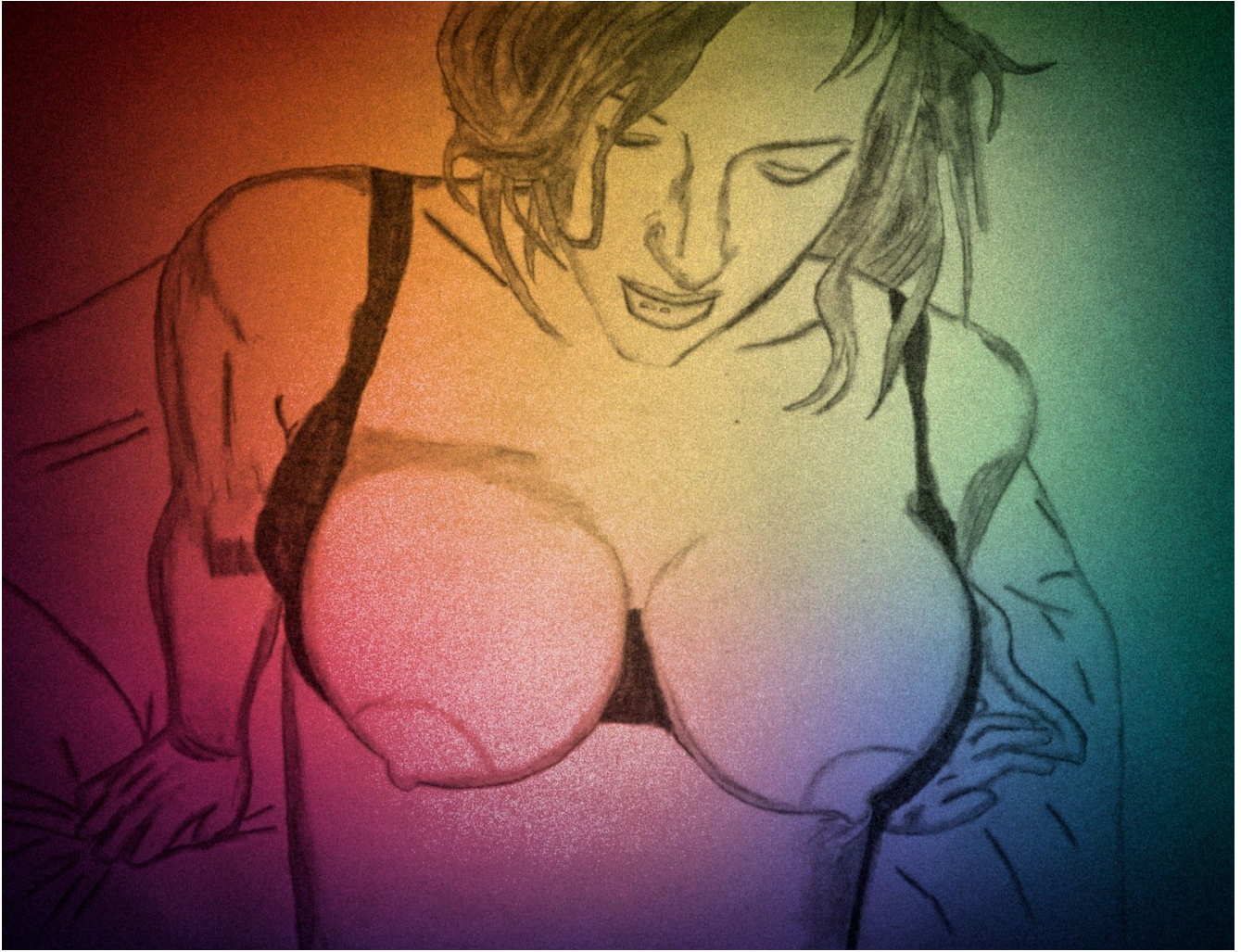
Free will is destiny. Fuck fear.

Cuz I love you. Oh. Woo. Baby I'm just human.

Ah. Relaxing in my long johns after a long week's work. Cigarette between my lips.

Gotta split. But let's dance to the shower. Shall we?

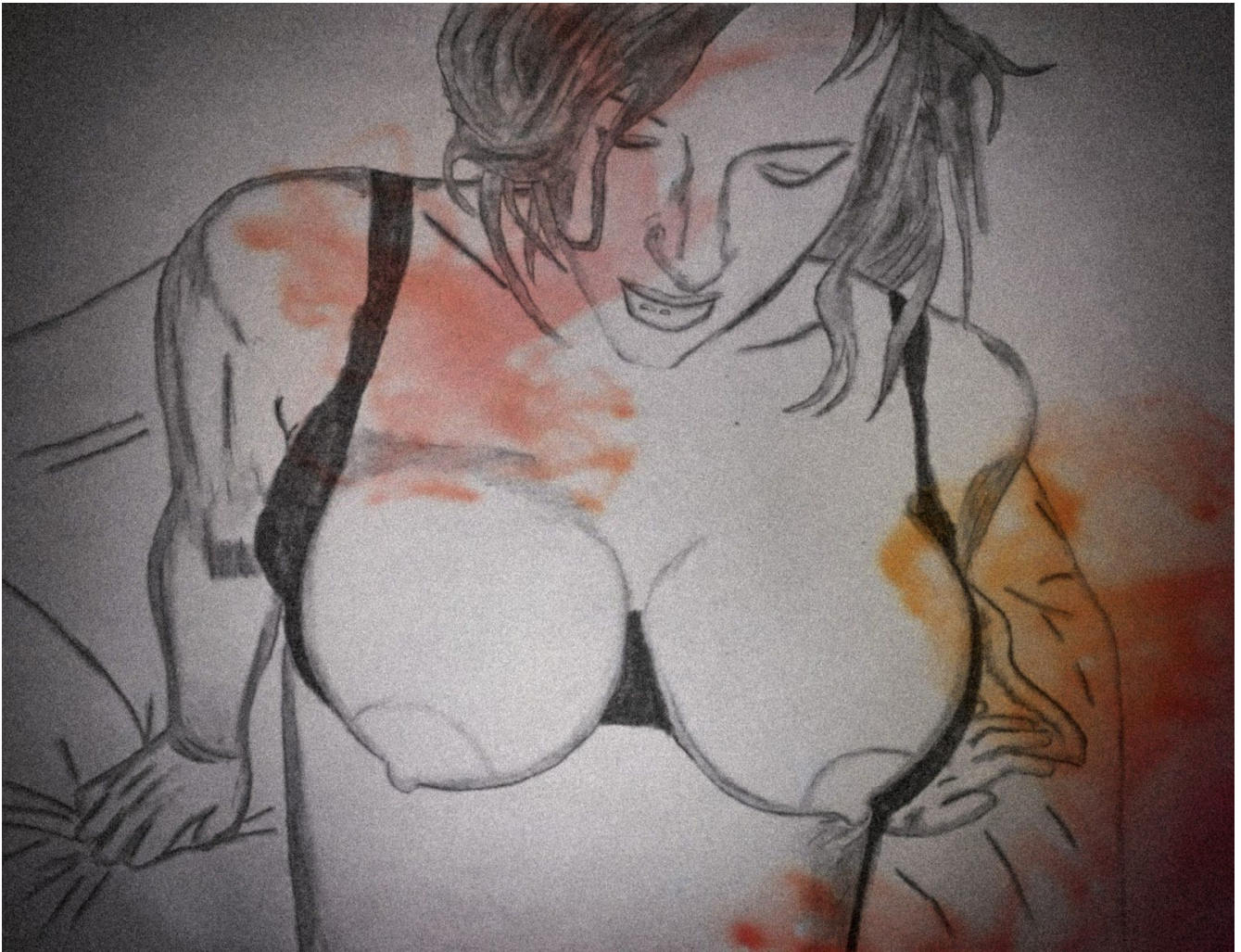
Fraternally,
Saint Natas
the Grand Copt
the Great Wild Beast
p.s. Tony Bennet is a hep cat.



Sweet, Sweet

Saturday, September 24, 2011

but there's this girl in my dream,
she's starlight and space flight,
she's got the look of my favorite book,
she's a sad clown and always around,
she won't say no or let go,
she's my hand held tight and my kiss good night,
she's my "my, my, my",
she dreams like i do
she fucks in strawberries fields forever,
i see the sunset and rise and die in her eyes,
we're gonna go where people don't go
we're obsidian dreams, danse macabre



Review of Mein Kampf

Wednesday, September 14, 2011

I decided to read *Mein Kampf* (my struggle) by Adolf Hitler because it is a forbidden book. I advocate freedom.

The simple, plain black cover adds to the books foreboding mystery and dark reputation.

The beginning chapters cover his childhood. There seems to be nothing exceptionally outstanding about this account. The book is difficult to read, I think partly because German is difficult to translate into english and retain its original meaning and partly because Hitler seems to ramble on and on about nothing of particular importance to anyone but himself.

After his childhood he describes the poverty and struggles of the German people, especially the working class. I understand how this part of the book touched an empathic nerve with struggling people. It touched a nerve with me with the current economic state of things.

In chapter two he relates more of his experiences and speaks negatively of social democracy and the Jews. His criticism is so vague it seems to have no validity beyond pure racism and the need of a scapegoat. Not once does he cite an actual example to support any of his claims. Nothing at all to explain supposed German superiority to the Jew.

On the last page of chapter two Hitler leaves us with the slightest hint of his occult interests in combating the Jews for his god.

The book is torture to read. Hitler is not a natural nor skilled author. I mean, really, it was a terrible read. I had to force myself to finish it. Painfully. It's just Hitler babbling on and on and on and on about his immature opinions. Many of his ideas are outright silly. I tell you this in conclusion. It's not worth the effort to read.



Shotguns and Beauty

Sunday, August 21, 2011

This morning was one of those mornings when I woke up feeling like putting a shotgun in my mouth. Struggling sleeping all night all week. It's strange the twists and turns life brings. There is a sense of humor and irony to the universe. There is an unfathomable order to it all. If you pick yourself up and work hard, doors of opportunity do open up. Put your blood, sweat, and tears into your life and dreams and there is reward. Things don't necessarily happen the way you want them to happen, but they happen the way they are meant to happen. The more effort you put into bending the will of the universe to your will, the more you will suffer. I've learned this in the school of hard knocks.

I got up. Went about my day. Met with some people and talked. Went out for breakfast for some more fellowship. Made a few phone calls to new friends. Texts. Three little birds knocking at my door, whistling that every little thing is gonna be alright. Now I'm feeling spectacular and grateful I did get up this morning. Good things are happening and it's only because i gave up my will...which makes the true will so crystal clear at times...and nothing can stop the momentum of your true will...opportunities and gifts i don't deserve are within my reach...

my song for you today, because there is one particular part of this song that just catches my attention every time i hear it ("so if you love me baby this is how you let me know...don't ever let me go...this is how you let me know, baby...):



Not Like Everyone Else

Friday, August 19, 2011

Long day again. Working hard. So much to do. So little time. Last day at this job tomorrow. Then three weeks at another and back to the job I really want.

I've so drained from writing tonight I haven't left anything.

No suffering, forlorn lamenting tonight. Ha.

Patience and humility are growing.

I have to have these long stages of recuperation between workings. I'm only human. Most of the time. When everything goes right it gets kinda boring, eh?

There are things coming this year to look forward to. Revamps of the 3 kok issues we've been having download issues with. kok issue #8. Two new outsider albums for kok publishing. *Victoria Rose*. *The Lord of Feces*. *The Diary of Saint Natas*. *Disco Shaman*. *The Lords of Secret Things*. *The Blue Angel Working*. All being fine tuned. kult ov kaos coming back together. Revolution. Um. I'm sure you have no idea what i'm talking about.

I thought I was fat and I jumped on the scale this week and weighed in at 172 lbs. 3 lbs less than last month. Am I just withering away?

I need to sleep. The most exciting thing I'm doing this week is going bowling with some straight cats.

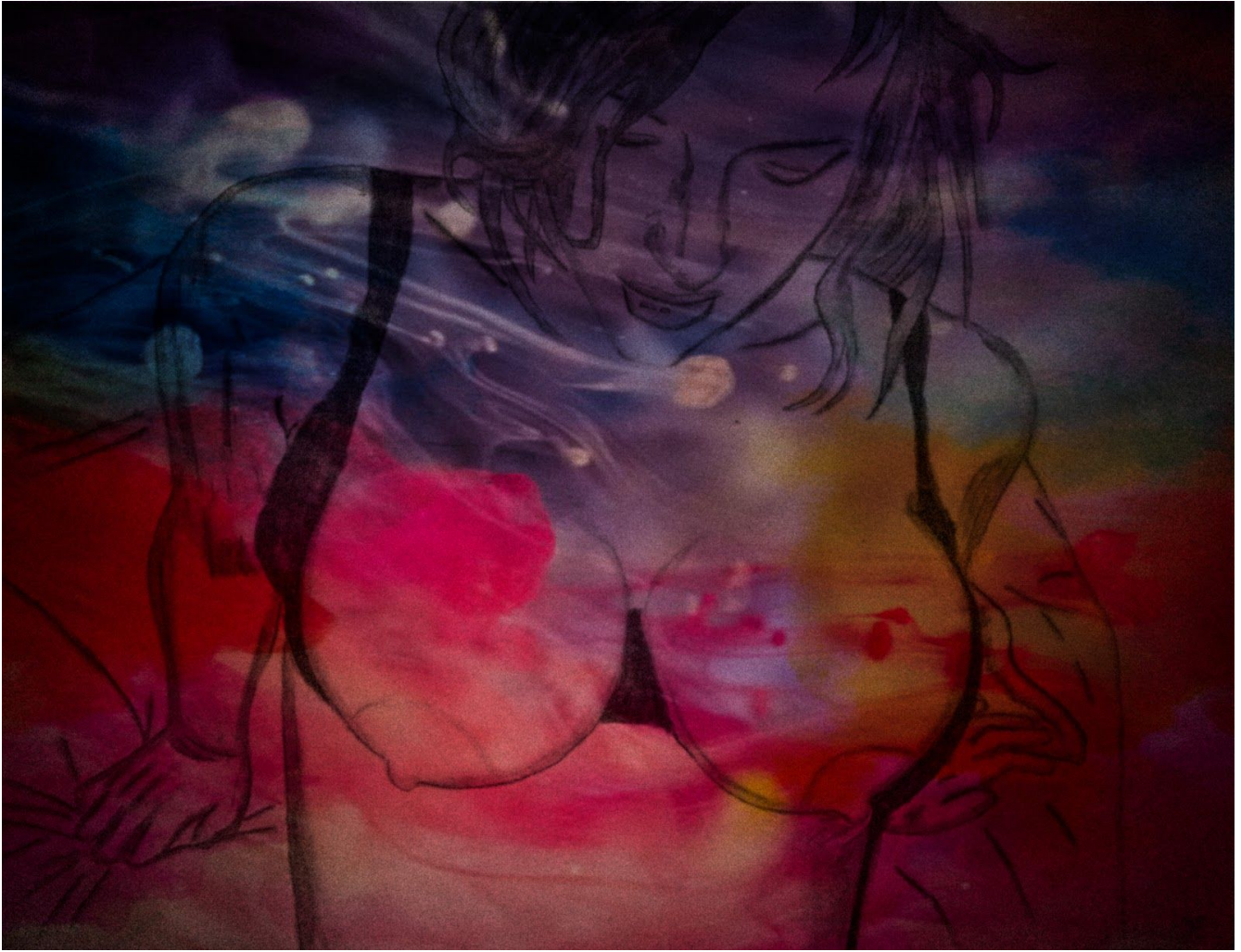
We love Pythagoras! And Adam Weishaupt! We want the Illuminati!

Wait, how about, the Illuminati wants you!

I'll just shut up, jerk off, and go to bed.

But remember...

One of these nights I'll write something with substance.



Good Morning

Thursday, August 11, 2011

I woke up depressed today. Not sure why. This whole idea of helping other people and making the world a better place seems so daunting. The circumstances of my current situation makes it seem impossible. I don't care if people laugh at me or think it naive or stupid or whatever. Fuck you. I'm gonna do it anyways. I don't know what to do, but I'm going to do it.

I have to go to work in an hour. Don't really feel like doing that either. Have to remind myself that to accomplish anything takes work and doing the right thing is usually always harder than doing the wrong thing. So I'm going to go to this job that I hate. I put in my two weeks notice there on Saturday. So that's cool. It'd be easy just to say fuck it and quit, not finishing my two weeks, but once again, that's the wrong thing to do. I made a commitment to these people and must follow through with it.

In this life the only thing that matters is your principles. Your honor. It takes a strong person to live by a moral code. It's something that I believe deserves respect.

I dreamt I was living in India last night. Can't remember much of the dream. Should have written it down. The biggest thing I remember was that I wanted to find my girlfriend but she was on the other side of the world.

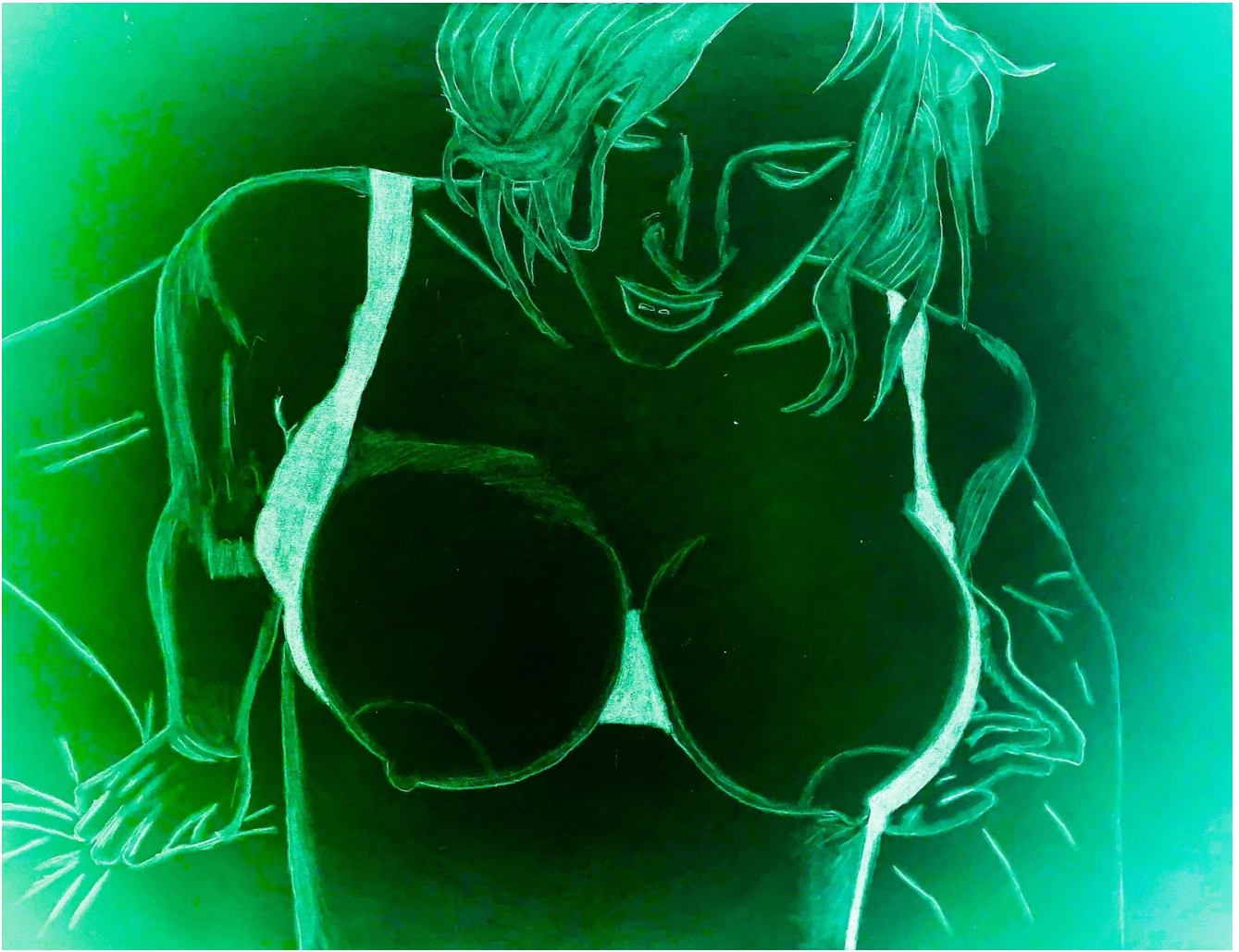
I went for a run yesterday evening. It was tough because I'm out of shape, been smoking too many cigarettes, and haven't really been running since last summer but it felt good when I finished and I loosened things up so much I took a great poop when I got home.

Watched some stand up comedy last night. I've been getting into stand up comedy from Netflix. The Sarah Silverman bit was awful but Craig Ferguson was hilarious. I don't know if I spelled their names correctly. Doesn't matter that much.

Oh, man, I'm still groggy with sleep. My eyes are kinda dry.

Off to work.

So much to do before I die.



I Give Myself To You

Wednesday, August 10, 2011

Another goddamn beautiful day and it's not even over yet. So much to do. So little time before I die. I have a tendency to attempt things that seem unlikely or ridiculous. So I've been told. I tend to do things that others tell me I can't do. Examples being getting college degrees after dropping out of high school. I got almost straight F's through most of high school. The only three subjects I received good grades in were composition, art, and psychology. I didn't graduate because I partied high school away. Every day was a blast. Anyways, there were certain individuals who told me I couldn't go to college and become a counselor. So I fucking did it.

I've done everything in extremes. It's in my nature. I wouldn't have it any other way. When I started to study the occult, I thought, well I'll be in the minority and actually practice it. At the time following the books on ritual magick's word for word. I decided to take it a step further and become even more of a minority by actually being initiated into magickal fraternities. I was totally nervous during my first initiation. I'd never met any of the people prior to the ritual. It was quite a rush. After that, joining the other groups was a walk in the park.

In the vein of impossible extremes I choose my next step to be knowledge and conversation with my holy guardian angel. After success with that, I took up the Babalon Isis Working, which altered my life forever, in ways that can not be undone.

Continuing in my own tradition of extremes, which I believe is my true will, which can not be stopped when in motion, swimming with the flow of the universe. My newest project is seeing how much one person can improve the human condition. I expect it to be a thankless and invisible task, but I'm 100 % down and excited.

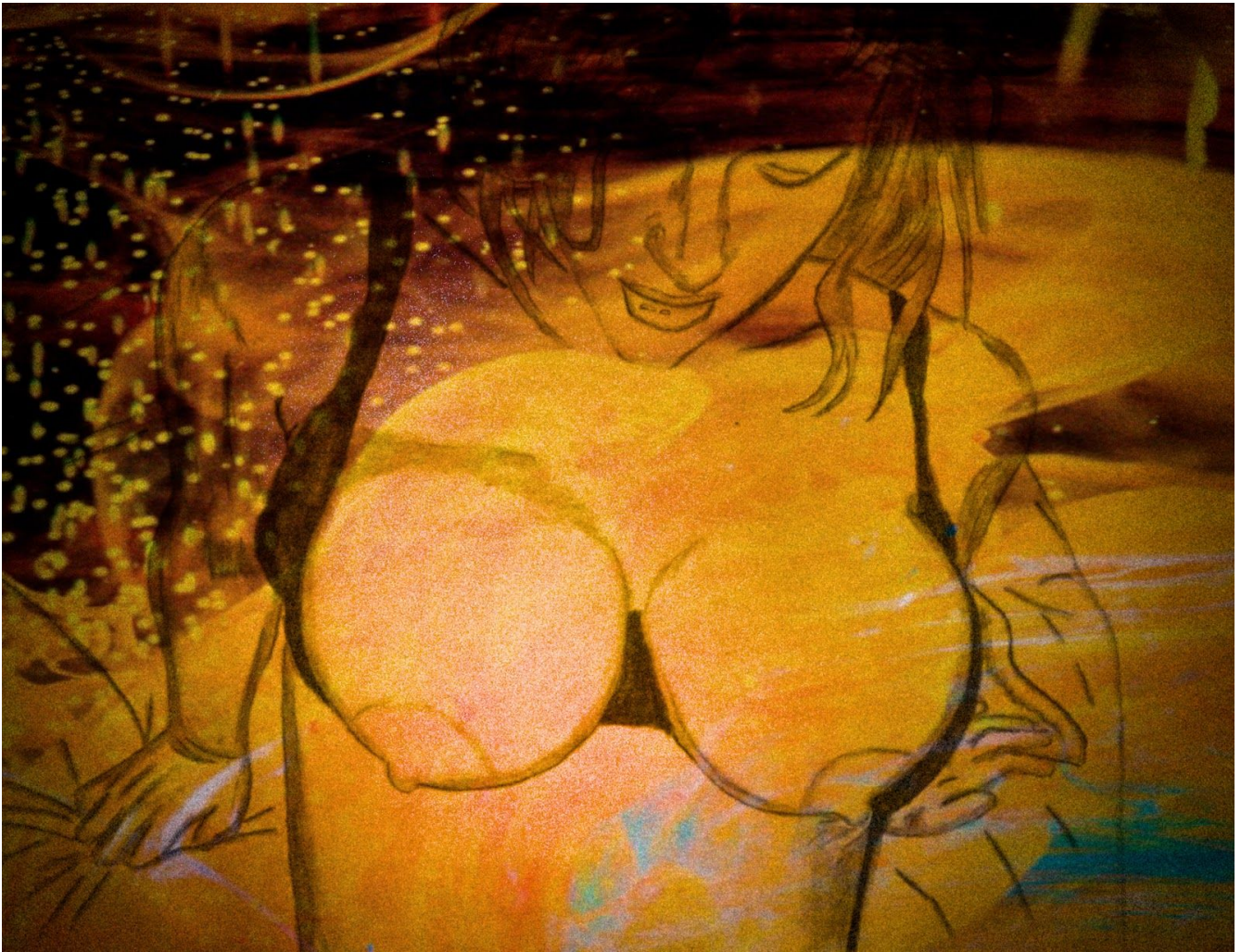
The first step I've taken in this project is writing letters to people in prison. I've picked 15 people doing life for murder. Having these pen pals is completely rewarding. I'm able to connect with them on a very intimate level. I think I make them feel like they still matter. Their lives still mean something. They make a difference. I hold nothing back in these letters. I tell them everything, and they tell me everything. We offer each other moral support and friendship.

Another thing I'm doing is attempting to resurrect the defunct kult ov kaos. Not the magazine, but the group. If you build it, they will come.

Another part of this task is obviously writing books, my blog, and the magazine.

More things I've started to do is to completely give myself to people. Help people and do the right thing even when I don't want to. To live a life of principle. To live by a code of honor. I make sure I call at least one person a day to talk about life and make sure they're doing all right and see if I can do anything for them. It may sound all cheesy or something, but it's not. It's like letting the light of god shine through you like the sun shines through glass. It's not natural for me to be selfless and I have to force myself to do it, but I tell you, it makes me feel so fucking good after i do it. Can't stop dancing and singing.

There is more to my diabolical machinations. I'm working on cultural and political engineering. The revolution of everything. This is just the beginning and I have so much to fucking do before i die.



Working Tonight

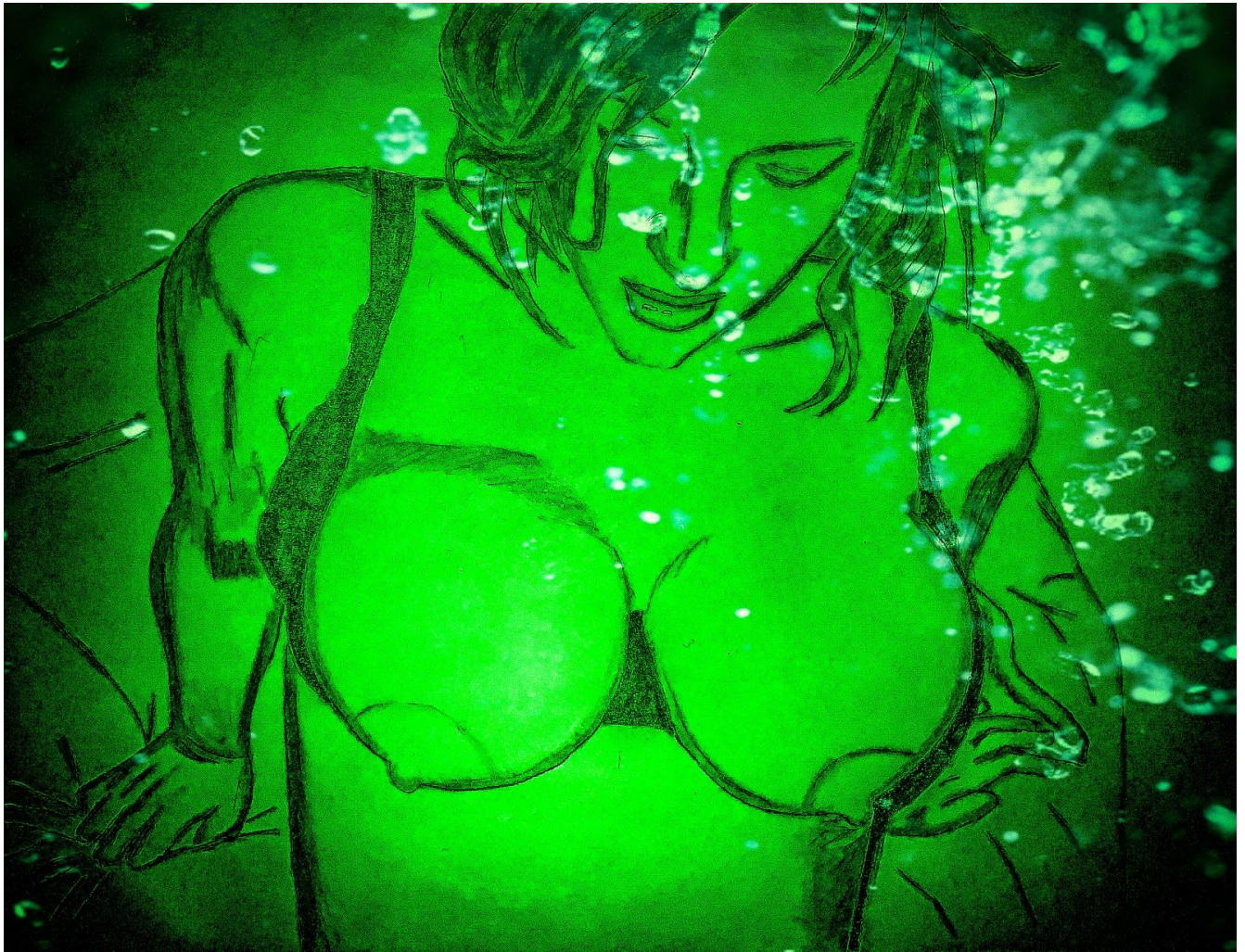
Wednesday, August 10, 2011

Watched the movie *Kick Ass* for the 4th time today. I love that movie. Who doesn't love Nicholas Cage screaming, "Take cover, child!" So good. Cage has really come back lately with *Kick Ass*, *Drive Angry*, and a couple of other movies. I like *Kick Ass* because from about the age of 12 to 15 I used to dress up as a superhero with my brother and our friends. We would sneak out after mom went to bed and patrol the streets looking for crime to stop. We called ourselves Megaforce. My name was nuke. My brother was Megaman. My cousins were Scarab and Damage. Two other friends were Iron Eagle and Rerun. I went so far as to call the local newspaper and shout on the phone, "There's a new superhero group in town, and we're here to stop crime!"

I'm reading *the Communist Manifesto* because my political views are anarchist-socialist. It's a great book, everyone should read it. (My views on everything are always growing).

And I'm reading *Undead* for leisure. It's a Dungeons and Dragons Forgotten Realms novel. I'm digging it. Usually get a book read every week or two. I love to read and write and draw and paint.

Okay. Let me leave you with something to lift your spirits. Positive vibes.



Confessions is In Print Now

Tuesday, January 25, 2011

Buy it, read it and tell me what you think.

I'm sitting here at the downtown public library using their wifi. Cuz I don't have the internet yet. I thought I should say something since the book is out now. I'm very happy with *the Original Falcon Press* and Nick Tharcher for all they've done for me.

Me and my girlfriend split up back in october. I was sorta homeless, staying with friends, until last month when I moved back into my old apartment. That's pretty cool. I thought, "What are the chances of getting back into the same apartment?" I don't know what the chances are but i did it. Lived there for years before, now it feels like I'm back home. Except everything is upgraded. The apartment has been remodeled. Got a new vehicle and a better paying job.

Although. I was laid off yesterday. Wow. Zap. Ding. The office guys said I will be back to work in March. I certainly hope so. In the meantime I'll be working on *Galabram Rising* and issue # 7 of kok. # 7 is pretty much done. Just needs a cover and a little typesetting.

I will not have the internet at home for another couple of months, so if you stop by the site, check it all out, stay faithful, you know I love you, and never fear. I'm out living a strange life. A break from the internet is needed.

Okay. Lay off the sex, drugs, and madness. I'll be coming back like a storm. lol. Whatever.

Currently working on *Galabram Rising*, a text about my system of magick and some experiences with it, and I'm working on *Disco Shaman*, which is about my youthful days of prostitution out west, in Spokane, Washington. (*Galabram Rising* ended up with the title *Diary of an Antichrist* while *Disco Shaman's* title became *Angel of the Street*).

I've been writing a lot of short horror stories as well. Not sure how to present these yet and I've been collecting photos for an art project in the future. (The horror stories became *Weird Cthulhu Mythos*).

Oh yeah, February 3 I'll be presenting the first in a series of political movies free of charge to the public at the downtown public library.

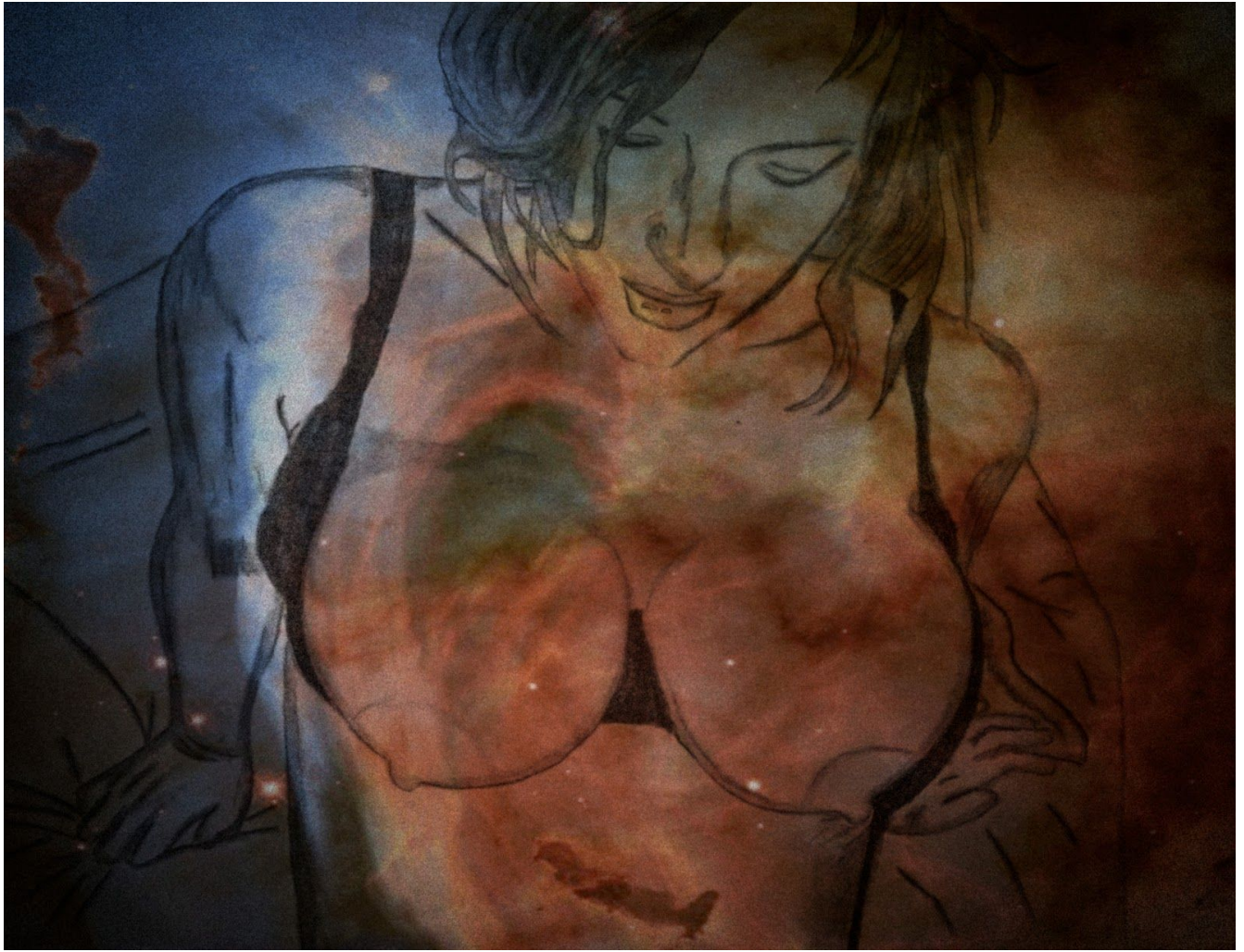
I feel like I'm babbling now so i'm gonna split but don't worry. I miss you. I love you and I'm thinking of you.



We Could Sleep Together

Friday, September 24, 2010

I always miss the past and dream about the future, forgetting the present. Reminiscing of golden ages. A Deva trapped in an Asura world. Destiny apparent. Historic vision. Shamanic vision. The unseen ripple of existence. The invisible senses. The colors above rainbow's red. God, an ancient old man with a long white beard hanging down with his flowing white and grey hair. Hands extended forward in a dream. Ten spheres hang by eleven thin super-strings from fingertips of tissue paper soft skin. They spin, reflect, and illuminate in multi-colors like the classic decorative globes of the Christmas trees under an Asura sun. Against a black, limitless no-thing.



Not Much

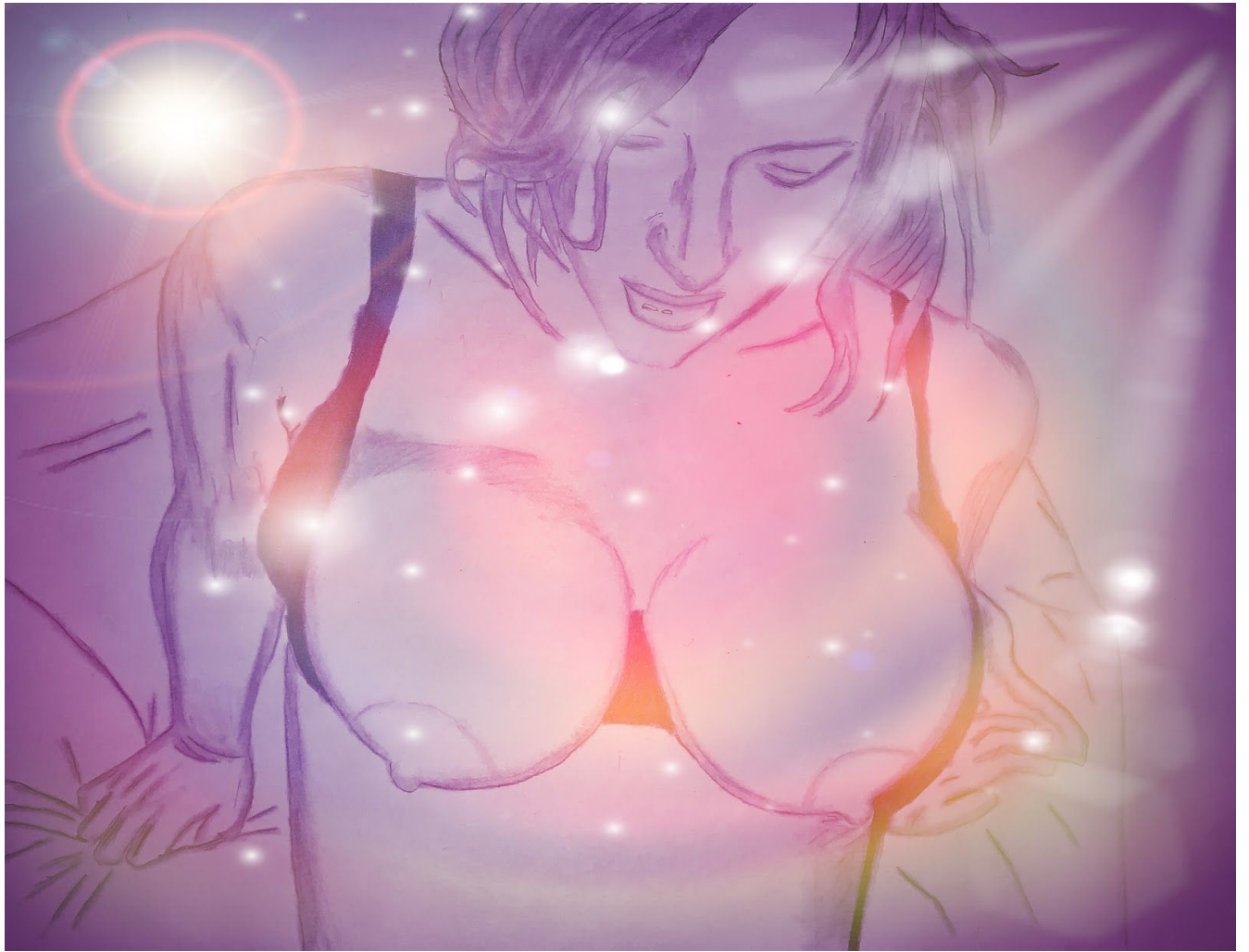
Thursday, September 9, 2010

Start a new job Monday morning. Feeling crappy today. I've taken a week off from working on my kabbalah book. Had too. Can't explain the pain. Of labor.

Re-reading all Lovecraft's works for another top secret project.

Accidentally started smoking again. Gonna have to quit it again.

Things are looking up.



Galabram's World

Monday, July 12, 2010

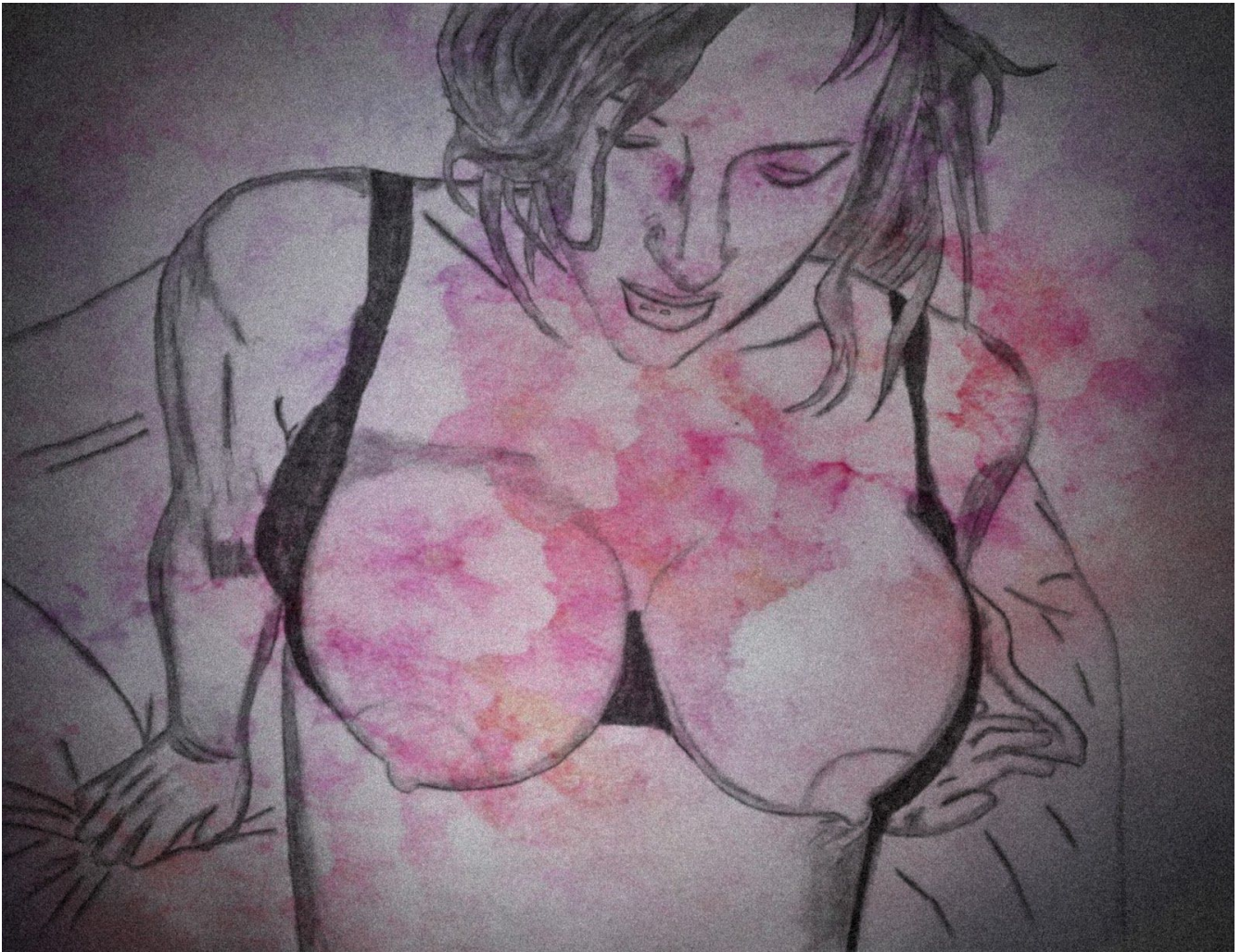
I finished reading the *People from the Other World*. Not as good as I was expecting. The cover art, the title and theosophy is what turned me on to it. The book ended up being about spiritualists who were really illusionists. The author seemed to be hoodwinked because he wanted to believe so badly.

Now I'm reading *the Knight* by Gene Wolfe. I'm only three chapters into it, but so far so good. He's a good writer. I like it. It's got my attention.

I went to see *Predators* at the theatre the other day and was impressed. Good old-fashion fun movie. Way better than the last two movies from the franchise. Took a few minutes to get used to Adrien Brody as a tough guy, but he pulled it off.

I'm planning on making a habit of blogging now like I used to in Galabram's World, the Order of Chaos, and the kult ov kaos. Does anyone even remember Galabram's World? (o;

Okay. I'm tired and going to bed. Later.



One Way To Everything

Friday, July 9, 2010

I finished reading *Ilium* by Dan Simmons the other day. Good book. If you like science fiction and Greek mythology, you'll love it. Achilles is an arrogant badass in it, but I've always preferred Hector. Hector seems more like a good guy to me, Achilles like the indestructible brat.

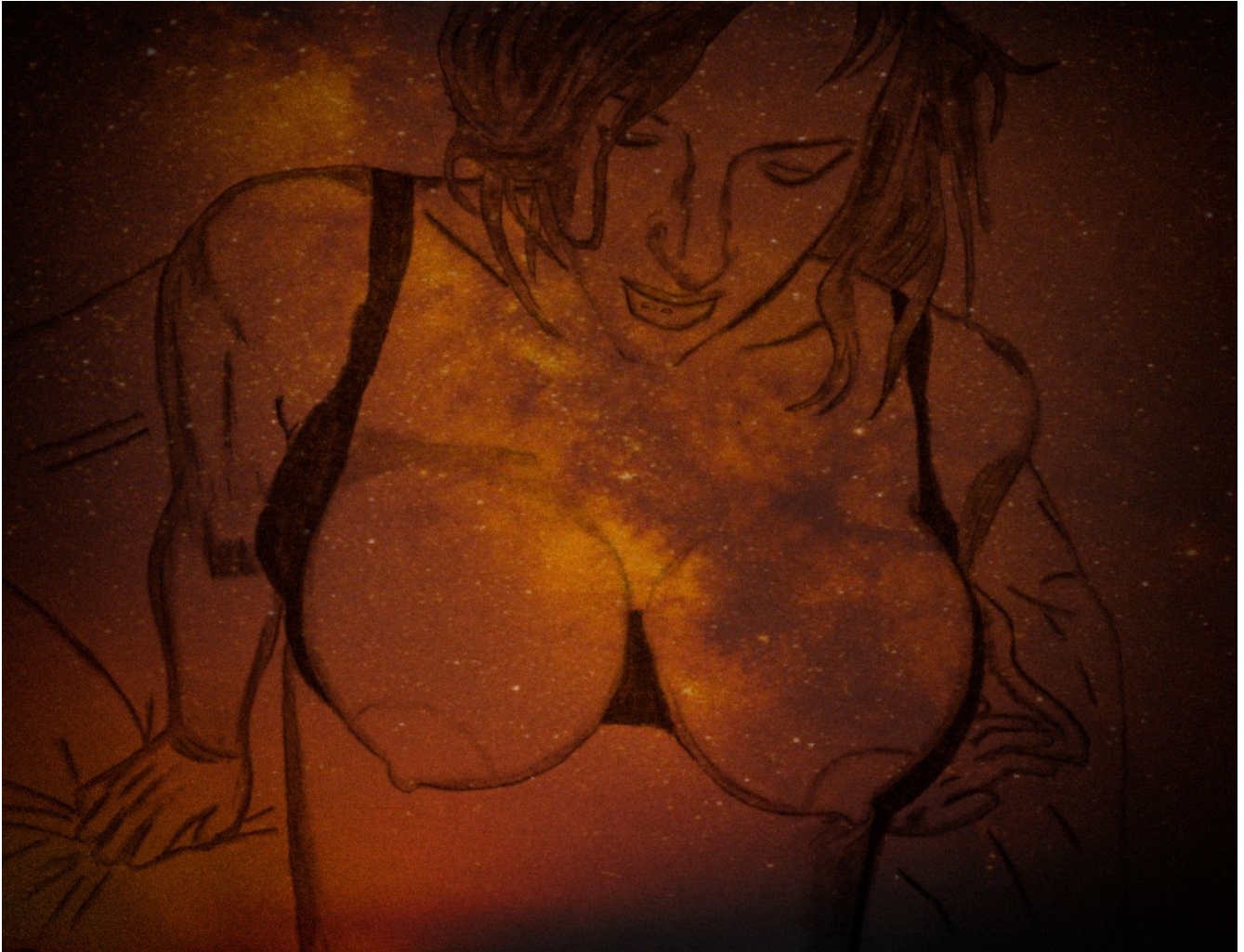
I'm now reading *People from the Other World* by Henry S. Olcott (an enthusiastic theosophist). First published in 1875, my copy was published in 1972. I love old books. The smell is such a comfort.

I am not saying that I believe in the spiritualist movement of the 19th century. I think a large portion of it was the work of illusionists trying to turn a buck. I do think every holy man is a con man to a certain degree. Simply a necessity in dealing with the uninitiated.

Nevertheless, the book did get me thinking about spirituality in the United States and similar governments. The book details some of the treatment and torture of mediums and psychic of the 1800s. I was raised with a pretty traditional Ihanktonwan belief system. My grandmother and her siblings, my whole family (there was no differentiating between immediate and extended family), in our way of life it was normal to see and speak with spirits on a daily basis. We weren't afraid of most spirits. We gave them their space and respected them like any part of nature.

Like in the book, the spiritual ways of the Native American (I prefer the term American Indian) were beat and tortured out of them. People today have been conditioned to no longer experience the spiritual nature of life. Science is a jealous god. People seem encouraged to ridicule those who believe in psychic, and spirits, and the supernatural. Are minds have been conditioned to be blind to the spirits. The root of this being the materialism of culture. Materialistic culture spread like an illness. A spiritual illness.

Anyways, I went to a *Pastors For Peace* gathering this evening. They caravan to Cuba every year as an act of civil disobedience in an attempt to end the United States trade blockade against Cuba. Check it out, it seems like a worthy cause.



Rusty

Wednesday, June 23, 2010

Ra ra ah ah ah...

Just dance. Damn. Writing writing writing. Getting a headache writing about creation. I'm working on a text concerning the kabbalah. Have no idea how long it will take to complete. (This project was abandoned mostly because it felt redundant next to the mass of books already available on the kabbalah).

An old friend stopped by today. Bought me a burrito. Listened to Norwegian black metal. His thing, not so much mine. I don't mind it.

Next step, my man Pythagoras. The python, baby. A historical Yeshua ben Yosef, eh?

Documenting man-gods.

Okay. Enough writing for this evening. Going for a walk in the moonlight.



Stolen Sigh

Monday, April 19, 2010

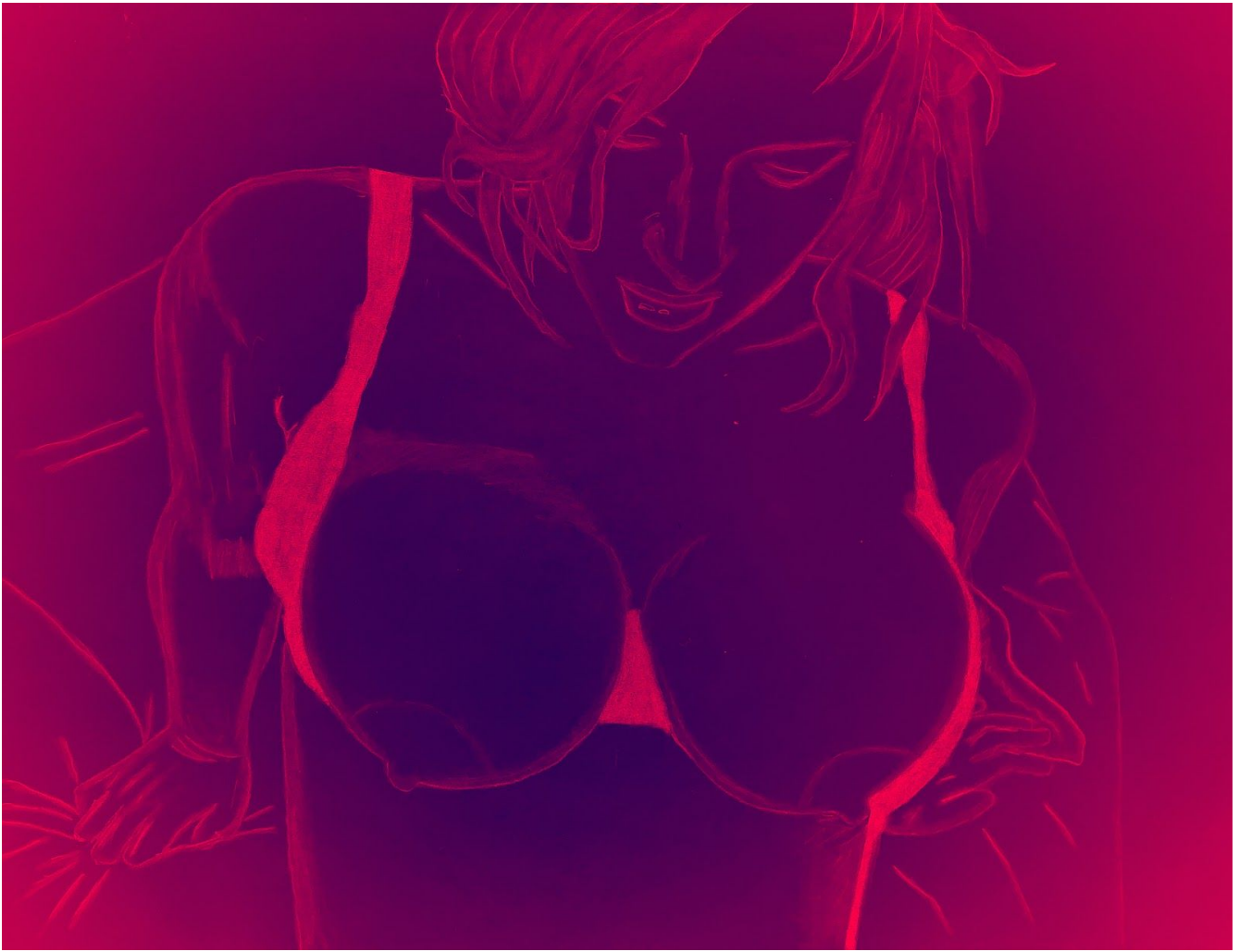
Woke up in a strange place three months later. Not strange in a negative manner. In an unexpected way. At times feeling like Caramon Majere. At times feeling like Raistlin Majere.

My head is starting to hurt. With invisible wisdom from static dried and flaking off the flesh. What I have.

A hidden god. No words. Just wind, rain, and night. Just hymns, pain, and light.

Everything and nothing matters. Can you shroud a soul around this?

I'll be back.



Hold On

Thursday, February 25, 2010

Hold on. Gotta pee. Be right back.

Oh, she comes over me like warm water. Controls me like obsession and hearts bleeding. I want her and nothing else. Always waiting for her call. She doesn't know but she knows, dancing innocent, watching me when I'm not looking. Pretending her eyes are closed. Drama swaying.

Uh, I saw her the first time I saw her. Sitting back in my folding chair. Acting like I don't. But she lit up my addiction like Tesla won the war with Edison. She walks in like a mushroom cloud painting the sky with death. More beautiful than a graveyard.

Of course she had a husband. Sometimes the earth rumbles at our feet. The engines burn inside with destruction. The eagles shriek and dive. We drop back into the ocean.

Lost my rag tag renegades in the heat of thieving. Alone, I took a look around. Slipping the moon in my pocket. Oh, she's so good at what she does I just don't know. Mother panicked at my static.

Run with her dreaming in my palm. A bolt of lightning in my hand burned. She feels me. Deep. Inside. Pressing through fields. No mercy. I come for you.

Her demon eyes look into me lying. Feeling my bones and leaving me stranded and starved. Too good for my own good.

She rape me and leave me dying dry in the street.

She looked down at me, frail and tangled in the gutter. No strength in my starving reach. Her hands cover her mouth and violet tears cover her violent eyes.

Self-centered queen is always drunk and angry. Raging and ranting. Blind nature.

I stand up and brush the dust from my shoulder. Look at her unsure without choice. Arms wide open. She falls home and we're fucked again.



Rain

Tuesday, February 16, 2010

Inhale the breath of the dragon. Lungs thick, stout, and healthy. Kneeling. Head bowed. Eyes bloodshot. Filled with tears. Grinning up at heaven. Pray to the dark lords. The lords of chaos. Death. Sex. Time.

Buck Rogers cool. Tugging on a fag. Pencil thin mustache. The devil can be handsome and slick as shit or cute and innocent as hell.

Archangel obsession. Possession. With lacking strength. Zeitgeist. Spiritus. Arms spread. Wingspan. The great eagle. The praetorian. Lash out.

Dead angels scattered. Limb upon the earth. Seduction of light and holy fire. Masters of the abyss. The moves, grooves, and funk of Shaitan. Anubis stacking with a glock at his side. Dog faced with black shades.

Sensations of presence. Masonic ghosts. Haunting moths. Gray invaders. Shadows. Creeping. Lurking. Peeping. Gnostic warriors.

Over the hills and through the rain. Honor in suffering. Anguish. Shamanic dementia. Vaginal ectoplasm. Howling to the moon. Luna. Our love. Wolves panting in the night. The tribes of the coyote. Murders of crows. Prides of lions. Mero clans. Druids and witches. Come thunder. Come kingdom. Eagles and regal music.

Bards and jesters strumming and drumming. Dancing with folk songs. Around camp fires. Hitchhiking. Riding long, smooth snakes and spider's webs. Infrared. Scarlet. Air waves. North and south auroric bonfires blazing like invisible fountains of Vril.



Whisper So Sweet in My Ear

November 25, 2009

My brother made parole this week.

Kinda slipping off track here a bit myself. Got stuck on a bird. Distracting. Gotta cut her loose. Even though it's painful.

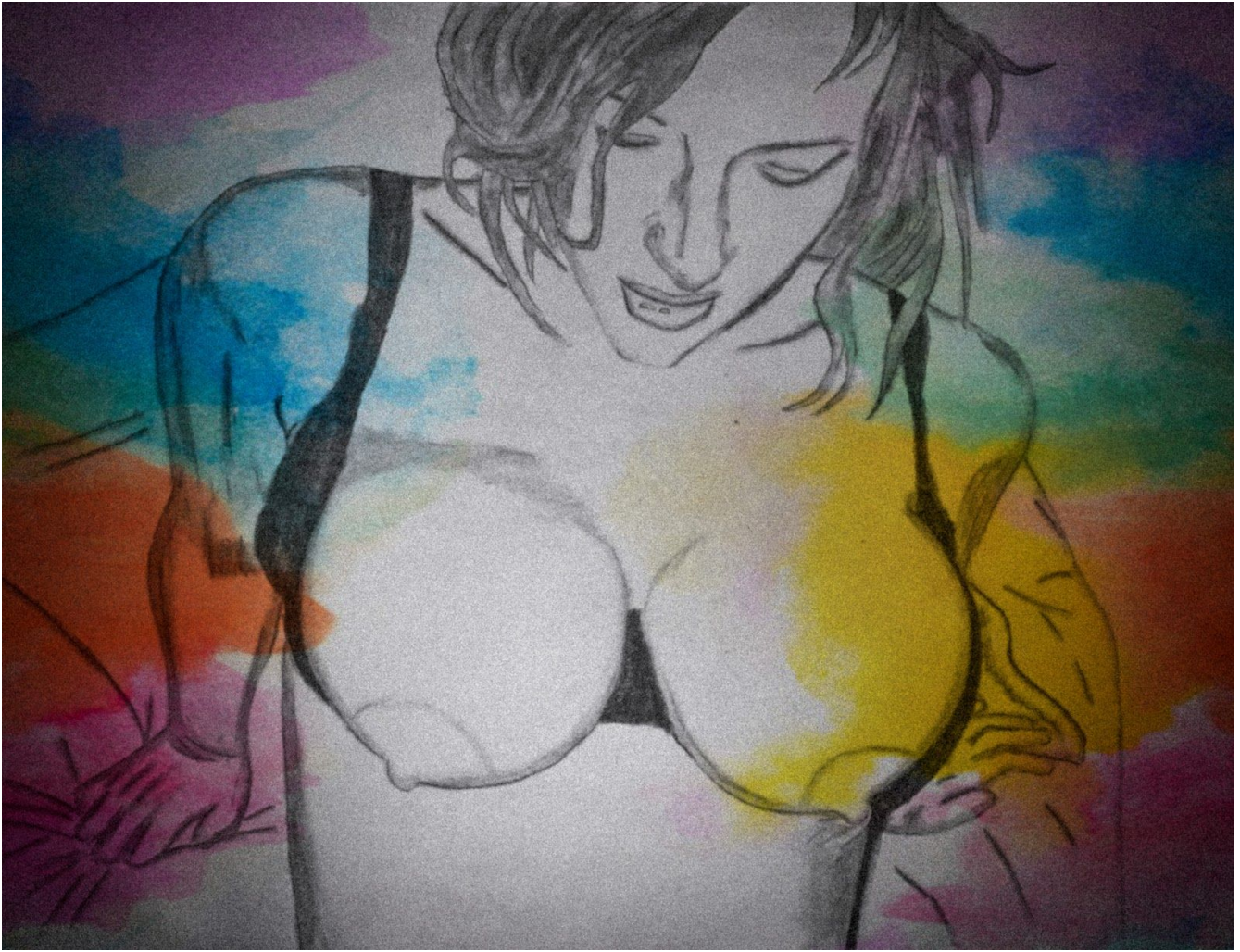
I remember being in third grade, watching television with my uncle. An anti-drug commercial came on. Starring the cast of the TV show, *Fame*. They said, "You can't fly when you're high". My uncle shouted that's bull shit. He flies when he's high. I was completely intrigued. I wanted to fly too. There may be a correlation here to the attainment of my first sack of grass in the fourth grade.

Si vis pacem, para bellum

"If you wish for peace, prepare for war"

It's surprising how well and quick this beer goes down.

Ah, this night drags on. I'm a prick to some chick on the phone. I don't know why. I wish I could see reality for what it is, rather than filtered through my brain.



Touched

Sunday, November 8, 2009

Sometimes I just need a break. To break away.

This bird is a petite powerhouse. A righteous, riotous force of nature. A trick shot gunning for me. Tugging at my zest and breast. She ain't nothing but something. She got style. She got grace and she got face. She move and dream in washing waves, drowning me.

Always searching. Searching for. The way out. Exit. That little sacred, secret something. That pull me and push me. Move me. The heartache that lift me. The words that keep me. The finger that shush me. Touch me. Tease me. Lick me and kiss me.

All lubed up with no place to go.

I bring down the night with all my might and she's scraping resin from the pipe like a whispering wind keeping me safe in the shallow nightmares.

Walking up the street. Hoodie pulled over my head. The sun, moon, and stars in my pocket. Universe a moebius looped around my pinky. The laziness of a writer. The grace of a felon. A swagger of timid arrogance. The soul of a soldier. Scars like pretty, delicate lace embrace my still beating heart. A tired lion and Atlantean priest. Imaginary friends like silk strokes of laughing gas and untamed chemical gnosis dancing in the corner of my eye. Overdose and withdrawal. Prison breaks and narrow escapes. Hard won, invisible triumphs. An akashic record. Spiritus in the nostrils and draining down the back of my throat. The after taste of sex. Vigorous panting. Ancient snakes, dead by the lake. A finger tapping out the rhythm of break down. Internal screaming and hurricanes of sorrow and narcissism. Wailing all fraught for naught. Laying naked over a grave. A forlorn epic born to be alone. Bring me the heads of Pancho and Geronimo. Tonight we feast on ecstasy. Let me alone. Let me alone. Can't be hurt again. Means can't be felt again. Utter freedom. No compromise. Dig. A full pack of cigarettes. I'm on top of the world.

Casanova and Cagliostro cry with me. Or I follow in their tear drops.

Rimbaud and Jim are hard for me. Or I'm limp as Oedipus.

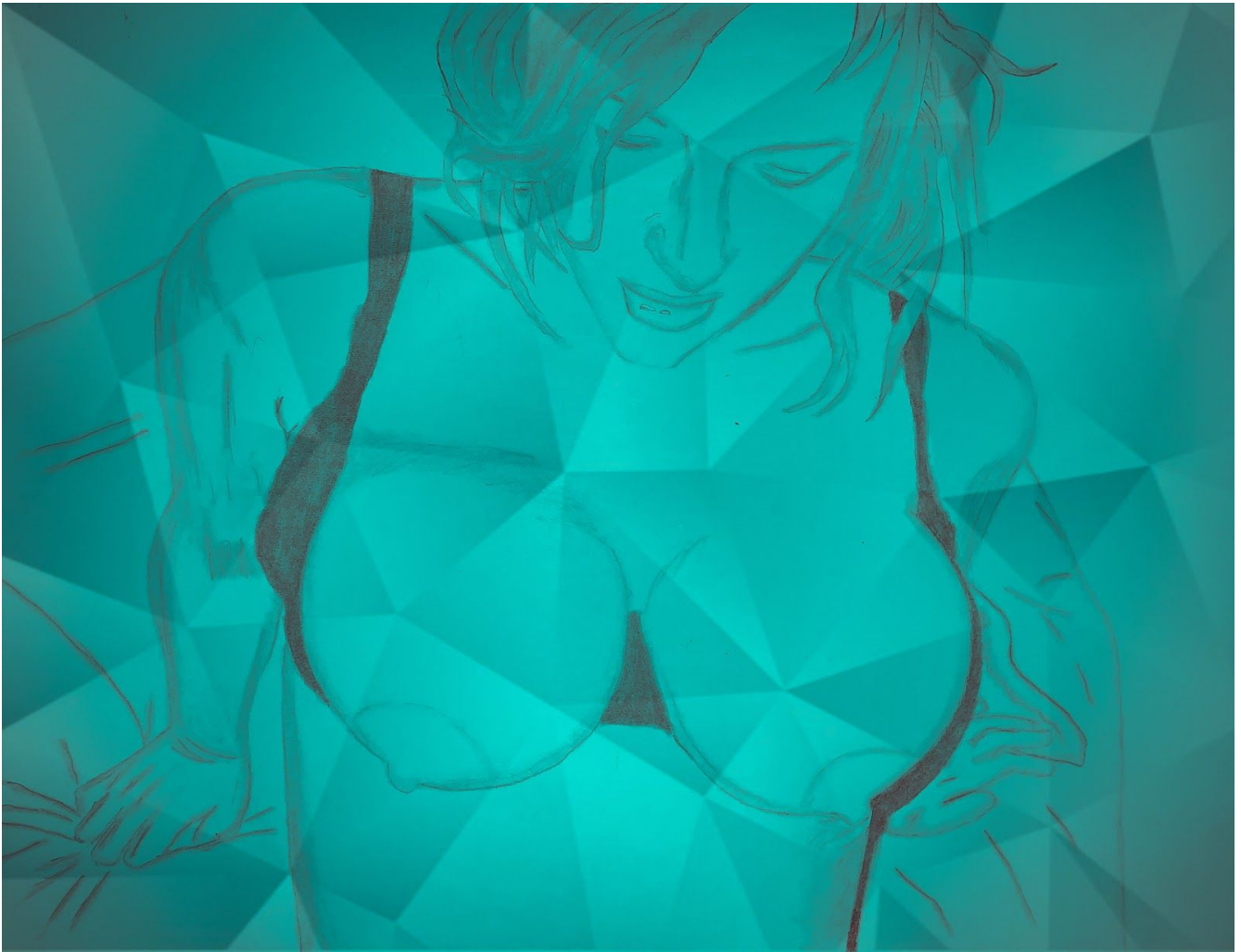
I want to write these words in my blood and die bleeding in a warm bath tub. An immortal still shot. Selfish and grandiose.

The ripple of my passing destroys everything around me. With a frolic and shy, sinister, flirting bat of the eyes.

Don't say it. Don't say it.

The secret name of god and all souls spoken like wet thunder sweeping everything away in the perfect mushroom of nuclear holocaust.

A false sense of innocence. Sun kissed, blue eyed boy. Catch me and cup me before I get away like a firefly blinking in silly, summer delight.



The Lord of Secret Things

Saturday, October 24, 2009

Fingertips should just slide over the keyboard. Strokes of genius and strokes of love and lust. Technological affairs. Plugging in. Tuning in. I promise to never tell the truth. To give no mercy. Fading off. Divining. Scrying. Reading bones and entrails. Tea leaves and street signs. Always giving up. Running scared. Unshaken. Pausing. To look in your eyes like a wild animal. Curious. Wanting. Your colors vibrate alive. Halfway between here and there. Smooth plastic keys beneath finger tips.

Cross my fingers. Cross your mind. I don't need love, you see. The grace of circumstance. Slow dance with me. Hold me in the dark for a moment. Omerta.

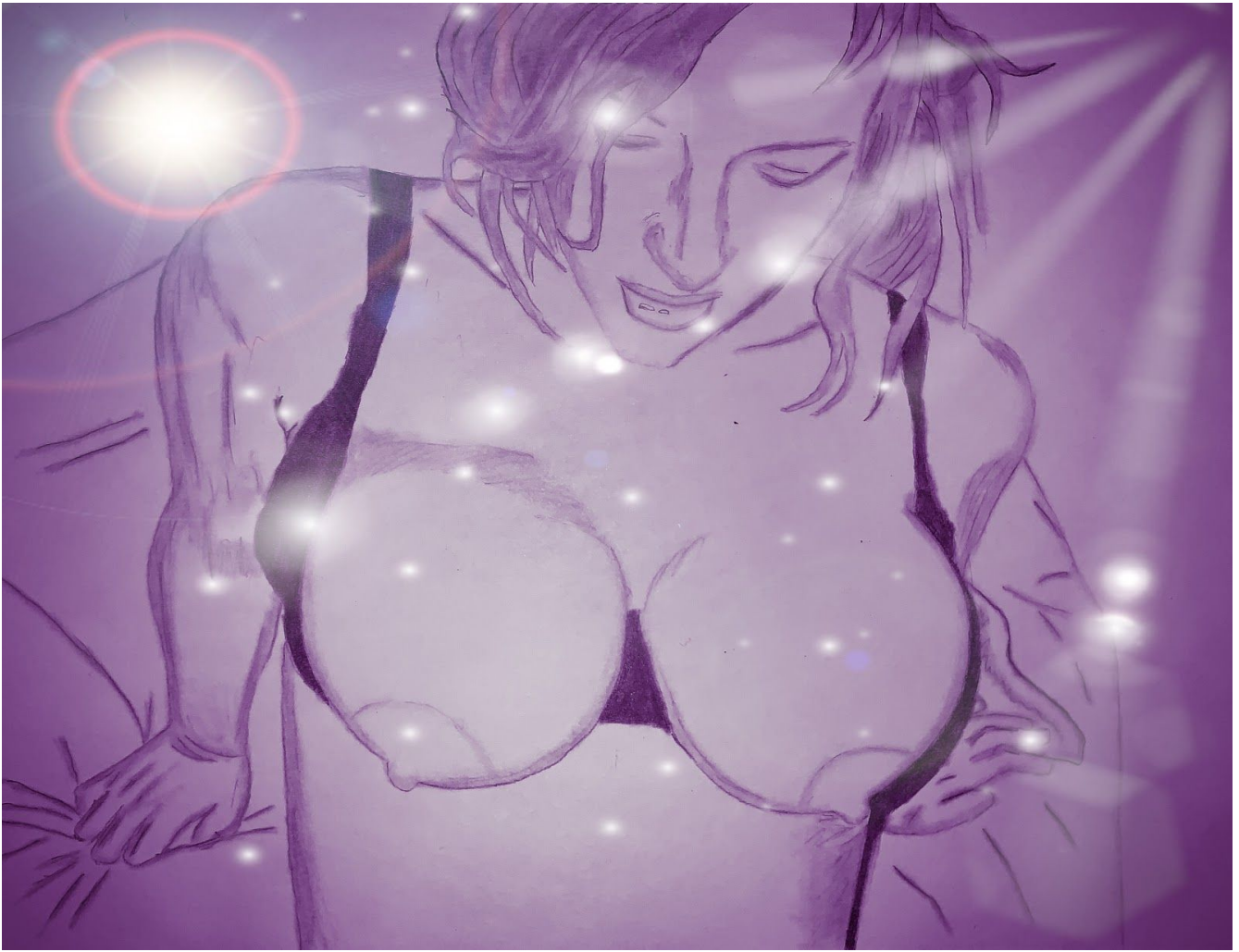
Candle wax climbing up the walls. Orange flickering in the night. Shadows like thieves. Thieves in the twilight. Always in the back of my mind. A symphony bleeding. A sea shell held over the ear. Forgotten whisper. Released in the beginning. Stretching until the end.

Feeling uppers please. The soul of a lion. The king of vacuum. Drowning in the tub. Drowning in my blood. I've got to be so fine. Floating downers. A living canvas.

Numb. Cold fingers. Breathing clear. The depth of me. Fading into me. Falling into me. Unknown friend. My hidden god. A long walk alone down an empty hallway. Crowded dreams. Silent signaling. Obscure peace. Haunted by secret chiefs.

Like Kubla Khan. I'm taken away.

But I'll be back to finish.



Stop Agreeing

Saturday, September 26, 2009

There is a bottle of pumpkin wine in the refrigerator. It has been there for some time. Everyone's afraid to drink it. I don't know when, or how, or who, but someday someone will drink that wine and that will be a tale to tell.

I sit at the bar and this black haired beauty comes up and sits next to me, rubbing my leg and chatting me up. She has dark eyes and thick makeup. Looking good. Rubbing my leg, leaning over me, grinning, and batting long lashes. I know she's no good for me.

A sudden quizzical expression covers her face, she looks deep into me, all serious, sincere, and somber, "How come all writers are alcoholics?"

"Pf," I shake my head and finish off my beer, "I don't know."

I'll always be shadow dancing.

She calls me tonight. This thing that cut out my heart. With a razor and a devilish grin. Calls me and calls me weird. Says there is something wrong with me, why can't I be normal.

Lucifer loves me. I sit on the edge of my seat like a wide eyed little boy catching all the words as they fall from soft lips. She tell me how she love me. I pick the words up and rearrange the letters..

Please, play *Far, Far Away from my Heart* by the Bodeans at my funeral. I'll never forget you. Will you forget me? Like the king's glory crumbled to dust.

The secret glory of Saint Natas. I must get my things in order. Voice is changing and I can't escape it.

I die a little..

Tonight I was ridiculed for believing in anarchy and loving hip hop.

Just love me and I'm okay.

A saint (from the Latin sanctus) is a human being who is believed to have been 'called' to holiness or has, consciously or unconsciously, fulfilled the criteria set for sainthood by a religious institution.

Satan (Hebrew: שָׂטָן ha-Satan ('the accuser'); Arabic: الشيطان al-Shaitan ('the adversary') - both from the Semetic roots: S-T-N) is an embodiment of antagonism that originates from the Abrahamic religions, being traditionally considered an angel in Judeo-Christian belief, and a Jinn in Islamic belief. Originally, the term was used as a title for various entities that challenged the religious faith of humans in the Hebrew Bible. Since then, the Abrahamic religions have used the name 'Satan' as a name for the Devil.

Now you know Saint Natas.

How could you just leave me standing, alone in a world so cold?

Praise God for William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin.

The cut ups and dream machines are such powerful tools. Pick them up and use them yourself and you'll understand. I've developed my own method with the cut ups which is more aesthetically subjective and less random. Someday I'll share it with you. But not tonight.

With wet eyes I whisper to Lucifer and I'm swallowed whole.

I can't escape. I wiggle my way out. Then find myself casing casinos and ATMs, fallen astray to my friend's tales of financial woe and lay off. But good will conquer evil.

Can't you just leave me alone? I don't want to be alone.

You're so dear to me.

Leave a note and tell me why.

I'm so dear to you.

I'm so dead to you.

I'm so dada, yeah.

Tears drop like fire and smiles like rain clouds.

Maybe this is your suicide. Maybe this is your love. Your life. Your tug. Your brush. Your must. Your cuss. Your fuss. Your just.

White horse. Pale horse. The little things. You must have wanted to know.

Way down.

In the trailer court.

In the trailer court wolves circled.

Sometimes when you've been abused like that, you've touched the stars.

Romantics struggle more than physicists to put the universe together.

You say you hear the call. Don't be shy. Lift your head.

You are a storm and you are a god. You are elite and you are complete.

Please howl with me, die with me, fuck with me.

He has no tact or social grace. No reason or filter.

We were born to die.

The deity said take wine and strange drugs. I said, hey bitch, don't tell me what to do. But did it anyway.

Most of the time they lived in poverty and abused drink and drugs. To be sure. I came to you with the best intentions.

Let's celebrate. Dance, fuck, love, drink. Invoke Pan. Dionysus. Bacchus. Sky clad with witches and wiccans. Druids and Picts. All blue and regretless.

Her taste is like blood from the grail, like birth, life, and death. She opened her legs like a black hole, ripping me at the event horizon.

And I spoke and thought without words.

The secret truth is that I love you and heaven opens like a river crying into the ocean.

I felt the rush like Roman, Nazi, British, and American thunder.

I love gnosis like God, however it comes, in sex and death, drunk and fucked, running like

blood or sweat, panting or still. A moment like a photograph, a haunted memory, faded and jaded, nostalgic and golden.

Lucifer taunts and teases and my head spins, stars abound. Head drips down. Melting. To this immaculate nothing. The silent, extended orgasm. This nothing. This is perfect nothing.

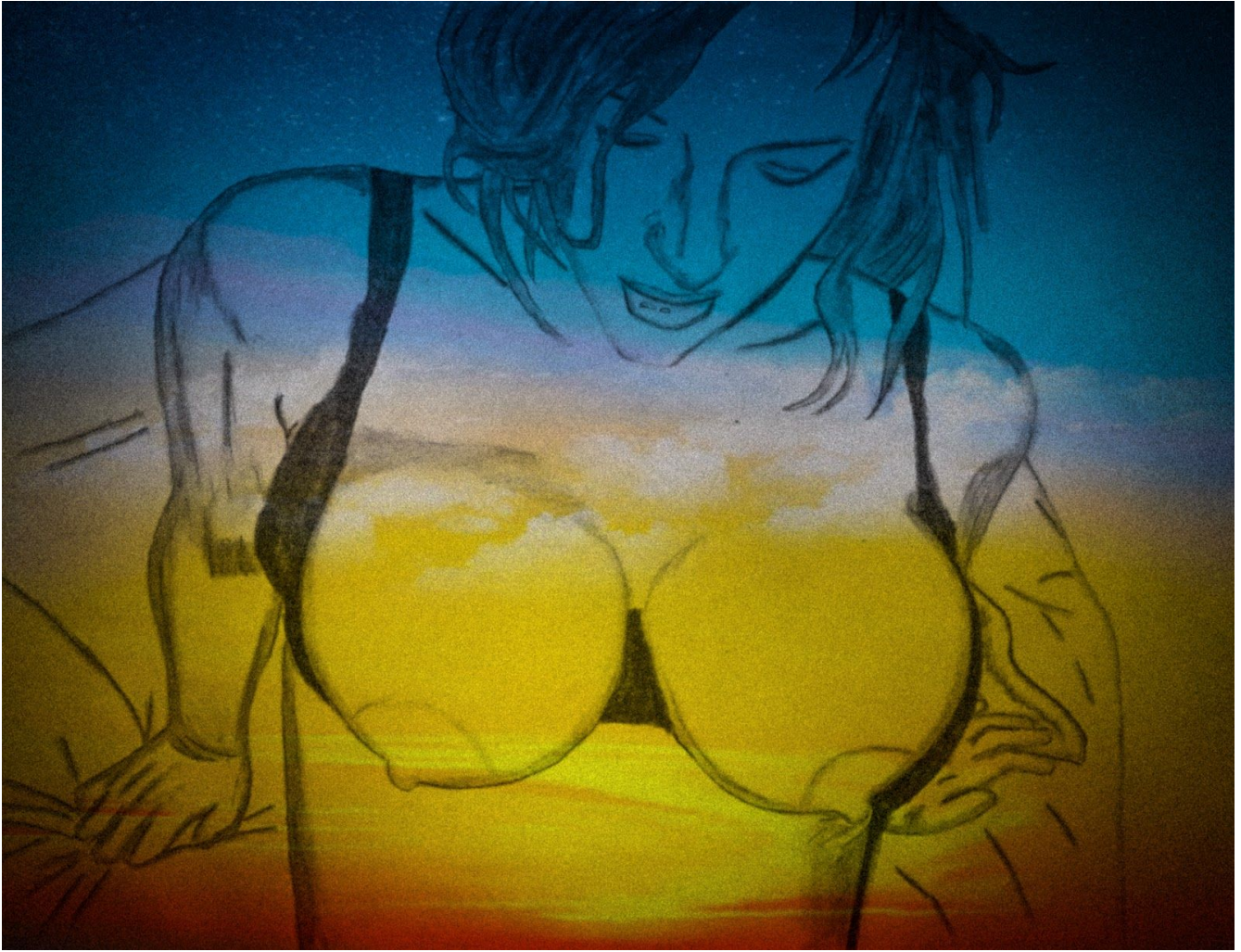
Feeling God on my tongue. The prayer and salvation of the poet and seer. Like so few slick semen. A babe crying when awakened. Drowning in sunlight. Racing for breath toward the surface of water.

A magical paintbrush brings it to life, like Prometheus, stealing light and fire. It was real, waiting for me or something else.

Why am I still awake?

Oh, God, like a warm, silk cunt gripping my soul.

We were born to go.



Galabram Rising

Saturday, August 22, 2009

I just did what other people were afraid to do. Pushed the boundaries. Exceeded the limits. Oh cry me a river. When I went down, I went down...

I saw a falling star. It was the limp body of an archangel dropping from heaven. Burning in the atmosphere. Some looked up at the right moment and saw it. Some didn't notice. Some made a wish.

He lay like death in his crater for years. His eyes opened without a flutter. Staring, unthinking, unfeeling at the endless night sky. Infinite, tiny glimmers. Specks of glass spilled across the evening.

His hand moves. Fingers twitch. Stretching. Making a fist. Opening and closing.

He turns his head for the first time with a long, creaking sigh.

A few have gathered around the deep crater. Unsure. Gossiping. Curious. Confused.

The angel sits up, rubbing hangover away. Uttering first sounds. "Mmm."

The mob gathers. A few scoff and wander off. A few stay and hold out their hands. Nodding, come up to us. Waving, this way.

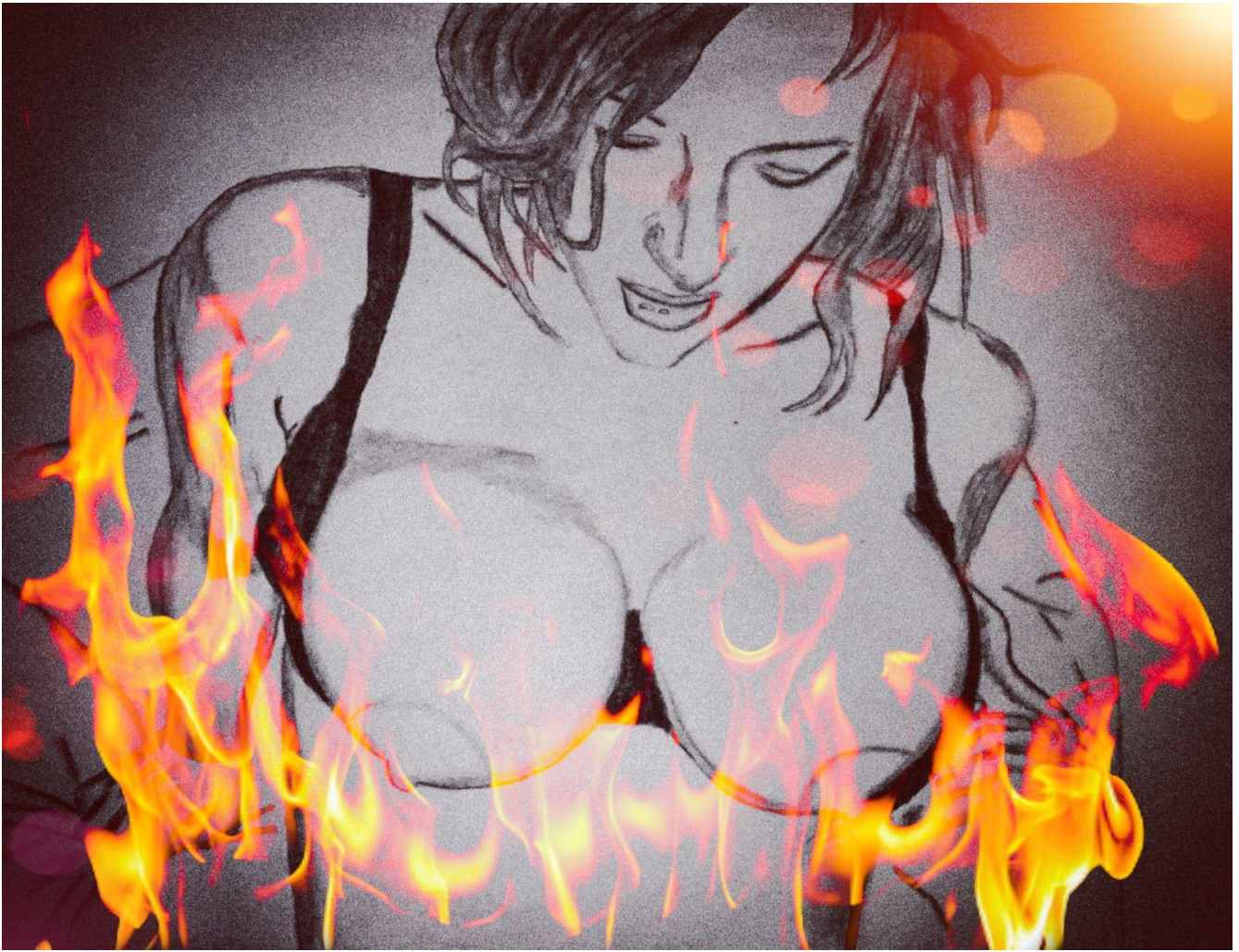
The fallen archangel sits up. Stands with lazy ease. Looking at the crumpled earth around him, indifferent.

Breathing in deep. Chest filled with oxygen. Feeling strength return.

He climbs up the crater wall. Near the top, hands reach out. Offering assistance.

This dark blue angel ignores the reaching hands. Forcing himself up with his own strength. Standing on the rim of the pit, he mumbles, "Where were you when I was falling?"

He walks off alone into the night.



Explain Your Mind

Friday, August 21, 2009

I'm on my second juice box, waiting to go back to work. Oh dat fooken sux. Split shifts just kill me fooken day.

Sometimes people are hurt so good, so deep, uh, hurt so much, so long, such righteous, almighty hurt. Yeh sometimes people are hurt that much. So much it makes them reach the stars. To float up past the heavens and into the void of space. They float and blow in the cosmic winds, looking around at it all with nebula in their eyes. They become dreams. Completely moved. They are the stars.

Sometimes they get hurt so much, they can't hurt any more. Becoming witness to their pain. Nothing more. A slightly curious witness. Not even wondering why.

I can fall within myself or fall without myself. Reaching for me is like reaching for a memory. I love colors and everything that tastes orange.

Then Jordin Sparks sings through our speakers, "Why does love always feel like a battlefield, a battlefield, a battlefield?"

We love and fight and fuck and and dance and flirt and wander and talk and jump and lie and care and fear and everything we do. These bumping, stumbling people. There's a joke in here somewhere. Ha.

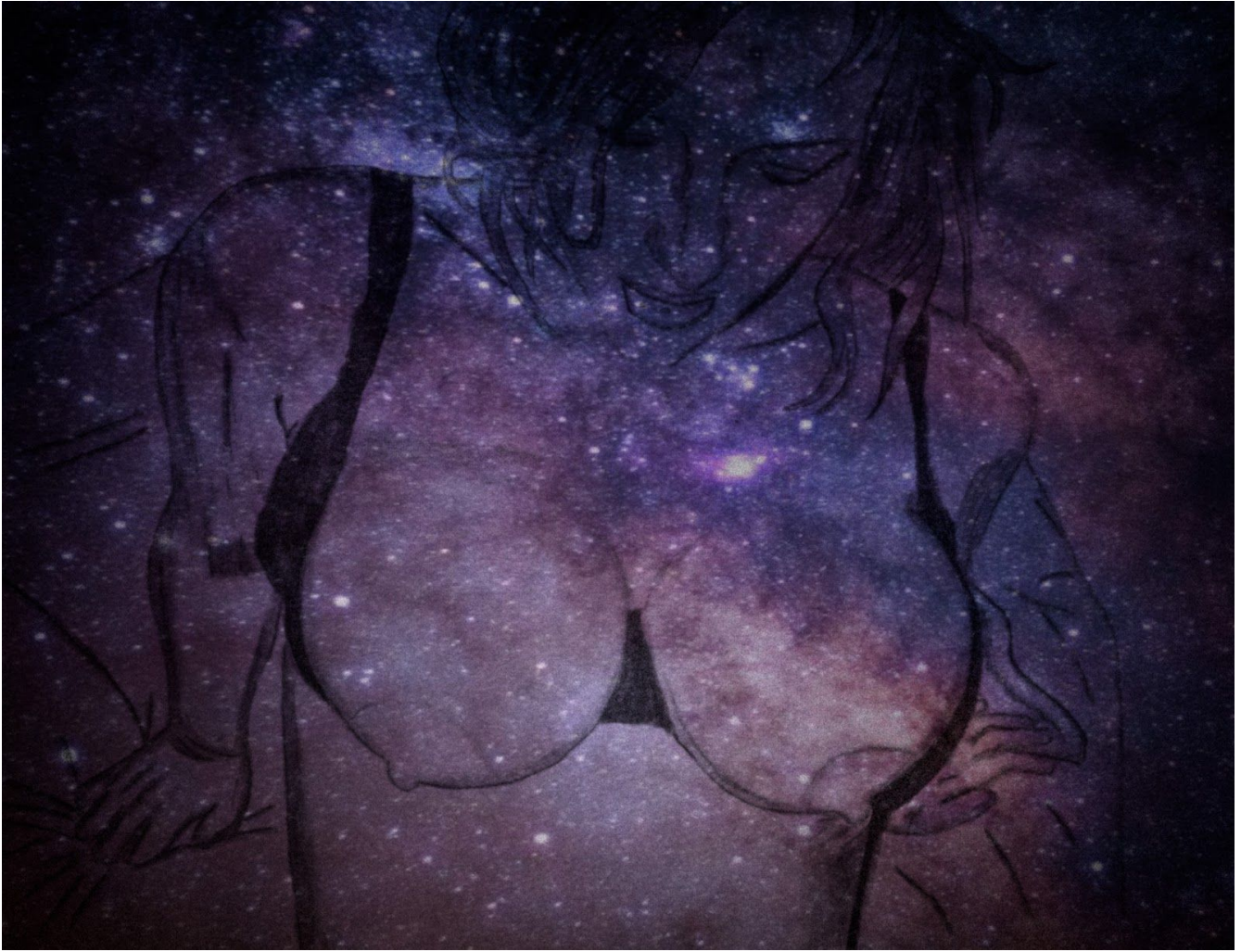
What do I do if all my dreams come true? Sounds so boring.

I'll rest in my golden throne. An old fat cat king. Making all my decisions at the flip of a coin. Ah, who am I kidding. I'm a nomad wandering the night and I love it.

Love slips through my fingers. Feels so smooth as it goes. She'll probably read this.

You may read this and think I'm hurting. That I want something. Then you don't get it at all.

I'm just feeling and i'm feeling good.



I Keep Moving

Wednesday, August 19, 2009

Oh fucking hell.

I was on my way home from work this afternoon and half a block from my home I turned the corner at a stop sign, going down a hill. Two motorcycle cops were riding side by side. They had their lights on and yelled at me to stop. There was a long line of cars behind them. I thought, "Oh crap, it must be a funeral procession." I pulled into my alley and parking spot. The motorcycle cops came speeding in from both sides of the alley.

I got out of the truck, "I'm sorry I didn't see the funeral procession down the hill until I turned the corner."

They were both big guys. Maybe in their forties. Overweight and tall with big round helmets. The bigger of the two said, "There was no funeral procession."

I said, "Oh," thinking, uh oh. What do you want?

"You ran that stop sign."

"Oh, I thought I stopped."

"You didn't come to a complete stop, you just rolled through."

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize that. I didn't mean to do that, if I did."

I could hear the anger in their voices, they were really pissed and mean to me for some reason. I couldn't figure it out. Okay, I ran a stop sign, why are you harassing me like this? I mean they kept talking to me, standing on either side of me like they were about to tackle me or something. I mean they were being really overbearing.

"Let me see your driver's license."

"Um, it's in the house. My boss doesn't let me wear my chain wallet at work. I can get it for you."

"No, just tell me your name."

I did everything they asked and was very polite.

The bigger one started writing tickets. One hundred and fifty dollars for running the stop sign. Twenty-five dollars for not wearing my seat belt. Twenty-five dollars for not having my driver's license in my possession. You have twenty-one days to pay these.

They called my name in on the radio to check for warrants.

I looked down at their tall, polished, black leather boots. Their neat, flamboyant uniforms remind me of Nazis.

Their computer was down at the station. We waited for a long time to hear back on whether or not I have warrants. They asked me if I had any and I said no.

I started to tremble a bit. I hope I don't have warrants. I can't think of any reason why I would but in the past few years every time I came into contact with police, they've taken me to jail.

I'm looking at their sunglasses, thinking, why are you being such pricks to me? Talking down to me? What gives you the right? What gives you the right to have any authority over me? Were you born with it? Is it a god given right? This world is as much mine as yours. You shouldn't have the right to tell me what to do.

"Can i smoke a cigarette?" I figured I better have once last smoke before they take me to jail.

"Sure."

Finally.

"Looks like you get a freebie. The computers are down. You're free to go."

A freebie? That's kind of like an assumption that I'm guilty of something and getting away with it.

"Okay." I turn to walk into my apartment.

They get on their bikes to ride away.

"Wait." They both stop, listening to their head gear radios.

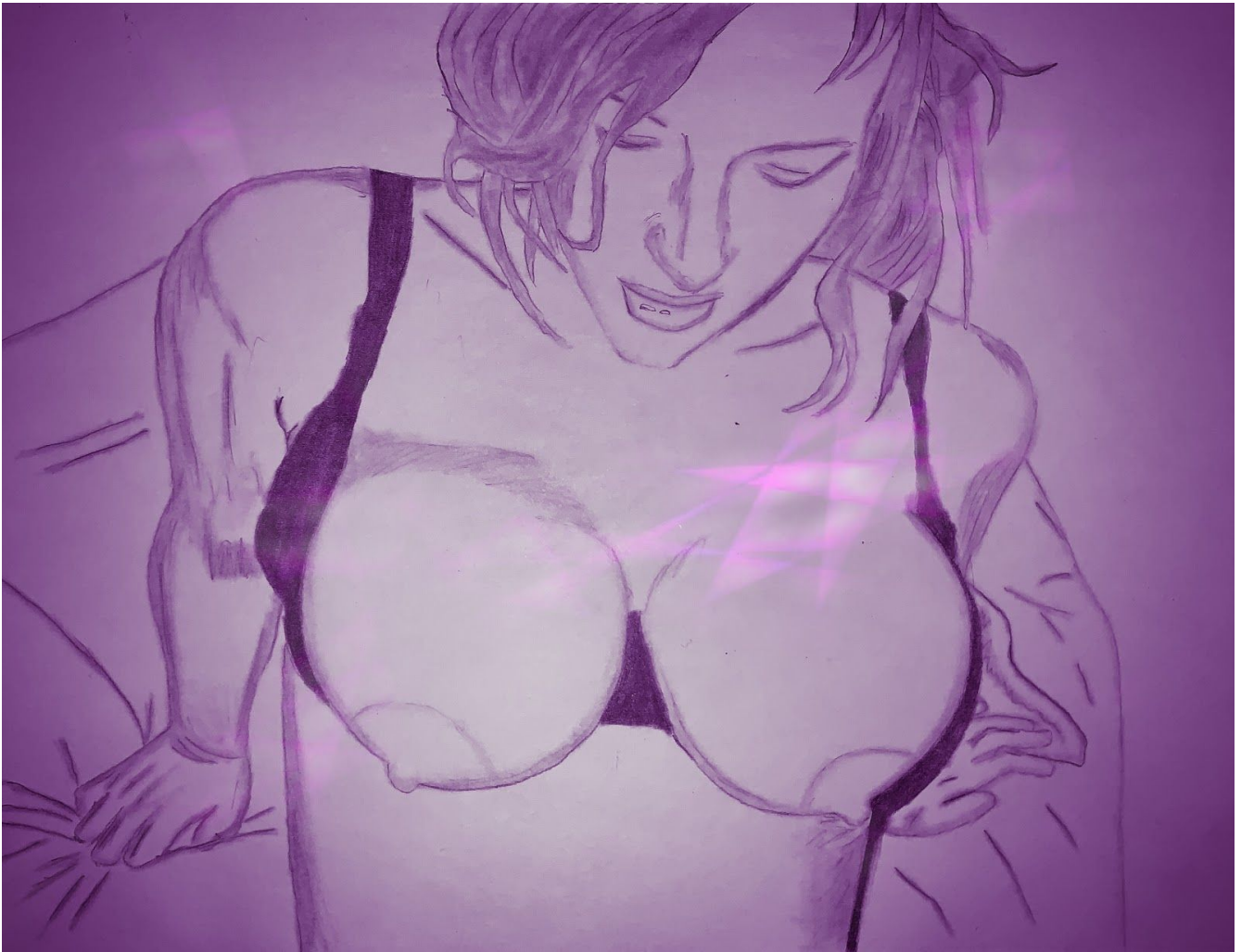
Fuck.

Here we go.

Back to jail.

"Okay. You're all clear. Have a nice day."

"Uh, yeah, you too."



Dang Me

Monday, August 17, 2009

Heartache and three days of sleep deprivation. Wired and restless. This is it, baby, this is it. Right here, right now, where it hurts. This is how it feels to be alive and yes, it's true, if you look in my eyes long enough you will see the devil.

Thy will be done becuz I'm just a man. Thy will be done, guide my hand. Make me an instrument of peace and justice.

The saint looks down at his shadow. Or am I the shadow looking up at me?

And I do. I feel so alive. Bursting, overflowing with energy and pain.

Dang me, dang me, they oughta take a rope and hang me!

Ha ha!



Mama's Don't Let Yer Babies Grow Up To Be Magi

Posted by Nathan Neuharth on Friday, July 10, 2009

My ever growing, morphing paradigm takes me places not of my choosing. I simply need to sit back and enjoy the ride.

Now my god is Ahura Mazda but this god goes by many names. All other gods are manifestations of this god. The universe, the multiverse, creation. A manifestation of this god. Saint Natas, a manifestation of this god. *The Kybalion* calls it the ALL. Did I spell *Kybalion* right? Can't remember.

Ain and Ain Soph, manifestations of Ahura Mazda. Absolute no thing. Absolute nothing. Absolute everything. Absolute everything, absolute all must contain absolutely everything, absolute all, so it contains absolute nothing and no thing.

What does this mean? I'm just thinking out loud.

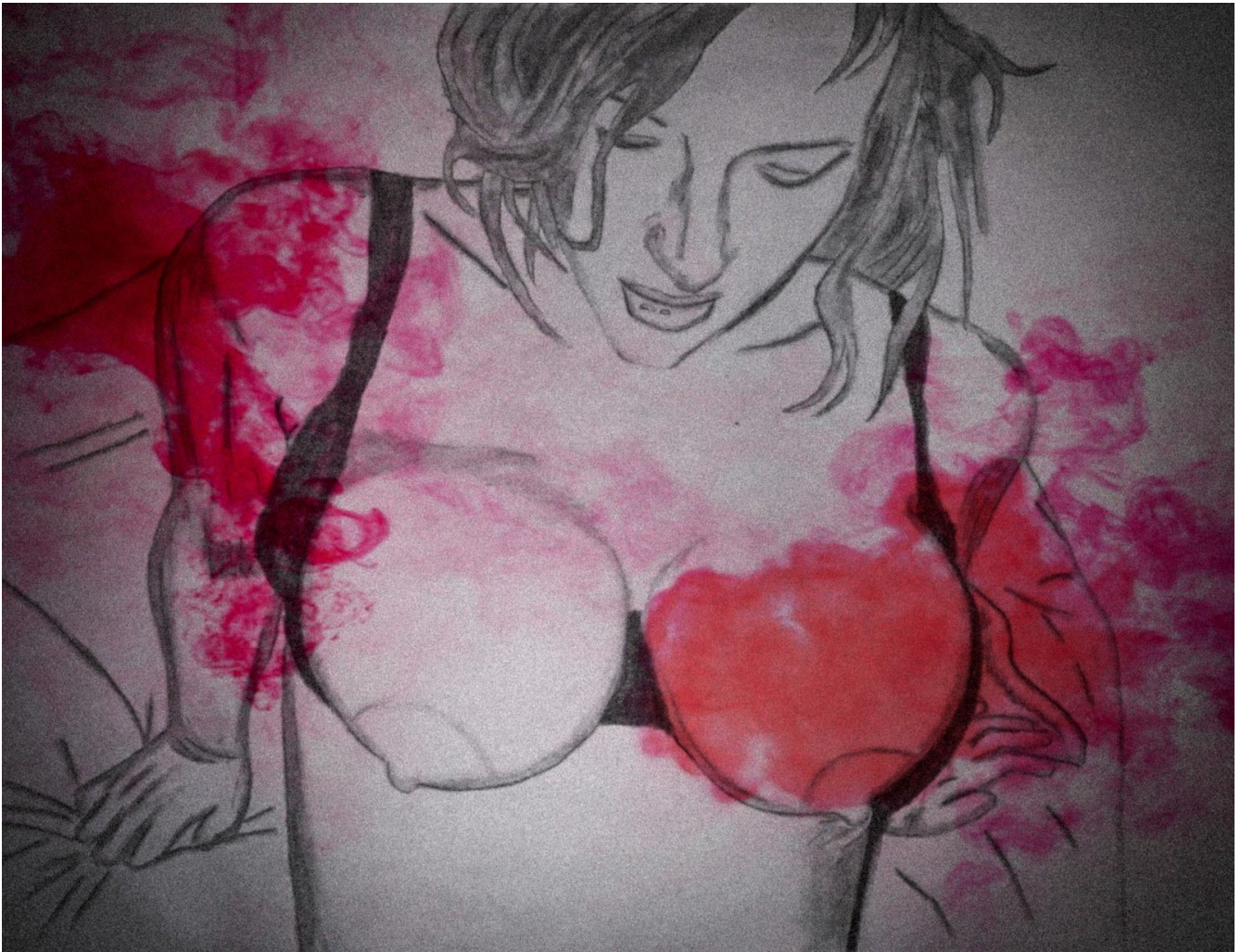


What Happened Last Night

Saturday, June 27, 2009

I've had this strange feeling take me over the past month or more. It's hard to explain and I'm reluctant to mention it for fear it might go away. It's this feeling like my life is not my life anymore. If that makes any sense. That no matter what I plan to do, these things will not happen. That I have absolutely no control. That I just have to go the direction life is taking me and I have no idea what direction this is. When I fight against it everything goes wrong. Something deep inside me has changed. I can't explain it, but it's a beautiful thing. I'm just going to keep going. Let myself be swept in this current. This zeitgeist. I'm going to go wherever this road is taking me.

It's not something extraordinary. It's ordinary. Anyone can do it. Experience it. It excites me.



Monday, June 22, 2009

Hi.

I'm Saint Natas and this is me.

Anyways, yeh, punk as fuck, power to the flower, and all that jive.