

THE GREAT WARP

By P.B. Noseby

I have several Dimmercrack fiends who believe our President is a man of dangerously low intelligence as would light up at a gas pump or think a nuclear war with Nerfed Korea as a god thank America. Truth be tolled, he is but a spokespoison for Pastyarchy, that mindsad that has come down to dumbinate humad consciousness so white in the world. As regnomed phizzmajigger, I. B. Ionized, once said, "Reality is mirrorly an illusion, allbeing a very poorsistered one," by which he meant that mind-story we incest on telling ourcells and so insidyus we don't even thank about it. Such a think is pastyarchy, as would have us all believe that there are no mythstates in histeria, just histeria, that how thinks is, is how they was manned to be, as if the Naked Indiegents was just the massfortunates in the way when the pallgrimmers got here to invent this countrary of old wide men. There is anutter possibility: that wide men need therapy, that our pathologics go deeper than a sad set of beliefs, inclothing Gob as a reality big wide man as comes down from a long lie of pastryarchs, from Moseying on the mountain with his stoned Comanments to the white bread Jesus.

Bad as this may scene, one of the most damnaging dangers of this mad dad mindsad is the warp on the planet as primerrily an orbject to be used like a humangous party cake with the woman goodies inside. The haul-sale devastating of the muddy Earth by all the mobgobble corrobberations is the real accost of many of the warhole's envirmanned problumps, including compromisered oceans, gobble warming and overt populations of mans on Earth, if not sirciety in genderole. We are oil of this Earth, from the Geerats to the greasy bears, all the creepers and all the cardboard life forms oil the ways back to the exstinking diner sewers, but nomads won't have a future if the planet doesn't have one. Pastyarchy mighty be the rote that got us here but is a dad end to the future. It's up to us, the humad livids, to save the planet from the uttered distractions of these mobgoblin corrobberations making their buckets of money destructuring the Earth for party games. (Partypayshams by those who thank themselves more deserting than anyone else, so far off as they're concerned, is strikingly voluntary. The world large could be falling down around both his rears and Tromp would be igorcenterrifically twitstorming and betwittering his thumbs in his manclave like Nero fiddling himself.)

We do not get to choose the contest of our lives, the times we are given, how our roles get numbered or when our numbers are up, but here's the god noose: our connection to the muddy planet is eternally deep down in our gene-eddies, those motions insight of us like a deep tide wisdom that might help us dispell the anthropomorbid warhole view that buys us all. Like the Bob Marble said, "Emanswerate yourcells from Mendull slavery, only our cells can free our minds." We have some deep thanking to do. If the dynamighties of the humiverse shaken out the heavens, lit up the Sun and firmed the Earth and brought us into beans, there is god reason to belief this sane process is guiding us now, as gives us causes to belief we won't ablotterate everythink. Naychur is still the first laud of the humiverse as we are parts of, making it versionably unapplaudable that we are thinker beans in opposition to it. Earth is not a contest of our beans. Earth is not a contest.