

The 24 hr
Freak-out



FORWARD

Dawn's early rays: withdrawing from the clubs and after-parties tired and wired, I made my lost ways to a distant corner cafe, to heal on tobacco and coffee, longing to find what can bind a broken soul and secretly lament what it means to be brave and free: sinking sinking sinking sinking sin king Sin King ...

Born to be made-up of better things, to ride wild horses and slow down time by gunning toward a glorious death, is to depict something heart-rendering, something never to be forgotten, something to raise the spirits of mankind - that is the buzz.

But again - the madness it sneaks up slow and surreal, and one day you think you've survived it, only to find it has barely begun.

I am divided when I cannot close what I have opened up: this time stolen from God and put into the Devil's hands, time offered as a burnt offering to the gates of hell ...

At the dear age of 17 I was culled and my mind broken for their purpose: my whole being made to rig-out their Shadow Plan: a walking-breathing-poetic-bomb that exploded and killed the voice of God.

Now I am the irreverent poet, the shot dead gunslinger, the kid who outgrew the town of his upbringing, who limped away from heart, mind and soul in search of the tool forged in the fires of the dragons den, to express what truly happened back then:

"In my soul peddling-act I took the tabernacle pill. In my rite of passage I cheeked the kiss of the Devil and in my affirmation I saw it, the most magnificent concept of a hallucination wielded by my warlock-eye ...

I saw it, my eyes feasting on its brilliance and the unbelievable tangible appearance, for there before me in all its satanic glory,

LEE RICHARD KIRSTEN



POETS bible

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glowed the magic circle; the sign; the seal; the dream symbol
and window to the Self ...

In my new enhanced dimension I felt reborn by my accursed
anointment, disturbed and overwhelmed by the wizardry and
craft that the pill had drove me to witness ...

The drug had rounded up all my inspired powers, offering a kind
of demonic survival-pack, the ideal asset for the typical artist-
beast-man, soon to be hurled into a long and hideous poetry
campaign: a bottled backwater no other man should have to
stomach ...

And so this was the selling point ...

The Devil took my soul and I used his words. The poems: an
infernal madness and secret ally: the real muster behind my
leading protagonist tough-guy-poet alter ego, a full-on reason to
be held back by this ball-buster, this sin."

