

Poetry Series

Josephe Buchanan
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Josephe Buchanan is an artist with many talents. The Brooklyn, New York native writes short stories and poetry. He was published in the anthology entitled 'The Silence of Yesterday' by The National Library of Poetry in the National Library of Poetry. Josephe Buchanan is currently working on a book that will be published by Author House Publishing. It will be Josephe's debut book, of poems, short stories and essays. Josephe writes spiritual poetry, non fiction and fiction stories. For more information on this young artist and writer you can email him at josephebuchanan@. Also visit his website

3rd Rock From The Sun

Machetes and Lizards, would keep him from crying, a baby who hated the serpent from birth.

His Mom was his Sun, she new he was flying, from the Island, and back to the place of his birth.

He remembers her eyes, so enchanted, and lovely, the scent of her purse, was lipstick, and mint.

A kiss was in order to stop him from crying, again, and again, mommy followed the hints.

'A little devil he was, a little devil, he is.'

He looks like his daddy, with eyes from his mommy, a mind from the Holy of Holies, within.

From sin he was born, with the sweet scent of wine, those eyes were so red, he was certainly jinn.

'A little devil he was, a little devil he is'

Mommy felt guilty because baby was bad, so restless, and perky, its those eyes that sparkled.

People would stop her, and ask her some questions, regarding his eyes, they said there remarkable.

Born from tragedy the child was resilient, his brothers were cool, with colorful faces, before all the cash, and terms of endearment, he knew they were special, from colorful places.

He travel a lot with daddy, and brothers, the youngest of three, he really miss mommy. She stayed in the states, and worked as a writer; his own Louise Lane, oh where is, my mommy?

'A little devil he was, a little devil his is'

Mommy love dad, and dad adored mom. The most beautiful couple, they struggle for us. With dad in the Islands, and mom in the States, the family suffered, but in something we trust.

Mom work hard, she save every penny, missing her baby, she fuss, and she fussed.

She save enough money and got us an apartment, to live in forever, she fussed, and she fussed.

At the airport she waited so anxious and lovely, she had the apartment

and peace at last.

After we landed my dad saw mommy, and for all that fussing he spanked her, she laughed.

Mommy and Daddy, two older brothers, me and my family, were finally at peace.

Baby was mad, from the first time MOM, left him. So when mom picked him up, baby bit on her check.

'A little devil he was, a little devil he is'

Josephe Buchanan

if I Traveled On My Own

If I left it up to myself I will be only a man
'Reach up for the strap hanger' Grand dad said
Marvelous how energy is distributed
My eyes are glowing
Sweeter than a kiss from a rose on the grave
MOM I love you
Thanks for your mitochondrial brilliance
Radiant and enchanted
Fun has been my dreams of late
Love has been my goal of late
Desire has been compressed
If I left it up to myself I will be only human
With God's help I am at least an Avatar
I am that I am
Aum Tut Sat Aum
To the diamond in the lily
The flower of life also being the flow-er
Dark has been my mind of late
For the cubic dark matter in space creates the light that makes me see
Me has to die in order to embrace that we which much live
I love you today like I will not be tomorrow
For if I left it up to myself I will only be
With help from God I can become one with you and become 'THE ALL'
I speak love the language, fragrance, culture, beliefs and religion
Love you
Love you
I am that I am
In the name of the father, son and holy spirit
If I left it up to myself I would have never sang the song of life for you or with
you!
Namaste
Till next time
From one Pendragon to another!

Josephe Buchanan

merkabah

Some tell of love stories where fire becomes a mother in healing

Wheels within wheels, where hell becomes a myth, and heaven becomes the present

The cosmic chariot of the soul, the sacred fire, and transfiguration of energy

It comes from the deep darkness within ones Neshamah,

Prayer to the divine Elohim, and the 18th breath of life

Once ascended in that ring of fire, a being can fly beyond space and sky

Some call it the fire in the sky, seen only through sacred third eyes

Sweet like the spirit of the sacred Shekinah,
One key in Metatronics

The visual, spiritual, and the physical, all become one in this hour of light

To the holy vehicle of ascension, sacred and pure, flower of life

Josephe Buchanan

my Space Suit

Living within my mind's computer, my soul's universe and my heart's planet allows me to tap into never ending kingdoms where adventures lurk within the murky waters of my dreams. Dual existences within and without me for when I close my eyes I become my multidimensional self. I opened my eyes and I became a dream within my soul's sleep and that dream is played out on our Planet called Earth. Not science nor magic this reality is all too real. For if the Earth is my Brother and the Moon is my Sister, my Mother that feeds me must be the Sun. Since my Father is God who art in Heaven I am a son of that masterpiece and one with it all.

So many pictures I see. Faces forgotten, memories lost and places to be.

My dreams are so precious my third eye has opened and my melatonin is becoming super conductive.

This is my human condition
My human religion
My human rendition in the physical form

My body is a piece of cloth to cover up my solar spirit, my space suit for Earth, my Garment of light and my Shroud of Turin.

Who and what am I to partake on such an existence?

I live in space on rock called Earth with a slight memory of my descent and the feeling of millions of years lost.

Who and what am I now? !

Since my past existence will not recognize this present form, I guess I am caterpillar still evolving into a butterfly.

My mind is a computer
My flesh is my space suit
My soul is the Universal property of the One true God.

I love me today for I will not exist tomorrow in this form.
Evolution is my name and my descent to Earth comes at a high price.

This is love, love and more love.

The most painful experience and most beautiful experience, my living soul can ever explain.

Josephe Buchanan

the Love Chronicles Revisited

He was torn between many worlds and haunted by the dreams of alternating realities.

Seeing their lips, eyes and hair reminded him of sipping blended roots with Chai tea!

Remembering their smells brought him euphoria and a sharp surge of endorphins.

He rises to the occasion once falling into the memory of passion, oil, incense and divine coitus.

Every style she posses was different from the other lights. The other angels. The other sex Goddesses.

Remember a French darling from Paris with Senegalese descent. She said she was a model. I never argued. Through my ironical sign language I was able to communicate my desires without using words. A non English speaking marvel made love because she like humor, ascent and hubris for I spoke with my hands. Lost her for the next day she had to go back to Paris. I remember her last voice mail, 'Josephe boy what happened'?

My memories have no direct time line for my heart categorize every experience through my emotional clock that is outside of our Gregorian Calendar. My love for passion comes from what I call the Photosphere. Sexy dreams of romantic encounters that were not always erotic but very mosaic.

This mosaic collection of the sweet and sometimes hurtful embraces of beautiful women with colorful faces, brought me to a place where I could dream while awakened.

I know of women who can kiss your forehead and open your third eye. Others can makes the caterpillar's of your hurt turn to the butterflie's in your stomach.

Many can hurt you based on their indecision.

Others have hair that resembles bouquet's of exotic edible flowers, that can be found in botanical gardens. Hair like a well rounded tree and skin that reflects of

the sun to cause a sense of motion parallax when she 'walks on by'.

I know of a lady whose smile is always my personal and breasts that are fertile enough to save a starving village.

Well rounded bottom that when arched or slightly bended can cause this heart to palpitate.

The warm kiss of a Yoni, the long stretch inside, the kiss on a perfect neck, feels like Christmas in the sky.

To those jiggle bells, no stare of Jezebel and love that grows forever. To my lady in Black, my lady in Red and my lady in White.

Once I close my eyes and go to sleep I blend into water and a silent night.

To you ladies in the water..... To be continued.....

Josephine Buchanan

the Love Chronicles

Stage 1...

He was scared to take her and her moans sounded like a Stentorian choir! He was scared and afraid of what he needed to do to calm her heated ocean. Her central Sun supplied the young with courage after breaking his virginity and him not knowing that his own inner sun was glowing! He became alive filled with hubris for he was able to find his and her Kundalini!

Stage 2...

Her innocence caused him to regroup from the other side of his foreign object, that was both objective and subjective to his untamed heart. Looking at her backbone as it bended in symmetry with an Egyptian Goddess, he understood that as a virgin she would not last. Going into the depths of Hades from loosing her arch he sang a song called Princess.

Stage 3...

This one came to bring him sight when he was blinded by the confusion of loosing the stages of his progression. She came with warmth and a terminal illness that to a detoxing monk will be called love again! But this illness of love became his vaccine and that vaccine made him immune and understanding to the others (stage 1 and 2) .

Stage 4...

From love comes love and for this beauty he came from a mitochondria dream. Serpent ropes and rainbows brought the understanding of the Oracle. This Oracle is and will always be his Mother. The Queen of the Nile called Ganawa meaning 'between two rivers'. These rivers are called the Tigris and Euphrates. He loved his mother for she showed him how to remember everything called love before (stages 1 to 3) for she is Alpha and Omega.

Stage 5...

There were two angels who gave his life balance and because their beauty was 2*2, they equaled the 4 last stages. He called them twins who share the same antithesis. This antithesis he knew was pure love, not involving sex but passion because from God they shared the same blood. What these two angels taught

him were how to be unconditional, under and over-standing of what is conditional. This became to be while their beauty became the measuring rod of a high standard. These two angels are called my battery pack (stage 1, stage 3 and stage 4) and can commune that stage 2 was too young, pure and tired of he who built stages both foreign and domestic. Thus making all stages inclusive to her understanding beauty.

Stage 6...

Picture it: Japan, Mali, West Africa, Puerto Rico, Haiti, America, Russia, Jamaica, Ghana, Nigeria, India, Africa, North, South, East and West, Native American, Red Dot and Feather!

Stage 7...

Grown and sexy she saw him first at his first palace in Brooklyn where the keys that entered were all his own. This next door neighbor was beyond belief for she was the divine stylist creating the beauty that you have seen on T.V.....

To be continued..... Through Stages...

Josephe Buchanan

11: 11

The activation of activations
The opening of time

The hour and second of divine gates and chimes

Watchers pierce through souls who wish to see closer, circles within
circles, a trance in spiraling dance

Consciousness opens twice per day
In this sacred moment, do not miss your chance

Josephe Buchanan

2012

2012 has many elves that stand short of telling the world the tall order of truth. I feel like this cataclysm in repose will take too many souls. We as humans fight the greatest battle with an unborn identity that has great supremacy. We ask God for clemency while the government becomes one with leprosy, a harlot and the disgust of Typhonian tunnels. May my loved ones live and may our theories of life be non-recorded as phenomena. We are truth seekers, pendragons and travelers. Earth is our laboratory and the closest station to the Christ tunnel.

Josephe Buchanan

A Teenage Love

Hey love. Hey cutie. My freshman scoop. Devilish smile, Egyptian eyes,
and Polo boots.

Perfect creases in your Guess jeans, and your butter soft Cherlin coat.
I had a perfect fade hair cut, and my first earring, I remember how we
disappeared between periods.

To young to make love in the house we used the elevators as beds, except
that time when we first did it, on top of my bunk bed. Sweet time. My
first time.

I missed you when you left school. Still can see those eyes, and that
smile. To the day where our only worries was where to study, t he art of
love.

To making cutting school an adventure, just to have personal time.
To getting caught by my Moms on Valentines. Laugh out LOUD
Laugh out LOUD

Josephe Buchanan

Almond And Mints

'The child and Beauty

Salute to the class of 1920-65'

Almonds and mints accented the smell of good food and light cigarettes. The dark green carpet and antique furniture reminded the child of black and white movies on Sundays. A record player and vinyl echoed hello stranger. This beauty looks like a retired Barbara Lewis. The little boy liked the decor of class and vintage. It reminded him of romance and love stories. The little apartment was filled with love, so he never realized that beauty was lonely. He watched this little woman and her round checks, and almond eyes hidden under her thick glasses. Ha ha; she would laugh and compliment the young man. He was always obliged. Old Brooklyn surrounded by gardens and museums, she was a masterpiece of Technicolor around the gray scale of Hassidic Jews, and rich whites. The child would see the Jewish people on the Parkway, and scream the 'Jews, Jews'. He actually likes the unique yet gray scale look of the Jews. He remembered the Jews from bible class. This made him excited because he was too young to know that he wasn't in Israel. Back to the mint chocolates, Sam Cooke, and Sammy Turner. The child remembers beauty's, little bedroom always being clean, with perfect hardwood floors, light scented perfumes with the pump, the rotary phone, and basic dial TV with channel 2 to 13. The book shelf screamed black Africa, and the Diaspora. The books suggested that religion was not the main theme, but more like a search for truth from the motherland. There was a lot of pride and history. This seemed suitable being that her husband was a black nationalist and historian. The kid never knew why they were not together. He felt a sweet sadness like the song 'the way you look tonight from The Lettermen'. What he did know was that beauty reminded him of a deep euphoria of a time long gone. A time where music had soul, women were respectful, and men were real men. A time where segregation didn't allow her people to lose soul, a time where you can dance all night, and stare at the shooting stars, while kissing, and laughing. Sex was not the all, but romance was the in thing. 'It was a day where the blossom still clinged to the vine, and you could taste sweet strawberries and drink your sweet wine.' Great memories press between the pages of Elvis and Betty Everett. The shoop shoop was the new scoop, and the Dream of a King was soon to be revealed. Beauty would come visit the child's house. He remembered the men had cool sideburns, and pork chops. The women had curly jet black short do's, with perfect dresses to

shape there perfect coca cola figures. Back when the bottle was shape like women, and women not trying to be shape like the bottle. There was a lot of energy, good spirits, and food. The child remembers beauty being more to herself, as if she was ever proud or very humble by her daughter's family. Now to think about it, her husband was there. His stature alone was one of Paul Robinson, Harry Belafonte, or Sydney Portia. He commanded attention and was very fun to be around. Beauty seemed to be distant at times, when she wasn't entertaining at her vintage apartment. Bless beauty and her preservation of class and romance. The very scent of almonds and mints reminds me of when I was just a child, and I would visit my grandmother's world of classic and romance. To a fallen monument, and a symbol of hope. To the class of 1920 to 1965. Like the great Beatles said 'think of what I'm, saying, we can work it out'.

Josephe Buchanan

Ariam

She was as distinct as Mars being occupied by aliens. A beauty that was more uncanny than the X Men. I would never forget her patience for she became my Pandora. Swedish Danishes, with a powerful plate of poetry that excluded mundane rhetoric. Her perfect face became a twin, of an once known angel. My deep secret of a wish that was delivered via the luciferian winds, with the love of Gabriel. I became Michael while loving her presence. Her presence immediately gave me vibrations. From Africa to Brooklyn, I was enlightened, from a women that name connected Orion. Ariam love, for my cranium vibrated by the likes of this beauty who became the key to my jail. Thank you for freeing me.

Josephe Buchanan

Black Is Color Of My True Love's Hair

So many songs have been written about my love.

The beautiful color of my true love's hair. The hair of a powerful beauty.

Black as a wormhole or as simple as a crayon.

Made of ions, electrons and protons, my love must have created all things
for her hair supports everything.

From the planets, moons, suns, constellations and universes. My true love has no
prejudice or hatred for any one being instead love for all she creates.

Her face lights up planets and her waters house life while her skin supports all
walking creatures and four legged enigmas.

Her eyes are stars gazers while her smiles are super novas
and her beautiful black hair is simply the dark matter in space.

Josephe Buchanan

Brooklyn 'Extended'

Beautiful culture

Parks, brownstones, cheesecake, and BAM

Home away from home.

Children museums

Legends of Dodgers,

And Masonic lodges.

Blocks and bodegas,

24 hour beer and food;

A Non sleeping borough.

Pharmaceuticals!

Hand to hand acid to xanax,

Street doctors and feans.

Girls with attitude

That can box like men precise,

So sexy and real.

The largest borough.

Cultural hot pot

Mobs, gangs, cops, D.A.'s

Inflated prices

A million dollar home blows.

Overrated!

Crooked investors

Mortgage fraud and feds.

Since 911 bleed

NYC vacates.

Brooklyn's the new Manhattan,

Home of Rabbi and Muslims.

Catholics and Zen

New age, Wicca, and Rasta.20

Reggae and whole foods.

Vegetarian-

Pizza, and West Indian

Chinese, Indian.

Sushi and Rotis

Liquor stores and lottery,

Fun and energy.

Hip hop and Biggie (R.I.P.)

Boot camp, Jay Z, and Foxy

Buddha Monk. Ol dirty (R.I.P.)

Some get so dirty

Some get all types of grimy,

Bullets are marshal law.

Blacks, Jews, and Spanish

Crow Hill and Cemeteries

Do or die Bed stuy.

B vill or B killed

East New York, Flatbush, Red hook

Fort Greene, Clinton Hill.

New wave bar, lounges

Williamsburg and Park Slope rule;

Everything's Marked up.

Native cops don't beat

So sometimes good kids get killed.

What's that a wallet?

Projects and housing,

To many people in one plot block

More drugs more murder.

Eminent domain

Bad plan for Nets Stadium

Flow of traffic, parking sucks.

Ratner and Marty

Plans to convert Fort Greene soon.

Condominiums?

50 cent loose Newports,

One dollar 24 ounce Coors,

Dutch masters and weed

Summer prescription

Cold, spring, fall prescription

Good old Brooklyn fun.

Good old Brooklyn

Kings County, County of Kings.

Home of my people!

Brooklynites

Josephe Buchanan

Caterpillars And Butterflies

It was said in the bible that God has nothing to do with death.

Life is energy which cant be destroyed, but only altered or confined.

This breath of life becomes a quest
to evolve throughout a cosmic twine.

Angelic horses, body and soul is chariot
Larvae and insects, keep planets in balance

Butterflies evolves into eternal art, and that humble caterpillar
becomes infinity's canvas.

Josephe Buchanan

Cry Baby Cry 'Haiku'

They say not to cry

I say let go like monsoons,

Thy thirsty tear duct.

Josephe Buchanan

Csi Africa 'Haiku'

Bodies and gun shells

Evidence of Aliens

Black magic and blood

Josephe Buchanan

Dark Euphoria

Sitting down in the park
Where men's secrets are well hidden within the oak of brown trees
She told me I was different
Where long walks can never excuse the gash on God's face
Not born normal this Elohim became him and pondered the day that Barak held
office.
For business died with the mis-education of Brooklyn Hills
So I try to chill within vibrations of a girl with a smile bending over with the
politics of an old spinster

Not depressed no more because love became anti inflammatory.
Living in a roller coaster that predates the descent of our inner diaspora
He lives and cant die!
From the abreaction of his lady.
But her souls honesty had the backdropp of darkness
Hence, the mental grave and the stench of Hades

I had to be humble and honey will come from the mumble
While my prostration be with the bumble bee
To believe is to try
For I die hard with some fragrance
To Shekinah El,2012 and the God of nine winds?
I begin.

Josephe Buchanan

'Darkness With Darkness' *the Key To All Mysteries*

How can we use science and spirituality together, has been the supreme obstacle for me. You see friends I grew up going to church. This was both beautiful and mystical. It took me years to understand the mass, and partaking in the body and blood of Jesus Christ. Church saved my family. For God was introduced at a young age. My quest for knowledge took me all over the world. I studied Sumerian text, Egyptian text, Native Indian text, Chinese text, Japanese text, Christian text, and Indian text. These great works gave me a deeper sense of fulfillment. I was able to go on a systematic process of understanding my soul. I believe we are living souls, and the body is the master vehicle. To be spiritual in my opinion is making a connection with the spirit. Searching for your true self. The human being is the most complex source of life. We can use our great minds, to unlock all of our own inner quantum energy. Just look at the atom. You can break one of the human atoms down. The more you strip an atom, the more energy you can create. Making a connection with your spirit is like tapping into this energy. We are a great source of energy and life. I see that if man do not make a personal connection with this spirit, then they cannot nurture and harness their true power. Let us look at prayer. Prayer is a sacred way to communicate with the creator. It is a true form of meditation. Prayer gives us a chance to talk to the true source. Prayer is most effective when said behind closed doors, and in private. Like Jesus Christ said, 'speak from the heart and God will surely hear you.' In addition to prayer, you can sing decrees, mantras, and you can testify. Decrees are commands to God. 'Ask and you shall receive, seek and ye shall find. ' You can command things from the creator. The creator loves unconditionally and gives up what we ask for. It is about faith, in yourself, and the spirit that dwells within. I love the soul. I love the spirit body. I am multidimensional. We all exist on different dimensions, planes, levels, or strata. This means that we exist on the mental plane, spiritual plane, physical plane, and in the plane of dreams. We have a heavenly body, light body, spirit body, and physical body. To Eastern philosophies, these bodies are called 'Chakram.' Chakras are defined as 'wheels.' We have seven main Chakras from the crown of our head, to the root of our sexual energy. We have the reoccurring theme of energy. Meditation is a very essential part of the spiritual journey. Meditation is the key to connecting with your spirit, your different energy centers, and bodies. This is the key to darkness. Like the Tao Te Ching 'Way to the Way, ' it states that darkness within darkness is the

key to all mysteries. This is the truth. The inner light and spirit come from the inner darkness. I like to remind people everyday that we a living part of the universe, floating in the middle of space. I have reminded myself of this everyday. In sociology there is a term called the 'social construction of reality.' This means that society creates reality by assuming its roles. E.g., School only becomes school when teachers and students come together. In reality, it is just a whole bunch of people inside of a building. Through this social construction, we are encapsulated in our day-to-day activities. We start to think, I am home, and I am in New York. We slowly loose a connection with our true surroundings, the stars, sky, space, and the galactic universe. The universe is roughly 90% dark matter. This dark matter is believed to be the building block of life, that makes everything. When God created the Sun the Sun was finite, and only able to light up a limited part its own galaxy or solar system. Pluto is the furthest from the Sun and that is why it is frozen. God made the light but was dwelling in the darkness first. The dark matter of space, I like to believe is the dark matter inside of us. That inner link to the source. The link to the creator. Humans have no light inside of our bodies. That is why we are able to see light. Light is actually bouncing off us. We have the greater light and the lesser. The greater light is the Sun. The lesser light is the light of man. The light that was mention in the gospel of John. To reach this true inner light, we must go into the darkness. Meditation is the key to the darkness. I like to compare the human body to the dark room. The light and dark theory is like developing a picture. The film has to be in total darkness, to create the image. Just like the dark room, the healing light of the spirit has to be in its dark room. The body. Calm the mind; regulate breathing, focus on the darkness. Eyes shut, and a soft smile, with a soft prayer and time, can bring that inner light, and spirit to life. The darkness of space and the darkness within have an effect on the body. It regulates sleep by activating the pineal gland. The pineal glad regulates our sleep patterns, and our ability to dream through our rapid eye movement. How can we use science and spirituality together, has been the supreme obstacle for me. I realize that it is not enough to say that meditation, can transform. I had to find away to prove this. So I will attempt to show you how meditating for prolong states in darkness can transform ones awareness and spirituality. Their is a physical part of spirituality, were the body and mind can release certain chemicals when in certain states. Ok. It all boils down to the Pineal glad. To the spiritual community it is know as the Third Eye. The pineal gland lies at the front center of your brain, right in the middle of your eyes. It is the only part of you brain that does not have a

counterpart. This part of your brain regulates your dreams, when you feel tired, and how you will sleep. According to the French optometrist and philosopher 'Rene Descartes, ' the pineal gland is the point of the body where the body and soul are conjoined. This theory is called 'Cartesian Dualism.' Descartes believes that the body and soul become one through the pineal gland. 'The pineal gland connects us to the Universal Energy and Universal Chi. From the hypothalamus gland, we project our soul or spirit upwards, and receive the descending Universal Energy and Universal chi. The pituitary gland receives the Cosmic Force, used to launch the spirit bodies into the earthly or human plane for traveling.' While studying Taoism and the art of meditation I came across the world's foremost master of Chinese internal arts, alchemy, Qi Gong, and Taoism, 'Mantak Chia.' Mantak Chia teaches advanced meditation, and healing by using the body, and mind, to transform one's entire being. Mr. Chia has a darkroom retreat where the practitioner would live in total darkness for about 2 to 3 weeks, and this would awaken the light body. This is a compact way of unlocking your true light. Meditation focuses on calming the mind, and sharpening your awareness. Many masters that work towards enlightenment, attain bliss, and heaven. They all used meditation and prayer as a vehicle to touch God. When the human being exposes themselves to long states of darkness, the body produces superconductive chemicals that can awaken your inner light, and open your mind. What happens when the body is exposed to prolonged darkness? According to students from a real dark room retreat here are the results. 'Melatonin, a regulatory hormone, quiets the body and mind in preparation for the finer and subtler realities of higher consciousness (Days 1 to 3) . Pinoline, affecting the neurotransmitters of the brain, permits visions and dream-states to emerge in our conscious awareness (Days 3 to 5) . Eventually, the brain synthesizes the 'spirit molecules' 5-methoxy-dimethyltryptamine (5-MeO-DMT) and dimethyltryptamine (DMT) , facilitating the transcendental experiences of universal love and compassion (Days 6 to 12) '. This superconductive molecule, can shock the nervous system, and activate an inner light, and peace, that puts people in a euphoric, spiritual, state of well being. This is the inner light and the spirit. What Buddha called the 'enlightenment.' Now I am not an expert, but this is just the information, I came across, on my journey. You can always research to the above names to get more information. Look at meditation as a physical process, applied to a spiritual exercise. Now I want to talk about a spirit guild. If you do not have a spirit guild that you trust, like Jesus, Buddha, Allah, or God, for example, you can open yourself up to the universe, and unwanted beings can enter you. The goal is to use

meditation as an advance extended form of prayer. Remember this is all devotion, awareness, and exercise. As you melt away in your inner darkness, surrounded by dark matter of space, you become darkness within darkness, 'the key to all mysteries.' Purification is important. Water purification or ablution rituals can cleanse your chakras, and balance your energy. 'Think of being baptized.' Fire purification is good because fire cleanses the soul, and the inner light. This wisdom is from the many African tribes, and Native Indians who danced around the fire, and transformed themselves, while communicating with the ancestors and Gods. Exercising is very important for the spiritual journey. I tell people work fast, effectively, and do not go crazy. A little bit here and there adds up. Diet. A diet high in fish, fruit, and vegetables, I would be perfect. Antioxidants and proteins, with little to no starch, will help get you feeling young, looking young, and can potentially prevent cancer. Back to the darkness. Lucifer is the morning star, the light bearer. Look at the name Lucifer. It looks like lucent, which means to give of light; luminous. What does the light do? It blinds you. So in order to find the true light of God, you have to go into the darkness. This is why we have to be careful how we perceive words. When you look at the dictionary darkness and the color black carries many negative connotations, look at light, and the color white and you can see it carries many positive connotations. To the truth seeker, we must look further. God made the light, and 90% of the living universe is dark matter. From the darkness and void came the light. Light causes chaos, and chaos causes confusion. The only true light that can never die is the inner light. It is our job to awaken it with a spirit guide and savior like Jesus Christ for all have different religions and cultures. We also have the same spirit. These are basic instructions on how to improve the spirit, and get closer to God. I bet that 90% of the readers who read this never sat down and meditated for two hours straight. The beauty is that two hours of your own inner darkness can awaken latent powers, peace, and light. Remember this is not trivial information. This is truth. From the pineal gland, and its chemical processes, we can enter a new world whether we are sleeping or awake. Imagine seeing a dream while you are wide-awake, in which you can control, and be conscious of it. This is the darkness within darkness. The key to all mysteries. How can we use science and spirituality together, has been the supreme obstacle for me. As I walk you through my insight and facts, I hope you can see. It does not matter what religion or culture you have. It is about the quality of your prayers, and your spiritual awareness. Just remember you are in the middle of space. You are a living part of the universe. We are made up of dark matter, and

spirit. Think of the possibilities if each and everyone of us were to transform our inner darkness into heavenly light? Like Jesus transfigures, so can we. This message is for everyone who is lost, or need a change, or ever ask the question of darkness. Remember that you are pure energy, and we are all spiritual living souls. Hopefully we can find the inner truth and history; for darkness within darkness is the key to all mysteries.

Josephe Buchanan

Divine Prayer

Their Last Names Are EL

To the Chief Commander and Defender of the Most Highs' Army

Micha EL

To the one who gave Josephe the Dream, and brings hope to all, divine record keeper

Gabri EL

To the great Arch Ang EL who heals and takes care of large scale Famines.

Rapha EL

To the one not mostly mentioned, but carries the Scale and the Sword of Justice

Uri EL

To the 'Time Spirits' and High Ang ELs of our most loving being ELOHIM.
In the Fathers' name, so are his first children.
To the right Tri Ang EL and The Holy Trinity.

To The House Of EL.

Josephe Buchanan

Everlasting Elohim

Endless procreation, of mountain ranges, over hills and oceans.

A baby is born into deeper emotions, where oceans and seas, meet peaks,
of settling ice ages.

The word is created from light and spirit.

Earths atmosphere is like a cataclysm of music.

But to the silence of Martians this chaos is a perfect note.

Myriads upon myriads of cosmic praises are sung by angels.

From nothing came thought, fire letters and primordial spawns from
spawn itself.

Creation begins with the cosmic lignam having divine coitus with the
sweetness of Heavens,
Following the big bang
Spawn sang everlasting praises

Josephe Buchanan

Face Paint

Not a clown from of circus of tricks, this luciferian was pure serpent.
He colored his face with deception paint that ran blood when it rained love.
We are primordial costumes that hide a sacred veil of solar intelligence.
Most who hide behind a false self of misplaced social construction, were their
lonely smiles that covered up the snare of grim faces. Alone on a rock called
"Ages", with only one way out
called the Christ tunnel.

Most of these species cover themselves in demonic veils, while trying to find a
concept called Godhead.
Some hide behind radiation and inflammatory beer battered skin while raping
nations of fear scattered within.
Others claim to be organic while becoming synthetic deep within their bio-genetic
while loosing genetics.
They painted satanic rhetoric.

Clone wars and stars, my face painted by God, who not and never shall be a
faithful figment of my souls imagination.
I gather that I am impatient while hiding behind cloaks of
Brilliance..... Only to realize I am naked.
Wish I was Spring Jump Jack.
I would jump over hurdles of disillusions while clearing up confusions.
I wipe of the paint of pseudo faces. False smiles beaming with a
vibration of terror, not Tula, which ties all cords back to the concept of balance.

My face paint causes me to be an award winning actor whose
greatest work came from trying to be like his Savior covered in our
Savior's blood.
The sacrifice became my face paint.

Josephe Buchanan

Indian Hemp

Spicy and tasty, erotic and salacious, enticing me lately, so high on a spaceship.
Dirty dancing through the mind of a feeble, so exotic and sacred, he is feeling
her evil.

Seductive and fruitful, not empty, like void. She filled him with the truthful, love
of a boy.

Its like mango lasi, after vindaloo, before the sweet crust of her Nan. Her Yoni
was heated with the temperate
steam of a tropical rain, while her hairs became the forest, of a tropical terrain.
His phallus spilled
out waters like a torrent, or deluge, of passion, which overflowed, her Berlin
walls.

No matter how much water or sweat, her hair curled like lambs wool, that was
churned like butter, to be soft as her kiss.

Pungent like curry, the taste of her inner depths, was like a delicacy, only to be
share by Kings and Queens.

Wrapped in the sheets of the latter passion, she awakes like a new born dolphin,
with the look of new intelligence.

Looking red like mars, filled with the blush of an actress, I could only call beauty
Ms. Indian Hemp.

Josephe Buchanan

Lady Harlequin

With eyes from the ancestors, she can be a both warrior or ninja. Her yoga mat falls off her shoulders and this mat hides two swords. One is for truth and one for protecting the light. She is a traveler who was born a priestess who owns many beads like she were a living rosary. Indifferent to ignorance, she never ignored one fact and became a multi-dimension. I who bears the pen became a dragon who was delivered to capture this beauty, like a supernova, that's trapped inside of a human. She left humans to protect the light. Some may know her as Maya, both traveler and harlequin. But those who are privileged call her "Bells".

Josephe Buchanan

Life For Me Is A Crystal Stair (A Tribute To Langston Hughes's And His Poem 'Mother To Son)

Life for me has been a Crystal Stair.

It has perfect levels,
that can take me to a different Sun light.
A light from the inner Son of the Father.
Stairs that can show you an image of the Divine. Stairs of hope. Stairs
that renovates the broken stairs of our past.

No tacks, splinters, or torn up boards. The stairs of old were no
Crystal Stair. No balance. No chance to elevate toward the great escape
of being scattered. My Crystal Stair takes all footsteps to love, and
all humans to the source. I will tell you that life for me is a Crystal
Stair, that takes me upon myriads and myriads of Ang ELs. Stairs of
opportunity, and stairs of truth. Home is on top of the Rock of Ages.
Where pages of life is read by sages. I can't stop now, I must keep on
climbing. The stairway to Heaven.

My Crystal Stairs.

Josephe Buchanan

Mary Reloaded

She never lost one gift. Her genetic memory exceeds the bandwidth of alien computers. Being an Annunaki 's daughter, black hawk helicopters were lost in the Gulf of Mexico. Outside of social construction she became conductive and magnetized all of her people. Her beauty being a voice of hope as she walked amongst mortals, immortals and loving. A Daughter of Ishtar and Damkina she became Mom and Native to America. An Olmec of beautiful proportions she electrified the world while grounding God in one pure thought. The incarnation of Miriam, that looks like the mother of the one true Isa Ben Miriam. May she stay blessed and supernal. She is an angel. And once we turned our backs she may fly away.

Josephe Buchanan

My Gut Feelings

Deep with my Tan Tien, I feel an atomic love of something our species seemed to not have discovered.

An emerging force greater than matter or anti matter; Like an energy, that's predates this universe, or this rock.

My gut tells me, that all won't be alright. That man will find away to devour its own self.

Man will destroy to rebuild. Only the few will be able to help; to intercede on behalf of ancestral love, and angelic duty.

My gut tells me that the source is real, and dreams are beyond chemical reactions to melatonin, and de ja vu is the prologue, to the minds ability to jump chapters.

I am that I am. I know that at the source of it all Jesus is true. Muhammad was a great prophet, and he and the Messiah are brothers in ALL. No distinctions should be made when divinity is involved. Only the ego of man can taint something pure. How can you improve water, earth, sky, or fire?

Deep within my root chakra, I feel imbalance and fear. Not for me for us, not for just us, but all life. I know global warming is not a phenomenon, but the planets natural way of changing. Evolving new species, and sending out it's version of antioxidants, to fight off its free radicals. See the analogy as Earth having the flu, and needing to loosen the internal congestion of man.

I am that I am. Son of the Highest Elohim, Allah, God, Anunnaki, and ALL. Brother in Christ: Yehoshua Elohim. No distinction of my blood, and my records are stored in the Halls of Amenti, the Keys of Enoch, and the Akashic Records. I am in the book of life, and I am not leaving. I am that I am.

My gut tells me it's never to late, and that this is the Sun Era, the long end on the Mayan Calendar. The time belts are expanding, and our energies are increasing beyond space, time.

Music is carrying a new tune, and we can create scores, and ballads to compliment the angelic choirs. We are the law of attraction. Lets attract our higher self. I can feel it deep down in my gut, this is all just a flash of lighting, within the primordial storm of our true evolution. Peace and Love

Yours truly

I am that I am

Josephe Buchanan

My Upward Spiral

My upward spiral resembles the DNA strand of the human.

Mother was native to America with an Indian flute and the blood of Christ.

Daddy's life was not properly documented for my brother and I knew him as a Vulcan.

Grandpa and Grandma were too strong sometimes while my uncle carried the African staff. Remember Mary's tears when the champ died and Melchizedek adopted two new souls?

It was a Brooklyn twilight in a hill buried over graves.

Here is to the dodgers being the braves!

My language was broking after smooth hustlers and gambling triggers.

Mixed with a church's frankincense, my older brother would bear the robe of the Christ king. This is too my Indian hemp called Kali. WE lost two empires until the arm of our love atrophied. To my youthful lycanthropy. I detox off of disappointment with THC and coitus.

Josephe Buchanan

Occult Commerce

The law code of land and high seas
Every eye sees
law of the lands
No law for man

The law of money and commerce
Can not converse
Call attorney
Legals journeys

The law of the sea, the high law
merchandise law
We are product
Breathing product

Josephe Buchanan

Our Father

Our father who art in heaven
Since I am seven
The pleasures mine
So sweet divine

Holy be thy name Elohim
Holy is in him
The son off all
No devils fall

Thy kingdom come thy will be done
Glory is one
Only hear it
Holy spirit.

Josephe Buchanan

Particle Colliders

When mountains meet another they collide like atoms and molecules. From quarks and atomic templates the male collided with female and made Man.

I am ready to collide with merging universes that resemble the peak of settling ice ages. To the dinosaur colliding with the meteorites and mega beasts colliding with mega disasters.

To master teachers colliding with master students thus creating a pndragon. To the sweet kiss of an amoeba and protozoa colliding with space matter and electrical storms.

The beautiful collision of human life had a punch line that exploded. This punch line is when the Angel Micheal threw Lucifer out of the kingdom of heaven for he collided with Adam.

Josephe Buchanan

Red Stew

She has all the ingredients of an Orisha and all the beauty of the night time Nigerian sky. Her beautiful skin reflects the Sun like magic.

This magic blinds the eye's of men who are not worthy. She can be as sweet as red stew or as spicy depending on her mood.

Her potential is limitless, while her mind only grows with her beauty. Curves like tomatoes, and color like red peppers, she makes men cry from her beauty like the slice on an onion.

Blended together, with class, you have a perfect meal. She was born royal and will produce Kings, and Queens. Her beauty is food for thought while his love for her, left him starving.

Josephe Buchanan

Rivers Of Blue Gold

I was Enoch looking at colored trees where clusters of life made me believe. Blue apples and gold oranges were lights we called "Bread". We ate fervently hoping that the cosmos bled. They called me "E.A." when I communicated to galaxies in gardens called "Eden" that transfigured and transfigured. What was once cosmology is now Earth's mythology and almond shaped star gates bridge serpent ropes and wormholes. The tonal vibration of love is called "Tara" while weapons of terror clouds all concepts of compassion.

I am The Christos of triune love were my blood and water becomes rays of redemption.

I am Adam Kadmon and my wife was the receiver of sacred wisdom which banished us from direct contact. Robbed of interstellar travel the divine Christos asked me to not be afraid for he went before me to prepare a place where there were rivers of blue gold.

Josephe Buchanan

Sad Mood

Oh my baby done left me tonight like Sam Cooke. Done left me broken and lost
without a ticket back home. She left me stiff and crying, might as well be dead.
I'm in a sad mood tonight because my baby done gone away and left me.
Left me with no more memories, or hope,
no more redemption and no more magic. I might as well be the great pretender
acting like I'm doing well, but lonely
My heart sounds like the men working on the trains.
Oh yes, I am the sad pretender, for I lost my baby. I lost my magic. Simply put,
I lost my soul.

Josephe Buchanan

September Girl

My September girl is a master of her own inner Sanctum.
Her beauty is paralyzing to onlookers, who never seen that side of her continent.

My September girl gave me all of her love, soul, body and attention.
She will always be a treasure in this man's heart.
Her beauty is art and when she would leave, he would ask where is thou art?

My September girl has an inner door, that can only be opened by a special key.
This key he did not obtain, for this chorus was, and is still in his mind, and brain.

Never can be to intoxicated off of her love, for she is like wine, and spirits, that
never left a hangover.

My September girl comes from March, which can be seen as Mar's, for her visage
was alien to me. What can I see when I look in her soul?

My September girl is Godly and deep. When she was with me she was asleep.

Now that she awoke from that cloud of smoke,
she realized her uncanny potential, her uncanny soul, and spoke of a dream
where she was as sweet as September.

Josephe Buchanan

Silent Night 'Haiku'

A sweet silent night

A gunshot penetrates peace

Cops..... Then peace again

Josephe Buchanan

Slavery In Motion

Mexicans being treated like blacks without the noose. Troops sent to war, for an unknown cause. The hang man is not a game and the song of crying freeman is without the refrain. Modern indentured slaves push economies, the same impoverish dedicated servants are labeled minorities. Nine to five is like the long slow death of the methadone line. Music is screened by the master who keeps the masters. No outlet to speak freely, no dreams to defer. The media is televised to tell visual lies, while master teachers are lock away with no Keys Of Enoch. Reliving the blues, with fear as the agenda for the nightly news. We say we are free? I feel sorry for those who think they are privileged. Women are moving in this patriarchal, testosterone based melting pot of power, confined to secondary markets, jobs, and roles. The pure planet is the oldest slave subjected to the will of her spawn. Only to be destroyed by her offspring. The animal both beast and human. Who's more civil? Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a loco motive, more deadly than cancer. Is it the devil, or the machine? It is..... Slavery in motion

Josephe Buchanan

Stilettos And Hair

What's under that dress is so sacred and juicy, with sun fire burning,
desire and passion

I look at your dress, and the arch in your back from those stilettos or
pumps, all your humps, and your humps

I love all that hair, whether curly of corn rolled, long or cut short,
your always perfect complexion

Earrings, lip gloss, high cheek bones, sexy African waist beads, that
waistline is perfect, like beauties, reflection

The warmth of your yoni, makes me cry when you hold me, if you went down
the road, oh baby I'm lonely

I love all your features, we sex like some creatures, from jungles, and
swamps, like gators attack

I love hair with no pins, and no cloths on your body, just you and your
stilettos, and me on your back.

Josephe Buchanan

Telephone Man 'Raw, Unedited, Extended'

Transformed in his college dorm room. The young man secluded himself in endless advancement in the spirit world. A month earlier he was just your average pot smoking, hormone pumped, college rat. Always intelligent, the young man was easily distracted. He loved music, deep conversations about God, and government conspiracies. He was spiritual, but was estranged from his Catholic, Judeo-Christian based roots. The young man lost faith in faith ever since he lost his father. One day while conversing with his roommate Ocean, he discovered his lost love for faith, and Jesus. He realized his sinful ways, and became totally engulfed in the spirit world. In class he would read only the bible, and other spiritual texts. He became astute in meditation, advance breathing, Chinese medicine, and the art of ascension. Its been a month since his breakthrough, and the young man, threw away his TV., cell phone, and computer. He felt that EMF's (electromagnetic frequencies) were harmful to the light body or soul. He even got rid of his sex magazines, and broke up with his girlfriend of 4 years. He fell in love with God, and the universe. He seen life and the universe in a special way. At this early stage he became pure, strong, and psychic. The young man only had a land line phone. He was advancing faster, than the Buddha, and other avatars in the past. With his eyes closed one morning he was meditating on his bed. Next thing he new he was there. He hit the fourth dimension, enlightenment, nirvana, and bliss. Warmth surrounded him, his third eye expanded, he felt light become him, and he started moving through the air. He was levitating, then it happened. The young man opens his eyes, and was floating in space, moving amongst stars, and dark matter. He broke the code. With Jesus as his spirit guide he was about to ascend. All of a sudden the phone rang. Pulled out of his transformation, the young man picked up the phone. Hello... Hello.... It was a dark strong unfamiliar voice on the other line. The man simply replied with happiness. I'm sorry I dialed the wrong number. Followed by a sinister laugh. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Never able to attained that bliss again, the young man was forever followed. Someone asks the young man one day, does he believe in the devil? The young man replied, yes. I spoke to him once on the phone.

Josephe Buchanan

The 3 Step Analysis Of Turning One's Life Around

Stage 1 Analysis

Killing All Your Demons 'Steps To Take to Get To Stage 1'

Ask for forgiveness from God. IF you do not want to go there, just forgive yourself, and all the people you have ever hurt or disappointed.

Accept God or Higher Being. If you are an Atheist, accept your Higher Self.

'Clean Your Closet Out Technology'

Put All Your Skeletons on the table. Confront your demons.

Accept who you truly are. You are a higher spiritual being, that is put on this Planet to be special, pure, fulfilled, happy, and one with the infinite mind.

Pinpoint All Your 'Goals'

Ask yourself, what are my goals?

Debt, Career, Education, Talents, Dreams, Ambitions, Purpose, and Drive?

E.g. elaborate on all your priorities. 'Perspective'

Meditate & Pray 'Silent Time'

Fast and Exercise

Take time out to clean out your body. Water, clean food, antioxidants, vegetables, vitamins, teas, and lots of sleep. Exercise your body, by running, and walking once per week to start.

'Try New Things Technology'

If you never took nice long walks, try it.

If you hate reading books, try it.

Try New Things. It does not take money, to be creative.

Embrace the Future and Relinquish The Past

'Live in the Now Technology'

Remember the old adage 'The Past Is Gone, The Future Has Not Arrived,
and All You Have Is Now'

E.g. do not see obstacles as negative occurrences, but make all
endeavors or obstacles 'POSITIVE'.

DO NOT BE AFRAID OF FAILURE, EMBRACE IT. THIS IS THE KEY TO PROGRESS.

Stop Hurting Yourself- 'The Science of Pure Healing'

Yes and No Theory

Yes- Breathing Exercise

No- Cigarettes

Yes-Water, Pure Juices, and teas

No-Excessive Alcohol, Sodas, and Artificial Beverages

Yes-Meditation/Prayer

No-Drugs

Yes-Persistence

No-Laziness

Yes-Regular Sleep

No-Less than 6 hours per night

Yes-Fresh Whole Foods

No-Junk Food

'Ingredients of Transformation'

Diet, Mind, Soul, Love, Body, Exercise, Prayer, Meditation, Dreams, Perfect Breathing, Meaningful Sexual Mastery, Sleep, Positive Thinking, Hope, and Perseverance.

TRANSFORMA TION

After going through the process of killing your demons; the higher commitment to change, makes you willing to become thoroughly transformed.

Transformation is deep. If we can use the analogy of the alchemist. An alchemist can take basic metals like lead, copper, brass, and transform them into complex gold. Transformation of your mind, body, and soul is the same process. Taking your basic spirit, out of shape body, polluted mind, and transforming these parts of yourself into a beautiful refined state of being. In reality 'GOLD'. This is alchemical imagination.

Spiritual alchemy is an internal process that changes one's self to a free, higher, and stronger being. You will be essentially upgrading to a newer model, of a soon to be obsolete product. Renewing your life is purely mental. Refreshing your memory and thoughts with positive messages, is like when your computer receives a virus, and you have to install new software. Positive thinking is that software, and you have infinite potential, and infinite access to that software. Change your thoughts till your thoughts realize your dreams. It is not what you perceive; it is how you perceive it. Perception is like beauty, it's in the eyes of the beholder. It's about your mind, body and spirit being, one. It's like your very own HOLY TRINITY. Father, Son, Holy Spirit. Mind, Body, Soul. This trinity once integrated to one, is the highest transformation.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER

THIS IS THE BEST TIME OF YOUR LIFE.

To heal thyself and transform, will activate an infinite treasure of spiritual riches. This 'WEALTH SYSTEM' is greater than money, status, and power. It creates money, status, and power. Most of us are already

dead. I know that's a twisted statement but we are locked in a jail called time, depressed, lonely, afraid, out of shape, bored, unfulfilled, and lost. These feelings and emotions are the 'son and daughter of our not being one with our higher self'. Our real and true transformed self can do anything, be anything, and change the world. Do not be afraid to conquer your demons. It's just a fancy word to describe all the things that keep you from being as pure, innocent, and beautiful as you were the day you were born. Do not be afraid, for once you transform you will be in control, free, pure, and ready to be your real, true, higher, and transformed self. Transformation is the KEY TO FULFILLMENT. FULFILLMENT IS THE PREREQUISITE OF SUPER CONSCIOUSNESS. Fulfillment is the integration of all pure things. Remember the simple message, left to you by the transformed.

'REJECT EVERYTHING IMPURE AND TRANSFORMATION IS INEVITABLE'

Josephe Buchanan

The Invincible

My atoms are supported by space thus making me the invincible.
Its has been incredible, our 4.5 billions years of our mother Earth being edible.
To the invincible energies, that came from the invisible. Our Parents that our God
multiplies is what became the divisible. We are invincible while Martin Luther
took his last breath and his aura adopted the invincible. My astronaut's suit
called "The Body" is a temporary template while our soul is always invincible.
You and I.
Them and Us.
The everything that breathes once.
We will always be the invincible.

Josephe Buchanan

The Legends Of Old!

His name was spring heeled Jack. That was my brother that was lost in translation in London. Google my kin! His name was Randy Elias and he was documented as Rambo in Brooklyn. His name was Zukhits and was recorded as the God Pan. His name was Celsius 911 who by 20 years made mathematical sense. His name was Brian who became the ultimate Cherub by mastery of self and was never to be lost in translation. To Femi being my friendly neighbor. Some called him live-wire who electrocuted the mental grave of berried brothers. To Roc Lo being the DFG. Destined for greatness was our deliverance. To Nudge being the high king that bored the emerald tablets of Hermes. Che the Dynamite kid. To Rocky dying for us. To Este being supernal. To my Legends! To my fellow Pendragons!

Josephe Buchanan

The Palace

I love living in my palace
No hate no malice
A peaceful time
A drink of wine

I sit in my forest of love
Magic above
For nature holds
All colors bold

A king that cherish his magic
No kingdom tragic
For his peace sings
Oh grateful King.

Josephe Buchanan

The Temple

The holiest place on this side of the universe. Its walls are filled with magic, history, and boundless energy. More priceless than a palace, more complex than anything. It was crafted by way of love, passion, and the need for expansion. It's the place where visions are formed, music is made, and the foundation is built on a constant drum. The winds flow through this sacred place, water flows at a constant pace, fire burns in its furnace, like solar flares. This is the place where all is witnessed, life is formed, and prayers are kept. It's where all is felt, and where dreams are blessed. It's everywhere and yet nowhere. It's where the soul lives. The sacred temple, leads to a chamber of hope, love, power, and Godhead. It took billions of years to be formed and still stands after 10,000 years of existence. The most holiest place on earth. It's a magical place. We must all cherish and protect it. Keep it strong, and love it. Oh how lucky we are to have one. Sacred human body.

Joseph Buchanan

The Vacation

She needed to vacate old energies in order to realize her Noosphere. These old energies became vampires that sucked her prana dry. She needed to find what most humans lose once becoming commercialized without the comfort of hills and fresh rivers. This concrete jungle became an infection within her spiritual immune system. So she had to find an external remedy. This is deeper than Leviathan and more important than global warming for she has an inner sun that keeps the universe in orbit. May she find peace in the most unknown of places. May she find love that boards the boat of new beginnings. May she materialize into it. That 'it' being 'all' and that all becoming her long needed vacation.

Love the untitled.

Josephe Buchanan

Untitled 3000

The crystal stairs of my inner heaven have no glass ceilings where political agendas became minuscule in the face of cosmic oceans. To expand in a panoramic polarized picture is the way of uprooting the long end of inner cosmic thermodynamics.

To ride the wave is to be one with the ebb and flow of masters who's eternal life never had to be subjected to reptilian graves. She who rises her inner depths of fire letters only complements the kundalini deep within human's T 11 vertebrae called the ladder of love. He who understands his inner purpose had to predate the false sense of misplaced cosmic circuses that did not have elephants outside of Vishnu.

Circles within circles become the circumference of the long lost mysteries that caused us to climb up our inner crystal stairs. So far removed from genetic memory of being a small salmon in the fresh water rivers of the Heavens.

Born from fire, he became she and materialized into it. Vibrations of love becomes light particles that predate the divine marriage of hydrogen and helium burning. Thus becoming the eternal untitled.

Josephe Buchanan