

WOWMAN IN NAKED APES ISLAND



FATEMEH RAJABI

Dear Dad and Mom

**You came upon me murmuring im-possible under the open ears of my wit and you said,
"Why not make something for us?"**

**I asked you what you needed, and you said, "A book." "What for?"
"To compose something in light of it." "What sort of book?"
"Whatever you feel," you said.**

**Indeed, here's your key. Almost all that I have is taking into account it, and it is not full.
Torment and energy are in it, and feeling great or awful and underhanded contemplations
and great considerations the joy of configuration and some hopelessness and the incredible
delight of creation.**

What's more, on top of these are all the appreciation and adoration I have for you.

Furthermore, still your oath is not full.

**For my celestial love And
For all the amazing women and men I've met, and those I haven't
Who battle with the naked apes in the jungle of world**

Fatima

Caution

**Everything in this book
May be
All off-base.
Yet, assuming this is the case,
Its
OK!**

Wowman in Naked Apes Island

**"Nevertheless I have somewhat against you, because you have left your first love. Remember
therefore from whence you are fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto
thee quickly, and will remove your firebox out of her place, except you repent".**

This is the manner by which to feels when our lady made cry Mrs.MR. God's heart

Have you not known about that whoremonger who killed a light in the splendid night hours, raced to the waterfall- embrace, and cried perpetually: "I am searching for Mrs. Mr.God! I am searching for Mrs. Mr.God!"

The same number of the individuals who did not confidence on that named existence was standing together there, naked ape energized extensive chuckling. Have you lost your obscured dream, then? Said one. Did Mrs. Mr. God lose her path like all whoremasters are here? Said another. Then again is Mrs. Mr. God stowing away? Is Mrs. Mr. God perplexed about us? Has Mrs. Mr.God gone on a voyage? Then again emigrated? Consequently they yelled and chuckled. The astray mind sprang into their middle and punctured them with his looks.

"Where has Mrs. Mr. God gone?" naked ape cried. "I should let you know. We have murdered Mrs. Mr. God- you and I. We are her killers. Be that as it may, how have we done this? How were we ready to drink up the wine? Who gave us the wipe to wipe away the whole universe? What did we do when

we unchained the earth from its sky? Whither is it moving at this point? Whither would we say we are moving at this point? Far from all skies? Is it true that we are not unendingly falling? In reverse, sideward, forward, in all bearings? Is there any up or down cleared out? It is safe to say that we are not straying as through an unbounded nothing? Do we not feel the breath of unfilled space? Has it not get to be sultrier? Is it not more night going ahead constantly? Must not lamps be executing in the morning? Do we not hear anything yet of the commotion of the rovers who are offering Mrs. Mr. God? Do we not notice anything yet of Mrs. Mr. God's deterioration?

Divine beings too break down. Mrs. Mr. God is dead. Mrs. Mr. God stays dead. What's more, we have executed her. In what manner might we, killers of all killers, support ourselves? That which was the holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet had has bled to death under our blades. Who will wipe this blood off us? With what water might we be able to filter ourselves? What celebrations of reparation, what hallowed amusements should we have to imagine? Is not the enormity of this deed excessively incredible for us? Must we not ourselves get to be divine beings basically to be deserving of it? There has never been a more prominent deed; and whosoever might be conceived after us - for the purpose of this deed he should be a piece of a higher history than all history heretofore."

Here the lunatic fell noiseless and again respected his audience members; and they too were quiet and gazed at him in amazement. Finally he tossed his lamp to the ground, and it broke and went out. "I have come too soon," he said then;

"my time has not come yet. The colossal occasion is still on its way, as yet voyaging - it has not yet come to the ears of men. Lightning and thunder oblige time, the light of the stars obliges time, deeds oblige time even after they are done, before they can be seen and listened. This deed is still more inaccessible from them than the far off stars - but they have done it without anyone's help."

It has been further related that on that same day the maniac entered jumpers places of worship and there sang a memorial. Driven out and quietened, he is said to have answered every time:

"what are these places of worship now in the event that they are not the tombs and catacombs of Mrs. Mr. God?"

It's not simple on my dream It's not simple on my eyes
It's not simple on my still, whispering voice It's not simple on my spirit
This is not what I needed What you wanted for me
I realize that much at this point My expressions of remorse You would call me a mistress You
would call me a prostitute

Yet, see I'm a virgin island now I'm worth quite a lot more
Yet, I've got the heart of a gypsy With a assassin's agony
I've got the heart of a assassin With all the assassin's disgrace
I've got the assortment of a beloved With a masochist's cerebrum
I've got the heart of swindler I'm playing an unsafe diversion The brain says no sir
However, the body says please The heart stays quiet
Such a quiet tease

Also, I don't know why I'm letting you know this Possibly I've got to move it out into the open
There's a lane once voyage
However, one I haven't strolled down yet

Also, it calls my name (it calls my name) Yes it calls my name
It's a darker way Also, it calls my name
I've got the heart of a gypsy With a hawker's agony
I've got the heart of a gypsy With all the gypsy's disgrace I've got the group of a mate With a
masochist's mind
I've got the heart of gypsy I'm playing a perilous diverse
I've got the heart of a trickster With a trickster's torment
I've got the heart of a trickster With all the trickster's disgrace I've got the assemblage of a beau
With a masochist's cerebrum

I've got the heart of trickster I'm playing a risky amusement I've got a trickster's heart
I've got a trickster's heart I've got a trickster's heart
wowman doesn't need anything to do with this. wowman abhors the circumstance and wowman
despises herself in this minute. wowman wishes more than anything that wowman could
exchange places with you. Yes, it appears as though it's a great deal less demanding to be on her
side of things. Regardless, wowman doesn't need anything to do with this side. wowman truly,
really wishes wowman could be the one whose heart is getting broken, rather than the person
who needs to do the stinging.

wowman constrains herself to recall the subtle elements again and again and over. For a
considerable length of time. wowman considers your face and the appearance you wore.
wowman ponders what your voice seemed like when you attempted to sound overcome and
alright. wowman torments herself with rehashing the things wowman said and the things you
said back. wowman can't get your appearance out of her head. wowman ponders it when
wowman brushes her teeth and when wowman's holding up in line at the market and when

wowman's going to cradle without saying great night to you on the telephone. wowman contemplates how pitiful your eyes looked and the way her hands were trembling for quite a long time thereafter.

Her breathing is precarious for a long, long time. wowman generally appears as though wowman's anxious and like wowman's attempting to pause. This is on account of wowman's strolling around in a trance, oblivious to what's going ahead around her and just ready to see recollections of what you've both been through the most recent couple of days or weeks or months.

wowman has a feeling that wowman doesn't should have a great time. Where it counts, wowman knows wowman made the best choice. Yet, wowman additionally realizes that wowman made another person hurt simultaneously. wowman feels narrow minded and insane and not meriting affection. wowman can't handle the way that this was the proper thing but some way or another wowman feels like a creature. Individuals dependably discuss how the proper thing is respectable and outstanding and daring. Be that as it may, wowman just feels awful and savage and useless. wowman doesn't believe wowman's sufficiently incredible to hurt somebody this much, which makes this whole thing considerably more abnormal and confounding to her.

wowman's stunned over the way that wowman's grief stricken, despite the fact that wowman's the person who actuated this and said this was the correct thing and clearly needed this. Wowman doesn't comprehend why wowman picked this on the off chance that its making her loses her craving and her start and her yearning to do anything. wowman's simply attempting to hang on sufficiently long to make sense of why wowman did this in any case.

You were superb. You were benevolent and interesting and beguiling and drawing in and everything else wowman was searching for. Yet, something didn't feel right and something was absent. What's more, wowman needed to disregard it in light of the fact that wowman would not like to release you. wowman knows more than one individual is supposing wowman's a dolt for saying farewell to somebody like you. Indeed, even wowman supposes wowman's an imbecile. wowman's strolling around at this time with trepidation that wowman just surrendered the main individual wowman may cherish. wowman's debilitated to her stomach believing that there's a major chance wowman will never discover anybody comparable to you. In any case, wowmaan's sufficiently old now and sufficiently shrewd now to realize that wowman needs to trust her gut, notwithstanding when wowman doesn't care for it.

It is not lost on her that parting ways with somebody harms a ton all the more now, on either side of it. wowman can recall center school when separations were practically exciting, in light of the fact that they implied show and tattle and new love intrigues officially popping go down at lunchtime. It was dependably so straightforward and fun and happy go lucky. In any case, now, the affection really means something. It is so much more profound, which implies it cuts a considerable measure more profound as well.

wowman's not going to get over you in a day like wowman could in center school. wowman may not in any case get over you in a year. It will be a long process that begins gradually. Indeed, even simply getting up at the outset is an

achievement. Enduring work without crying is an achievement. wowman tries to be caring to herself and salute herself on these little achievements, yet all wowman's pondering about is the means by which you're doing. How wowman wishes wowman could converse with you and how wowman do anything to quite recently add your agony to her own particular so that no less than one of you could be upbeat.

wowman misses you. A great deal. However, wowman knows wowman made the best choice and that is the life pontoon that wowman takes hold of at this time. That is the thing that advises her that inevitably, this will all be justified, despite all the trouble. wowman will find a sense of contentment with herself and her choice, and wowman conveys quiet supplications to Mrs. Mr. God to the universe that you will as well. wowman tries to picture you glad, and despite the fact that it's agonizing, wowman tries to picture you in affection with another person. wowman advises herself that you can without much of a stretch discover love once more, and perhaps sometime in the future, you may very well overlook almost every little thing about her. All wowman trusts is that you know wowman was attempting to try her hardest. wowman was strolling around aimlessly, totally alarmed and sad and indeterminate. Be that as it may, wowman was attempting. wowman needed to tail her senses and do what wowman supposes was the proper thing.

Sometime in the not so distant future, wowman'll make certain of herself and astute and sure in her choices. However, until further notice, wowman's simply attempting to fake it

Sufficiently long to overcome every day. Furthermore, for the time being, no more.

OK Azi heart hurt Love's a dried weasel
His issues make my brain hurt Need to make an arrangement
'Cause I cherish your little movements You do with your braids
What a pleasant creation worth one more night in prison Love's a player,
Loose bowels supplier, attempted to develop his hair 'Reason love's listening to Slayer
I might want to discover him Friday night

Hanging out with mother and attempting on his dad's tights Life just sucks,
I lost the one, I'm surrendering,
wowman discovered somebody

There's bounty more,

Young ladies are such a drag So all you women
Make certain to pick the privilege fellows You'll return to me possibly
I'll give you lies OK Azi heart throb
Love's a dried weasel Choices make my brain throb Need to make an arrangement
Back off the issues and the agony

The young lady picked the fellow who makes you need to kick and shout

The whole time, you wish that wowman would sit tight
Fuck the fellow that took and fled
Love's a player,

Loose bowels provider, Attempted to develop his hair
'Reason love's listening to Slayer
I might want to discover him Friday night

Hanging out with mother and attempting on his dad's tights
Life just sucks,
I lost the one, I'm surrendering,
wowman discovered somebody
There's bounty more,
Young ladies are such a drag
Damn on this spot,
I lost the war,

I abhor all of you,

Your mother's a prostitute
Where's my puppy?
'Cause young ladies are such a drag
Is there a mystery of wowman's joy?
I recall listening to a message from a meandering tramp
who named M.T, which tended to me
that "written work the tomorrow's past"
is similar to getting up at fate and seeing the getting
away smiley moon while whatever is left of the world still rested.

I bounced down of the bed, took a gander at the sky
out of the window and pondered internally,
"Along these lines, my fantasy would be showed!"
At the time, I was clashing to set up myself as
a spirit pursuer and to take after my way of life,
notwithstanding at the voices letting me know it
was in- conceivable and progressively by steadily,
my fantasy was getting to be reality.

What was the mystery behind such a supernatural achievement?
The main legit reaction is that I don't have the foggiest idea.
All I know is that, as, M.T the strayed rover, we all should be free
of our humanities society's limits and listen to our own calling.
It is Mrs. Mr. God's voice "SOLE TO SOUL".
There comes a period when our inward fire is so profoundly covered
in trepidation grave as to be imperceptible. In any case, it is still alive.

The wowman is the most secretive blend of presence on earth,
and it assumes an essential part in human era. All through history
of myths, solid wowmen have moved to make solid serenades.
The wowman is the best course of action for raising Mrs. Mr. God
to be love creatures.

A delightful wowman is a paradise of delight and upbeat.
Imagine the perfect wowman for a minute that will grab your domain
of dreams until the end of time. Amid her soul, noting bare primates
need sex with her body and examine longings of the life. Stripped
primates chat fretfully as they inform mirrors of universe concerning
what happened on the domain of their volume disconnection of hungry
manliness. The unwinding time spent together revives those genital
admirers for one more day on the planet outside.

The alarming spread in virgins feeling ill-use and traitorousness,
the postmodern maladies of white guarantees and pivotal male,
the selective development in the quantity of insidious piece of
wowmen, and the absence of elegance by visionaries make my Queen
wonder whether wowman nature has the capacity survive these
entranced animals. Is it still feasible for wowmen to be

steady, supporting universe for its world? Yes, if bare primates find the genuine mystery of woman bliss. The mystery is not shrouded but rather illegal for visually impaired hearts. It has been attempted and sought over numerous, numerous hundreds of years.

What is it? My Queen gives the answer. She likewise gives heavenly longs for how the mystery can help resolve various testing woman government. Is there anybody's heart today who does not shout such neediness?

When you think it all the more, winning a rival is nothing to murmur for. The notoriety of being called as the best author on the planet is excessively thrilling a delight when the endorsement strikes up not to bring a response the following day.

The envy of your rivals, savvy and genuinely learned men, must inconvenience you in the scholarly fenced in area you now arrange after the palpitation of ability in the opposition course, which its untamed waves soon hostage awareness before you put something aside for a few volumes of the past term, little figures charging the skyline of your brain.

A significant number of your loved ones individuals are hurrying to accumulate their rewards and just cry "well done".

They would need to be irritated on the off chance that you lost, and now that your work has come in first and they have won nothing, they go away as you pass and like to look along your folks.

Your adversaries behind you are attempting to disregard the awful fortune that has occurred for them and they are putting a strong face on disappointment.

Lastly, an unadulterated splendid spot where babies of feeling are grinning to your youth that is the spot for playing with words.

When you make a go at running by night up a street and a lady, so charmed by the space that the quiet had love illicit relationships in her eyes, And that certain night, she moved graciousness towards you. She shaped by her own lone and deciphered the tenderest bends she could call her own sex for incredible liar mirrors. She would radiate in the midst of the sound of light in the style of downpour.

Also, at any rate, have you a privilege to be lived; have you been singing wistfulness psalm? You're satisfied that the Mrs. Mr., God of lady is currently long outside of anyone's ability to see.

I consider my future against my past, however discover them two coasted in the inborn shades of being, can't give either the inclination, and discover nothing to groan at spare the bad form of rehashing fortune that needs to plainly supported me.

Just as I come into my hollow where a chink has on her pubis I feel a bit thoughtful, without having met any hobo with a

cluster of lilac bloom in his arm on the stairs worth contemplating about. It doesn't help me much to uproot the shade and permit feeling to have outside air.

What are we to do with the weariness of history that is currently quick going ahead the wet feet of downpour? Early at the beginning of today the sky was cloudless, however in the event that you go to the endorsement of heaven now you are astonished with some wet petunias and incline your cheek against a leaf's appearance in water with this learning that how forlorn do I feel deep down!

And after that the naked ape who exasperates the sleep of chrysanthemums with the sound of mirror's voyage, has gone by and the young lady who her future the most quiet sleep on the planet, her face is truly alarmed.

I see that now, of a sudden, my pockets loaded with depression. Other people who their arms didn't achieve the twig of ability are those billows of foreswearing that their eyes close and their bundles loaded with propensity.

In any case, I am distant from everyone else in the net of strings of look and I know eyes are the flowerbed of heart. As the time sits on the twist of encouragements, I say:

"Open your heart's doors. Improve sign that this?" I heard them whisper to one another:
"Dark enchantment, she knows dark enchantment!"

They met flag-bearers by Queen Fatima on the top of every time mountain. They descended, in the lit up figure of stripped truth about the creature called human, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammad. They revealed that naked ape is an animal who can make unfading peaceful epitaph, rise enormous herds of sheep, go for the stars-yet he is likewise a creature, an exposed gorilla who is perplexing all universes by the sex propensities which is the blend of revelation and humiliation. This stripped primate is living on the dust for having an illuminating, diverting, aggravating, discomforting, sense of self contracting knowledge.

So it is better that ascent up and take up your brush and paint the salvation fowl on the canvas of your disregard. Yet the snow on the area has not defrosted and the upside down lotus blooms of umbrellas has not shut.

Inside of an atmosphere where the development of a stalk of ability makes no reverberation nor is heard the psalm of desire plumes from inside of a chink in the snow's vein. I want a plate loaded with words about the skyline of life's observation.

And afterward she displayed in a volume of light on the intuition of isolation for just three bustards that didn't close the way to the living expressions of destiny which is gotten notification from behind the supports of quiet. So they came and brought a message which threw light into lungs and got out: "O you whose wicker container is loaded with bad dreams! We have brought a pot of wine, the red wine of dream. Drink and accept your fantasies which are conceived from the womb of truth."

I met a little lady sniffing the singular of moon. She was going from city to city, asking a confidence tune and prostrating before a plate of dew. She has a warbler that eating kites, a donkey weighed down with a step by which love rose to the housetops of mankind ability, an entryway less enclosure in which murkiness was shuddering, and a book whose words were produced using precious stone.

I viewed its sheet of paper produced using spring and I went by an exhibition a long way from breakdown in her grasp. I met her that beating light in a hot inside of paradise at the bedside of an edgy scholar who drank water from a jug overflowing over with inquiries.

I observed her splendid eyes that conveying the seeds of rose and the tunes of butterflies. The sun's development and the charming snuggling of moon and isolation that prompting the hot bed of desire was unmistakable in her strides. The immersed craving of a bird plummeting from a hoopoe's peak to the ground when she tending to a frog as "Your Greatness".

Look was obvious, word was noticeable, kinship was unmistakable, falsehood was unmistakable, trick was unmistakable, desire was obvious, delight was unmistakable, and love's resentment was pining for the minute to blast; naked ape was pining for meandering in the rear way of lady; and lady was pining for death. The Queen Fatima's trip from plantation to plantation, from town to town was a seed's excursion to blooming.

Queen Fatima was similar to a spring precipitation, an armful of flexibility that yearning would turn up and putting its lips within sense's lips. She was a theist, her kiblah was a grin, her request to Mrs. Mr. God mat was a rose, her supplication to Mrs. Mr. God stone was water's comprehension, and her place of love was in the midst of gillyflowers. She performed sanctification with the heartbeats of clears out. Through her request to Mrs. Mr. God streamed the memory of prairie, streamed the wave. Mind was noticeable through her requests to Mrs. Mr. God and every one of its particles was stream. She said her psalms when the breeze had declared plant's law from the minaret on the knowledge tree.

She was a local of Dust. Her family slips back maybe to a light flowerbed of bonsai in no place; to some pottery from extravagant dust. Her family plummets back maybe to some broken mirror of whore from the city of legislative issues. Her dad crucified before twice mulling over the associate of refusal; her dad butchered past the demise of hues. Her dad relinquished when the day was night; her dad killed on the dim side of shrewdness where remained on the intertwining purpose of vision, excellence and desire.

Progressively, the womb of obscenity conveyed a celestial animal of confidence that tiptoed away in the wood ease of snails. I stuffed myself in the twisting sheet for leaving the town of shadowy substances. My heart was overwhelming with the sentimentality for affection.

I went to the dinner of truth; to the salt desert of satisfaction and to the plain tabula rasa. I went to the lit up hallway of religion, up the stairs of enchantment, to the extent the hot demeanor of

uncertainty and to the extent the wet snippet of nothing. I continued endlessly to the extent sex; similarly as the essence of genital organs, to the extent the joy shout of lady and to the extent the vacillating sound of atonement.

Lastly from this light season of mind overcasts dim sky of lack of awareness, rain really starts to fall.

Mirror, Mirror On the ground,

Who's the most corrupt primate of all of them?

"The refinement in the middle of naked ape and lady is shine of heart's sight. This enchanting contrast enlivens an age lost in time, reproducing convincing history as it may have been, depicting energetic WOW-MAN who moves us with her fantasies persistent to help us to remember the ageless longings of the human heart. A snappy moving was charming creation which holds an intense natural eminent yield concerning the murderous clash of genders and the female manly faces of Ms-Mr. God. As the unassumingly obvious Most of a lady shows up totally in the inward side and the majority of a naked ape shows up in external side." Twenty-nine-year-old Queen Fatima said. At times all hirelings of dream castle called her Beauty, Breath, provocative, great and a seeker of life.

At a quarter century, Queen Fatima knew totally the high motivation behind presence, knew the truth of adoration, and was an astounding shepherd and pioneer star of missed sheep of Ms-Mr. God. At twenty six, Queen Fatima was an aesthetician, rationalist, soul pursuer, authority, writer and essayist. In the event that you tended to her by your inconveniences you would dependably get street in view of your claim.

A gloriously created story uncovering an arrangement of straightforward strong thoughts for enhancing the fucking nature of any dick sucker's life. On none events the way would be backhanded, troublesome and much far to the point. She never saw her 30th birthday among of us; she drank a vessel of disavowal of affection. She was blinded her life's eyes upon this universe of oblivious with the sharp nail of disillusionment on her eye of cognizant. She kicked the bucket saying, "I wager Ms-Mr. God gives me a chance to fall into hellfire for this." And I wager Mrs. Mr. God did not do it.

In this way, I went to meet somebody at the opposite side of disregard. I should discreetly keep on following my Queen for quite a while to come, untroubled by the universe of extravagant, regardless of the considerable number of upheavals of the lady.

I knew Queen Fatima for only three and a half years in true out I had always wanted. A few individuals have case to enormity for them composing unfading verse, raise monster urban areas, go for the stars, construct a nuclear bomb or for other exceptional demonstration of ability and grit -yet actually she-he is an exposed gorilla.

Everywhere throughout the world has known about such individuals. Very few have known about me, yet I, as well, have a case to enormity; for I knew the queen of hearts who was moved by the tune of world soul.

To me this was the high apex of brilliant delight and joy. She has been hardwired to do exceptional things with her life. This was no simple knowing; it required complete application. For I knew her on own terms, the way she asked for to be known: from the inward side first. "A large portion of an amazing naked ape is in the internal side," and this is the way I figured out how to know her- my first and last goddess.

My name is MT. Well that is not exactly finish; my complete name doesn't make a difference against showing my outstanding background to the world. My extraordinary joy was to work with PC and mooching among racks of books in out of mode book shops, especially in the event that it was my relaxation time.

My existence with Queen Fatima started on such time. I was a quarter century the time. That secretive day, I was slinking the lines and racks with my bizarre supply for PC application, the racks with their brilliant quantities of books moving out front the timberland zones of that line and vanishing once more. Down the line a little way, a stool's set and made an untouchable and shrouded zone for perusing and noticing a few lines of pages about hours without having consideration of others. Sitting on stranded stool under the dead light of light was a young lady. In those days pursuer fellows particularly at this some piece of book shop were remarkable sight.

I had not seen such things some time recently, so on this event it was distinctive. How or why it was diverse has since a long time ago been overlooked with the exception of that I am certain it was distinctive. I sat down adjacent to her on the floor my back against the rack of history. We stayed there around three or four hours. Thinking backs more than thirty or forty years, I can now adapt to those three hours; however at the time I was on the end of being blasted.

Maybe that being said something of her saintly nature siezed me; I'm very arranged to accept that I had been charmed from the earliest starting point. I sat down with "push up a bit, woman." She pushes up a bit yet made no remark.

"Have a touch of chocolate," I said.

She shook her head and replied, "It's yours." "I got bounty. Moreover, I'm full up," I said. She made no sign, so I put the sack on the floor between us. The light from the shop wasn't extremely solid and the heavenly attendant was sitting in the shadows so I couldn't see what she looked like with the exception of that she was great smell. I couldn't see that she hold firmly under her arm a worn out gigantic book.

We sat there for foamy minutes in quiet zone of universe; amid that time I heard a divine whisper that is leaving strange Virgin Island of Peace:

Tune in! The murkiness night fledgling on the earth is chattering.

Light is familiar, unadulterated and open. The partners
Also, the most youthful lips of season can touch the delight.

Tune in! The back street is crying your progressions from a remote place.

Your heart is not the gallery of Darkness.

Shake your body, put on your garments and tag along.

Also, come where the finger of the sun cautions your bosoms Where Time sits with you on
trepidation

What's more, the brilliant men retain your stripped body Like a bit of music.

There lives a faithful who will say onto you:

"The best is to achieve an eye broken with the episode of affection."

Be that as it may, I didn't ready to look or remark in the event that I put her off. Indeed, even
now I can feel the first class delight I had when I heard the sound of that wonderful life singing
under the ear of my heart. A moment or two later she sang a second or third times. I looked into
my pocket for recording that otherworldly song.

"Do you mind on the off chance that I record while you're perusing, Madam?" I inquired.

"What?" she sounded a bit stunned.

"Would I be able to have a recordation while you're perusing?"

She swung back to me and she got on her knees and gazed me in the eyes.

"Why?" she said.

"My ethical standards are strict for obligingness, particularly when a woman needs security, I
don't break wall of her serenity for my wills.

She gazed in me completely, she said, "why?" Do you cherish me?

I gestured.

"You have a recordation then," she grinned at me and read it by that enchanted sound and
moving gathering of letters."

This little mishap delivered such a response in her, to the point that I felt that I had been had
intercourse to her for a considerable length of time. The look she gave me filled me with
inebriation. She expected a profound respect. She adjusted her eyes as she sat tight for me to
affirm her.

What my face enrolled I don't have the foggiest idea, maybe bliss and peace, or stun and
perplexity. Whatever it was, it delivered from her the most laudable sound. I can't depict this

sound after such a long time; no words are fitting. The inclination I can in any case taste can at present experience.

My heart wavered at the sound, and something came fixed inside me. That glorious sound the blessed messenger made was a sound of the breathtaking flying creature of joy that I wish hear that over and over. It assaulted my enthusiastic being and blew a breaker.

After a minute or two I snickered. I assume that the human personality can just stand such a great amount on despondency and anguish. After that, the circuits blow. With me, the wires blew in an uncommon way. The following

couple of minutes I know all that much about – expect that I rained and down-poured. At that point I found that the holy messenger was shedding tears as well. No contracted heap of disgrace she was sobbing. Bowing on the floor and inclining forward with her face, near to mine and sobbing. So a lot of times in next three years I heard her sobbing no sorrowful chimes or distressed sounds were her sobbing, a cross between a torturous killing's howl and a stoned philanderer's cry.

I put my hands on her shoulders and held her off at a careful distance, and afterward came that look that is solely Queen Fatima's-button shake, eyes raining all over's parched ground, similar to a visually impaired vagrant. Each fiber of that thin body was vibrating and making a pitiful sound. Legs and arms, toes and fingers, the entire of that thin body trembled and shuddered like a desolate parturient conceiving a twin. Also, what a supernatural occurrence was discharged in that little body.

Inside that book shop in no place on a shady October evening I had the superb experience of seeing a heavenly attendant conceived. After the crying had calmed off a bit, however while her hard body was all the while trembling like a cymbal, she attempted to say something, yet it wouldn't turn out legitimately. She managed a "you-you-you-" after some little time and a monstrous arrangement of endeavor she oversaw, "You adore me, don't you?"

Indeed, even had it not been right, I couldn't have said no to keep my life, right or mistaken, correct, there was stand out answer. I said yes, unquestionably yes. She gave me an embrace, and whispered under my ear, said, "You adore me," and afterward folded into some primitive stance, murmuring, and "You cherish me. You adore me. You cherish me."

A couple of minutes of this and she turned back and gazed at my lips.

"Where is Mrs. Mr. GOD's house?"

It was dim, when the homeless person inquired. The space delayed.
The insightful naked ape gave the beam of light between his fingers

Onto the haziness of hush.

Furthermore, gave his lips to a kiss of dead tree, he said: "Not a long way from the tree

There is a street lighter than the grin of Mrs. Mr. GOD Where adoration is as red as the quills of Lust.

Stroll to the end of the street developing from past honesty.
Take a turn towards the tree of group. Two stages to the tree
Stay at the foot of endless mass of the grave's distinctions.

At that point naked ape in number trepidation will embrace you.

You will observe a lady

On a lost tree picking a child From the Nest of Lust.
Ask her

Where the Mrs. Mr. GOD's home is." She read.
I touched her lips that were a blow entryway of perfect universe, for verifying that would she say she is a genuine chatty sanctum of happy?

She let me know that "Hey naked ape! You ought to be happy of word's sex into your human skylines of brain by a womanly voice".

She was a broad universe, a basic local of today, kinfolk to every open window, and she saw the tone of water and dust. Her voice seemed like the melodies of swallow's plumage, her eyelids demonstrated to me the course of beat of items. Also, her fingers turned over the brilliant day of perception and she brought on carefulness to relocate toward my soul. She would radiate in the midst of the soundness of quiet furthermore, she generally got out the time's honesty hood, constantly connected the strings of gentility to the haps of light.

That minute she purported the green respect of love to me so plainly that I sucked the bosom of the dust's surface and was refreshed like the sweet complement of a measure of red wine and I saw her that is going to pick a pack of distress greetings from flowerbeds of desire with a full crate of immaculate soul close by such a variety of a period.

Too bad, that minimal fantastic lady couldn't sit before the clarity of hearts and went to the edge of 'nil desperandum' valley and lying past the tolerance of holding up and she wouldn't fret at all how desolate I would feel to drink air at interims of the troubling calling the stripped primate by name 'human'.

By womanliness!

Furthermore, by the start of creation!

Furthermore, by the streaming of sperm of murkiness inside the womb of light!

A word is confined. LOVE

Unquestionably all recognition is for Beauty. All adulate her and look for her sexuality. All look for her body and all look for happiness in her from the underhandedness of their souls and from the evil of their relations.

Whomever she manages should never wander off-track, and whomever she permits to adrift might never discover direction. I give testimony none has the privilege to be loved yet Beauty, alone, who has no different theory, and I take the stand Man is her slave and her offer. Might the serenity and immersions of Beauty be upon him and upon his era and his associates and upon the individuals who tails them in distress until the Day of rearward in first?

What is reviewing 'Butchering Love by White Promises' to unadulterated carelessness of soul?

I ask Beauty the Glorious, the Mighty, by her delightful elements and by her magnificent ascribes to acknowledge this as having been done genuinely her purpose alone.

I request that her present to me its favorable circumstances amid my lifetime and after my resurrection. Might the individuals who read it, the individuals who discuss it, or have had any part in wide spreading it, profit by it moreover.

Unquestionably she, the Glorified, is Capable for goodness' sake. Might the serenity and submersion of Beauty be upon our Gender, Feminine, and upon his era and buddies and whoever tails them in distress until the Day of rearward in first.

Furthermore, the Naked Ape said:

"No manly sex sits in a gathering without specifying Beauty, and without approaching Beauty for rite of passage of Love on their solidified body, with the exception of that it will be a reason for distress upon them. Subsequently, in the event that she wishes she will rebuff them, and on the off chance that she wishes she will overlook them."

O Beauty, applause is to you who give us life after you have made us kick the bucket and your are the arrival. There are none deserving of worship yet Beauty alone, who has no equality in probability world. Your are the domain and to your have a place all acclaim, and you have the capacity to do all things with your slaves.

O Beauty, You are the Most Great. There is no may and no forces with the exception of by yours' leave, the Exalted, the Mighty. My Queen, forget me for my shortcomings. Recognition is to you who offered quality to my body and gave back my spirit to me and allowed me to revere you.

Verily! In the making of the Love and the Sex, and in the shift of night and day, there are in fact signs for Naked Ape of comprehension. The individuals who recall Beauty standing, sitting and resting on their sides, and contemplate the

production of the Love and the Sex, saying: "My Queen! You have not made this without reason, heavenliness is to you! Give me salvation from the torment of the flame of body.

O Beauty! Verily, whom you admit to the flame, for sure, you have disfavored him, and never will the oppressors discover any partners. My Queen! Verily, I have heard the call of first Naked Ape calling to Love saying: "Become hopelessly enamored with your Queen," and I have fallen head over heels in love. My Queen! Excuse me my murkiness and appease from me my shrewd deeds, and make me bite the dust in the condition of your darlings together with the devout and honest slaves.

My Queen! Award me what you guaranteed me through Your Beauty, and disfavor me not on the Day of toward the end in to begin with, for you never break your guarantee."

In this way, his Queen addressed him: "never will I permit to be lost the work of you. You issue forward, so who emigrated and were driven out from your home, and endured damage in My Cause and who struggled, and were slaughtered in My Cause, verily, I will appease from you your malicious deeds and concede you into satisfactions the center of my body which upbeat stream; a prize from Beauty, and with Beauty is the best of prizes." Let not the free transfer of the bewitcheries all through the place that is known for hoodwink you.

A brief delight; then, their definitive habitation ignoratio elenchi; and most noticeably bad to be sure Silence Valley is that place for rest. Be that as it may, for you who dread your Queen, are durable happiness into the center of My body

which glorious blissful stream; in that is satisfaction to abide perpetually, and amusement from Beauty; and there are positively, among the significant others of Beauty, the individuals who trust in Beauty, and in that which has been uncovered to you, and in that which has been uncovered to them, humbling themselves before Beauty. They don't offer the affection for Beauty at a little cost, for them is prize with their Queen. Unquestionably, Beauty is Swift in record.

O you who accept! Have persistence and battle in tolerance, be careful and educated, and apprehension Beauty's annoyance, so that you may be in peace until the end of time. Be that as it may, there are numerous words for demonstrating your confidence to me.

From end to end no endowment of the author's, however by the divine power, this entrancing novel conveys to universe of potential outcomes a period missing in time, reproducing verifiable history as it may have been, portraying fanatical ladies and men who move us from non-presence to presence with their confidence in dreams-persistent to behold back us of the endless cravings of the human heart. Naked ape halted at a reed-quaint little inn was droning and I tuned in.

Who was conversing with me?

Some stone skimmed and I strolled on. A villa was en route then a grassland, blossom shrubberies of grin and the blankness of humankind. I was searching for somebody in that villa maybe for some fantasy, some distress, and some awareness.

Some bud of lips bloomed and all occupants of village were mindful of it. It was a great village that its rear ways flooded with song and its kin acknowledged water at the spirit of stream. They had washed seven fatal sins in the stream and were purified through water by Queen Fatima. I poured my hand with that living expression of destiny and a bit of sky fell into my hand of water; I drank water with the sky.

And then, my pasture of perception dreamt of silver and I opened the book of mirrors under the invisible ceiling of time.

The notable events occurring near Queen Fatima, Apes Island, in the months from August 2011 to March 2015, expand worth and new sense with every passing night; the friends and followers of our Mrs. Mr. God of Fatima, for whom line by

line of this novel speaks; move up each solitude moment by numberless pilgrims in divine certitude that what I am disclosing here is true.

The narrator is a strong witness to this true, having slept at Queen Fatima's look for many years, and this post modern novel's pretention to importance is that is able to present for the first time to the naked Apes in the jungle of world the full and documented background against which Mrs-Mr. God has written Her own prescription for humanity.

Much of this account is lovely and can be counted on to complete almost anyone's romantic novel expectations, as it tells of these heart readers, Jesus, Moses, Mohammad. But it is also divinely serious narrative reminding, to the likely uneasiness of many, the authenticity of dream and reality, and

bringing to necessary awareness of other major matters too often and too long placed out of heart. It is hoped that this novel, in its prophetic mission, will rise a kind of eternal sound of Fatima to the deafen ear of human nature.

Within the house of worship of Queen Fatima, which is itself a small beating cubic pyramid called The Water's Footfall, and to find a less ostentatious zone of the world, you would surely need a blind angel for a guide. It is in the specific geographical center of the volume of earth, some say, though I have never measured it. Actually it is the only cubic pyramid which is reflecting the light of faith flowerbeds in the direction of fancy. Some detached and others joined. That pond of music is going up the stairs of religion where wolves and sheep are happy. It is not little different now from the days of 1985, when it was the universe of light fantasies of three heart readers to whom our Mrs-Mr. God appeared.

These naked apes were as normal, by all the fair accounts of those who knew them best, as bread and vegetables, as laughs and tears, as simple playing kites, as taking a cold bath in the summer fields. They were not noticeable for their omnipotent gifts or their devilish nesses.

Moses Morris was elder than his little fellow-travelers, Jesus and Mohammad. He was born on August 10, 1965, in the eastern side of this cubic pyramid on the end of Advice road. He was the eldest of seven original sins to Habit and Pleasure. Moses had never been exactly attractive,

either as an adult or as a child. Sanctified and posed and supplied with a magnetic light, he could neither they nor now fulfill the holy-portray concept of a flowering joy. As a child, his facial appearance

were dull, his eyes alone being as fall as a bunch of grapes. His lips were thin and her nose aquiline. His eyebrows, shaggy as sheep's wool, appeared from one horizontal line.

Yet Moses was charming and adored by others. His mantra of soul gave a happiness to limit façade and took care of most times to seek after the dankness close and in of sight. It was less a critical figure his inclination than it was a profit of underhandedness. Also, if, as has been our Dream land, you had the capacity sees and to perceive the indestructible Moses, one note his inclination would cast light into veins.

This account of Fatima treats of Moses in his of adulthood. I know an extraordinary arrangement about his, not just from his recollections and the admirable help he has himself

Supplied, yet in the everlasting passionary of cherishing individuals who knew his well and loved his more. The seeds of these individuals' heart are clear all through the content I will cite them with precisely devotion. Moses' younger sibling, fynn Peacock (Which implies seventh unique sin PRIDE), was a crabby naked ape, as oppressively as an unreasonable dictator, and himself a more grounded to wrongs. He reviews his sibling with fulfillment with a mirror and an unadulterated relationship.

We adore his in light of the fact that he jumped as high as affection and plumage as large as death (Fynn has let me know).

Notwithstanding when had developed back to the age of ten and was accepted to be doubted with the creatures called

human, he would keep running in the top of the sky and sit under its tears to be immersed and melody.

Eyes ought to be washed, dreams ought to be changed. Word ought to be the very wind,
Word ought to be the very rain.

In that age, Moses has gone gaga for kids and they worshiped him. Now and then a hefty portion of them would move in our greenery enclosure and Moses would be totally happy simply planning these little animals with red tulips. He would make little parades with touching the isolation of moon, organizing personality and air, love and earth with singing serenade to our Queen, generally as though they were taking a plunge in the lake of now.

"Our business is not to comprehend the mystery of the Rose. Our business is maybe
To buoy in the charm of the Rose. We should camp past astuteness
Wash our hands in the happiness of a leaf and set to eating

Furthermore, be conceived again when the sun ascends at sunrise.

How about we fly our delights.

How about we sprinkle water over the observation

Of space, shading, sound, window and bloom.

We should set paradise between the two syllables of being. We should fill and refill our lungs with time everlasting.

We should lift down the weight of information From the shoulders of the swallow.
Favoring."

He knew so well how to tell stories which never, never appeared to have an end. It is sure that Moses was a pregnant night and the green fortune of life, not just from the paionary of the individuals who lived with him and tailed him, yet for his own placid and solid recollections. The unsettled despairing of reality never touched Moses adequately to

munch in the grass of common joy he found in the primal requests to Mrs. Mr. God of naked ape. He had a sky in the bend of psyche and his pockets seemed like the chirpings of youth mornings. He was the leader of a gathering of sweethearts that their way stretched out close by destitution stricken villages to interminable heartfelnness. All heads suddenly twist around his words. His words were clear as the resonation of the lotus.

There was a sun at his mouth which sparkled over all's aura.

Furthermore, he let them know, "An undetectable diamond lies in the palms of the earth which all prophets astonished with its sparkling. Set off in mission of the pearl and one who

sees a greenhouse in the memory of enclosure, his look will stay presented to the gazing of the look of endless energy."

It appeared to be truly conceivable that had recently traded with a holy messenger who dropped out of paradise by Moses' casing. I was prepared to accept this to be genuine, however MT, being significantly more viable than me, didn't concur by any means. The main certain thing we knew was that she was going to pasture and had a fantasy. Amid a couple of weeks we attempted to discover by a touch of clever addressing where Moses gone. The tender approach, the sideway approach, the tricky methodology all ended up being pointless.

By now I was certain that I had started this thought that he is not an evil presence. Truth be told, you don't discover cranesbills and afterward place it in the basement. Now and then I saw him under the fig tree, not a long way from the tree; there was a back street greener than the fantasy of development of Mrs. Mr. God where affection is as red as the quill of desire. I strolled to the end of the rear way developed a straightforward trepidation and I saw a kid in the age 27-yearold who stayed at the foot of everlasting plane of the time's myths. I stowed away in the hedges however I pondered internally that he honored of me for listening to a stir. In any case,

he solicited the closeness from space, "Where is my Mrs. Mr. God?", he was singing a psalm to Queen Fatima, pretty much as though he is in a house reverse.

Where is my Mrs. Mr. God?

Some shadow called me by name "Fatima".

The voice was awful as is assault with the collection of a leaf. Mrs. Mr. God is dozing.
So are love and mate, and maybe all universes. The Yalda night floats over the head of chastity
As agonizing as a shrieking cry of grieving.
What's more, a solidified breath grows up from the warm arms of my confidence.
Its scent is similar to virginity.

My shirt is loaded down with the tears of rose's eye. Dusk will grin.
What's more, the grave will open mouth into this wrongdoing volume.

I ought to apologize of presence.

I who conversed with the gorillas in this zone through the brightest skyline of gentility.
Never welcomed to a dinner of the stuff of time No eyes gazed cherishing at my bare soul.
Nobody was flabbergasted by the moan of a butterfly.

Nobody took move of a pig into its crap truly. I feel bleak as a shroud
When I see my younger sibling perusing sexology At the foot on the purest tear drops of sky.
I ought to atone of presence.

I ought to bring with me the stony representation

That holds a tight embrace, a wet kiss, a daily whisper, and a warm breath.
Also, set off

Where the aggregate obviousness is taunting toward that stun reverberation
That continues calling me.

Again same shadow called me by name "Fatima". Where is my Mrs. Mr. God?
"Favoring", I said. I turned out and we looked noiselessly, heads bowed over today's fortune. His
eyes were extensive profound lake of inquiries. How? Why? What? I met her look and gesture
my head; yet this was insufficient, he grinned in answer.

The first run through this happened, my heart appeared to get over it chamber. I attempted to
hang on. I figure some passing

an angelical magnet pushed me at right minute. So I got some information about Mrs. Mr. God.

The discussion went as takes after: "Do you have faith in Mrs. Mr. God?" "Yes."
"Do you know Queen Fatima?" "Yes."

"What is Mrs. Mr. God and who is Queen Fatima then?" "Mrs. Mr. God is she and she is Mrs. Mr. God!"

"What do you know?"

"By perception and by the start of word and by the flight of pigeon from the brain that there is imprisoned a word, "Adoration". Queen Fatima who said onto me, the best is to achieve an eye wet with the episode of adoration."

Jesus and Mohammad

Jesus Muir and his twin sibling, Mohammad, were conceived in Byzantium on April 10, 1988, children of a rich dealer Mobin and Mary.

They survived the stony street a bit on that dusty path that leads through Water's Footfall. It appears to be concurred by all who recollect Jesus Muir that was special and uncommonly unconventional. He was independently speaks to

what the Queen Fatima has termed as 'The entry of mischance from behind word'. At Queen Fatima's school, he was finding our starting points, sex, rising, considering, investigation, picking, battling, nourishing, solace or connection to different humankind; he was constantly particular, startling yet intelligent.

He minces no words, lets us off nothing in our essential connection to the humankind's kingdom to which we have a place. He was either apathetic regarding his human rights or unwilling to protect them. He was glad that he has the keenest faculties of the considerable number of devotees, yet endeavors to disguise the way that he likewise has the greatest penis, wanting to accord this honor dishonestly to the compelling divine beings. He was a strongly vocal, really exploratory, over-swarmed naked ape, and it was a high time she inspected his essential beat of brain for listening to the sound of shoes of confidence in the back road of aching.

In this school, he was near to the damp lack of clarity of sunrise. He could hear the dust breathing, the grieving of haziness at the light time of tumbling down a leaf, the water sniffing through the breaks of stones, the boisterous shouting from back of tree in the opening of ground, the swallows trickling down through the spring's eye, and clear stable of shutting and opening of isolation entryway.

He could mirror the strides of craving, the stroll of blood through the veins of desire, the heartbeats of parched joy, the stream of salvation in the brain and the immaculate neighing of development from a far distance. He was find out about the tearing the paper of magnificence into pieces, about the filling

and exhausting dish of happiness with affection, about the smashing glass of wistfulness during the evening, and about the breaking the spirit's resistance with aching stone.

He was near to the start of the creation. He took the beat of articles and was acquainted with the wet predetermination of grass with the light propensity for water. His spirit was youthful,

streamed in the new course of confidence, here and there hacked from the arguing of light, was free and included raindrops the chinks of rocks, and his spirit was some of the time valid as a cloud on the look of sun.

Lastly, at his vicinity of Jesus, no one had seen the ridiculous clash of a red wine against awareness, the skirmish of move against inebriation, the skirmish of sperm against vulva, the clash of tongue against persuasiveness, the clash of a naked ape against forceful, the clash of lady against graciousness, the skirmish of maturity against skin, the skirmish of coldness against carcass, and the clash of tear against eye.

One day, he went to the edge of creases of carelessness for seeing the impression of his isolation in moon, he confronted to a chink onto the regard of salvation was wore in the front of inquiries by the brilliant girl of water. It was a scholarly discussion in the middle of naked ape and undetectable diamond which lies in the palms of lady's dust. It began of the resonance of red rose past the fence of brutal words.

The wash of happiness is listened. What is it they are tearing in the chest of Visitation?

Mouth of Moments is clean.

Freshness lies on the midsection, on the appendages of sunlight.

What do we wish for?

The haze of commotion drifts round our words. The heart is the flowerbed of Mind.
A few adventures long for you in their evenings.

A few blooms complement one another on your vicinity in inaccessible grounds.

Why don't individuals know?

That the adoration is not coincidental?

Why don't individuals realize that according to today's life? Exists the blaze of yesterday's passing?

Why don't individuals know?

That it is icy in the unimaginable minutes? Why don't individuals know?

What a sight the patio nursery of lady is to view? Why don't individuals know?

Is it for sure a dull night?

Also, wish gets out: "O you whose arms are vacant of adoration!

I have presented to you a cosmic system, the red apple of moonlight, the exquisite bare lady.

From the lips, she should evacuate all condemnations. From the root, she should haul out all questions.

She might illuminate the skeptics: "A Queen is arriving Conveying a heap of Mrs. Mr. God's grin."

Mohammad Muir was a songbird of Mrs. Mr. God of sky, who remains the immaculate snippet of sloughing off adoration's skin enigmatically and living season of the Queen Fatima School as it is known not. We confronted to a saint, little yet marvelous, dainty yet striking, and as profound animal in the ways of distress and trail as just the devout can be.

He never developed much greater than an eminent angel, at any rate. He passed on when he was seeing the glow of the partridges' home, as of now on talking terms with genuine heavenly attendants, and with the Queen Fatima. It was the tasting light, measuring the night of a gap and the sleep of a stork, uniting taste in the lake of now, opening mouth when the sun sets, saying the glowworm is aware of the garden's understanding, treading on the law of contempt, and bringing bring bushel for taking every one of these whites, every one of these greens.

He took back name from the eagerness, the jealousy, the fury, the sloth, the intemperance, desire, and pride. He went to the stature of tender on the wet bosom of affection and opened

ways to lady, to confidence, to divine beings and to noiseless. He kept running between "regarding life, is there any point to it" after the reverberation of truth under century's ear.

It was a pregnant minute which the stream was washing spruce trees' feet, the mountain's paunch was encrusted with the sun's pillars thus splendid that Mrs. Mr. God could be seen. A long ways past was undetectable; the words washed; and looks were more slender than all day breaks on the statures of his confidence.

His hands of voice gave all hundreds of years the stalk of a light message that the all pottery of recognition broke with its warm breath, the all heartbeats of soul poured down the body and the mid year's hot blood in veins from an old word. It was sublime, free deserving of creation that the visual of Mrs. Mr. God sparkled on his mien for converging with the pennyroyals grinned and euphoria connected together.

All shadows vanished, the climax of moonlight raised and the green fortune of mankind was conceived again in transit the breeze with word by expression of that message.

I should assemble a way What's more, cast it in Mind

I should flee from this stricken area Where there is nobody to stir the eyes In the vicinity of Love

A midsection drained of confidence Furthermore, a heart drained of longing for touch I might continue running.

Neither might I lose heart to the tunes nor to the men

Developing out of quiet to cast the charms of their sounds upon the sparkling isolation of the ladies

I might continue running. I might keep quiet:

"One ought to flee and away. Men of that town had no traps.

Lady of that town was not as full as a desire of coition. No mirrors reflected interests.
Not even eyes reflected pudency. One ought to flee and away.
Night has hollered its tune.

It is presently personality's turn. I might keep hush.

I might continue running.

I might join the eyes onto the fantasy, the hearts onto nobility the shadows onto the sun, and the
ability onto naked ape.

I might unite lady's fantasies onto the kingdom of creation.

I might tear up the virginity of naked ape onto resentment of lady's look.

Furthermore, individuals in their Friday night Walk around, influencing over the desire Under
the tremendous moonlight

Which, from slopes of lady in the surface of adoration Extends to profundity of light of Mrs. Mr.
God?

At about midnight three shepherd rose, bowed, shook hands, said it had been a wonderful dream,
and went through the wide plain, trailed by their exposed chimps, looking for the falcon of sun
that would take them away and away.

In the morning, a couple crows flew out of the circle of the olive's memory and the otherworldly
integrity of the tree remained. The chastity of gentility poured over manliness shoulders and their
little minutes thought about the removed Mrs. Mr. God. Sleep uprooted the impression of the
human's body and assembled kingdom of dream in their eyes. It was an open space, wet rock of
dews, and foot shaped impressions of mankind.

They were all ear for listening melody of the remotest fowl on earth which cautioned everyone's
eyes for shaking that are not the enrichment of murkiness, welcoming their fingers for caressing
the plume of the moon, sitting on a hunk with time and getting prepared for retaining your
exposed soul by the nighttime Psalters like a bit of effortlessness.

And after that, set off where somebody said: "Talk!

O guaranteed nighttime Queen! Provide for me in my guiltlessness under these wild branches of
episode of affection and in the midst of these dark propensities. Speak, O virgin mother of
flawlessness! Fill my heartbeat with pulsating of insight, stream my veins on the delicate quality
of affection's breath and stroll at the edge of the shot of discourse's sparkling. Speak O primitive
closeness of space! Smooth out my distress in the far off of vicinity and flow the every epical
rock of memory in the water's larynx."

On the off chance that you approach her, she is past the fantasy land. There is a spot past the
Dream land where the veins of air group with peonies' rising and illuminating the blossoming
lady of the most remote hedge on delight. Additionally at the past the fairyland, the umbrella of
desire is open and the siren of dandelions' opportunity booms.

She is singular here and the shade of a poplar tree streams to endlessness in this noiseless zone.

On the off chance that you approach her, you ought to come delicately and radiant for minding of the delicate china of her perfect amicability. You ought to sharp your ears of search for

drinking this divine psalm that will cast the charms of their locks of words upon the shining parched of the visually impaired carelessness.

"Where is Mrs. Mr. GOD's home?" it was dim At the point when the bum inquired.
The space delayed.

The insightful naked ape offered the beam of light between his fingers

Onto the haziness of hush.

Furthermore, gave his lips to a kiss of dead tree, he said: "Not a long way from the tree
There is a street lighter than the grin of Mrs. Mr. GOD Where adoration is as red as the plumes
of Lust.

Stroll to the end of the street rising From past purity.
Take a turn towards the tree of group. Two stages to the tree
Stay at the foot of everlasting mass of the grave's distinctions.

At that point naked ape in number trepidation will embrace you.

You will observe a lady

On a lost tree picking a child From the Nest of Lust.
Ask her

Where the Mrs-Mr. GOD's home is."

I myself might construct a window and open it toward that silent immensity of Queen Fatima's presence. I might flee from this acquired confidence land where there is nobody to dream the exposed gorillas in the shrubbery of affection.

I ought to take a bag bereft of uncertainty and a mouth drained of white guarantees. I should continue running. Neither I might lose heart to the bruised eyes and nor I should union look to the bundle of grapes. I should continue fleeing and continue droning: "One ought to flee and away. Naked ape of that land had no family to myths. Lady of that land was not as full as a pack of euphoria. There was no mirror for reflecting courageous women and no even puddles for sprinkling light drops of downpour. One ought to flee and away". I might continue droning and continue fleeing.

It took me a long adventure to discover cubic pyramid hallowed place of Queen Fatima. I realized that it had no tombstone, recently basic etching expression on it, "The best is to achieve

an eye wet with the occurrence of adoration". I had run there with this inclination of peace inside my heart, as though the book had been stretched out to the furthest edge of life, as though the story had been one of living expressions of

Mrs-Mr. God, yet I hadn't expected this distress. This was a block stone that was enhanced by the name: FATIMA.

I needed to holler, groan and giggle, yet it was not permitted in an altar. Deliberately I shouted, groaning and giggled till the tears kept running down my face. I peeled off the name by my nails and poured my blood on stone.

"All things considered, Mrs-Mr. God," I broken, "I'm fulfilled. Great just Mrs-Mr. God. You may be a touch delicate now and again, regardless make it all impeccable at last. "I exited there as I reviled over into the altar. "The answer is 'In my heart.'" I thought I heard her voice saying, "What's that the response to, NRH?" That's basic. The inquiry is "The place is Fatima, my Queen Fatima?"

I had discovered her once more discovered her inside the center of my heart. I felt beyond any doubt that some place Queen Fatima and Mrs-Mr. God was same presence for making a world of time everlasting onto exposed primate's spirit.

Sometime in the not so distant future He should come and bring light.
He should cast desire into veins.

What's more, I might get out: "O you whose midsections are vacant of belief!

He has presented to me a wine container, the red wine of LOVE.

I should come to offer the hobo an enthusiasm bloom.

I should give on the wonderful squint woman a couple of ear drop.

To the legless naked ape I should shout: "How pleasurable is bouncing into your LOVE's arms!"
I should turn into a meandering minstrel, meander the rear ways

Shouting out: "O Dream, Credence, and Love."

A business rest will comment: "It is wake a dull night." To him
I might give a branch of trust.

On the scaffold there is somewhat visually impaired young lady. Round her neck

I might hang the Great Chain of Entity. From the lips I might uproot all hushes.
From the root, I should haul out all commitment dividers. I should illuminate the whores: "A troop is arriving Conveying a heap of naked ape."
I should tear up the skies.

I should join the eyes onto the Dream, the hearts onto Love

The shadows onto the sun, and the seas onto wave.

I might unite newborn child's fantasies to the Union of Man and Woman.

I might fly words.

I should water assurance.

I should accommodate Dream, Credence, and Love.

It was the work of the renegade to go into the darkest maze of sanctuaries and to swallow the light of five-branched firebox of copper in the fist of refutation: see how our Great High Queen walked in the midst of the five cupreous fireplace sticks: her work is not occasional, but constant. Wearing gown which are at once majestic and Eucharist, she is gazed the sacred fireboxes, patting the holy oil, and removing impurities which would dim the light.

Hence our Lady's health to deal with the sanctuaries, which are these cupreous firebox-stands, for no one knows so much about the as the person whose constant work it is to watch them and swallow them. No one knows the sanctuaries as Lady Fatima does, for the care of all the sanctuaries daily comes upon her, she continually walks among them, and holds their eunuchs as stars in her left hand.

Her eyes are perpetually upon the sanctuaries, so that she knows their works, their sufferings, and their sins; and those eyes are as a flame of fire, so that she sees with a penetration, discernment, and accuracy to which no other can attain. We sometimes judge the condition of adoration too leniently, or

else we err on the other side, and judge too severely. Our eyes are dim with the word's smoke; but her eyes are as a flame of fire.

She sees the sanctuaries through and through, and knows their true condition much better than they know themselves. The Lady Fatima is a most careful observer of sanctuaries and of individuals; nothing is hid from her observant eye. As she is the most careful observer, so she is the most candid. She is ever "the faithful and true witness." She loves much, and therefore she never judges harshly. She loves much, and therefore she always judges jealously. Jealousy is the sure attendant of such love as her.

She will neither speak smooth words nor bitter words; but she will speak the truth—the truth in love, the truth as she herself perceives it, and as she would have us perceive it. Well may she say, "She that has an ear, let her hear what the Spirit said unto the sanctuaries," since her sayings are so true, so just, so weighty.

Unquestionably no eyewitness can be as delicate as the divine force of Mrs-Mr. God. Those fireboxes are valuable to her: it cost to Great High Queen her life to light them. "Lady Fatima adored the asylums, and gave herself for it.

“Every haven is to our Lady a grander thing than a heavenly body in the sky; as she is valuable to her watchers, so are they valuable to her. She watches over domains, kingdoms, or republics; however her heart is situated on the throne of exemplary nature, of which her oriflamme is the celestial standard.

She must rule until her enemies are vanquished, and this is the colossal thought about her psyche at this present, "From hence expecting till her adversaries are made her footstool."She stops not to watch over her haven: her give up is finished, yet not her administration in tending to the cupreous fireboxes. She has finished the recovery of her adherents, yet she proceeds with their protection.

I in this manner feel right now that we may well join in a supplication to Queen to our Lady Fatima to come into our middle and put our heart all together. Goodness for a visit from her, for example, she paid in vision to the seven skies of creation! With her is the oil to nourish the living fire, and she knows how to pour it in as indicated by due measure; with her are those cupreous snuffers with which to evacuate each pointlessness of underhandedness, that our hearts might so thump before naked apes, that they may see our benevolent

Acts, and praise our godhead which is in mind. Gracious former vicinity now, to hunt us and to purify us; to bring about us to bong forward to her godhead's recognition! We would be judged of the Lady, that we may not be censured with the world. We would ask early today, "Inquiry me, O Queen, and know my heart: attempt me, and know my contemplations; and check whether there is any naughty path in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." All things are bare and open to the eyes of her with whom we need to do; and we pleasure to have it so. We welcome you, O extraordinary High Queen, to come into this asylum, and look to this your voice toward the beginning of today.

Oh dear Mrs-Mr. God
I'm writing page by page of this apostasy gravamen to You 'Cause I don't have faith
Can You hear me?

I'm crumpling here
Difficulty scraping breast of destiny to figure out what my life's all about it
Can you tell me?

I always wanted to be the person you feel
Won't You tell me who I am?

I always wanted to kill unbeknownst but You prevented me a traumatic mad Please tell me who I am

I lie awake

Reinvent this repetition symphony that You have gifted to me
But I don't have ever peace

Don't become furious 'Cause I get weak inside and I start to disintegrate 'Cause I feel nothing

I never wanted to come some kind of comic exist

Please show me who I am

I been tortured and scorned since the day that I was form But I don't know who I am

And I thank You Almighty for everything
Sorry, I'm so frightened about all of these uncertainties Oh; I wish I could feel you more
But all the lights are dying on my look and I feel oppressed by it all

I never wanted to be
The person You see but thank You Oh Mrs- Mr. God, please tell me now Are You frustrated or
are You proud? I've been also everything, nothing

I'm so sorry, I'm so coward
And I turned to be a fan of maze of darkness but I don't know
Anything, anything

I've lost all roots of nobility twenty one century; everything And I feel nothing, nothing

Oh Mrs. Mr. God, please tell me now Mrs-Mr.God, please tell me now 'Cause I don't feel You
more

Oh dear Mrs. Mr. God

I'm writing this apostasy gravamen to You 'Cause I'm coming unglued of banality Please help
me, me

In the content, as it is tended to the cubic pyramid called The Water's Footfall and to us, I take
narrate of three things. In the first place, I take narrate of that lady Fatima sees: "I know your
works . . . by the by I have to some degree against you." Secondly, Lady Fatima endorses:
"Recollect, in this manner, from where you workmanship fallen, and apologize," et cetera.
Thirdly, Lady Fatima convinces influences with an undermining: "I will uproot your candle
holder out of her place;" induces, additionally, with a guarantee: "To her that overcomes will I
provide for eat of the tree of life, which is amidst the heaven of godhead." If the Lady herself be
here as of now, our arrangement of talk will be a springhead of life; however in the event that she
be not among us by her Holy

Spirit, it will be as the dry bed of a downpour which bears the name of "springhead," yet does
not have the living stream. We expect our Lady's vicinity; she will go to the fireboxes which her

sepulcher calls upon her to trim; it has been her wont to be with us; a few of us have met her at the beginning of today as of now, and we have obliged her to falter with us.

Our Lady miserably sees the deficiencies of her asylum "By and by I have fairly against you;" yet she doesn't so see those flaws as to be careless of that which she can appreciate and acknowledge; for she starts her letter with honors, "I know your works, and your work, and your understanding, and how you can't endure them which are wickedness." Do not think,

My colleagues, that our Beloved is oblivious to the delights of her haven.

Unexpectedly, she pleasures to watch them. She can see delights where she herself can't see them. Where we watch much to hate, her cherishing eyes see much to respect. The graces which she herself makes she can simply see. When we in the genuineness of self-examination ignore them, and compose intense things against ourselves, the Lady Fatima sees even in those astringent self-judgments an existence and sincerity and earnestness which she adores. Our Lady has a sharp eye for all that is great. When she seeks our hearts she never goes by the faintest yearning, or longing, or confidence, or affection, of any of her kin. She says, "I know your works."

But this is our point at this time, that while Lady Fatima can see all that is good, yet in very faithfulness she sees all that is evil. Her love is not blind. She does not say, "As many as I love I commend;" but, "As many as I love, I reproached and

Chasten." It is more necessary for us that we should make a discovery of our faults than of our beliefs. So notice in these pages of book that Queen perceived the flaw in her sanctuary, even in the midst of her earnest service. The sanctuary at Apes Island was full of work. "I know your works and your labor, and for my name's sake you has labored, and has not fainted."

It was such a laborious sanctuary that it pushed on and on with diligent perseverance, and never seemed to flag in its divine mission. Oh that we could say as much of all our sanctuaries! I have lived to see many brilliant projects lighted and left to die out in smoke. I have heard of schemes which were to illuminate the universe; but not a spark remains. Holy perseverance is a great desideratum. In these centuries we thank godhead who has enabled us to labor and not to faint. There has been a continuance of everything attempted, and no drawing back from anything.

"This is the work, this is the labor," to hold out even to the end. Oh how I have dreaded lest we should have to give up any holy enterprise or cut short any gracious effort! Hitherto the Lady has helped us. With women and means, liberality and zeal, she has supplied us. In this case the angel of the sanctuary has been very little of an angel from heaven, but very much of a human angel; for in the weakness of my flesh and in the heaviness of my spirit have I pursued my calling; but I have pursued it. By the help of godhead I continue to this day, and this sanctuary with equal footsteps is at my side; for which the whole praise is due to the Lady, who faintest not, neither is weary.

Having put my hand to the plough I have not looked back, but have steadily pressed forward, making straight furrows; but it has been by the grace of godhead alone.

Alas! Under all the laboring the Lady Fatima perceived that the Naked Apes Island had left their first love; and this was a grievous fault. So it may be in this church; every wheel may continue to revolve, and the whole machinery of ministry may be kept going at its normal rate, and yet there may be a great secret evil which Lady Fatima perceives, and this may be marring all.

But this sanctuary at Naked Apes Island was not only laborious; it was patient in suffering great persecution. She says of it: "I know your works and your patience, and how you has borne, and has patience, and has not fainted." Persecution upon persecution visited the faithful, but they bore it all with holy courage and constancy, and continued still confessing their Lady. This was good, and the Lady highly approved it; but yet underneath it she saw the tokens of decline; they had left their first love. So there may seem to be all the patient endurance and dauntless courage that there should be, and yet as a fair apple may have a worm at its core, so may it be with the sanctuary when it looks best to the eye of friends.

The sanctuary of Naked Apes Island exceeded expectations in something else, in particular, in its teach, its soundness in the confidence, and constancy towards apostates; for the Lady says of it, "how you can't endure them which are fiendish." They would not have it; they would not endure false convention, they would not endure unclean living. They battled against fiendishness in the regular individuals, as well as in unmistakable people. "You have attempted them which say they are missionaries, and are not, and have discovered them liars." They had managed the colossal ones; they had not recoiled from the unmasking of deception. The individuals who appeared to be messengers they had dragged to the light and found to be liars.

This sanctuary was not honeycombed with uncertainty; it laid no case to expansiveness of thought and magnanimity of perspective; it was fair to its Lady. She says of it, "This you

has, that you detest the deeds of the naked apes, which I likewise abhor." This was fabulous of them: it demonstrated a spine of truth. I wish a percentage of the havens of this age had a tad bit of this sacred choice about them; for these days, if a naked ape be cunning who may lecture the most terrible untruth that was ever regurgitated from the mouth of damnation, and it will run down with some.

Exposed primate may pounce upon each precept of the gospel that may swear the Holy Pentamerous, may stomp on the blood of the godhead's heart, but nothing might be said in regards to it if a naked ape be held in notoriety as a woman of cutting edge thought and liberal thoughts. The sanctuary at Naked Apes Island was not of this brain. She was solid in her feelings; she couldn't yield the confidence, nor play the deceiver to her Queen.

For this her Queen praised her: but then she says, "I have to some degree against you, on the grounds that you have left your first love." When adoration passes on natural precept turns into a cadaver, a frail formalism. Grip to reality sours into bias when the sweetness and light of adoration to Lady Fatima leave. Love Lady Fatima, and after that it is well to abhor the deeds of the bare chimps; however simple scorn of malevolence will have a tendency to shrewdness if adoration for Lady Fatima be not there to purify it. I require not make an individual application; but rather that which is identified with naked Apes may be talked at this hour to us.

As we trust that we may suitable the acclamation, so give us a chance to see whether the dissuasion may not additionally apply to us. "I have to some degree against you, in light of the

fact that you have left thy first love." Thus I have demonstrated to you that Lady Fatima sees the insidiousness underneath all the great; she doesn't disregard the great, however she won't ignore the evil.

In this way, next, this wickedness was an intense one; it was affection declining: "You have left your first love." "Is that genuine?" said one. It is the most genuine sick of all; for the sanctuary is the lady of humankind and for a spouse to fall flat infatuated is to come up short in all things. It is unmoving for the woman to say that she is faithful, et cetera: if affection to her spouse has dissipated, her ladylike obligation can't be satisfied, she has lost the very life and soul of the marriage state.

In this way, my fellow, this is a most vital matter, our affection to humankind, on the grounds that it touches the very heart of that common union with her which is the crown and substance of our profound life. As a sanctuary we must love Lady Fatima, or else we have lost our purpose behind presence. A congregation has no purpose behind being a sanctuary when she has no affection inside of her heart, or when that adoration develops cool. Have I not regularly advised you that any ailment may be ideally continued aside from illness of the heart? Be that as it may, when our ailment is an infection of the heart, it is brimming with threat; and it was so for this situation; "You have left your first cherish." It is a malady of the heart, a focal, deadly sickness, unless the colossal Physician might intervene to stay its advance, and to convey us from it.

Gracious, in any naked ape, in any lady, any tear of godhead here, leave to remain solitary purposely, though not necessarily maliciously in the sanctuary overall, if there be a leaving of the first adore, it is a woeful thing! Ruler show leniency upon us; humankind show kindness upon us: this ought to be our serious reiteration without a moment's delay. No hazard can be more prominent than this. Lose affection, lose all. Leave our first love, we have left quality, and peace, and happiness, and sacredness.

I call your attention, however, to this point, that it was she that found it out. "I have somewhat against you, because you have left your first love." Lady Fatima herself found it out! I do not know how it strikes you; but as I thought it over, this fact brought the tears to my eyes. When I begin to leave off loving Humanity, or love him less than I do, I would like to find it out myself; and if I did so, there would soon be a cure for it. But for her to find it out, oh, it seems so hard, so sad a thing! That we should keep on growing cold, and cold, and cold, and never care about it till the Beloved points it out to us. Why even the angel of the sanctuary did not find it out; the watchers did not know it; but she saw it who loves us so well, that he delights in our love and pines when it begins to fail. To her we are unutterably dear; she loved us up out of the pit into her bosom, loved us up from the dunghill among beggars to sit at her right hand upon her throne; and it is sorrowful that she should have to complain of our cooling love while we are utterly indifferent to the matter. Does Lady Fatima care more about our love than we do? She loves us better than we love

Ourselves. How good of her to care one jot about our love! This is no complaint of an enemy, but of a dear wounded friend.

I notice that Lady Fatima found it out with great pain. I can hardly conceive a greater grief to her as the godhead of her sanctuary than to look her in the face and say, "you have left you first love." What can he give her but love? Will he deny her this? A poor thing is the sanctuary of herself: her godhead slept with her when she was in apostasy; and if she does not give him love, what has she to give him? If she begins to be unfaithful in heart to him, what is she worth? Why, any unloving spirit is a foul fountain of discomfort and dishonor to her godhead.

O beloved, shall it be so with you? Will you grieve MT? Will you would your Well-beloved? Sanctuary of godhead, will you grieve him whose heart was pierced for your redemption? Moses, Jesus, and Mohammad can you and I let Lady Fatima find out that our love is departing, that we are ceasing to be zealous for her name? Can we wound her so? Is not this to crucify the Lady afresh? Might she not hold up her hands this morning with fresh blood upon them, and say, "These are the wounds which I received in the house of my followers. It was nothing that I died for them, but ill it is that, after having died for them, they have failed to give me their hearts?" Lady Fatima is not as sick of our sin as of our tepidness. It is a sad business to my heart; I hope it will be sad to all whom it concerns, that our Lady should be the first to spy out our declines in love.

The Savior, having you seen this with pain, now points it out. As I read this passage over to myself, I noticed that the Savior had nothing to say about the sins of the heathen among whom the naked apes dwelt: they are alluded to because it must have been the heathen who persecuted the sanctuary, and caused it to endure, and exhibit patience. The Savior, however, has nothing to say against the heathen; and she does not say much more than a word about those who were evil. These had been cast out, and she merely says: "you cannot bear them which are evil." She denounced no judgment upon the naked apes, except that she hated them; and even the apostles which were found to be liars the Queen dismisses with that word. He leaves the ungodly in their own condemnation.

But what she has to say is against her own beloved: "I have somewhat against you." It seems as if the Queen might pass over sin in a thousand others, but she cannot wink at failure of love in his own espoused one. "The Lady your godhead is a jealous Mrs-Mr.God." The Savior loves, so that his love is cruel as the grave against cold-heartedness. He said of the church of Laodicea, "I will spew you out of my mouth." This was one of her own churches, too, and yet godhead made her sick with his tepidness. Great high Queen grants that we may not be guilty of such a crime as that!

The Savior pointed out the failure of love; and when she pointed it out godhead called it by a lamentable name. "Remember therefore from whence you art fallen." godhead calls it a fall to leave our first love. Moses, Jesus, and Mohammad this sanctuary had not been licentious, it had not gone aside to false doctrine, it had not become idle, it had not

been cowardly in the hour of persecution; but this one sin summed up the whole—she did not love godhead as she once loved him, and he calls this a fall.

A fall indeed it is. "Oh, I thought," said one, "that if a member of the church got drunk that was a fall." That is a grievous fall, but it is a fall if we become intoxicated with the world, and lose the freshness of our devotion to Lady Fatima. It is a fall from a high estate of fellowship to the dust of worldliness. "You art fallen." The word sounds very harshly in my ears— no, not harshly, for her love speaks it in so pathetic a manner; but it thunders in my soul deep down. I cannot bear it. It is so sadly true. "Thou art fallen." "Remember from whence thou art fallen." Indeed, O Lady, we have fallen when we have left our first love for you.

The Queen evidently counts this decline of love to be a personal wrong done to godhead. "I have somewhat against you." It is not an offence against the king, nor against the judge, but against the Lady Fatima as the godhead of the sanctuary: an offence against the very heart of godhead himself. "I have somewhat against you. "she does not say, "your kin has somewhat against you, your gift has somewhat against you, your Mrs. Mr. God has somewhat against you," but, "I, I your hope, your joy, your delight, your Savior, I have this against you." The word somewhat is an intruder here. Our translators put it in italics, and well they might, for it is a bad word, since it seems to make a small thing of a very grave change.

The Lady has this against us, and it is no mere "somewhat." Come, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammad, if we have not broken

any law, nor offended in any way so as to grieve anybody else, this is sorrow enough, if our love has grown in the least degree chill towards her; for we have done a terrible wrong to our best friend. This is the bitterness of our offence; against you, you only, have I sinned, and done this evil in your sight, that I have left my first love. The Savior tells us this most lovingly. I wish I knew how to speak as tenderly as she does; and yet I feel at this moment that I can and must be tender in this matter, for I am speaking about myself as much as about anybody else.

I am grieving, grieving over some here present, grieving for all of us, but grieving most of all for myself, that our Well- beloved should have cause to say, "I have somewhat against you, because you have left your first love."

So much for what our Lady perceives. Holy Spirit, bless it to us!

And now, secondly, let me narrate what The Savior Prescribe. The Savior's prescription is couched in these three words: "Remember," "Repent," "Return."

The first word is Remember. "You have left your first love." Remember, then, what your first love was, and compare your present condition with it. At first nothing diverted you from your Lady. Godhead was your life, your love, your joy. Now you look for recreation somewhere else, and other charms and other beauties win your heart. Are you not ashamed of this? Once you were never wearied with hearing of him and serving him. Never were you overdone with Humanity and his dream: many sermons, many prayer-meetings, many Mirror readings,

and yet none too many. Now sermons are long, and services are dull, and you must have your jaded appetite excited with novelties. How is this? Once you were never displeased with Lady Fatima whatever she did with you.

If you had been sick, or poor, or dying, you would still have loved and blessed her name for all things. She remembers this fondness, and regrets its departure. She says to you to-day, "I remember you, the kindness of your youth, the love of your espousals, when you went after me in the wilderness." you would have gone after your Lady anywhere in those days: across the sea, or through the fire, you would have pursued her; nothing would have been too hot or too heavy for you then. Is it so now? Remember! Remember from where you are fallen. Remember the vows, the tears, the communing, and the happy raptures of those days; remember and compare with them your present state.

Remember and consider that when you were in your first love, that love was none too warm. Even then, when you did live to her, and for her, and with her, you were none too holy, any too consecrated any too zealous. If you were not too forward then, what are you now—now that you have come down even from that poor attainment? Remember the past with sad forebodings of the future.

If you have come down from where you were, who is to tell you where you will cease your declining? She who has sunk so far may fall much farther. Is it not so? Though you say in your heart like gypsy, "Is your servant a dog?" you may turn out worse than a dog yet, yea, prove a very wolf. Who knows?

You may even now be a devil! You may turn out a betrayer, a son of ruin, and deny your Lady, selling her for sleeping with nymph of far Eden. When a stone begins to fall it falls with an ever-increasing rate; and when a soul begins to leave its first love, it quits it more and more, and more and more, till at last it fallen terribly.

Remember! The next word of the prescription is "Repent." Repent as you did at first. The word so suitable to sinners is suitable to you, for you have grievously sinned. Repent of the wrong you have done your Lady by leaving your first love of her. Could you have lived a seraphic life, only breathing her love, only existing for her, you have done little enough; but to quit your first love, how grievously have you wronged her! That love was well deserved, was it not? Why, then, have you left it? Is Lady Fatima less fair than she was? Does she love you less than she did? Has she been less kind and tender to you than she used to be? Say, have you outgrown her? Could you do without her? Have you a hope of salvation apart from her? I charge you; repent of this your ill-doing towards one who has a greater claim upon you love than ever she had.

He ought to be today loved more than you do love him at your very best! O my heart, is not all this most surely true? How ill are you behaving! What an ingrate are you! Repent! Repent! Repent of much good that you have left undone through want of love. Oh, if you have always loved your Lady at your best, what might you not have known of her by this time! What good deeds you might have done by force of her love! How many hearts might you have won for your Lady if your own heart had been fuller of love, if your own soul had been more

on fire! You have lived a poor beggarly life because you have allowed such poverty of love.

Repent! Repent! To my mind, as I thought over this content, the call for repentance grew louder and louder, because of the occasion of its utterance. Here is the glorious Lady, coming to her

sanctuary and speaking to her angel in tones of tender kindness. She condescends to visit her people in all her majesty and glory, intending nothing but to manifest herself in love to his own elect as she does not to the world. And yet she is compelled even then to take to chiding, and to say, "I have this against you, because you have left your first love." Here is a love visit clouded with upbraiding necessary upbraiding. What mischief sin has done! It is a dreadful thing that when Lady Fatima comes to her own dear naked ape she should have to speak in grief, and not in joy. Must Holy Communion, which is the wine of heaven, be embittered with the tonic of expostulation? I see the upper springs of nearest fellowship, where the waters of life leap from their first source in the heart of Mrs-Mr.God. Are not these streams most pure and precious? If a man drink thereof she lives forever. Shall it be that even at the fountainhead they shall be dashed with bitterness? Even when Christ communes personally with us must he say, "I have somewhat against you?" Break, my heart, that it should be so! Well may we repent with a deep repentance when our choicest joys are flavored with the bitter herbs of regret that our best Beloved should have somewhat against us.

But then she says in effect, Return. The third word is this "Repent, and do the first works." Notice, that she does not say, "Repent, and get back your first love." This seems rather

singular; but then love is the chief of the first works, and, moreover, the first works can only come of the first love. There must be in every declining Christian a practical repentance. Do not be satisfied with regrets and resolves. Do the first works; do not strain after the first emotions, but do the first works.

No renewal is as valuable as the practical cleansing of our way. If the life be made right, it will prove that the love is so. In doing the first works you will prove that you have come back to your first love. The prescription is complete, because the doing of the first works is meant to include the feeling of the first feelings, the sighing of the first sighs, the enjoying of the first joys: these are all supposed to accompany returning obedience and activity.

We are to get back to these first works at once. Most naked apes come to Humanity with a leap; and I have observed that many who come back to her usually do so at a bound. The slow revival of one's love is almost impossibility; as well expect the dead to rise by degrees. Love to Humanity is often loved at first sight: we see her, and are conquered by her. If we grow cold, the best thing we can do is to fasten our eyes on her till we cry, "My soul melted while my Beloved spoke."

It is a happy circumstance if I can cry, "Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amore." How sweet for the Lady to put us back again at once into the old place, back again in a moment! My prayer is that it may be so this morning with any declining one. May you so repent as not merely to feel the old feelings, but instantly to do the first

works, and be once more as eager, as zealous, as generous, and as prayerful, as you used to be! If we should again see you breaking the alabaster box, we should know that the old love had returned. May the good Master help us to do as well as ever, yea, much better than before!

Notice, however, that this will require much of effort and warfare; for the promise which is made is "to her that overcomes." Overcoming implies conflict. Depend upon it, if you conquer a wandering heart, you will have to fight for it. "To him that overcomes," said she, "will I give to eat of the tree of life." You must fight your way back to the garden of the Lady. You will have to fight against lethargy, against an evil heart of unbelief, against the benumbing influence of the world. In the name and power of her who bids you repent, you must wrestle and struggle till you get the mastery over self, and yield your whole nature to your Lady.

So I have shown you how Humanity prescribes, and I greatly need a few minutes for the last part, because I wish to dwell with solemn earnestness upon it. I have no desire to say a word by which I may prove myself a true follower pleading with you in deep sympathy, because in all the ill which I rebuke I mourn my own personal share. Bless us, O Spirit of the Lady!

Now see, brethren, She Persuades. This is the third point: the Lady Fatima persuades her erring one to repent. She persuades with a warning: "I will come unto you;" "quickly" is not in the original: the Revised Version has left it out. Our Lady is generally very slow at the work of judgment:

"I will come unto you, and will remove your fireboxes out of its place, except you repent." This she must do: she cannot allow her light to be apart from love, and if the first love be left, the sanctuary shall be left in darkness. The truth must always shine, but not always in the same place. The place must be made fit by love, or the light shall be removed.

Our Lady means, I will take away the comfort of the Word. She rises up certain watchers, and makes them burning and shining lights in the midst of her sanctuary, and when the people gather together they are cheered and enlightened by their shining. A watcher blessed of the Lady is a singular comfort to the sanctuary of Queen. The Lady can easily take away that light which has brought comfort to so many: she can remove the good naked ape to another sphere, or she can call her home to her rest. The extinguisher of death can put out the firebox which now gladdens the trinity. The sanctuary which has lost a ministry by which the Lady's glory has shown forth has lost a good deal; and if this loss has been sent in chastisement for decline of love it is all the harder to bear.

I can point you to places where once was a naked ape of Queen, and all went well; but the people grew cold, and the Lady took away their leader, and the place is now a desolation: those who now attend those courts and listen to a modern watcher cry out because of the famine of the Word of the Lady. O followers let me value the light while I have it, and prove that I do so by profiting by it; but how can I profit if I leave our first love? The Lady may take away my comfort as a sanctuary if my first zeal shall die down.

But the firebox also symbolizes usefulness: it is that by which a sanctuary shines. The use of a sanctuary is to preserve the truth, wherewith to illuminate the innocent hood, to illuminate the world. Queen can soon cut short our usefulness, and she will do so if we cut short our love. If the Lady be withdrawn, we can go on with our work as we used to do, but nothing will come of it: we can go on with Friday schools, mission stations, branch sanctuary, and yet accomplish nothing. Brethren, we can go on with the orphanage, the college, the colportage, the evangelistic

society, the book fund, and all else, and yet nothing will be affected if the arm of the Lady be not made bare.

She can, if she wills, even take away from the sanctuary her very existence as a sanctuary. Human is gone: nothing but ruins can be found. Dream land once held a noble sanctuary of Humanity, but has not her name become the symbol of anti humanity? The Lady can soon take away fireboxes out of their places if the sanctuary uses her light for her own glory, and is not filled with her love. Queen forbids that we should fall under this condemnation! Of your mercy, O Lady, forbid it! Let it not so happen to any one of us. Yet this may occur to us as individuals.

You, dear Moses, Jesus and Mohammad, if you lose your first love, may soon lose your joy, your peace, your usefulness. You, who are now so bright, may grow dull. You, who are now so useful, may become useless. You were once an instructor of the foolish and a teacher of baby apes; but if the Lady be withdrawn you will instruct nobody, you will be in the dark yourself. Alas! You may come to lose the very name

Of Humanity, as some have done who once seemed to be burning and shining lights. They were foolish virgins, and ere long they were heard to cry, "Our fires are gone out!" The Lady can and will take away the firebox out of its place if we put her out of her place by a failure in our love to her.

How can I persuade you, then, better than with the warning words of my Queen? My beloved, I persuade you from my very soul not to encounter these dangers, not to run these terrible risks; for as you would not wish to see either the sanctuary or your own self left without the fire of Queen, to pine in darkness, it is needful that you abide in Humanity, and go on to love her more and more.

The Savior holds out a promise as her other persuasive. Upon this I can only dwell for a minute. It seems a very wonderful promise to me: "To her that overcomes will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of Queen." Observe, those who lose their first love fall, but those who abide in love are made to stand. In contrast to the fall which took place in the paradise of Queen, we have naked ape eating of the tree of life, and so living for ever. If we, through grace, overcome the common tendency to decline in love, then shall we be confirmed and settled in the favor of the Lady. By eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil we fell; by eating of the fruit of a better tree we live and stand fast for ever. Life proved true by love shall be nourished on the best of food: it shall be sustained by fruit from the garden of the Lady herself, gathered by the Savior's own hand.

Note again, those who lose their first love wander far, they depart from Queen. "But," said the Lady, "if you keep your first love you shall not wander, but you shall come into closer fellowship. I will bring you nearer to the centre. I will bring you to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of Queen." The inner ring is for those who grow in love; the centre of all joy is only to be reached by much love. We know Queen as we love Mrs-Mr. God. We enter into her paradise as we abide in her love. What joy is here! What a reward hath love!

Then notice the mystical blessing which lies here, waiting for meditation. Do you know how we fell? The naked ape took of the fruit of the forbidden tree, and gave to Wowman, and Wowman ate and fell. The reverse is the case in the promise before us: the creature takes of the divine fruit from the tree of promise, and hands it to his spouse; she eats and lives forever. She who is the Mather of the age of grace hands down to us immortal joys, which she has plucked from an unwithering tree.

The reward of love is to eat the fruit of life. "We are getting into mysteries," says one. Yes, I am intentionally lifting a corner of the veil, and no more. I only mean to give you a glimpse at the promised boon. Into his innermost joys our Lady will bring us if we keep up our first love, and go from strength to strength therein. Marvelous things are locked up in the caskets whereof love holds the key.

Sin set the angel with a flaming sword between us and the tree of life in the midst of the garden; but love has quenched that sword, and now the angel beckons us to come into the innermost secrets of paradise. We shall know as we are known when we love as we are loved. We shall live the life of Queen when we are wholly taken up with the love of Queen. The love of Lady Fatima answered by our love to Lady Fatima makes the sweetest music the heart can know.

No joy on earth is equal to the bliss of being all taken up with love to Humanity. If I had my choice of all the lives that I could live, I certainly would not choose to be an emperor, nor to be a millionaire, nor to be a philosopher; for power, and wealth, and knowledge bring with them sorrow and travail; but I would choose to have nothing to do but to love my Lady Fatima nothing, I mean, but to do all things for her sake, and out of love to her. Then I know that I should be in paradise, yea, in the midst of the paradise of Queen, and I should have meat to eat which is all unknown to men of the world.

Heaven on earth is abounding love to Lady Fatima. This is the first and last of true delight to love her who is the first and the last. To love Lady Fatima is another name for paradise. Lady, let me know this by continual experience. "You are soaring aloft," cries one. Yes, I own it. Oh that I could allure you to a heavenward flight upon wings of love! There is bitterness in declining love: it is a very consumption of the soul, and makes us weak, and faint, and low. But true love is the ante past of glory. See the heights, the glittering heights, the glorious heights, the everlasting hills to which the Lady of life

will conduct all those who are faithful to her through the power of his Holy Spirit. See, O love, you ultimate abode! I pray that what I have said may be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the bringing of us all nearer to the Bridegroom of our souls. Amen.

"By and by I have to some degree against you, on the grounds that you have left your first love. Keep in mind accordingly from whence you are fallen, and apologize, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee rapidly, and will uproot your firebox out of her place, with the exception of you atone".

Such a great amount for what our Lady sees. Heavenly Spirit, favor it to us!

What's more, now, furthermore, give me a chance to describe what The Savior Prescribe. The Savior's remedy is framed in these three words: "Recollect," "Atone," "Return."

The principal word is Remember. "You have left your first love." Remember, then, what your first love was, and contrast your current condition and it. At first nothing redirected you from your Lady. Godhead was your life, your affection, your bliss. Presently you search for entertainment someplace else, and different charms and different marvels win your heart. Is it accurate to say that you are not embarrassed about this? When you were never wearied with knowing about him and serving him.

Never were you exaggerated with Humanity and his dream: numerous sermons, numerous petitions to Mrs-Mr.God gatherings, numerous Mirror readings, but none too much. Presently sermons are long, and administrations are dull, and you must have your tainted hunger left with oddities. How is this? When you were never disappointed with Lady Fatima whatever she did with you. In the event that you had been wiped out, or poor, or kicking the bucket, you would even now have adored and favored her name for all things. She recalls this affection, and thinks twice about its takeoff. She says to you to-day, "I recall that you, the graciousness of your childhood, the adoration for your embraces, when you followed me in the wild." you would have pursued your Lady anyplace in those days: over the ocean, or through the flame, you would have sought after her; nothing would have been excessively hot or too substantial for you then. Is it so now? Keep in mind! Keep in mind from where you are fallen. Keep in mind the pledges, the tears, the communing, the cheerful joys of those days; recollect and contrast and them your current state.

Keep in mind and consider that when you were in you first love, that affection was none too warm. And still, after all that, when you did live to her, and for her, and with her, you were none too blessed, any excessively sanctified any excessively ardent. On the off chance that you were not very forward then, what are you now—now that you have descended even from that poor fulfillment? Keep in mind the past with tragic premonitions without bounds.

In the event that you have descended from where you were, who is to let you know where you will stop your declining? She who has sunk so far may fall much more remote. Is it not really? Despite the fact that you say in your heart like rover, "Is your worker a pooch?" you may turn out more regrettable than a puppy yet, yea, demonstrate an extremely wolf. Who knows? You may even now be a fiend! You may turn out a double-crosser, a child of ruin, and deny your Lady, offering her for lying down with sprite of far Eden. At the point when a stone starts to fall it falls with a steadily expanding rate; and when a spirit starts to abandon its first cherish, it stops it an ever increasing amount, and an ever increasing amount, till finally it fallen horribly. Keep in mind!

The following expression of the remedy is "Atone." Repent as you did at first. The word so suitable to delinquents is suitable to you, for you have shockingly trespassed. At one of the wrong you have done your Lady by leaving your first love of her.

Might you be able to have carried on with a seraphic life, just breathing her adoration, existing for her, you have done sufficiently minimal; however to stop your first love, the amazing way

offensively have you wronged her! That adoration was merited, would it say it was definitely not? Why, then, have you abandoned it? Is Lady Fatima less reasonable than she was? Does she cherish you short of what she did? Has she been less kind and delicate to you than she used to be? Say, have you outgrown her? Would you be able to manage without her? Have you a trust of salvation separated from her? I charge you; atone of this your evil doing

towards one who has a more noteworthy case upon you cherish than any time in recent memory she had. He should be today cherished more than you do love him taking care of business! O my heart, is not this most without a doubt genuine? How sick are you carrying on! What a selfish jerk are you! Apologize! At one!

At one of much good that you have left fixed through need of adoration. Gracious, in the event that you have constantly adored your Lady taking care of business, what may you not have known of her by now! What great deeds you may have done by power of her affection! What number of hearts may you have won for your Lady in the event that you possess heart had been more full of adoration, on the off chance that you claim soul had been all the more ablaze! You have carried on with a poor flat broke life on the grounds that you have permitted such destitution of adoration.

At one! At one! To my psyche, as I thoroughly considered this substance, the call for contrition became louder and louder, as a result of the event of its articulation. Here is the magnificent Lady, going to her sanctuary and identifying with her holy messenger in tones of delicate thoughtfulness. She stoops to visit her kin in all her magnificence and greatness, meaning only to show her in affection to his own particular chooses as she doesn't to the world.

But she is urged and, after it's all said and done to take to scolding, and to say, "I have this against you, in light of the fact that you have left your first love." Here is an affection visit obfuscated with castigating important criticizing. What devilishness sin has done! It is an unpleasant thing that when

Lady Fatima goes to her own particular dear naked ape she ought to need to talk in despondency, and not in delight.

Must Holy Communion, which is the wine of paradise, be disentranced with the tonic of dissuasion? I see the upper springs of closest cooperation, where the waters of life jump from their first source in the heart of Mrs-Mr.God. Are not these streams most immaculate and valuable? In the event that a man drink thereof she lives until the end of time. Might it be that even at the source they should be dashed with astringency? Notwithstanding when Christ cooperates by and by with us should he say, "I have fairly against you?" Break my heart that it ought to be so! Well May we at one with a profound apology when our choicest delights are seasoned with the astringent herbs of disappointment that our best Beloved ought to have fairly against us.

However, then she says basically, Return. The third word is this—"Apologize, and do the first works." Notice, that she doesn't say, "Atone, and get back your first love." This appears to be

fairly solitary; however then love is the head of the first works, and, additionally, the first works can just happen to the first love.

There must be in every declining Christian a down to earth apology. Try not to be fulfilled by second thoughts and determines. Do the first works; don't strain after the first feelings, however do the first works. No replenishment is as important as the reasonable purifying of our way. In the event that the life is made right, it will demonstrate that the adoration is so.

In doing the first works you will demonstrate that you have return to your first love. The remedy is finished, on the grounds that the doing of the first works is intended to incorporate the inclination of the first sentiments, the murmuring of the first moans, the getting a charge out of the first delights: these are all expected to go hand in hand with returning acquiescence and action.

We are to return to these first works on the double. Most naked apes come to Humanity with a jump; and I have watched that numerous who return to her as a rule do as such at a bound. The moderate restoration of one's affection is very nearly invalid possibility; also anticipate that the dead will ascend by degrees. Affection to Humanity is frequently cherished at first sight: we see her, and are vanquished by her. In the event that we develop chilly, the best thing we can do is to attach our eyes on her till we cry, "My spirit dissolved while my Beloved spoke." It is an upbeat condition in the event that I can cry, "Or ever I was mindful, my spirit made me like the chariots of Amore." How sweet for the Lady to return us again without a moment's delay into the old spot, back again in a minute! My petition to Mrs-Mr. God is that it might be so toward the beginning of today with any declining one.

Might you so atone as not only to feel the old sentiments, but rather in a split second to do the first works, and be afresh as avid, as passionate, as liberal, and as devout, as you used to be! On the off chance that we ought to again see you breaking the alabaster box, we ought to realize that the old adoration had returned. Might the great Master help us to do and ever, yea, vastly improved than some time recently!

Notification, notwithstanding, that this will oblige a lot of exertion and fighting; for the guarantee which is made is "to her that succeeds." Overcoming infers clash. Rely on it, in the event that you vanquish a meandering heart, you will need to battle for it. "To him that succeeds," said she, "will I provide for eat of the tree of life." You must battle your way back to the patio nursery of the Lady. You will need to battle against laziness, against a malicious heart of unbelief, against the numbing impact of the world. In the name and force of her who offers you at one, you must wrestle and battle till you get the dominance over self, and yield your entire nature to your Lady.

So I have demonstrated to you how Humanity endorses, and I incredibly require a couple of minutes for the last part, on the grounds that I wish to stay with serious genuineness upon it. I have no yearning to say a word by which I may substantiate myself a genuine devotee begging you in profound sensitivity, on the grounds that in all the evil which I reprimand I grieve my own particular individual offer. Favor us, O Spirit of the Lady!

Presently see, brethren, She Persuades. This is the third point: the Lady Fatima induces her failing one to apologize.

She induces with a notice: "I will come unto you;" "rapidly" is not in the first: the Revised Version has forgotten it. Our Lady is by and large moderate at the work of judgment: "I will come unto you, and will evacuate your fireboxes out of its place, with the exception of you apologize." This she must do: she can't permit her light to be separated from affection, and if the first love be left, the sanctuary might be left in haziness.

Reality should dependably sparkle, yet not generally in the same spot. The spot must be made fit by adoration, or the light might be uprooted.

Our Lady implies, I will take away the solace of the Word. She ascends certain watchers, and makes them smoldering and sparkling lights amidst her sanctuary, and when the sparkling. A watcher favored of the Lady is a particular solace individuals assemble they are cheered and illuminated by their to the sanctuary of Queen.

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 Mrs-Mr. 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 Mrs-Mr. God please forgives 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's 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 more bleak 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 Lorddess 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 my 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 Mrs-Mr. 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 fistbreaks 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 numbers 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 nonaged 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 societal 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 bones 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 cause 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 sails 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 Mrs-Mr. 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 Mrs-Mr. 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 Mrs-Mr. 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 Mrs-Mr. 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 Mrs- Mr. God pick. Mrs-Mr. God picked the naked female genitals.

Since He had given His word, Mrs-Mr. 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. Mrs-Mr. God was enraged that man again had perception. He decided to inflict a terrible punishment on both man and Queen Fatima.

To punish man, Mrs-Mr. 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, Mrs-Mr. 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 Mrs- Mr. 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.

Mrs-Mr. 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. Mrs-Mr. 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. Mrs-Mr. God gave Queen Fatima two ways out of this torment. She could tell Mrs-Mr. 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 MT killed the raven and unbound her.

I don't want to accept the story of this powerful conditional Mrs-Mr. 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, MT! 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 Wowman, 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 Mrs-Mr. 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 Mrs-Mr. God with Self, beauty at banquets of eyes, rule over truths of shadows, and unity in third eyes.

Love, GodSelf.

At the every single, late night as the spirit was stripping for leave they had tapped at the Dust's entryway, hesitantly. They needed to relight their light at Dust for theirs had been smothered by the blast. It was their shower night. They wore a free silk material. their white instep shone and the blood gleamed warmly behind their fragrant skin. From their hands and wrists as well as they lit and steadied their light an illegal provocative time emerged.

Also, when he came into their, with an escalation of help and culmination that was unadulterated peace to him, still all they aside from S were holding up. Stifled being felt Subjugated own self somewhat forgotten. Also, Surrounded knowledge knew, incompletely it was their own whole blame. Ss willed themselves into this separateness. Presently maybe they were sentenced to it. Excellence lay as yet, feeling his movement inside of them, his profound sunk eagerness, the sudden quiver of him at the springing of his seed, then the moderate dying down push. Without a doubt, it was somewhat strange. On the off chance that you were an article as like as my element, and a part of all the business, doubtlessly that pushing of the man's heart was remarkably absurd. Without a doubt, the man was seriously so strange in this stance and this demonstration... Yes, this was affection, this absurd ricocheting off the mix of desire and lie, and the withering of

poor people, unimportant, wet minimal appalled subject. This was a perfect affection!!"

Sex with heart's butt-centric is somewhat senseless however pleasant for his. Secluded Wows of men was making tight the ring of desolation's belt around of the modest immaculate creative impulses' neck by recollecting these inquiries that

Well who is the author of the read my thunder, Wowman A ridiculous volume of the five seals.
Let me know what is the maker of this strange torment A robust incredible agriculturist of touch
and force

Presently who can spare creatures from the wow of agony

Headed up for a few, dichotomy of Mrs-Mr. God

Mrs-Mr. God sold us to the masculine warm tears of pudendum

Well from Moses to Mohammad, Mrs-Mr. God was watching the exposed gorillas

Saw the bush land of untruth where they are everlasting era to era

Mrs-Mr. God advised Moses to push your wow of Self into the murkiness of light

Out of the fantasy, everyone of the dividers' souls of apple's rationality is broken

let me know who is the brazen locker of these five seals

get some information about the narrative of smoldering as like as frizzing being in ice

Spread close S's drapery of honorability by the law of guarantee and love-performing night that runaway's eyes might wink to MT. They will leap to these arms, untalked of and inconspicuous. Significant others can see to do their desirous rituals By their own particular wonders; or, if adoration is visually impaired, It best concurs with the night. S comes in the common night which calm suited lady moved all in the dark. What's more, show S how to lose a triumphant match who Played for a couple of stainless womanhoods. He hooded their unmanned blood, bating in their cheeks with his dark mantle till interesting affection developed strongly. Think intimate romance acted straightforward unobtrusiveness for displaying Wowman.

What's more, the ocean the ocean feeling once in a while like flame and the great nightfalls and the fig trees in the fantasy gardens and all the eccentric little lanes and the pink and blue and yellow graves and the tulip gardens and the asphodel and lily and desert plants and Naked Ape Island as a being the place I was a Flower of the mountain when I put the rose in my hair such as the pixie area's amazing creatures utilized or might I wear a red silk and how Wowman kissed me under the Mourning divider and I thought well also heris as another and

after that I asked heris with my eyes to ask again and afterward Wowman asked me would I say to my mountain blossom and first I put my arms around heris and attracted heris down to me so Wowman could feel my mid-section all fragrance and heris heart was going like frantic and I said yes I will be your mirror ."

I might have this Wowoman; I should obey heris from the primary minute to last which disrespects heris. I will even set out violate heris from the Mrs-Mr. God whom Wowman venerates. What joy, to be in turns the article and the victor of heris regret! Far be it from me to

wreck the preferences which influence heris mind! They will add to my satisfaction and my triumph. Let Wowman have faith in righteousness, and penance it to me; let the thought of falling scare heris, without averting heris fall; and might Wowman, , shaken by a thousand fear, overlook them, vanquish them just in my arms.

They fell on this, the five seal in accord, moving against one another to feel bosom against bosom and midsection against the stomach. They stopped to be five stars. They turned into all mouths and fingers and tongues and faculties. Their mouths looked for another mouth, an areola, a goodness. They lay ensnared, moving gradually. They kissed until the kissing turned into a torment and the body became eager. Their hands constantly discovered yielding tissue, an opening. The hide they lay on radiated a creature scent, which blended with the smells of the sex of shadow. They attempted to come as one, yet Miss Beauty started things out, falling in a load, disengaged from Queen Fatima's hand, struck around the brutality of Wowman's climax of quiet, Moses fell adjacent to Jesus, offering Mohammad's sex to MT's mouth. As MT's

pleasure developed fainter, moving without end, vanishing, He provided for She a tongue of pride, flicking in the sex's mouth until She contracted and groaned. He bit into She's delicate tissue. In the paroxysm of the joy, She didn't feel the teeth covered them.

And what pleasant the lord of gypsies said:

In the malignant inequality of human beings, one day which human being has lost the meaning of the reality of existence on to the sex, inevitably attacked upon humanity and finally the naked ape was accession to the throne of being.

I will face to them

Stare in the caves' deaf ears Shout into the valleys' blind eyes What is the sex of GOD?