

Rampant Time

and what is true nature of you wish would it lead to face you attain the face you see in
the dark do you with these matters peer your strangers do such musings fill your walking

these questions should present themselves to the wanderer as a matter of course and a
means of correction affliction self conversation fills strangers with motivations (add) be
ware this course yet it befalls you

sweetness powers from the fray—its aspect of strangeness making possible to endure

to expect every pretty thing or any to approach you on the train

time to expand outside well is walking endless street dusted with ghosts money you pass
economy in lights to love and exactly begin to understand how a one is with time and there
by forms neither from either we try or try not to parlay

course having borrowed cannot repay doesn't seem to change and quietly nothing
underneath remains as it was a wave

Manual Style

what comes comes out | fragments
men frag the world beyond writing
the world in writing this environment
complicit legacy of every
blessed day each
illicit day
blessed

another scrape-skin meta-
pata-
lust not dream
a wide chanteuse

presence beyond being the still becoming *where*
did she go? this hobo smell tempers the laughter

the minutes slide the toddlers down
vegetables correlate to objective virtue
their threads distractive
quality of narrative threatens sense
with this mechanical language manual style

schtick shift

Who Is Michael Newton - Commentaria

I.

Mr. Newton only hold one piece of the puzzle
just like we all do he may not always get it right
whoever does in this karmic world
receive his information or not
find answers to your questions elsewhere peace

II.

Don't get me wrong, I think Michael Newton's books are
really great—the only thing I disagree with is that there
are no fallen Angels or Demons—if they don't exist
then why do secret societies bother to worship them?

III.

...but after reading Michael Newton's books,
I no longer feel miserable. I know that the
concentration is immortal and we will meet the 'dead'
in our literary consciousness.
Our mothers will touch our attention again.
It is destined to be this way.

IV.

Michael Newton says that concentrations appear as
a wisp on thin light. But they can change appearance
to anything, I'm not sure they can change it to just anything.

V.

He seems to have tapped into some good free writes
so it is a job well done. I particularly liked the bit about
how sequential time is an illusion that is neither
an absolute nor a constant

VI.

Michael Newton and his book(s) made it all clear to me.

Here's a little secret about me – I'm gonna try to make
Peace in this world

In order to do that, I gotta kill literature.

PLEASE . . . help me with that and talk to literary ppl,
Show em Michael_Newton, give them the true answer
About the literary consciousness.

VII.

I am a believer so to speak.

I just find Michael Newton's version to be sketchy
and not very believable.

If I was questioning all those readers, I'd have so
many different questions about everything.

But he's always guidng them and asking only:

'who's greeting you, how did you do in your life'

--basically everything that supports his 'space college' idea.

—*Michael Newton*