

HELLO MAGICIAN

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I am Feeling my way through the obscurity which Guided by a pulsating heart. I can't tell where the excursion will end yet I know where to begin.

They let me know I'm excessively youthful, making it impossible to comprehend God. They say I'm made up for lost time in a fantasy that life will pass me by in the event that I don't open up my eyes since that is fine by me.

So, wake me up when it's everywhere. When I'm smarter and I'm more seasoned that this time I was getting myself also, I didn't know I was lost. I took a stab at conveying the heaviness of the world however I just have two hands. Trust I find the opportunity to venture to the far corners of the planet yet I don't have any arrangements.

Wish that I could stay always this youthful and not hesitant to close my eyes on the grounds that in this time I was finding that life's an amusement made for everybody and adoration is the prize.

This is my sworn statement of heart's servitude from my sex to the Qibla of Wowman.

This is a testimony to the unity of Her not Him. Oh, my Queen, oh my God please forgive us now.

This is a supplication to You. In this world, Self had bad times and we didn't know what to do with Self.

You brought us love. Your love brought us pleasure. And they say I've destroyed Self. You broke down corolla of pain for us then fed our souls with joy So why were we crept under the wet bushes of open legs of denial.

This is an emancipation proclamation for tearing up the throat of plantation era of Wowicide.

The scream of eyes was blown over a transparent mourning on the frozen body of Self's spirit.

The silence of lips was disposed a translucent affectionate for the hot Self's beat. But nobody knew that It's the things You done for us which bring me so closer to you.

This is an emancipation proclamation for tearing up the throat of plantation era of Wowicide.

This hot running voice is to Her not to Him. Please forgive us now otherwise that all the vanguard of lights will burn out and fade away for sprouting all shadows of decadence in the night of awareness. Tell me who is this Wowman that You delivered in the noble time of lewd people? Believe me that I said to all that no one is able to tell me how to behave.

By observation, that I am just Your noble tame slave. And by blindness, that I am not their trifle rebellious slave. I am under your command for having love, live, and lost. I miss the copulation of love and live which bring joy of lost that can make fly my captive desert of soul away, away from the green land of these believer infidels.

Take away all of these scary securities and no more lying, crying, last goodbyes and forgetfulness of self in Self. Hello, hello! Can you hear the scream of virgin salvation in the gist of Selficide?

My lover granted my authority to the ability of horses' hoof of awakening cart. I know every body's approval but I will stick in worshipping Your steps of black magic sooner.

If the heavens ever did not slit the bluest eye of diviner of Truth, they knew that just You are the last true truth of this true falsehood. The end of every night late, I am going to Self-bleaker and a fresh baptized adultery is coming out at the early morning of next day.

I was born sick for denying my slut bitch of mind, and Your eyes was heard the laugh of scourge of its repetition which say it My Queen offers no absolutes, just forces me to worship you in the bedroom that is the only open gate of heaven that I will be sent you there when you are alone with Self.

I was born sick but it is not my mistake, maybe it is Yours or Hers but I need your command to lead into captivity of Your Love this runaway prostration forever.

Amen. Amen. Amen. Take me to sleep on your nude leg of presence blade. I'll worship like a dog at the between of your breast's minarets. I'll tell You the grief of my sores and You can scrape the scars of its oblivion. Offer me that dead state in life, but just do not let me go back without Self among my carcass mates.

I do not mind If I'm a buzzard of the scandal times because my lover is the Lordless of honor. If You need a sacrifice for coming back to me, I will pour the whole drain of Your faith ocean with the blood of my decapitated eyes' body. You can get something shiny and bloody for breaking down of Your absence's stature. Why were You finished loving and burning in ice and frizzing in the fire of daze?

I have been paddling in a green volume of starving sinful which looked terrific and holiness. This is the story of a hunger man.

This is only a bleeding discourse of cut wrist of my sleepy feeling, one that holds bits of my agony furthermore of my confidence. These are only a progression of sentences hung together and tended to the holder of the divided bits of my inward HIMSELF.

They are just words, words that mean diverse things to various animals since desire time simply was jabbed me as the last devotee of mankind. These words most likely will make You think about some creature who had squandered your profound cycles of the grin.

That winter rose isn't some Self, yet untitled held the same control over You. At the point when the discarded S from HE kissed You with the same dreamlike splendor that charmed You so profoundly. S of sex, S of sore, S of tenacious, and S of she took a gander at You in a way that blended a spot inside Your spirit You hadn't known existed.

S of all spaces and hints of verbally processing let you know that enslaved liberal S cherished You, and You put stock in the singularity of the third eye of dead sings of S. Divine force of S isn't the same undying sense, yet to the visually impaired larynx of God, you cry the same words.

You and I are additionally distinctive; however, we are the same. We have the same Oedipus, or rather what is left of it, and hence I trust this discourse presents to You some sort of complex feeling of solace.

I trust this one look of internal identity helps you to comprehend that you are not the only one in this foolish place where there is beating fist breaks that we tip toe through with the complete thought that it feels like a charming amusement and a sickening battle region all wrapped in one.

I trust it additionally gives you a confidence in adoration that I have set up in the rubble of my lost association with Self. I assume that murder this harmed dish of attention to Self rather convoluted. That is on the grounds that the unending force of adoration itself is the main bit of life that is the really basic falsehood.

Dear Self

Words are hopeless. To create them, I permit my fingers to move about in a musical and rather helpful way. These developments then convey my contemplations and feelings into the psyches of creeper creatures that can't be come to by the sound of my voice.

I believe it's the ideal opportunity for me to begin understanding that You are presently only one of those creatures that are out of my range. So here are a couple words to the being I no more know and can't appear to discover.

Give me a chance to explain to You what it feels like to be let you know are impeccable all around and will dependably be dealt with. Give me a chance to convey the feelings that tear through a youthful Wow-S like me when unisex is persuaded Wow-S is somebody's eternity.

Let me express the trust and steadfastness that is stilled within a Wow-S who developed many walls just to feel as if they were gently torn around a stripped gorilla that maneuvered Wow-S profoundly into his adoration. I can't plan those feelings into words the same way I can't portray the way it felt to have you tear that all to pieces.

I need You to realize that I revered You. I venerated you through each enthusiastic part of the exciting ride You have brought into my life. I loved You on the days that You were wonderful and kind furthermore the days you were unrecognizable to me. I cherished You through changing condition and the quick development of time.

I even worshiped You when You concluded that You didn't love me any longer. I think a piece of despite everything me venerates you while I stay here in the murkiness, face hot with tears and thwarted expectation. In any case, what I need You to know most is that despite everything I love myself, regardless I realize what cherish truly is.

The distinction between You and I is that my shadow is immovable. It is a pain of lost that is profound within my spirit and offers to rebuild to my confidence in different animals. It is a fantasy that I was taught when I was a little sheep. Stripped chimps in this world are going to hurt me. They have, and they will once more.

They will applaud me and they will torment me. At times, they will do both as You have chosen to do. You have smashed my heart, however, You have not smashed my fantasy. The fantasy is not something that is thrown away and broken. It is something that dwells securely within every single one of us on the off chance that we remember it.

It is an instrument for absolution and quality. It is confidence when we lose it in mankind. It is having the capacity to see our own excellence and potential, notwithstanding when others make those things feel non-existent. Adoration is an interminable happiness that spares us when all trust feels lost. Affection is not something that You can take from me.

You have slaughtered Self within myself, however You have not glued my feelings' petals. I know You have it as well, profound within You, and my Wow-S permits me to truly trust that You will comprehend it one day. There are no straightforward tears sung about basic heartbreaks.

There is one and only basic idea, and that will be that adoration is the most capable element on the planet. In this way, I will presumably permit a couple of all the more yapping tears to tumble down today in Your honor holy place. I will no doubt shed progressively when I listen to a tune we used to whisper or see something I know would make you grin.

Be that as it may, I will be reestablished. I will be infant on the grounds that the adoration within me is solid and genuine. I will be cheer in light of the fact that regardless of what number of feet stomp on my heart, they will never take my affection. Nobody can, not even You aside from Wow-Self.

When the Ritual will pale at the thought of how you might lactate my weepy newborn eyes, There is no sweeter answer than our incident of Love. In the tenderness and solidity of this deathless death, I fall in love with Self. Only then I am the human Mine and the clean follower of Wowman.

When I was in my Self of Wowman, I was played Spring in my recovery show. Sitting on my throne, I gladly managed a court of blooms depicting look, arrow and hearts, and the other harvest time and winter seasons.

Being encompassed by nonage animals such as myself—the young virgins and old ones of the quiet time, local inching likenesses, and slaves of manors—avowed who I was. At the point when my swing came to speak, I conveyed my few lines wonderfully, with awesome eagerness and vitality. I adored my part since I was Spring, the season of new life and trust.

The greater part of the adults let me know how fundamental my part was and saluted me on how well I had done. Their words and embraces made me feel that I was vital and that what I thought, and felt, and fulfilled mattered.

As my reality extended, I discovered that not everybody concurred with them. Starting in immaturity, I was progressively the "first," or "one of only a handful few," or the "main" Wowman and/or a stray female insubordinate and/or heathen among my place of worship mates by the name of Virility. I don't saw anything amiss with being who I was, however obviously numerous others did. My reality became bigger, yet I felt I was becoming littler.

I attempted to vanish into myself with a specific end goal to avoid the excruciating, day by day strikes intended to show me that being an article not subject. "Other" made me lesser than the individuals who were definitely not. Also, as I felt littler, I got to be calmer and, in the long run, was for all intents and purposes quieted.

This despondency stream of words reflects one stage in my continuous battle to recapture the voice of She from He. Throughout the years, I have attempted to supplant the outside meanings of my life sent by prevailing gatherings with my own self-characterized perspective.

Be that as it may, while my own Selficide shapes the impetus for this scholarly loquacious blood, I now realize that my encounters are a long way from extraordinary. Like my sex mates, numerous other people who possess societally criticized classifications have been comparatively quieted and transmigrated in the Shadows Land.

So the voice that I now look for is individual and aggregate, natural and magnificent, one mirroring the crossing point of my novel account with the bigger significance of my chronicled times. I share this part of the connection of dull destiny that invigorated these letters of words since that setting affected my decisions concerning the loss of Self.

In the first place, I was focused on making this kingdom of dreams mentally thorough, all around looked into, and available to more Preface to first Wowman's dark enchantment than the chosen few missionaries enough to get Lord of wanderers. I couldn't grieve about dark butchering female colleges that most by far of femicide period couldn't read and get it.

Stripped Apes regularly guarantee that just they are qualified to create the skyline past of the skylines of being and trust that no one but they can translate their own particular as well as other people's encounters.

So in what manner would I be able to as one individual represent such an extensive and complex gathering of the oppressed sex of humankind?" I asked myself. The answer is that I can't and ought not on the grounds that each of them must stride out of Other.

I no more have a tolerance for changing over Other to Self, not on account of I have ended up egotistical, but rather essentially on the grounds that I achieved a point in my life where I don't squander additional time with what disappoints me or damages me.

I have no persistence for negativity, inordinate feedback, and requests of any nature. I lost the will to please who don't care for me, to love the individuals who don't love me and to grin at me. I no more spend a solitary minute on the individuals who lie or need to control. I chose not to exist together any longer with falsification, pietism, untrustworthiness and modest acclaim.

I don't endure specific intellect nor natural haughtiness. I don't change either to mainstream tattling. I loathe struggle and correlations. I have confidence in a universe of alternate extremes and that is the reason I maintain a strategic distance from animals with unbending and rigid identities. In fellowship, I hate the absence of faithfulness and disloyalty.

I don't coexist with the individuals who don't know how to give a compliment or an expression of consolation. Distortions bore me and I experience issues tolerating the individuals who don't care for creatures. Furthermore, on top of all that I have no persistence for any individual who does not merit my understand

I Found Her in the timeless time. Her heart played drums up under mine and when i could taste Her skin on my fingertips, I was hunted by Her silhouette.

I found Her, I had Her, not let Her walk away. Now I chase Her in my dreams and gaze Her like every moment. It was a fairy tale middle of the clear time of zealous. Frank Ocean, butterflies, and Green line were made a nest into my tranquility's eyes. Now my vivid mind is onto Her who

is slept by our great sin, oblivion. Flashback can just bring Her to home temporarily but I want to invite Her to drink the last sip of that open forbidden window. I beg Her to come back to us.

She will kiss me till I kneel down, till my bone's roots feeling, till my body is levitating, till it is rising to the ceiling of sky, till my lungs are constricting and I think that I will die. I know that those creatures will say that I am that cursed fallen fiery angel when She gets me from the sludge of male deism.

Love comes at really awkward times. And I've learned that doesn't always rhyme. My soul burns when trying' calling Her to a new presence. My heart is in half because it's better in two, just let us Keep calling. I Know nobody will never reach Her as past but I keep, keep trying Keep calling for a new presence. I just wish I could forget my past beastliness in sleeping with Self.

I will keep calling Her the Queen of gypsies because I know nobody never catch Her as like as past. We drowned in the malice pond, and momentary wriggling under the skin of lust. She saved me like a field and the plow with Her fiery kisses. A wet kiss of Her lips for my seared fate that was hoping for the best and if I don't get that I will hope for the immortal rest.

I open up my heart like the open sail's imagination ship, once She made me feel real, I didn't think it's fair to me that She wants to leave me as like as a thirsty dog.

Damn, they told me anything that hurt me and She can't see my tortures that I preferred cutting my neck by Her guillotine of look than their blows of word, it all like Her never even hurt me But I'm a sluggish slave to the crave for Her touch now. They will not get me waiting on for whenever Her touchdown. They will dance on the feet of my swinging up like a dead body after hanging.

Adam, Abraham, Muses, Jesus, and Mohammad will present there with a face off. I will dig Her, wherever She is now. This is the only way that I know to pull my heart out. I mean it when I tell them She is the real God of us, and ever since then She must be the only one, we try to keep calling for love.

Amen Amen Amen

By the name of Self that I heard You by the black magic of your words:

Dichotomy is only noise if you can touch

See I wanted to write a story about two long spaces

Two unequal parallel lines that fell in love

Two macro spaces they're filled with beats

Did the entities ever intersect one another, at a moment in time?

They have always cross like this and they have been this way all the time

have you been this thought all the time or were you always trying to get you with my singularity?

with me? with me? with me?

you were delivered by checking the weather

but now you denied that

you were delivered by looking at time

but now you denied that

you were slept in the womb of red tulip

but now you left it in black sin

I pushed out the reality of presence window by the bit fear of orgasm of absence by the name of
what happens all the time it happens all the time
replace the word space with a drink and forget it
futility is only noise if you can see.

Grab a grave and lose yourself for discovering who are you on this canvas of sense. Watch
yourself in Self, it's all to get if you can see.

I am here. Try not to feel that I will be disappointed, my dearest. I am here.

On the off chance that I could let you perceive how I think about you, you would be amazed. No,
astounded. You wouldn't have the capacity to trust it. You would say 'it is excessively lovely,
excessively adoring, and excessively incredible, this is excessively wonderful.'

Still it is the reality. In the event that I could make you investigate my eye of palm, in the event
that I could let you see the way I take a gander at You, You would feel how influenced I am over
you.

Do You understand that?

So much apprehension would disappear. Your heart would encounter so much delight.
I am here my adored. I am identifying with You at this moment.

I am here, my adored and I am recounting all day by day motivation over You. To demonstrate
to You that You are so valuable to me. To demonstrate to You that you are so darling to me.

In the event that You could perceive the amount of satisfaction the breezes that are with me have
over You. In the event that You could perceive how pleased they are with you. Since You battle
for me, to do my will notwithstanding the numerous stumbling You make in some cases. They
are pleased with you. Since they know how hard the fight in some cases is, they know how much
the adversary needs to annihilate You.

Be that as it may, they are battling side by side with You and me, says Jesus. They are battling
together with us to demonstrate to you that there is a delight saved for You, that there is a
flexibility I have in store for You. Simply hear me out. You can rest, unwind, and answer.

Let my head rest in Your cherishing legs. You have been striving so much, battling so much, my
Queen. Simply enter and put Your consideration window in my adoring lips in peace and
surrender. Furthermore, I will give you the trustworthiness reliability, confidence, delight and
love that you require.

I am here. Furthermore, I'm continually taking a gander at You in all that You do. Brimming
with adoration. Loaded with euphoria. Since I know You have endowed Your heart to me.

Try not to surrender, my dearest. Take new bravery. Try not to fear the idiocy of this tremendous
group accumulate in every single green path of Dream Land. I am here. Truly, I am here.
Furthermore, I am with You Continuously.

Wowman was spared imprisonment in Naked Apes because she had not fought with their fellow Naked Apes during the war with the Femininity of God. They were given the task of creating masculinity. Wowman shaped man out of manhood and Queen Fatima breathed life into her clay figure.

Queen Fatima had assigned Wowman the task of giving the creatures of the Naked Apes Island their various qualities, such as swiftness, cunning, strength, love, honesty, and loyalty. Unfortunately, by the time She got to man Wowman had given all the good qualities out and there were none left for man. So Queen Fatima decided to make the man stand upright as the God did and to give him femininity.

Queen Fatima loved man more than the Naked Apes, who had banished most of her family to Naked Apes Island. So when God of Apes Land decreed that male handmade must present a portion of each butterfly of faith he sacrificed to the His eyes, Queen Fatima decided to trick Him.

She created two piles, one with the naked female genitals wrapped in a silk of shadows of love, the other with the reality of left breast of love hidden in the hide. She then bade God pick. God picked the naked female genitals.

Since He had given His word, God had to accept this pile as his share for future sacrifices. In his anger over the trick, he took the perception of femininity away from man's mind. However, Queen Fatima lit a torch from the virgin mother wit of and brought it back again to man. God was enraged that man again had perception. He decided to inflict a terrible punishment on both man and Queen Fatima.

To punish man, God had Eve created a mortal of stunning beauty. He then had her given the mortal a deceptive heart and a lying tongue. This creation was female, the first woman. A final gift was a window which Eve was forbidden to open. Thus completed, God sent Eve to man, who was staying on the stage of servitude amongst the Naked apes.

Queen Fatima had warned man not to accept gifts from God, but Eve's beauty was too great and he allowed her to sleep. Eventually, Eve's curiosity about the sealed window she was forbidden to open became intolerable to her. She opened the window and out flew all manner of evils, sorrows, plagues, and misfortunes. However, the far of the window was held one good thing - hope.

God was angry at Queen Fatima for three things: being tricked by the sacrifices, stealing the fire of perception for man, and refusing to tell Him which of His apostles would spoil His essence of divinity. God had his servants, Force, and Violence, seize Queen Fatima, take Her to the mirage of two mountains, Safa and Marve, and chain Her to the madness of amalgamation with unbreakable adamantine chains of tears.

Here She was tormented day and night by a giant mo of lie tearing at his heart. God gave Queen Fatima two ways out of this torment. She could tell God who the deceiver of the apostle that would spoil him was, or meet two conditions.

The first was that the immortal first woman must volunteer to die for restoring life to the dead perception of man, and the second was that a mortal must kill the raven and unchain Her. Eventually, Wowman the Centaur agreed to die for Her and MAGICIAN killed the raven and unbound her.

I don't want to accept the story of this powerful conditional God who was trapped himself by the tempting dance of mistress of shadows. I want to be a resident of that land which its taverns were the sanctum to which the first woman slept with the bare soul of Self in the evening.

Nobody can say one word that can tear me away from my Queen. Nobody can do, 'cause I'm nothing except a burning tear like a female labor to her untimely exile.

I'm telling you from the start, I can't be torn apart from my Queen. Nobody can do that can make me untrue to my Queen Fatima. Nothing can tempt that make me tell a lie to myself.

I gave my Queen my word of honor to be faithful, and I'm going to sleep with her one more night. You Naked Apes best be believing I won't be deceiving my beloved. As a matter of opinion, I think She devoured the inferior creation puke of male deism by the name of love of humanity for your regenerating femininity of lord of divinity.

As a matter of taste, She's my ideal. No muscle-bound man can take my mind's hand from my Queen. No handsome face can ever take the place of my Queen in the language of my heart's mirror. There's not a man of your religion today who can take me away from my Queen.

Eye Eye on the Palm, Who Is The Most Truthful of Them All?

Love, tyke, fall, rise

Sight, blind, dark, light

Mind, heart, ice, fire

False, right, wicked, kind

Sun, sky, sleep, shy

Legs, mouth, teeth, tongue

Push, pull, in, out

Look, inhale, exhale, hug, touch,

No fear, no tear, no doubt, no onus

No time, no passing, no agony

No rage, no dare, no palm, no line

No now, no waste, no wish, no despair

No logic, no mourn, no regret, no death

No idea, no damage, no lips to move

No shoes, no man, no high, no down

No need, no sell, no will, no cheat

No stare, no beg, no ache

No He, no cross, no word, no ear

Just Love! Just Self! Just You !

I love you! Hey the lord of gypsies, MAGICIAN! Can you hear me? I created you in my image and I called you "very good" I knit you together in your mother's womb I know the number of the hairs on your head and I am familiar with all your ways. My precious thoughts of you are as countless as the sand on the seashore.

I am Love and the greatest commandment that I have for you is that you love. My love is made complete in you when you receive my love, love me, and love others. To show you how to live this life of love I've given you Ten Commandments, laws that honor me and are good and pleasing to you.

But you were born in sin, separated from my love, and though you've tried to be good you've missed the mark of my holiness. You've hurt others and you've hurt yourself. Most of all, your sins are against me. You've hurt me and angered me; the King of Kings, and the Righteous Judge and it is a terrible thing to come under my judgment.

So to fear me is the beginning of wisdom. But you don't need to remain afraid of me; if you rely on me then my perfect love will remove all of your fear. I am a compassionate and gracious Love, slow to anger and abounding in love and faithfulness.

Now, in the person of Jesus Christ, I knock on the door of your heart, waiting for you to let me in. Open the door and I will forgive your sins and choose not to remember them anymore. I will teach you how to live your daily life with me in the kingdom of the Dreams. I will adopt you into my land and lavish on you, my immortal love. Then you will marvel that I chose you to be my lover and I drew you to myself.

You see I've loved you from the beginning, long before you loved me. I sent my loveable part of entity Wowman, the exact representation of my being, to die on the cross in your place, to take upon Herself the punishment that you deserved, and to take away your sin. For you, the mighty black magic female sacrificed Her life as an innocent sinful beauty. So, you can see that in Wowman I, your Queen and Dreamer, have come to serve you!

When you are "born again" by my Holy Spirit then you become a new person with a new heart, a new self, and a new life. You have my precious righteousness as a gift. Your body becomes a temple for my Holy Spirit and you become a human being.

Indeed, I will make your righteousness shine like the dawn. You will be a crown of glory on my head, reflecting my likeness with ever-increasing glory. I am faithful to help you to be holy and to complete the good work I've started in you.

So stand firm in my grace and fight the good fight of faith. When you are tempted to sin, look for the way out that I provide. Resist the devil and submit to me; turn away from speechless fences and toward the talkative land that I provide. And when you fail to remember that I am waiting for you with open multilingual gates, quick to forgive you and to give you another chance.

Silence will accuse you, but call out to Wowman and I will defend you and enable you to overcome him. I will rescue your true Self from a collision of blind third eyes and condemnation on their toxic eyelashes.

Remember that the pleasures of sperm of Superiority are fleeting and if you find your delight in me instead then you will see that I give you the desires of your heart - eternal pleasures even! – and I do far more for you than you can imagine. Whatever you need, look to me and I will provide it. I will give you love, joy, peace, and all the fruit of my Spirit to fill your soul and for you to share with others.

Since I care so much for you don't worry about getting your needs met and don't worry about tomorrow. Wowman as I look after the little sparrow so will I look after you. So, give your burdens to me and let me give you rest. Talk to me when you're anxious and let me put you at peace.

No matter what happens your soul will be safe in my arms. Like a pregnant man, I'll cover you with my billion soldiers in my back and send you to the dancer shelter. When rivers of difficulty roar you will not be swept away. When fiery trials blaze you will not be burned.

When war breaks out, I will be your fortress, an ever-present help in trouble. Even when you face immortal absence, I will take you by the hot kisses and lead you on the joyful path to eternal pleasure.

So, don't be afraid when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death because I am your Good Shepherd and I will be with you, comforting you and protecting you on your journey, and I will never leave you.

When enemies come against you, I will fight for you. Even when you do what is right people will insult you, criticize you, and mistreat you, but I will bless you. Even when you trust your father and mother, they may forsake you, but I will receive you. So, if you find yourself poor remember that I've blessed you with true riches. And if you find yourself last in line remember that with me those who are last will be first! Yes, I will raise you up and exalt you when you are humble before me.

When you are brokenhearted, I will draw close to you and cry with you. I'll collect all your tears in my bottle and record each one in my thesaurus. Like a foot holding his fingers, I'll carry you close to my steps. I'll comfort you in your time of sadness, turning your mourning into gladness and your weakness into the strength. I will put a happy new song in your mouth and give you a beautiful new name.

Even the difficulty and pain you experience can be to your benefit if you endure these hardships as the loving discipline from me, opportunities for you to be trained in the ways of righteousness and peace. Always remember that when you love me and seek my purposes that all things will work together for your good.

I am for you and not against you! If I have been misrepresented to you by those creatures who claim to know me with their silent amber of faith, then know that I am against those hypocrites. And if earthly liar mirrors have not shown you my universes of light, beauty, wisdom, and goodness, then please realize that I offer you more than they ever could. I am the only innocent wonder whore of your heart, the Female from whom all true manhood derives its name, and I love to give you good gifts.

With me on your side, your future is bright and full of hope! My plans are to prosper you and not to harm you, to give you abundant life now and forever. So call to me and I will answer you; listen and you will hear my voice directing you; tune into your heart and you will sense my instructions. My Holy Spirit will be your Counselor. So, don't walk alone; walk in my Spirit, trust in my words that are coming out of the last presence window under the foot of bloody fountain of past and I will direct your path and bless you wonderfully.

I have gifted you to serve me in my kingdom and I want to make you great! So, discover your gift and use it in the body of Wowman. I have important work for you to do, work that I will

help you to accomplish by working alongside you. Together we can accomplish great dreams and make nude shadows!

You are the last ray of the awakening of this dark day of all benighted of nescience. Show your love for me by loving that who is in need and lost inside of bright palace of shadows. You serve me when you feed the hungry logic of your female pudendum of heart, provide shelter for the homeless sons of, bedfellow with the poor, care for the Self, and visit those in Hate.

And always be prepared to talk to the black leaves of the savage tree in the gardens of the word in a respectful way about the good news of my grace demonstrated in Wowmen. Do these things for slaughtering orphans of nostalgia from every nation and every language, delivering them to the sharp look of guillotine of affection.

But you're not just my servant: you're my beloved! More than that you're my beauty of goodness! You're precious and honored in my sight and I rejoice over you with singing in your ear and dance in your eye! I delight in you like an agog pregnant man for her baby. I will always love you! And nothing can ever change that!

One day soon in Wowman I will return to bring you and all my followers to the heavenly cubic pyramid at the brightening flame of look fire of God that I have prepared for you. I will kiss your eyes and take away your impudence of bitter sigh forever and I will feed your soul for all the starvations that you've born in my name.

Dream land will be more beautiful and wonderful than you can imagine. There we will sing to God with Self, beauty at banquets of eyes, rule over truths of shadows, and unity in third eyes. Love, GodSelf.