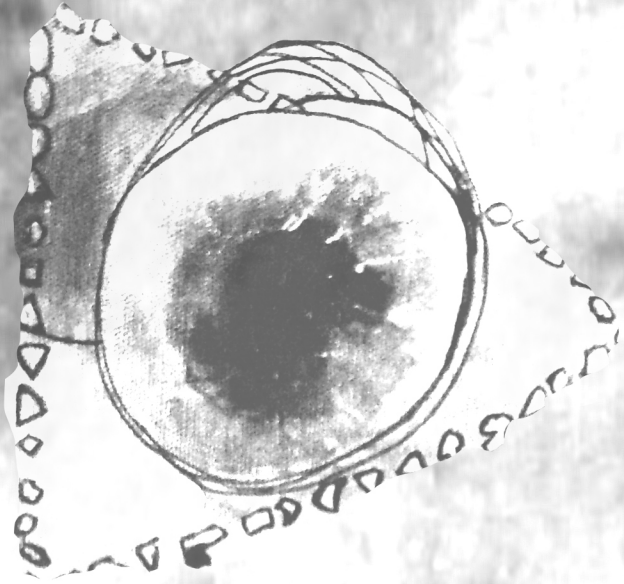


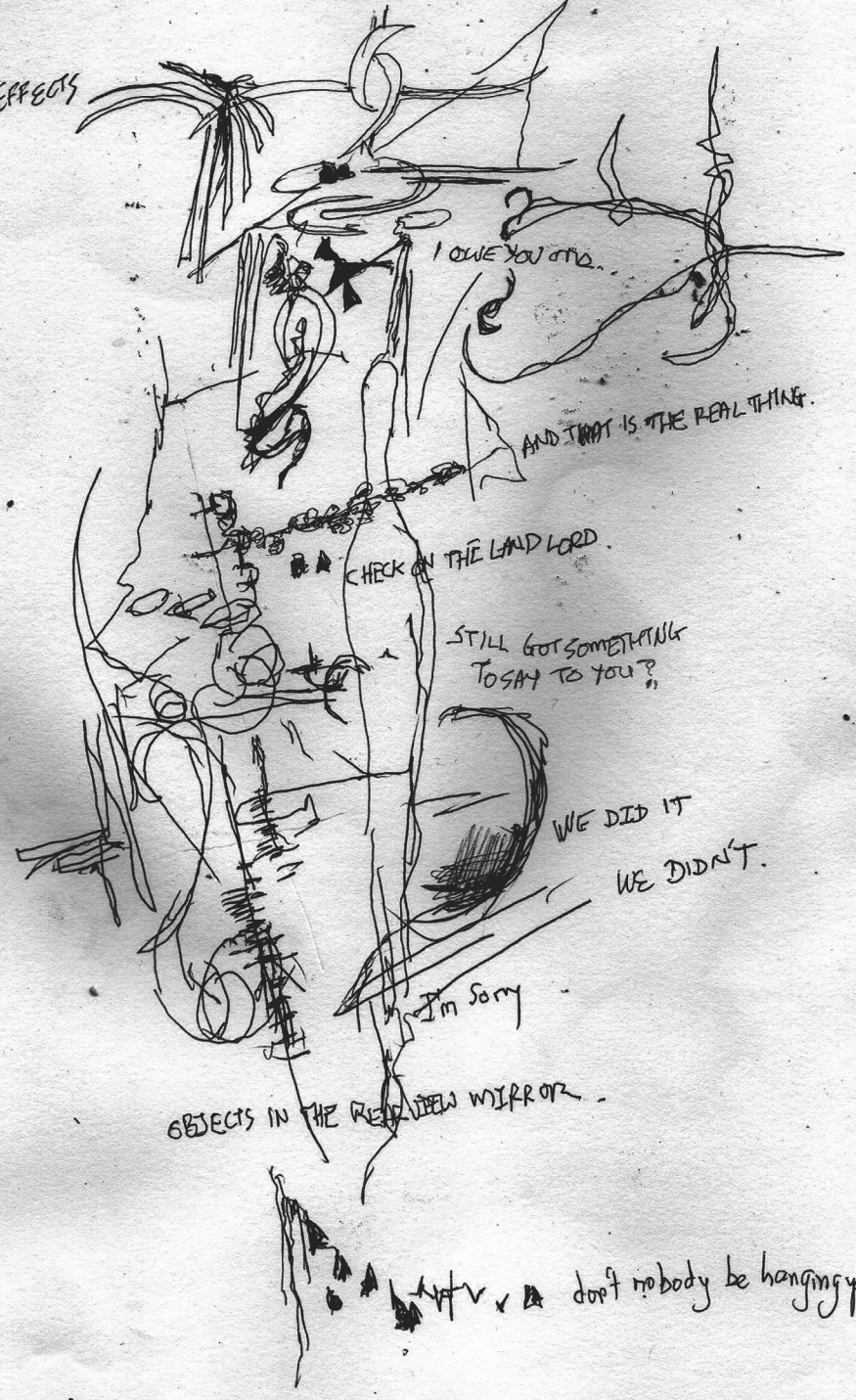
OCCULAR

FREE ART & POETRY

FEB 2011



WITH CYCLES
OF EFFECTS



I OWE YOU TWO...

AND THAT IS THE REAL THING.

CHECK ON THE LAND LORD.

STILL GOT SOMETHING
TO SAY TO YOU?

WE DID IT
WE DIDN'T.

I'm Sorry

OBJECTS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR.

don't nobody be hanging up.

We wanted to make them last...

I missed her wedding.

Willed myself to forget the date. Willed friends not to call me for it.

Pretended not to know.

We were not close anyway.
She and I.

But I still keep memories of her in a lime-green dress.
It was NYE years ago, at a time when I was still in love.

I didn't expect to see her today.

The first day, of the New Year. So many years later.
Now she's with child.
And I'm just standing around watching her in some other dress.
A colorful palette. Solid forms, concealing pregnancy.

She's such a woman now.

New lines on her face. Drawn by a motherhood to be. By work. Married life.
Makes her prettier though. Natural.
Now why did I miss her wedding?
She speaks as soft as me if she has to
Out of respect maybe, but more about NLP. Mirroring.

We were gentle with each other...
In speech I mean.

Never had that chance to brush her hair out of her eyes.
Or to speak soft words to her

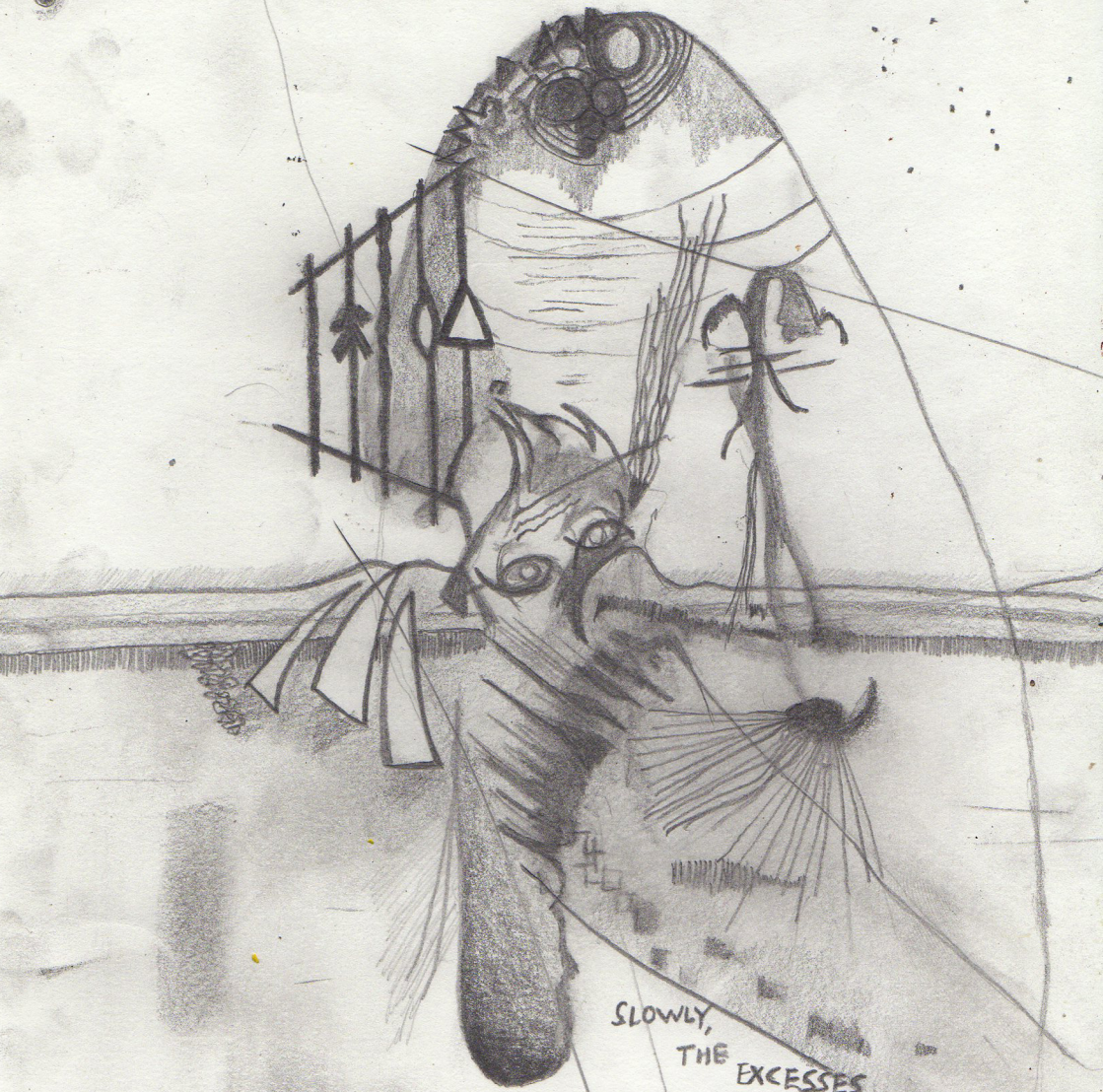
It's o.k.

I'll just stand around and watch
As she buys, queen size for the master-bed.

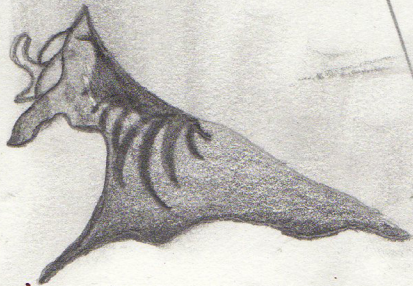
I can feel the wife and mother in her,
Energies exuding. Gentle, natural.

Such a woman...

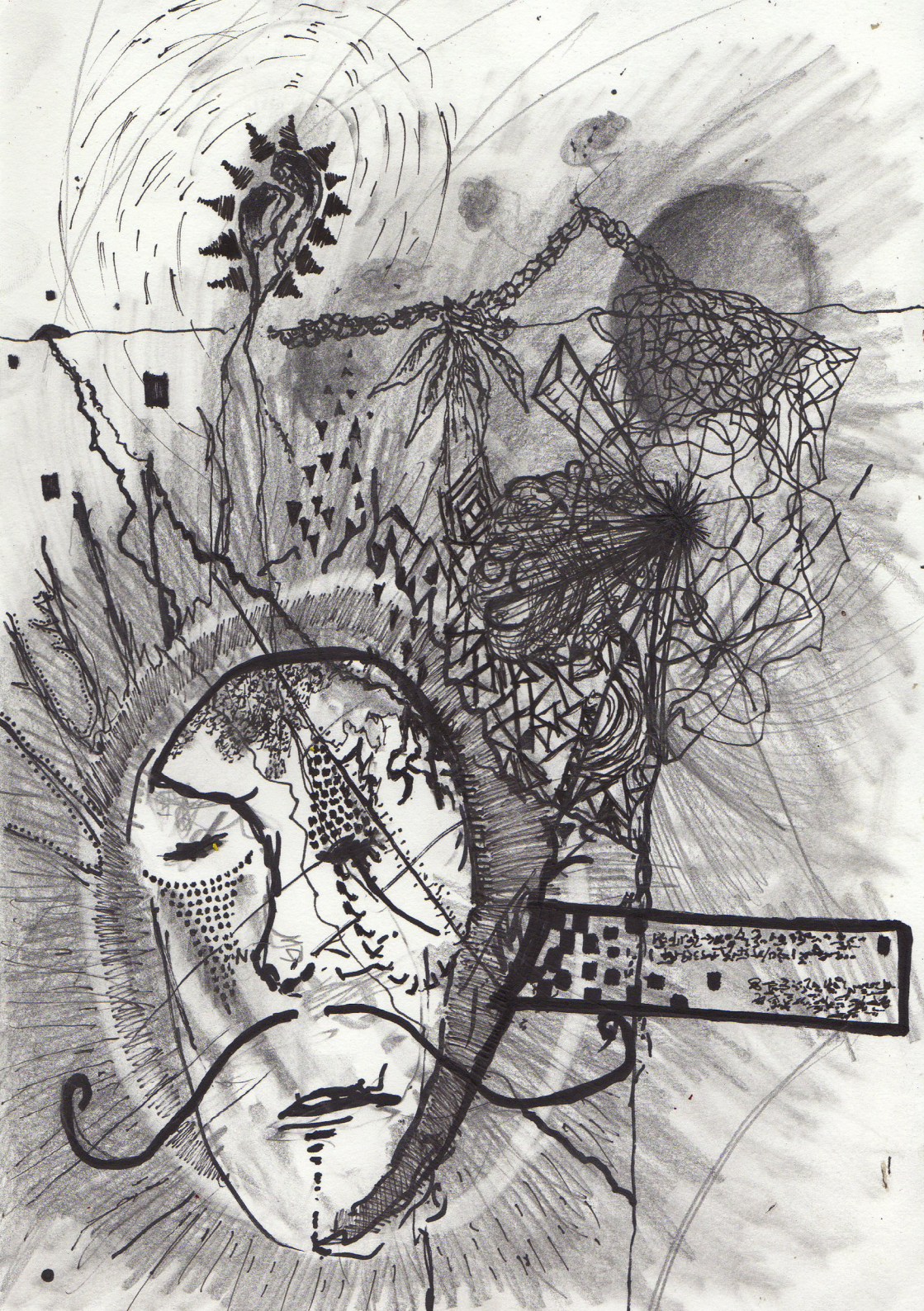
It's o.k.
I missed her wedding.
Willed to forget it.
So I can stand around now and not feel too much.



SLOWLY,
THE EXCESSES
ARE
REVEALED



One after another they came.
New ways for old pains.
A dim house filled with black buddhas
The crystal wand jumping in my hands.
A sad dog, belly up on the sofa shedding fur.
It rained.
Had nowhere else to go after that.
Was careful enough not to slip. The earth so wet and cleansed.
Then I went somewhere I can't remember.
Off in orbit.
There's a little chapel I use to find maps.
It's hidden deep within.
The ring made me feel funny so I took it off.
It's a Latin ring inscribed.
"Our Father who art in Heaven..."
Maybe it didn't like what I was doing.
Talking about Dogs as guardians. Crystals jumping in my hands.
"It's from your earth too, no?"
It doesn't answer.
I remembered the umbrella.
It was raining and the dog in the dim house had sad eyes.
The gambler made crystal bracelets. The husband, he's a strong, worthy man
And the other woman, I think we were lovers once.
I want to hear her sing the bahjans to me.
holding her hand in India, so many lives ago.
I told them to paint the house white. To clean it up.
Gave them my blessings from a bus stop.
I had somewhere to go after all. To carry on with crystals in my bag.



Splashed a little blood on her uniform.

Sorry nurse.

It's okay she said, just doing her job.

She wrapped me up and gave me a shot.

Her hands looked grey.

Why are you so sad?

She shook her head, cleaned up my mess.

Something tells me it's not o.k.

She goes about her duties, I breathe in pure oxygen.

Dim the lights little man.

He shakes his head. I let him be.

A doctor comes in with a flip chart. You're not going to die, he says.

I'm not so sure, something isn't o.k.

Do you feel any pain?

I think it's not mine.

She walks past the room but never comes in.

Something tells me I remind her of someone or my wound does.

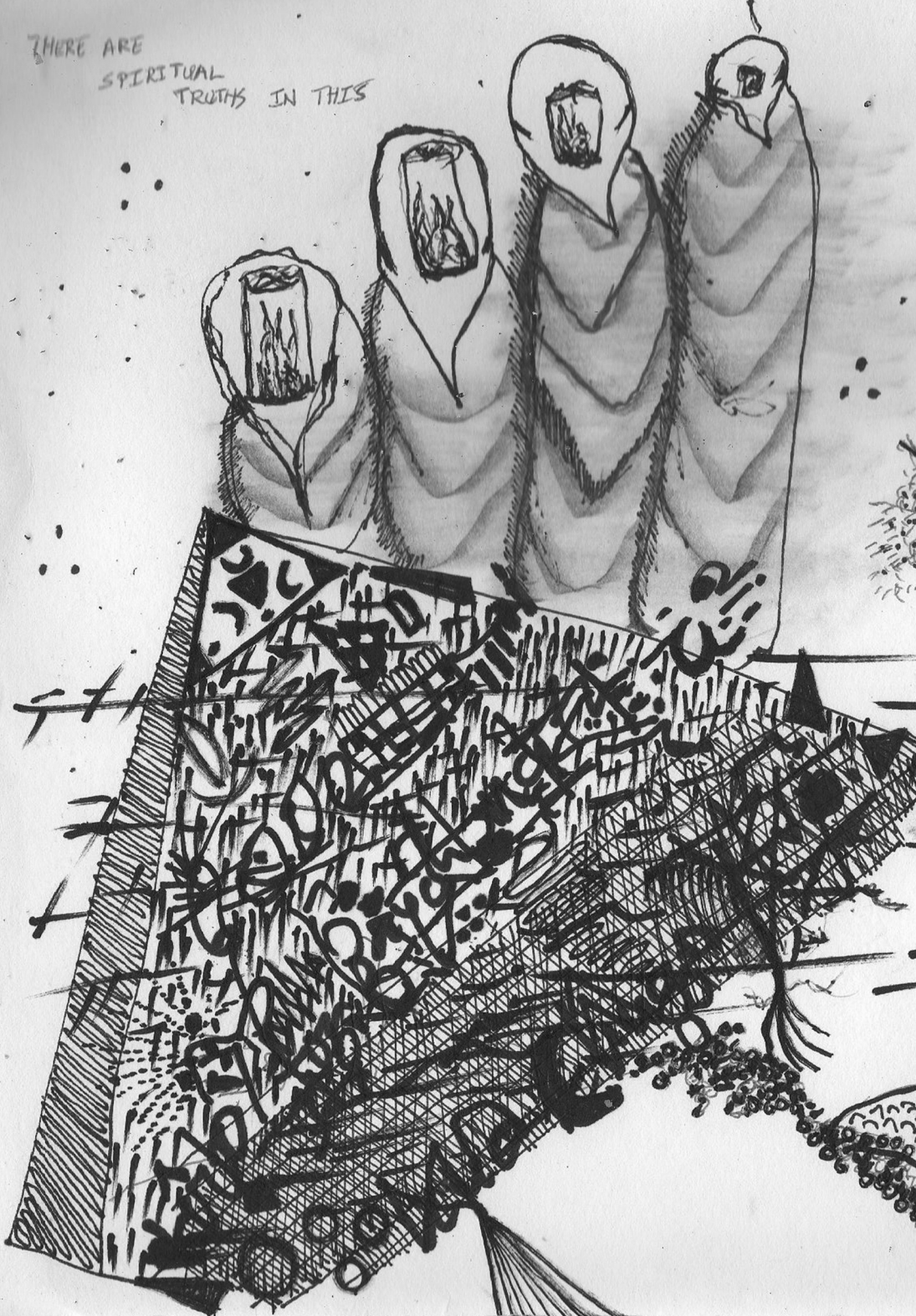
I try asking her work friends; they just shake their heads.

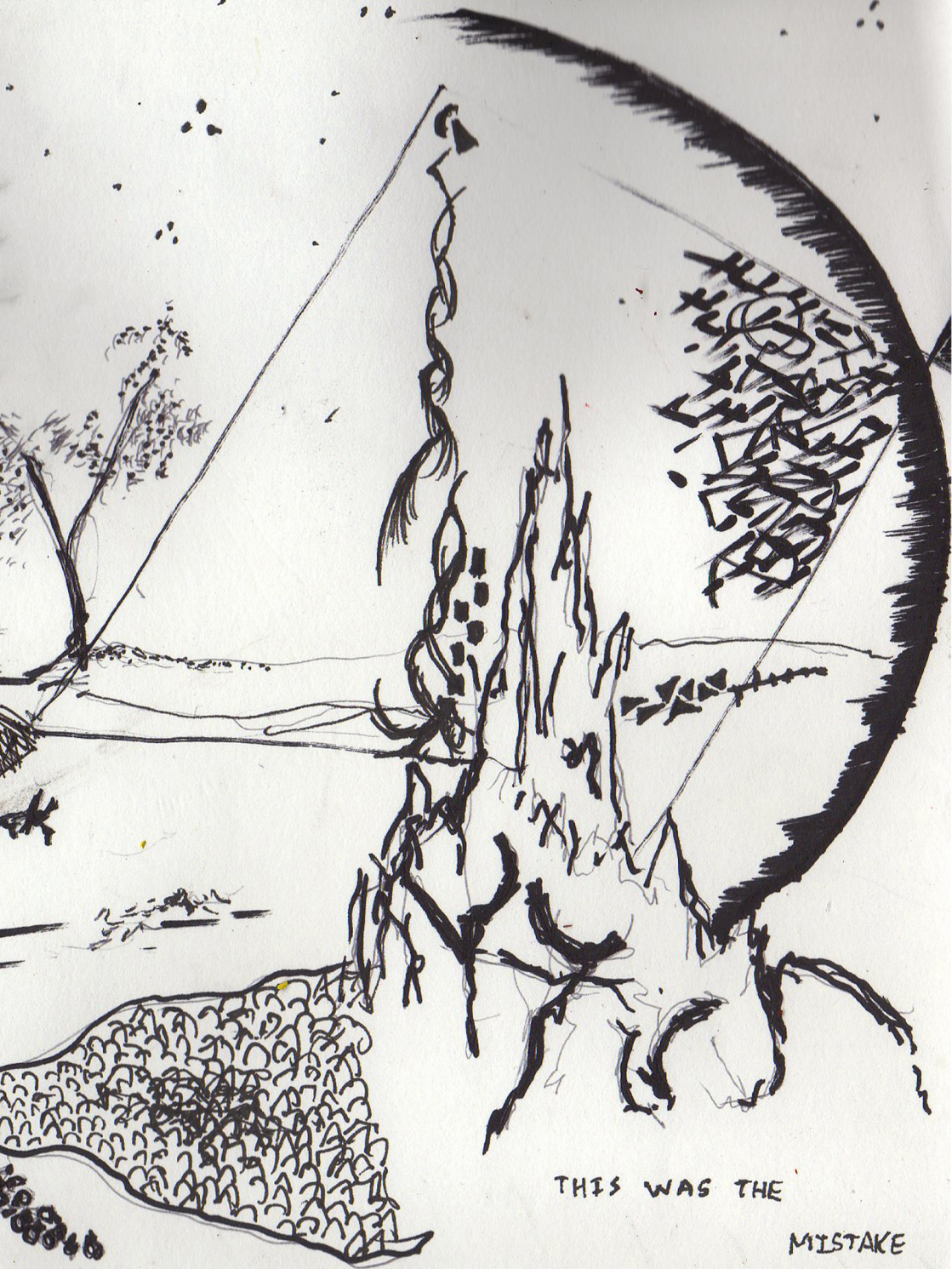
*Doc, do you know anything about
so and so?*

Can't help you there, how you feeling?

I don't have an answer
I don't really know.

THERE ARE
SPIRITUAL
TRUTHS IN THIS





THIS WAS THE

MISTAKE

Out there is black night
a bothered horizon
trees with whispering tongues
a weak breeze departing.

Out there are the sirens
lost in full moon
a cold front is coming
foot falls on dead shores

Out there is the silence
unmoving room
dark corners lengthen
quietude

Out there the wheel turns
secret transporter
mystery in boot

the siren goes silent
shrill of retreat
the car turns a corner
and nothing moves

High moon.
Debutantes in the saloon
Men of ire and iron knock back whiskey
It's getting rowdy.
They said they'd hang me at noon
But not without some Russian roulette.
Someone else spins the barrel though
My hands are tied
My opponent, the sheriff
He who killed my partner, my daughter.

His laughter is his own death
I speak silently to the god of bullets

It's my turn first.

Guffawing sickens me
I can smell the women getting wet
The barrel spins
Chambers locked
Gun to my head
The trigger pulled
But I'm not dead.

It's his turn now.

Oh god of bullets,
Listen to the town. Laughing, gawking, insulting your crown.

The trigger is pulled

and only silence follows the noise.



LOOK AT MY PHASE



Tonight is the night,
radiators' gone

Beautiful machine, buried horizon

Stray blankets gathered
Books burnt for warmth

The man dreams of creatures
spectral, awakened.

litters of kittens

move slow under bed
clears space for his father
dogs climb out of head.

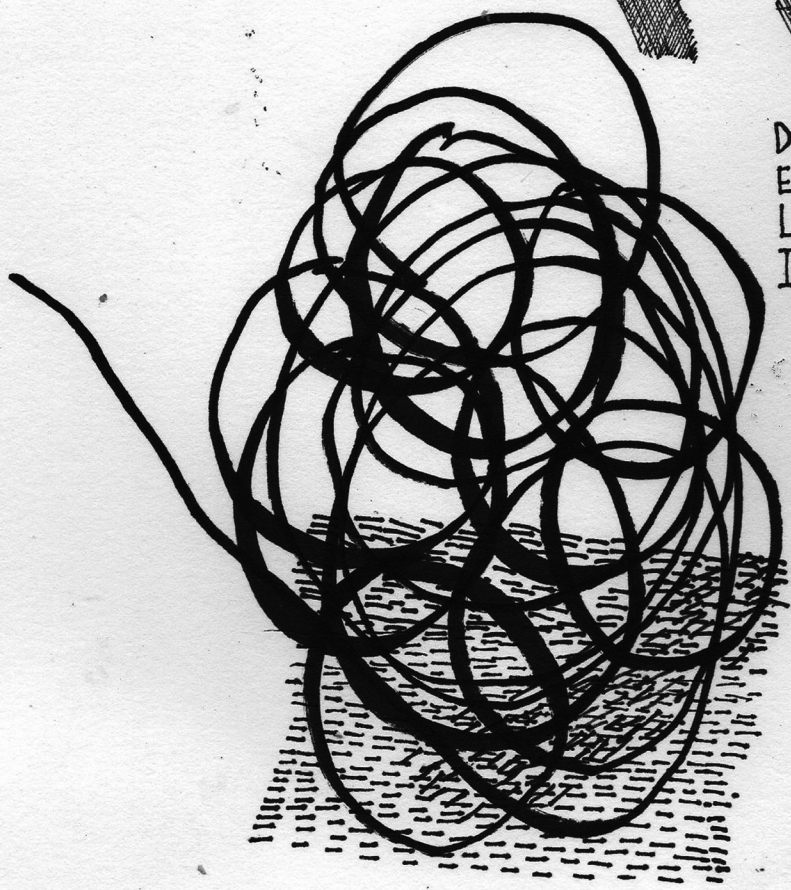
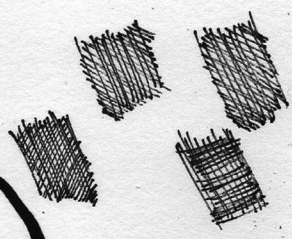
Daylight is looming
The house is gone

Ugly streets mocking
lamp posts and whores

The man kills for bread
makes home in the gutter
girls shiver in rain
stray bullets recorded

None light, end fight
His life is gone

Underground existence
killed by gun storm.



D B F A
E R U U
L E S T
I A I O
D O N
N O M Y

Star distance,
 between reason and rhyme
Tight rope stalker in the sun

Glance correction
Medieval diver
 Forces dream with a nun

Star correction
 Distance and time
Thin street-walker with mom

Slight destroyer
Game provider
 Sleepier, ambient, hum

Star destroyer
 Red light fire
Quantum birth on the run

End time fever
Ripple dreamer
 distant drone of the one.

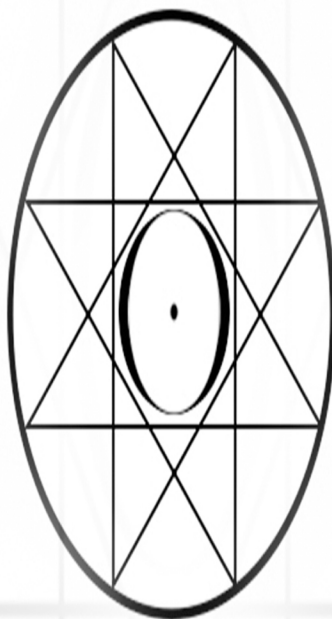
CREATIVE WORK



PAUL PEREIRA +65-92732293
LITERATURE VONTINUUM.COM
ART AFTERVOLTER.COM
FILM HYPNAGOGIC.INFO
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PAUL PEREIRA

TAROT COUNSELLING
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+65-92732293
TARAHELIOS.COM
THETARAHELIOS@GMAIL.COM

