

Fire-Toolz ** Theme is a song for navigating the foyers of transcendent dimensions.

✓iNTERBEING Everything & everywhere inter-is. In fights we find we fear the same. Tires screeching sound like children through classist pleas and craving. All throughout there's been caving & sirens keep enslaving. Skinless barking, drowning, waving, as if traffic gleaming changing changes anything about what one could bring to the sidewalks and their strain.

Experience A Slips A Away There is no time, only now. Freeze this moment a little bit longer. Make each sensation a little bit stronger. Exerience slips away.

Screamography RIYL the silent observation of the mind-made self. Watch the glass for a mirror-melting glare. A forward lens that's centered on the tunnels fixed and tied up. Tranquil, hidden, dried up, thirsting for a router reset dawn. Can you see their eyes from across the parking lot? A middle of the road family, concerned and confused.

Second Life I: Windows Might Explode {0:00 - 0:56} II: Angelfire {0:57 - 1:44} III: At The Pig Well Pt 3 [CODENAME_AIRDROP] aka There Is No Death, Only Transmigration {1:45 - 2:56} IV: Ticker Symbol MSPG {2:57+} To come back as a pig would be wonderful. To come back as a pig would be an honor. I would be grateful to come back as a pig.

Response To Subdivisions C Thriving in-between the bright lights & the far unlit unknown. *Goodnight scattered light. Forests & fields. I'm awake. Then a sparkling swamp sings me to sleep.*

Shadowfacts I: Point A {0:00 - 0:45} II: Point B {0:46 - 1:15} III: Point A [CODENAME_NO RETURN] {1:16+}

Upper Peninsula (2000) I: Labyrinth (0:00 - 0:36) II: A Friend (0:37 - 1:39) III: The Nigh End (1:40+) May your roots effervesce in a cove parallel while my airspace smiles and spins around you.

μακάρων νῆσοι Fortunate Isles, Passage 1 of the Hidden Tranquility Trilogy

Ήλύσιον πεδίον ^FElysian Fields, Passage 2 of the Hidden Tranquility Trilogy I: Eventide Bats {0:00 - 1:10} II: Forest & Swamp {1:11 - 1:46} III: First Light At Art's Pier {1:47 - 2:59} IV: Fresh Fields {3:00 - 3:48} V: Vivid Dome {3:49+}

Λήθη ^T**Lethe**_J Passage 3 of the Hidden Tranquility Trilogy Immobilized air rests hot. The passageways are lit with glitchy flailing thought. I, a single perfect sphere, earthquaking & dead, balanced & queer, balanced in my head. In a 1992 dream I leave on a piece of hemisphere. Into the warmest star, a path straight thru fear. No monstrous hunt at throats of the throat could ever weld together a single quarter note & every time I'm lost in my story, I radiate more heat than light. A pulsing crux is interviewed, bolted in it's heated La-Z-Boy. It tongues a serving of voices that unfurls onto Lethe's shores. A fishhook wags its tail ambitiously. Us refugees question our chests yet they are still safer harbors so the victims of wrong perception can safely foam into you.

In The Computer Room @ Dusk > 38.898632, -76.512993

Proxy Bay I: Another Page {0:00 - 0:54} II: Every Turn Of The World {0:55 - 1:46} III: Rendezvous {1:47 - 2:38} IV: Back Of My Mind {2:39+}