

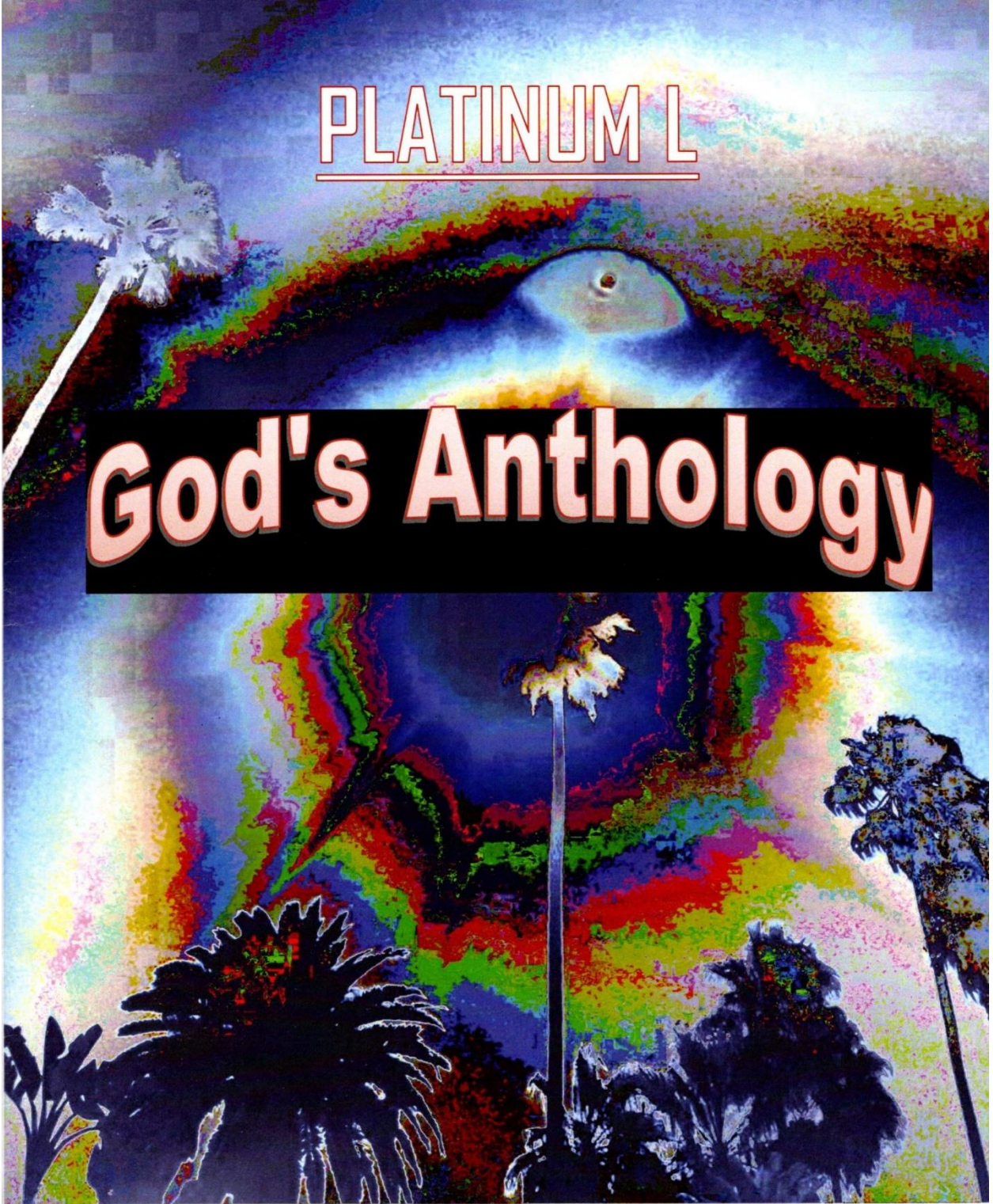


PLATINUM L

God's Anthology

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PLATINUM L

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Passage of a Day

The last album I did was "The Chronic"
and they wonder if I still got it
See these rap sisters get all up in your guts
Mint chocolate, cookie dough, chocolate chunk
And scooping from my ice cream truck
Powerpuff Girls
Cappuccino
Human after Barbara Kruger
a noisome t-shirt we made after Supreme
Do you call it Thanksgiving? I call it Thankstaking
Always take time to do what makes you happy
Neapolitan Sandwich
Quantum electrodynamics
runaway to me, opaque and hot, on a
specific ocean
Watch the world undulating waves,
pragmatic potion
Under a balmy November sky
I sang "American Pie"
Do we experience the flow of time?
Why Don't We Forget How to Ride a Bike?
Now I've been sane couldn't you tell
I threw red cups at the stars, but the whole sky
"Transmogrify" by Michael Massaia
I just go running and then go home and bake
Strawberry Shortcake

I have such high expectations, but then when we stop talking, I realize that my needs are so basic. Like can we go to the movies? Do you like to take pictures? Do you play cricket? You must

be a keeper.

Surreal Photos Of Melted Ice Cream Are A Beautiful Reminder Of Childhood

I am the demon cleaner. Brushing away melted marmalade ice cream cones on the blacktop
when I met you in the neighborhood.

Kintsugi

[[Intro: André 3000] Prototype by Outkast plays]

An Aeolian wind
blew the ground even with
positive intention
launched my scent "Integrity"
through the corporate vents
to represent equality
like osmotic salvation
a new creation & innovation
activism cataclysm of
white hegemony & the
way life used to be for
a unified humanity
let's stand in the cracks
& heal the fissures of humanity
God is making all things new
you are black gold
& I painted the vessel Kintsugi
don't point the finger
as to whodunit &
love is action
the palm trees lissome
in the Boreas, Zephyrus, Notus,

& Euros breeze
outlined the names of
Ahmaud Arbery, Sandra Bland, Tony McDade
Sunday, June Fourteenth

Palm Frond

[I'm the palm frond outside Henri Matisse's window] you love to look at (a lasting love affair) you sigh palm psalms. [the Phoenix canariensis (a type of palm tree) which would come to play a key role in his last complete series of paintings] that you encountered one night walking home from the Hollywood Blvd. under the neon glow of street lights. [seduced by the sound of an ice cream truck]singing(palm psalms), an apocalyptic angel lurked in the alleyway. You befriended her with black ice cream that day... (He had no plans, the weather was beautiful. A night swimmer. A man in Los Angeles. and He bought ice cream.) The angel said, "I'm a fan of these palms. I love the tall fan palm trees like ferris wheels in the sky"

[...]

(She has always lived on the beach in
apartment #7).

She was clothed in the sun with the moon under her feet. heaven. Stars in her eyes

(They are the brightest gold)

From her mouth, she blew bubbles. You went to church together on Palm Sunday. (Sang palm psalms) I love your palm fronds. Why are Palm Trees Beautiful? [I'm the palm frond outside Henri Matisse's window] "Ahhh palm trees... So beautiful & calming! You remind me of my best summer memories. I wish to hug you when no one is watching. You're everywhere...

Hollywood vacation forever. Like ferris wheels in the sky to me." (palm psalms) (what's the good news?) Palm trees rise from the grave at

Hollywood Forever Cemetery

[Palm tree silhouette on the beach at sunset.]

For whatever we lose (like you or me), It's always ourselves by Jesus we find washed clean
in the sea

A Glog

I'm kind of buzzed and it's all because I read a Rachel Rabbit White poem and thought I can't
compete, why ever write a poem ever again
Unless I go straight with academic knowledge
Amber necklace

Perfect by Smashing Pumpkins.jpeg

Prohibition of any kind is an opportunity to make money outside the law

As I drink warm White Claws ruby grapefruit Dr. Zhivago with the snow

I'm in the booth this weekend
[Read TRUISMS (1978-1983)
JENNY HOLZER]
Jenny Holzer's amber gaze

I feel that prohibition
provides porn, parties, and stovetop popcorn to sell poetry's ego
Check out my gravel pit a secret from my 31st chamber why can't a Cancerian man ask me to
Deep Dive

A speakeasy check out my gravel pit in the souf west of Seattle
Close to where you can gamble and bowl and roller skate and it's always a Quentin Tarantino
film where you practice your Khmer while wearing Karl Kani

I feel that prohibition provides the best poetry parties on the west side near the ocean good
feeling times in feeling tones of blue
Scorpios are unbreakable and I'm 108 years old
It's a life of hedonism I'm your woman
Amber entombed insects

I feel that prohibition provides a great framework to reflect on Noriega in Panama
A great framework for understanding gun control - is if we try to create a sober society and the
federal government that firearms racketeering
will increase netball
Amber sands

I'm your man
And I don't want your apple pie
Girl you're my soulmate

Pope. L

I'm buzzing because

My Margiela box is filled with rubber bands

My Louboutin box is filled with rubber bands

In college, I had my religious radio station called "Jesus In Song Etc. Etc." After Wilco, where I
talked about religious references in art and music. A lot of Lauryn Hill. Alex Chilton. Leonard
Cohen and Scientology. I got fan mail from the Walla Walla Prison. Go ask Alice when she's
chasing rabbits.

Pro-Tools sponsored my life

Line 23: add a salient point here

A Cordiform Billet-Doux of Justice on Valentine's Day

I am a Southern Sizzurp Pen #7

There is an infinite purple inkwell high above her seashells like Orson Welles

She writes social critiques of models, fashion bloggers,
and designers on Instagram

She is so tired of their lack of an

environmental ethic

A tropical angelic brand treads a fine line between Tommy Bahama and Roxy Quiksilver, but Tommy Bahama is better because they have a sustainability plan

Tom Ford at least donated a million dollars to plastics research and designed a watch. I'm willing to give him a pass in my prophetic retribution list

There is a German model that I would describe as jinn Aéropostale her tombstone would read from the top: adulteress, stupid, needs a lot of attention, knows that she models sweatshop unsustainable clothing, but she doesn't care because she's greedy. However, she takes nice iPhone photos. Her legacy is a veneer of beauty, adultery, stupid bitch, dated Brad Pitt, whose promotion of unsustainable fashion steals from my children, my beautiful summers, our present lush green Earth, steals from her son's future, my farm animal's future, and once again contributes to ruining my favorite season: summer. When I look at her Instagram, I objectively think, she's pretty, she looks older than me, knows her garments are unethical, she's unconscious, she's greedy, she knows, but she doesn't care. Another average consciousness shortchanging the planet, stealing from Princess Sommartid's summers. With every post, she contributes seven times the number of storms to posterity and billowing smoke to my favorite season: summer

My basalt tombstone epoch of the ages will say - good and faithful one. Christian. A good and faithful servant of God and Jesus. Additionally, lyrics from

the song "The Tide" by the Peter Furler Fan Club from the album "Step Up To The Microphone".

The fashion industry is the fourth most polluting industry in the world. Christians are stewards of the Earth. I'm confident that this no good, 5'10" German female will switch to modeling Green Eileen, sustainable ethical clothing lines of being well aware, perhaps hoping that no one will call her out on her child-like stupidity. Her jinn Aéropostale greedy negligence and stealing from my present and future, my beautiful summers, her son's present, and future.

And at the top of her tombstone will read adulteress.

Dumb bitch, needs a lot of attention, and is greedy.

We hope that the l'uomo with the gothic font will stop being so insecure, grow a spine, convert to Christianity, write a sustainability plan, appeal to a larger customer base than children,

Macy's men's department because this is poetry that I bubble to like Cam'ron. I am a prophet, a female Diplomat, and rent is due not only on the first of the month but every day for your extreme overconsumption. I know that you cry in a Ferrari and enjoy being as bad as you wanna be after Dennis Rodman. However, Dennis Rodman declared in the 1990s with PETA that he abhors animal cruelty with his campaign "Think Ink, Not Mink"

Christianity is a worry-free and judgment-free religion with the Ten Commandments. Adultery is one of the major sins. And with my brackish salty Scorpio jurisprudence, I write a cordiform critique of two that I see. A billet-doux of ether after Nas for free. I, with a cluck of my tongue, bring down my lollipop gavel and declare that justice is served. This is recreational Christian Scorpio mortuary services. I can clairvoyantly see into you and write your tombstone. You are welcome for my divine intervention

Amen. And it was written

A Sincere Heart

Laura Palmer had a double life
She burst into nine gold carp
her lover's matzah on Passover

My Orphic red nails dry
My devotional red mascara

She loved to smoke weed, and created Stella McCartney "Peony"; a non-carcinogenic invention to get rich

Returning the aura of the author
In my room editing my book by hand

We Are All Healing correspondence
Eating from the Tree of Conscience

I do want "fior di latte"
I do want "the sweetness of nothing"

There she was like Twin Peaks cherry pie
Aries twilight on Monterosso al Mare beach and a burning palm tree whispers

My theophany: "©2049 PALM ANGELS PAINTING palm trees replaces the Nike swoosh"

Apollyon love
Genesis Disco

Dear Summer... "THEY LIVE"

Crunching the ice slinky cubes from a Diet Coke that I haven't shared with you like the poema
de amor by Frank O' Hara

A red coral necklace and a red opal ring commemorate the date when we both
landed on Earth

This verdant turf and nothing was the
same sinsyne

In the Golden Age, in my Fifth Dimension song where I belong, there are no implications of
global warming, just daiquiris, and swimming pools. Nothing is the same as New Age Instagram
cosmic medium Phil Good predicted. Nothing can come forward from 3D to 5D. I don't have the
same job, and I live in different geography. Nothing can pass through the COVID-19 eye of the
needle. With my Céline sunglasses, I brood
over the vapor of the day and separate day from night in the Genesis of a new life
She's starting back at the point of college graduation in Eastern, WA as if she planned it and she
has accepted her calling in

Christian healing poetry
a calling revealed to her by demons reading a message from the Holy Spirit on her skull cap
and a psychic
All she needs now is a Kevin Shields to yield tremolo guitar textures sheets of sound with her
poetry a coral necklace, an Opal Sea
“Just Kids”, but she’s a Christian so she avoided sexual exploitation and any Robert
Mapplethorpe characters. She was a part of a creative improvised music scene and
documented DIY house shows photographically. And she has passed through the eye of the
needle and 40 days and 40 nights in the desert tempted by Satan. To be free in carapace Céline
sunglasses made in

Italy, her name is the same numerical value as Italy in Gematria. All roads lead to Rome. She
lowers her sunglasses and chews bubble gum. The billboard above her reads “THEY LIVE”

Crystal Hot Sauce

Crystal Hot Sauce caught in a cold mood (ICY)
Comó me duele I hate to lose
I’ve clearly dropped below the frequency of gratitude
Purple Tape feeling some type of way
Violet haze been the most amazing things in my heart
I’m a shark,
I’ll bite ‘em before you shine on ‘em
I despise moodiness
I go fishing
surfing the inner webs
Scorpios
stay funky fresh 36 chambers above my heart
36 chasms concealing Wisdom Body art
“I know but i still can't tell you. It's just, just a secret,
Everybody has secrets, don't you have secrets?”

Phantom Criminal threw a birthday party in a Phantom
Live every day like it's your birthday
new whips, new chips, new whips, new whips, boo buy yourself a gift
ice cream chocolate chips
you can do it, now get to it
Ask your future self how she did it ¡Yeah, huh! ¡Woo, yeah!

I'm not nice, I'm not you, you've caught me in a cold mood

Now I'm above it. Sunshine, rainbows, & lemons. heaven

Straight up You've tuned into The Infamous:
Platinum L, Boneslice,
A.K.A Smilin' Destroyer
A.K.A Phantom Criminal
A.K.A. Lauren Legit
A.K.A Chanel No. 1 (BLESS UP!!!)

Up High

My third eye blinks blue
Up high
blue flowers & carats
your blue ring sighs
Bicycle Santorini
I keep hoping that you will come back to me
When I went inside this glass terrarium - stained glass - all the same, leaded pieces like a lamp a
gorgeous green shone through
Blue rhapsody wrapping around me
like a powder blue mink coat
blue neon
I want the flowers

I want the sun
I want the warmth
I want the rays
from the aqua water

to give all of yourself to only receive halves
in return

Dancing on the Dank Side of the Moon

Astroworld meets the Matrix
Red pill or blue pill?
Standing in the aphelion of
July's Full Buck moon lunar eclipse

Pay attention to what excites
and binds you in the
NASA dew droplets
that tend to accumulate
at the tips of spindly crystals
that have yet to be tuned
sung a million miles from Earth
travel to California

Love is sincere, hate evil
love is a sweet rain
in the dog days of summer

Soldier of Love Hallucinations

Hierophanies on the street corner
A real Columbian hallucination
A manifestation of the sacred
A trident
A trinity
A Bogatá frescos
A plein air painting assemblage
A found art collection
An Orphic lick
Yale lock
Hit Juice
Frutas tropicales
the punch-drunk love life
of the party
If we stood on a street corner,
we would convert more
Rum spirits y

(Not done, don't judge me! (Al estilo de Kendrick Lamar) de la canción GOD.)

Meredith Monk W.I.I.F.M.?

It's how she takes care of herself

That makes her so tasty and it will never change: I live and breathe God so

I experiment vocally

I try to make God look good

That's why I'm a red jaguar philosopher on the Mayan Calendar code for healer

Archetype in the Seattle community

Self-care so chill and let my Father do his job

Golden Era dream weaver who lives inside

Extending mercies in that I have so much

I am a grocery store

Interview with a vampire

Walks along Fauntleroy St. South West along Lincoln Park

The full moon and clear skies

she wishes this crisp atmosphere could last forever

She sings "If I ever survive to process post-partum demonic possession I might like to spend some more time with you", after Phoenix "If I Ever Feel Better"

She considers the Dandy Warhol's "Bohemian Like You" as Vampire Like Me, Jack Kerouac Like Me, I could put you onto some vegan food, they Howl at the moon as Allen Ginsberg "Howl" they wish they were a beat poet like me, but the moon doesn't howl back

Republicans have given bohemians a bad name; they love our culture, but pressure us to become rich. 1 Timothy states that the root of many evils is money. Vampire like me, bohemian like me, Patti Smith like me, Jack Kerouac like me, they love our beat poetry, but Republicans give "bohemians" a bad name ostracize

She used to be able to be blazed in the club but now if she ever feels better after she makes it to post-partum demonic possession therapy, she might like to spend some more time with you. After she goes to post-partum demonic possession therapy and gives birth to a new poetry book. Improve and write till I die. No matter how bad your day has gone, the Pen will make you feel better

Martyrs

Sacrifice singing experimental for truth

Pasta dish intuitive

The Bela Lugosi

Bismillah, bismillah, bismillah