

A collage of images with a red tint. At the top, a person's face is partially visible. Below it, a newspaper clipping features the name 'Manuel Tortugu' and other text. In the center, a lit candle sits on a wooden surface. To the left, a sign with the text 'THE ATOM IN YOUR BODY IS NOT YOURS' is visible. The overall composition is layered and textured.

my
corporeal
life
cybele
d.
reverie

trouble in paris

take my hand and join me
in a night of frenzied celebration -
from an effusion of dreams,
a riot of color & form
a riot of light & lust
a riot of inversion & perversion -
a riot of passion so fervent
that we part these dark clouds
and turn this world upside down
and rearrange the stars above
with nothing but our boundless will & love.

perfect symmetry

our eros is a wild berserking chimera amok
jumping fences, running red lights, trespassing the
pond
from stray sparks to ignition
brewing a storm of volition
where lightning strikes upwards to the heavens &
beyond
symmetry so perfect we spawn a black hole with
our fuck.

reflective sights & afield delights

yesterday i found a tiny magic door
in an alley i'd never seen before.
where it led, i did not know,
but something inside compelled me to go.
i shrunk my form and crawled inside,
and in that moment, i had died.
my sensorium was set ablaze
with a fiery teal, a dancing haze.
free from corporeal form, i sang
a lurid bark, a sonic fang
piercing forms i'd taken for granted
gutting them, my psyche slanted.
then, in a vibrant floral aesthesis,
i plunged into an ocean of kisses
sanguine and syrupy, perverting shapes
with their velvet tongues caressing my face.
through their work, they reduced the entropic
in a dance of patterns kaleidoscopic.
the smooches showed me a thousand seasons
i'd been blind to by the veil of reason.
below the sea, i descended up
to find the truth which filled my teacup.
what was that spectacle which edified my soul,
electrifying me with sights, and sounds, and
smells, and tastes, and feels, and senses i knew
not i'd possessed, engulfing my anima with more
light than it could hold?
a heap of matter which drew me nearer -
a frameless, boundless, fractured mirror.

turtle power

is anger genesis or sinking?
is loyalty approval or life-giving?
is that voice of ire really moving?
when seething, is that hope or coping?
two images of revenge confusing
in this noncommittal tension, are you losing?
i know the sky is black and snowing
i know this avalanche is never slowing
i know you're so sick of waiting
and the stasis devastating
but these embers need your protecting
the thread of grieving's always weaving
your patience is anathema to dying
it's okay to take solace in your trying
holding on is more than just surviving.
your touch is so electrifying
you're the water into soil soaking
take a step back, it's amusing -
this wayward life for our unfolding.
with all this stress and pain that's shocking
and your nervous system exploding
your crippling fear of ever slowing
take a breath that's deep
gaze at this arresting beast
savor every tear you weep
and put trust in your vital way of knowing
slow and steady wins the race of growing
the pulse of life is ever-flowing
and your hands are built for sowing.

flight of the moths

our sparks ascended the green mountain
following the path of life,
gazing at a torrid flame atop the earthly hill,
converging in a dance of queer desire.
under a riotous moon, full as each soul,
we crashed into each other
provoking a disturbance in the skies
in a collapse of lust,
an explosion of joy,
an exploration of what it means
to be free.

i heard rain and tears hitting polyester
in arms of comfort and affinity -
an effusion of emotion
bearing the lacerations
of a fucked up civilization
in unity unmaking isolation.
i was falling apart
but then we fell together,
our defiant headlamps finding footholds
out of this rank and dismal trench
hands linked tightly, climbing, climbing up.

camping in the semblance of a world to come,
lost in lunacy, our forms interlaced
in an electric impulse of passion -
an erotic concussion
exchanging spit and light,

revitalizing each spirit to fight
in the gloom of the overcast night.
this avian affair arousing ardor,
this eruption of enamor
will change life as life changes it,
destinations diverged
but particles surely now entangled -
and these kindred moths
will fly away doggedly
towards the dawn.

let's relate

while your cells have firm walls
and mine are soft and squishy,
where you stay firmly rooted
and i can dance around,
we're kin of the same mother
in our branch of the Tree;
arborous blood flows through us
purring in harmony.

the precursor of volition
lie elaborated in us both
in forms well divergent,
but unified in spirit -
eating, growing,
being, willing,
seeking, meaning,
relating,
respirating,
recreating,
converging with infinity.

and i know that you can't hear me,
but i hope to make you feel it.
so when i'm in your company,
to myself i shall recite this.

follow the music

found myself lost again
in the dark wood, without a light.
stumbling blindly without direction,
i remembered it
'follow the music,' she said,
so i cast away my sight
and my doubt
and listened for the universal impulse of life.
i was drawn in by an alluring melody,
muffled at first, but then
i heard the voices of comrades enraptured in song,
bathing in the psychic fountain of lust
around a sacred fire
and i jumped in to join them
in an unfettered frenzy
and i found myself.

earthbinder

two lifeforms drew nearer
diversions, excursions of light, revelrous refractions
exploring an inkling of desire
reckless and relentless, revealing, elaborating
the reality of its essence.
beside and inside each other
the warm, carnal embrace sent cataclysmic shockwaves
channeling the strength of earth
shaking the bed, and the foundations of civilization.
the incendiary intercourse a grounded ascension
a vindication of life, a declaration of our autonomy,
a precious thing they can never take from us.
this affiliation of disentropic coherences took flight
elevating each soul as caustic sparks shot out,
reigniting the embers - a grave fire hazard
to all those who stand opposed to fun.
and as we gaze at each other now -
through dizzy dogbites, erotic exaltations,
through spit and cum communion, an aromatic fusion -
two animals mesmerized, eyes magnetized
we feel this lush plant's roots grow and grow
from an innocuous seed to a rapacious sundew
terrestrially bound, grasping up
towards the endless free skies -
an aimless, amorous, amaranthine adventure
of the sensory and psychic
charting lands unknown with passionate fervor,
abounding lust, stormy zugunruhe -
earthbinding in a rapturous kiss
unfolding the truth of desire.

ALL POWER TO ALL THE LIFEFORMS INHABITING THIS PLANET!! the General Assembly of the Kingdoms of Life has resolved in consensus that each government occupying our Home the Earth is illegitimate and henceforth shall coerce us no more. in every single city, town and village, every officer of the state brutally enforcing his edict is fired, effective immediately. the thrones of authority are to be vacated, reinstated once again with desire + all her claims. per the assembly's consensus, each gaudy mansion and corporate office building is now a free collective house for each weary soul on the streets; each vast golf course a community garden to be sown with a dazzling cornucopia of fruits and nuts, open for all who are hungry to harvest. all the leaders of the old order - the traitors to Life - the presidents, the ministers, the governors, the judges, the kings, the dictators, the bosses, the landlords - are relieved from their duty, all borders erased, and all palaces and buildings of government are from now until the End of Time dance halls for all the creatures who love and revel in this Earthly Life: every ladybug, every bird, every human, every flower, every blade of grass, every amoeba is now free to pursue their Truth and recreate their Being to its fullest extent in a Symbiotic Harmony of Worlds! FREEDOM!!!



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