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## CALL TO SUPPORT LAND AND SELF-DETERMINATION PROJECTS IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

One thing this pandemic has made clear is that all we have is each other and the State will never come save us. We have seen a lot of great grassroots and autonomous mutual aid projects throughout different communities. Some of us feel there is a need to become self-determined as communities by connecting to the land, growing our food, and being self-sustainable. We want to stop relying on capitalism as much as possible and start creating infrastructure for a radically different world.

The basis for all life is land, water and the air we breathe, which is still being destroyed by this system, and there is a bigger crisis we have to fight and prepare for.

We are putting out a call to folks in the so-called Pacific Northwest to build land projects and support people who are working to do that now.

At the moment we are collecting seed donations, tools, or any other resource you can donate.

We understand this is all stolen Indigenous land, and we want to work alongside Indigenous people who are fighting to take back the land from this colonial capitalist imperialist system.

**TO DONATE YOU CAN CONTACT:**

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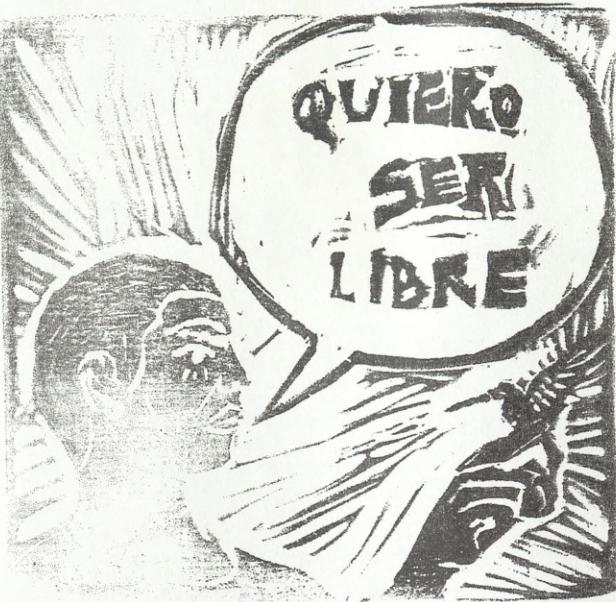


HERE IT COMES . . .  
THE SOUND OF CONFUSION  
SO I HEARD  
AGAIN

em, AND AGAIN AND  
ONCE AGAIN MY FRIEND  
IT LAYS SO SO SO HEAVY DONTCHA THINK... IT COMES  
AND GOES I KNOW,  
UP UP AND DOWN WE GO, ... LOOKING FOR WHAT  
MAKES IT SNOW SNOW SNOW  
THINK ITS ALL GOT TO FLOW... I'M TIRED I'M MOVING  
BUT GOING NOWHEHE, NO PLACE  
YOU KNOW ITS HARD TO SHOW THE FACE...  
BURNED RIGHT THERE IN  
FUCKING WASTED SPACE

1 HEINENBERG THIS DREAM  
100 YEARS AGO IT SEEMED  
A WRITING IN FRONT OF THEM  
BIG KISS BLUE HEART  
THIS TIME AROUND  
607TA 607TA 607TA  
TWAIS1 TO SCREW AN  
WHAT I FORGET THEM  
IS PROHOTTEIN AGA IN  
AATRE JAS A LIL PUS  
LUS AND PULL ADAM  
GEL AND PASS MY  
FRIENDS

ILL LAY ROSES ON WHO FIRST -  
ME OR YOU



**PRIORITY  
★ MAIL ★**



FROM:



Label 228, March 2016

FOR DOMESTIC AND INTERNATIONAL USE

### MANIK.[:Mano Azul:]

Ayer fue una dia como cualquier otro... Rodeando por todas partes de la ciudad, con una sonrisa mientas escuchaba unas buenas rolas y bailaba con la brisa... Hasta que me pase de lista y me caí...

Noté como mis manos fueron las primeras en llegar al piso. Sentí la mayor parte del impacto en mis manos, saliendo el resto de mi rostro.

A parte del impacto obvio, me quede impactada mentalmente... observando mis manos por uno momento.

No sentí dolor, si no que lo sentí fue pura energía: Energia y Conocimiento. Recordaba como la mano posee la energía de nuestro planeta Tierra.

Trayendono aprendizajes de la transcendencia de la dualidad. [:MANIK:]

Su esencia es la curación, a la cual se llega a través del conocimiento.

El poder es la realización, por lo que se abre un portal infinito de espacio para expresarnos, movilizarnos, SER Y HACER, sanarnos y sanar.

Sentada en la escarpa,

Me puse a pensar de las mil y una oportunidades que me dan las manos para "REALIZAR".

Cuánta importancia y valor tiene nuestro trabajo/ tarea diaria, nuestros gestos y movimientos que dependen absolutamente de las manos.

Cuánta sanación ocurre cuando nos agarramos una a otra de la mano.

Cuánto nos aportan y ofrecen...

Un poder mágico tan grande que hasta sin tocar, impacta la realidad.

Cuántos movimientos cotidianos son mecánicos?

Haciendo perder la dimensión del tesoro de poder ser, independientes, creativos, sanadores, que se desprenden pura y exclusivamente del movimiento de las manos con las manos.

Ya despues de todas estas observaciones junto con muchos pensamientos mas... Llegue a la conclusión de que hace mucho tiempo, en varias formas, estas manos me han estado salvando.

#AgarrameDeLaMano #YCuramosElMundo

WHO SAYS THESE WORDS  
ARE ALWAYS BOUT LOVE  
WHEN ARE THEY NEVER NOT  
WHO SAYS THESE WORDS  
ARE ALWAYS ALREADY BOUT RAGE  
WHEN ARE THEY NEVER NOT  
IM 83 WITH A BULLET  
GOT MY FINGER ON THE TRIGGER  
IMMA PULL IT

A C A B

BABA ALWAYS SPOKE OF BONDAGE  
ONCE HE BUILT A TOWER TO THE STARS!  
BOUND TO YOU, WE LOOKED DOWN FROM  
BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

WHAT DID I MISS?  
YOU & ME? US & THEM?  
LOST WITH YOU, WE JUMP!  
EARTHBOUND, WE MEET THEM AND  
REJOICE!  
TOGETHER WE BUILD PERPETUAL BONDS.  
THIS LOVE, THIS VOO DOO...  
I WAKE UP, STARING AT THE LEDGE OF  
THIS SKYSCRAPER.  
HOW I MISS YOU. I AM BOUND TO YO

baba always spoke of bondage,  
who says these words are always bout love  
once he built a tower to the stars!  
when are they never not  
bound to you, we looked down from  
beyond the clouds.

who says these words are always already  
bout rage

what did i miss?  
when are they never not  
you & me? us & them?  
i'm 83 with a bullet  
lost with you, we jump!  
got my finger on the trigger  
earthbound, we meet them and rejoice!

imma pull it  
this love this voo doo...  
got my finger on the trigger  
i wake up, staring at the ledge  
of this skyscraper

im 83 with a bullet  
how i miss you.  
when are they never not  
i am bound to you  
who says these words are always already  
bout rage

i am bound to you  
when are they never not  
how i miss you.  
who says these words are always bout love



A C A B

A C A B



### STILL FALLING

•••

CALDER DAZE  
DRUG INDUCED HAZE  
AND THE RHINESTONE COWBOY  
ASKS "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN BREATHING?  
FADING IN FADING OUT  
WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS?  
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT  
ONE FOOT IN THE WATER  
ONE ON THE SHORE  
ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS SLIDE THRU THE BACK DOOR  
TAKE THE HAND  
NOW BREATHE THE BEAT  
JUST SHAKE SHAKE IT SHAKE IT

ELVIS  
GAVE ME SOME PILLS  
DROWNED SWALLOWING ALL THEM ILLS  
AWAKE FOR THE SCREAM  
ASLEEP IN THE DREAM  
200 HEADS IN GLASS CASES & NEEDLES IN HER EYES  
MEANWHILE... I WAS STILL THINKING  
HELTER SKELTER WHO'S NEVER FELT HER?

### ELPOEP IN AMERICA

YR BIGGEST PROBLEM WITH YR HDTV  
IS THE POOR RECEPTION YR GETTING  
ON YR TV  
HUE IS YOU  
YR JUST TRYING TO WATCH THE GAME  
BUT THE GAME HAS BEEN CALLED  
DUE TO ACID RAIN  
AND YOU GOT MONEY ON IT  
SO, DAWN IT, WHO WINS?  
"THIS IS BULLSHIT!" YOU CHARGE  
& "NO IT'S NOT BONE!"  
THE PICTURE IS FROZEN  
YOU PICK UP YR PHONE TO CRY LIKE A BITCH  
BUT NO CABLE PROVIDER PICKS UP THE OTHER END OF THE SWITCH  
BUT THE BUILDING YR CALLING HAS BEEN  
PULVERIZED TO NOTHING MORE THAN A RADIOACTIVE VAPOR  
SO YOU CHECK YESTERDAY'S SCORE IN TODAY'S MORNING PAPER  
& SO YOU OPEN YR DOOR BUT YOU CAN'T SEE THE SKY  
A MAN IS ON FIRE & HE'S ROLLING THE FLAMES OUT  
TRYING NOT TO DIE  
HE PLEADS FOR YOUR HELP  
HE'S WEARING A BLUE LOS ANGELES SHIRT  
YOU MAKE A DISGRACEFUL FACE & THEN DISTASTEFULLY  
BEGIN TO BLURT  
"HOW BOUT THEM DODGERS?"  
YOU TURN YOUR BACK & GO BACK INSIDE  
YOU SIGH, "FUCK L.A. SON & I HOPE HE DIES"  
YOU CRY "WHAT THE FUCK!"  
& ARE CUT OFF BY AN INTRUSIVE EXPLOSION  
& REFLECT NOT ON... THE BREATH OF ITS EROSION  
"THE RIDERS ARE JUST SNEAKY ENOUGH TO DO THAT"  
YOU JUST KEEP ON BLABBLING  
YOU BRAINWASHED AUTOMATRON  
YOU CAN'T SEE REALITY FOR ITSELF NOR THE  
DESTRUCTION UNRAVELING  
& AS YR BEING MARCHED OFF TO YR FEMA CAMP ZONE  
YOU JOIN THE OTHER STOOGES  
NO ACCURSE ONLY CONFUSION  
COMPARING OLD HIGH SCHOOL BRUISES  
YR FLAPPIN YR GUNS TO HERDS OF OTHERS LIKE YOU  
TALKING 'BOUT YOU STILL THINK THAT YR GOING HOME?  
YOU ARE A DUMBASS  
STILL ASKING FOLK  
WHAT THE SCORE WAS

"ODE TO THE STROBE LIGHT ROOM  
UNDER THE STAGE OF CHUCK E. CHEESE  
ANIMATRONICS PUPPETS.."

YOU DONE FUCKED ME UP FOR LIFE.

THE DIRT KNOWS ME  
THESE HANDS ARE MY MOTHER'S  
THEY WILL BE MY DAUGHTER'S  
THESE HANDS BELONG TO THIS DIRT.

HOW FAR WE WERE MADE TO TRAVEL  
THESE HANDS ARE NOT FRIENDS OF THIS CONCRETE.

SUCH UNFAMILIAR STONE CRUMBLES WHEN I TOUCH IT.  
THESE HANDS ARE TOO STRONG FOR THIS PLACE.  
MY HANDS TELL THE STORY OF MY HOME.  
OF THE DIRT & WATERS THERE.

THE STORIES YOUR HANDS TELL ME  
SOUND FAMILIAR.

THEY TREMBLE WITH RAGE JUST AS MINE.  
THEY TEAR DOWN ENTIRE CITIES  
THIRSTY FOR THEIR FAMILIAR WATERS.

THE DIRT BENEATH YOUR NAILS,  
THAT DIRT KNOWS ME.

OUR HANDS HAVE EMBRACED EACH OTHER,  
SOMETHING FAMILIAR.

WE'VE STRUGGLED THROUGH CALI & LOS ANGELES  
AND FOUND OURSELVES IN TIMBUKTU.  
THE HANDS HERE ARE FAMILIAR,  
BUT THE STORIES SOUND THE SAME,  
OUR RAGE IS GLOBAL, INESCAPABLE

b/9

and the storm in my eyes mourning the loss.  
the walls of my heart trembling  
the rule my nerves emboss  
I can hear my bones cracking  
where the only reflection is my hope that has shriveled up.  
where a seed has been sprouting from the start  
ripened in her mind  
swelling, lung in the poison's delusion that has  
only seen her's looking back  
when I close mine,  
what have eyes taught you?

WE ALL HAVE A STORY AS I EDIT MY BOOK,  
I FIND I DON'T BLEED UNTIL PAGE 111,  
WHEN I HAVE BONDED WITH RAQUEL,  
THE MOMENT WHEN I WATCHED HER MOURN HER FATHER  
WHO NEVER GOT TO TRAVEL THE WORLD AS PLANNED,  
WORKED AND WORKED ALL A LIFETIME WORKING HARD TO BE  
FREE. I FREE ENOUGH TO EXPLORE THIS WORLD AROUND  
HIS LIFE PLANS TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT YOUR  
PLANNING, TO ONE THE POLITICAL,  
AND YOU'LL LOSE YOURSELF IN UNTOLD PARTS...  
TO SPONTANEOUS AND YOU'LL SEE YOUR  
STORY TURN FROM EPIC DRAGON ESCAPE  
TO HORROR FILLED ROMANCE  
FINDING A MEDIUM OF CRAZY THAT'S JUST  
RIGHT FOR YOU  
AND COUGHED AS THE SMOKE HIT YOUR THROAT  
— LIKE THE NIGHT YOU TRIED MARIJUANA  
# NEVER STOP WRITING YOUR STORY  
# JUST NEVER STOP WRITING

TO ALL THE LOVERS I ALMOST HAD BEFORE

MAYBE I SHOULD TOLD YOU  
THAT I LOVED YOU  
MAYBE YOU ALREADY KNEW  
COULD YOU SEE IT IN MY SCRIPT?  
SO SUBTLE SPARKLING  
LIKE THAT CUMSHOT SHINE DRIP.

THE SADNESS IN THE SMILE  
SOUNDS LIKE I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE  
BABY  
SUGAR  
HONEY  
DARLING

MAYBE I SHOULD TOLD YOU  
THAT I LOVE YOU  
MAYBE YOU ALWAYS ALREADY KNEW

BUT ALAS...

C'EST LA VIE.  
FUCK ALL Y'ALL  
ALL YOUSE TURNED OUT TO BE  
PIECES OF SHIT  
I THANK THE UNIVERSE  
I DREW THE LINE.



143,000 AMERICANS DETAILS AND SOARING

ROGER STONE GUELL TO THE BONE

THE RISE OF THE KAMANS  
WEIZY HATS HARD HIT TUBMAN

FAN KLY, DON TRUMP WISSES THIS LANE WELL  
GUN FERAL

ELGHT DEAD AT FORT HOOD (NAME AFTER A GUN FED RATE  
TV  
CAMERA

MAN

WOMAN

PERSON

ATLANTA DE DETROIT (ALAN)

MLWALIE PHILADELPHIA MINNEAPOLIS KANSAS CITY  
CHICAGO

SEND IN THE ZEE GOONS (PORTLAND SEATTLE ALBUQUERQUE

BARRON'S LOTZI

BITTEN LEMON CHIPS TEAS

PAN DEMIC

CANGEL JACKSON LILLE BUT OPEN UP THE SCHOOLS BUT NOT

HOGKING GOYA SNACK IN THE MIDDLE OF WORLD WAR

I WAS BORN IN NEW YORK CITY  
DID YOU HEAR ME? NEW YORK CITY  
THE NICE PART  
I'M THE EPITOME OF CLASS  
LET'S JUST SAY I'M CULTURED AF  
MY ABS ARE INSANE  
THEY SAID I COULD'VE BEEN A MODEL  
OR WHATEVER, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO  
BTW I HAVE PERFECT FINCH  
ONCE, I TOOK ONE OF THOSE IQ TESTS  
I WON'T TELL YOU THE RESULT  
BUT LET'S JUST SAY IF I TOLD YOU  
YOU'D FUCKING DIE  
BUT TONIGHT

I'LL DIE  
RIGHT THERE  
IN THIS MEXICAN FOOD RESTAURANT  
IN THE VALLEY  
OF A HEART ATTACK  
ON MY BIRTHDAY

ALONE  
IN THIS COMICALLY OVERSIZED SOMBRERO  
AND THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR SUIT  
AND THE MANAGER WILL FIND ME  
AND STUFF ME  
AND HANG ME ON THE WALL

## A HOMELESS GUY TOLD ME SO

there is a fog  
that has not cleared.  
its density so much  
all i can feel is it.  
to traverse this  
is to learn of the unknown  
i have become lost in it  
this embrace is familiar, intoxicating  
after this eternity of wandering  
at last it subsides  
as my eyes adjust to the light  
i see you. your eyes, dark as the fog  
familiar and intoxicating



...large ages...  
we still speak different  
languages in different parts of the world  
and matter how little I get...we still speak different  
languages to tell the same things,  
spokeskings talk rank,  
expresses what we think,  
and including the words words simply trying to  
express what we think some I, o, u's,