

THE VILE PROCLAMATION BY THE GOD OF THE GOLDEN WORLD

Your big brother's death is a paradox. With it you learned empathy.

You learned the affect of grief and its consequences.

You learned the power of thoughts and the noose it created for reality.

What a transition it was from the veiled peace of sanctuary

Thinking you could do no wrong.

Brother was imprisoned for such lengths.

You watched him grow from the

Terror within the boundaries of

Mother's gaze, the iron-tailed whip she used

Against him when he shortened his prostration, all for the lesson of silence.

"Be still!" Mother screamed,

Gripping her silver hanging crucifix.

"Be silent, for this is what you deserve!"

You asked Brother why Mother beats him.

He tells you, If not me, then you. She sees you as hatred personified,

The reflection of your father and your amber-brown skin is bestial to her,

Animalic to Mother Conqueror, so much so that if

She takes her eyes from me for too long, she'll realize there is fodder that I am dying to protect.

Brother told you this while tending to his wounds.

These wounds were invisible to you,

A mental viscera compounding into illness deep within his mind.

Save yourself, little one, Brother told you.

Do not let them tell you what you are. The mind is the most difficult to dominate.

What words were said sunk to the ground like seeds from the mother waiting to root.

Yet, why did Brother die? you ask yourself. How easy it was to live in the sublime.

You painted the grass green for years hoping to cover the mosaic of blood surrounding you.

Brother seemed to be in such fine health from behind,

His dove wings spread to a hidden dawning sun, his

Muscled back like raised mountains waiting for some horizon.

It's a vile proclamation, an abortion of morals to say such a thing.

If Brother was alive, not even a wisp of Mother's leathered words would scar within you.

You'd be clean. Your body, rather than race to a sullen end,

Could hate like all the others. You would float in the hovering

Inferno in a cosmic dance of cyclical infinity,

Finding no reason to ever leave its comforts because

You never needed to be hurt, never had the chance to be.

Brother's death released you. What entitlement, wretched soul.

You who once paraded behind his presence must now come to the very
Bulwark that has been broken. Mother's gaze is no different from your
Blindness.

Your muted silence was its own deafening choir of screams from tearing fingernails.

Do you see what Brother's hidden from you?

The many limbs that have been pulled apart from his torso must leave you in awe, no?

I did not think you would close your eyes, even in this.

You must believe Mother's words, then.

Your Arab face must be abhorrent, your body a transgression

To the very foundations of mankind. Does your flesh rot with every

Arrogant ignorance you impress upon your fellow human? How could it when

Your eyes struggle to open, for years have passed, and

A petulant crust has formed between your lashes.

Without Brother you must bear witness.

Observe your people in flames.

Say nothing, and you will be spared, I assure you.

There is a fire and singing locusts fill its center. Do not

Look closer, or the details may become more refined.

Do not

Watch the men in their tailored suits.

It does not concern you.

These ones believe in a superior race, and you may

Stay hidden behind me, for now.

I have taught them of the black man, presented them

His caricature for their vices, and they pronounced themselves

The noble Aryan to the world, and have learned to target the Jew.

They profaned the Buddhist swastika and defiled its symbol by my lesson, and

Now we may watch as their dominance reigns before I proclaim myself the ally of the world.

See how they learn from us. We showed them the ease of

Misidentification, of the identity that is not the black man, that

He is subhuman, a fractal part of the pale man.

We created lessons for them, and

They beautifully blasphemed our destiny for their own.

The horrors they did!

I believe in the righteous chaos

For there is no control in a just world.

Learn from this: do not let them dissent.

Dissent is what tears my grip on their mind,
Loosens my construction of their realities, and releases
The very iron links I have wrapped around their wrists. I will teach you this.
I will keep you safe and be Brother for however long you need me to be.

Do not watch, now, little one, as the self-proclaimed power burn the transsexuals, for
They are the new-age abominations.
They come from a barbaric tradition of the diverse, of
Identities yet scorned by my binary fabrication.

These ones, we say, are
Birthed by the most perverse and sickly depths of hell, the
Innermost ring of all the inferno has to offer,
This I proclaim,
The Mother of Power.

Do not worry, you see, for you are
The respectable transsexual, the proper transgender being,
Beautified in my perpetual image, so
Stay quiet for their gaze will never touch your blind eyes
For as long as you are silent.

Remain in the shadows for that protects us from what we call obscene.

We lust for you.

We crave your delicate skin.

If you were free to exist in the open and beneath the warmth of the tourmaline sunlight,

Then we would have no story to project onto your being.

The people would see you as real.

As human.

We cannot allow that.

As long as you are

Trapped beneath my towering frame, within my hulking darkness,

I can construct whatever I want of you. So do not disobey me.

Let me consume your very being,

Cannibalize the flesh you call your own, and I will

Exhume the excrement of your life into the mottled shit I procure from my oral orifice.

Ah, and then there is the Arab. I have watched them since

Abu Nuwas wrote of his male lovemaking, a vitriolic act,

To the time of Osman's rise into Ottoman Royalty, to its

Fall by the Queensguard.

The British began their pile outside the fire,

Adding bits of gunpowder over their bronze corpses.

With this, they look more like the black of volcanic ash.

Nobody

Will salt their eyes if they become like soot. You may watch now.

Why be with the conquered when it is the conqueror who always wins.

Remind yourself

These beasts are not human but barbarians.

Say such words, and you will not rot.

They are the belligerently berated,

The bastards of Beelzebub,

A bacteria best beaten by the bureaucratic

Bourgeoisie whose benevolent uberschall bombs

Will obliterate the fastidious and ghastly, and

We will chant the righteous proverb,

The holy incantation to justify all our divine action and

Sing this is no clash of civilizations! It is a clash between

Barbarism and civilization!

It is a clash between those who

Glorify death and those who

Sanctify life!

For the forces of life to triumph,

You and I must stand together! My enemies will

Become your own, my fight yours, and my
Victory will ensure your very survival in the
Domination of others!

Chaos is the Mother of Power,
And we will stitch their lips and scar their eyes!
Watch as the fire crisps their skin, the pink flesh
Turning inwards, like gelatinous topography
Washed in shadow.

Some are missing their heads even,
Like
Your
Brother,
while my angels send fire from the skies
In their steel dragons onto Osman's descendants.

And the people will not grieve for these ones. I have ensured it.

My lessons have taught them there is
Avarice in empathy
For those who are unlike them, so
When they see the Arab face in flames,

The Arab children torn apart,
Their heads slung into spikes by my new-age soldier, they will
See animals flayed for the feast,
Charcoal for the chants of our brethren, and I will
Scream in my rancor at the successful bastardization of the Jew,
Their visage now my weapon for all dominance,
Until every Arab is exterminated
In the name of godliness against their propagandized godlessness!

We will teach them that the brown skin of
Our enemies is the brown skin of theirs! They will
Watch fallen rubble
Rip the innards of an Arab child,
His smashed head into cold cement, his
Eyes puking from his black crevices from
Thousand-ton missiles we supplied to
Complete such a deed, and
The people will mirror our words, and I will
Laugh in absolute victory!

Watch the thousands turn to millions! Watch for
I have performed delusion! Prophecy!

And soon there will only be my soldiers left,
Their actions defined crimes of war, and
I will move my celestial finger towards their nature, and
All will fire towards them after the Arab is extinguished.

I will destroy each and every one because

We have taught them that

The Jew is the killer,

Not their ruler,

The Jew is the murderer,

Not the army,

The Jew is the automation of war,

Not I,

Not my government,

Not my power, and

They will meet an end like the Arab

Until all that is left is my superior race,

My fourth reich, and my godly stupor!

All will name me Ozymandias,

King of Kings,

Ruler of Continents,

God of the Golden World, unbound by nature, untethered by man, and

I will sit upon the throne of this
Radiated and inflamed stone and
Sing to bowing corpses beyond me,
Burned and
Misbegotten
By my perfected fabricant,
For it is I who will rule nothing and all at once.

Do not worry, little one, for
You are safe next to your Big Brother.
Watch with me and revel in this glory.
Let your eyelids be nailed into your cranium, and
Let the blood flow over your sight.
Let the very crimson that fills the world you see
Give comfort to you, for you are safe.

Do not become enraged—an angry
Transsexual is a danger to Brother. Let the dead
Be silenced, the living silent.
Do not scream for
You'll become the animal you are.

Do you not wish to soar my sapphire skies

Through the sugar-white clouds on our iron eagle?
Its wings graze the very red star that drips from our dawning sky.

There can be so much happiness

If we fly in silence.

Speak

Not of my misgivings, and

Sing my praise.

I will be the herald of men

Who sends them to their deaths

To the thousand wars I construct.

And my vassals in their submission will

Prostrate to my every word! And you,

You will be by my side as my temper, my

Temptress,

To

Show the world

The charity

I, Killer, I, Deceiver, I, AMERICA,

Have provided

As your Big Brother!