

[ORACULARITY \[KNOCK KNOCK\] - dog days are over](#)

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*in the distance i hear a knocking and it does not make me cower like my mother's knuckleknocks it cradles the internality of my forehead and sparks, catalyzes its inner uncrucifying from the body it held onto so tight for so long so for many centuries, the way the light glints at its own reflection it glistens and gleams into god's last dream dissolved onto the mouths of his disciples during his last supper, supper is just a synonym for "rite of passage for slumber" and so in the thesaurus of my mind, my every stomached meal becomes a ritual becomes the inversion of sacramented eucharist and my every ancestor awakens from the grave of my innermind mausoleum and they chant in harmonies stacked like summits birthing other mountains on top of themselves and in this way i am reborn like i always am, everyday this ceremony blesses my skin with the alive of my pulse and i tap my wrists in awe at their organic machinery and how my breath is the summary of my well-being and how many bodies have died in the name of unjust sacrilege and how the priest never forgives sinners within the depths of his lockboxed chest and isn't lockbox just a man's way of imprisoning what he knows can set fire to his skyscrapers, like his sky suddenly scraping itself into the multiplicity of a black hole's singularity until his ego crumbles back into the stardust that birthed it like how a mother could unbirth their child at any moment but does not and thus the undoing becomes the holy and thus i am undone until i am nothing but a ball of light floating incandescent in the hands of God, telling my father that God had something special in mind when he decided to emerge me from the shadows of what should have never been born, my mother's birth canal was too narrow, my cranium too large, to this day i've had to constantly allow ancestral and descendant energies to cradle me out from narrow birthcanals each time i'm reborn and this channeling and everything but a death and death is nothing but a vein collapsing into a root system, and i am every nothing that brought me here to breathe myself into existence until i resurrect every choir the preacher deemed too revolutionary too potent too earthquake and so i paint a self-portrait each time enough of my cells invert themselves into near-irrecognition and my cognition expands beyond the [tele-]scope of the previously impossible and possibility becomes but a crystalline sphere within my grasp and i sigh at how closed eyes could channel a river through their forehead as well, all they have to do is sit in a field of bullets and neuron and bone and blood [and clay] and metal and fire and webs and mirrors and kaleidoscopes and **listen** and listen and listen listen listen listen listen listen listen listen listen listen*

listen listen

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