



GHOSTLORD



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*let these words
be a battering ram*

through the stargate

into a new field of vision

*to flummox the energy
field deception wave,
a new death projection*

*betwixt the circulation beam—
amplified sound*

just circulating

the celestial light of molten auras

*I have held flames in my mind
greenish blue*

*siphoning air
from dimensions of darkness*

*because I am a moon lord—
diseased with penetrating dreams
of altered realities*

*really, the very focal point
of our energetic awareness*

*broken out of the hell-forged chains
of my wretched birth
from the far flung*

*galaxies of the elder star gods
the antediluvian archons
fading*

*in and out
of this reality*

and into the next one, where form becomes formless

*the fabled gods and legendary beings—
owls act as cosmic intermediaries*

*and this is when the advanced spellcraft took hold
via subtle energetic vibrations*

*I am inventing psychic landscapes through volume
I am speaking of suns beyond sonority*

*of varicose moons and sanguine fish
of colored spheres drifting through the vast planetary theater
of pentagonal ratios, of palingenesis*

this world's the curse we live with

*the myth of mold and honeysuckle
cycles of the golden ghost*

*through advanced carbon weaponry—
through the chalice of dismissal*

*the fruits of my discontent shall sculpt the air
in chiseled layers of atavistic artifice*

*brandishing a psychic mess of arteries
the oracular owls shall guide me—*

I

Being the blur who harvested
opium, salt and ether,
being the river sphinx, the primeval zodiac
eternal stone mother. The life of a star
formed silver orbs magnetically stained,
entrapped by glass, enthroned by a blazing
spectrum of artificial intelligence.

I felt the pain of ages past regeneration
inside of god's violet eye. And now
in the era of the final sun, the human
vessel is an empty shell for the golden ghost.
This data is going into a central nexus system
connecting every planet in the universe.



Being a blur, a fine network of veins,
dissolving into the living intelligence
matrix-chrysalis hovering over the ocean.
A plane of immanence stuffed with solidified light.
In this primal field are shards of star shrapnel.
The substance of the sun is like an innate totem.

A goblet of blood lorded into the abyss
of matter. Refraction through a crystal's ritual
potency. Energy differentials and video screens.
The curious threnody of integrated circuits.



The finite illusion of the sacred denominator
is a presiding flame. Interface to the void's
circumference -- it is a hollowed star.
Life's contingent vacuity is a nebulous beam
spiraling into ether.

The old world forming -- the elder gods aligning
to the frequency of sound. Through the mastery
of grand dimensions, the pulse modulation of the
sphinx core. Our consciousness is being projected
onto everything around us. And causes everything
that happens. Gold sense death wave.

IV

Ephemeral signal of the dream state.
It's the zone where the rules are not so
fixed. As we stand on the razor's edge, ghosts are
moving in and out of the body. The psyche infiltrated by
ghostly entities. Solid forms surround the circumference.
Through this rare planetary alignment, may he
who loves the abyss cease to exist. But now
alien sorcery takes hold in the era of dissolution.
The upper echelon gets its fangs into the grid.

Chrome wave theater blooming the assemblage
in the nighttime image of the golden ghost.
The deep ozone harmonics act as a rigid bucolic
fraught with telemetric energy.

V

Who or what is god's shadow? Is it an existence outside of time, outside of identity?

Manifestation into material, into the primal. Plugged into the matrix of the external world. This psychic / spiritual emptiness within us. Nothing can fill this void within us. We are not able to tune into the void. And find out why it is there.

And what it actually wants. If we hold this space, this void in the information system. Ghost of sorrow. To lobotomize us, to numb us out of our disowned psychic energy. For every shade of destruction, rays from outer space made me different.

VI

Imagine Lucifer as a point of light. This is the brightest point of light. If this point exploded into a billion points of light -- and this is the Big Bang -- if these points remember the totality -- the astral fragments of viral entities sucking up matter as dark forms of sorcery, like shooting stars waiting to be seeded. And other forms of demonology. It's the imp of the perverse.

I was stylizing the age that crumbles, cf. the Aeon of Horus. I was desiring the age that crumbles. I feel myself broken up. Every word lacerates my flesh. Every shard of Lucifer binding together as a point of light. The human mind is a foreign installation.

Our consciousness has been designed out of the peripheral luminous psychic eye. We are assembling the golden ghost into our world of the consensual.

VII

The spirit evacuates itself. Organic swords
dwell in slumber. In the fire vacuum are
unchained optics. Full body simulations.
A field expands. Stars explode. Radial
matrix movement eclipse. Earth core wave.

Through the vicinity of shadows,
through diaphanous air, swords condensed
into microtonal suns assuaged into the
blackened blood of alien enzymes.

VIII

Subtraction is a virtue. In the nether worlds
the polar fire bleeds a region of ice. Nervous
wind trickles into slumber, the ultimate deceiver.
Arctic waves entrenched in spatial dissonance.
The astringent properties of glass. Revolutions of air
dissolve multitudes. Spheres and empty spaces
subtracting a veil. Misnomers of air.

The spirit speaks into oblivion, dissolving into images.
As if cinema were a way out, an escape route.

IX

As a living intelligence coerced into negation,
the alien spider gave birth to a monad. Absolved in
the gesture, red blotches hover in air. A fever spans
the shape of purple. Varicose realities spun corrosive
swords. Ocular shadows subtract a mouthful of blood.

Dimensions cycle through the spirit of time.
Spheres are ultimate. Cubes are dissimilar.
The angular weight of phases.
Words mouthed into infinity. A sphere is infinity.

X

Muted world. A fine circumference of digital
demons to share the shell with the golden ghost.
On the edge of becoming real, vaster hemispheres
splinter into corrosive aeons.

Digital vacuum. Inorganic symphonies decay
the flesh of the land. Winged demons of the vacuum --
phantoms of the sky, night and air. Images collide in
shaded atmospheres. I hide around the edges,
hallucinating life as I swim.

XI

The ghost of an atmosphere shaded the planetary alignment. Spires gyrate through the ghost of origins. The essence breached fields of ignominy where I reach for the empty space. The accumulated echo weaves a field of night air and visible darkness.

Out of the sky, the sky's blackened skull.
Gorged with lion's blood and sphinx's mane, I disappear into oceans of blackness. And even then I am throbbing.

XII

Spirit world -- if you are a world, vaporize me, subsume me,
violate my eye with some unseen arcane pleasure.
Censure cinema erasure. Annihilate my eye
with a dark reverie. A sorcery where

I was a trance. I was a wave. I was a way to shade the eye.
The sky vile through rapid wave refinement. Disaster wave
trance dome. The signature psyche ignited pink ribbons.
Antechambers of the abyss lorded into matter, blooming
into dimensions of black sand. Space sword membrane
emanates dark energy beams -- residuals of the golden
core of wasted suns. The night reconstitutes itself. A forest
of swords multiplies god's bleeding eye.

XIII

It was the edge,

It was

It was the edge -- shifting the assemblage point to
the place of the beast.

Moonward, away from the light, the vile eye occluded
stars of human sorcery. The chalice clinging to the body.

The body of man subsumed into elementals.

O Magonia, under the starry sky, the coagulation of shapes
And a joyful collection of phantoms. Hydraulic butterfly
skeletons. Carbon cobalt coronation.

XIV

Taking on airs of the imaginal, I was of sound mind
summoning spheres of the black penumbra. My eyes
clouded the spores of sulfur in the skin of the sky.

The world subsumes a force
blackened by the milk of sleep. The way time dissipates
into protracted auras of nothingness.

Colored pools of water emptied. Insectoid angels
enter the invisible landscape. Thoughts are blackened
by fear.

Error is a focal point. Impure triangles vanish above
the ocean. Above the desert is a triangle. A shiny white
triangle.

XV

A theory of the unknown encompassing draconian law,
visions of the damned, combustible rays of ozone.
The extension of a figure protracted images in sand.
Objects intensified by sound -- by a mirror. The shape
of space reflected emptiness.

The gravitational pull of swords on invisible forms. A
swirl
of madness. Flashes of speculation. Watery forms hover
in air. Spherical words resounding the call. An echo
of the square.

XVI

The optimal form of a fugue. Imaginary birds go out of focus. Spires invoke clairaudience and the clear echo of slumber. Ghosts orbit dream horses inside the hybrid mind.

Death's disease is a vile womb. Inflamed clouds of plasmatic cellular wolves rise in mercury. Plutonian temples expunge blue fire through dark energy vectors. Meridians of copper sand. The velocity of swords.

XVII

The presence of a ghost lingers in fresh air. It's the ghost's dream of dissolution that fragmented the psyche, awash in telepathic flames. United in dense dreams materialized out of some psychic blaze, the spheres of death's ultimate shadow explode out of the circumference of time.

Molecular spheres aggravate the air. Negative suns
blaze through
crowded forms of the power play of sorcery theater.
The progression of circles. A magnified vacuum.
Artificial intelligence will attempt to spread its tentacles
into outer space. Expansion of the grid comes as
an annihilation
that I am imagining inside of this decayed shell of
swords and sorcery.

XVIII

Passing through a photon belt is a revelation that we become aware as a species as part of the flux of consciousness, part of the multiverse. The larger part of existence is unknown to us, is shrouded in delirious swords, is the part of the brain that remains dormant. The alien DNA.

What would be left of the individual? Would it be annihilated by the influx of energy of becoming more fully awake? The inorganic existence, the physical vehicle beyond and outside of death or decay. To become one. Be all.

XIX

Fire and air inflames the liquid sky. Invisible machines in the arctic core sample. Concrete suns forged by animal magnetism. The cause lost in black gestation. A sphinx on the earth grid. The clear light of day rejuvenates the field.

I was of sound mind in the fire temple. I was subsumed by the ancient energy of dragons. In the final chamber of the abyss of black thought was a fire in the eye that was the world's mind. Deafening echoes where colors scream and bleed.

XX

Every waking death is a moment etched out in blood. Born into a radical humidity, with wind, energy fields, and mineral fumes.

New goblets for my fiery nerves to bleed in.

The energetic configuration -- as in the way a planet orbits a star. While we still have a vessel. While we still shade night volume. While the stars evaporate the sky. The Antichrist alien entity overlord. Puppeteer of the golden ghost. I am coming to you through a signal. The monstrosity of forms. Melody of broken wings, of shattered forms.

XXI

Deafening oracles bloom in dimensions of hardened air.
Space ether tone hungry ghosts.
I was echoing slumber. I was the trance of star bodies.
The forest of swords rejuvenates god's bleeding eye. Lurking
in the realm of shadows — the lord of illusions. I had the
gift of memory, but it was the ghost inside of me.

XXII

Inside the fire clinic they installed fire into baby monads.
The spider museum rages in chthonic fires. Oneiric
fire vacuum.
Chemical lakes fuming of the extraterrestrial.

The yellow lake is full of hungry ghosts. Feeding the
hungry ghosts my delirium. Space vibrates. A cluster
of fear sparks a wide web of interaction via ghostly
temples into the earth zone.

XXIII

Through a chance encounter with a ghost hybrid,
reality's bloated corpse swayed the way of infernal rivers.
In the underworld I am in tune with the cosmos
through my allegiance to the other side, the dark half
of the whorl.

For air is a blazing syndrome, harboring the beam
of a black, elusive aura. This is
how I swarm dark sound.

Magnetic suns violate the sky's sinister secret. The wave
of biometric cadavers unloading all of this immanence.
The immanence of myth.

XXIV

Awareness is a mirror. The deceiver of all that dreams.
Fire bladed the sky and this is what we are. The density
of deep dimensions harvested salt fumes and opium vapor.
Reality collapses in a sinister symphony, the soundtrack
of our dreams. Upper stratospheres of halogen
 light blurring
at the edge. The edge of demon sleep.
An empty shell for the golden ghost.

XXV

There is a monad inside of a fountain. Outer space is
a swollen ghost.

A blasted empty sphere where vampire sphinxes
collated the vibratory fabric of alien ether.

It was the trance of the monad that did me in. It was
star bodies subsumed in sand. Swords blooming
through the raw substance of blood.

XXVI

Emptiness is the key. Emptiness and clarity
unified as the raw substance of dream.

Monomial kindling of the mono matrix. Mantras
of the damned sing in diurnal visions. So I have
come to fill darkness with emptiness. Ignition sky
energy grid fire. In the school of Noetic sciences,
the Noetic pulse refrigerated the echo chamber.
The abstracted core of negation.

XXVII

A world is in the air. A world unknown. We,
as a race of psychic detectives, extrapolate
the inner phantoms, the ephemeral noumena,
apotheosis of the impossible --
a cloud's volition. The sky's dissolution.

Like the point of a laser on the map, there's no
restriction in the awareness. The bliss of not
knowing every way to surrender control.
Crystals, cybernetic chakras, and ectoplasm.
Black gradient dissolve.

XXVIII

According to the black chamber of thrones
I was a trance wave flesh core. My diamond eye
withered in steam, drenched in polar fire and ghost water.

To see energy directly, nothing remains
the same. In the dark sea of awareness, when
that shell falls away through the ability to see
the essence of things, it is the snare of life.

XXIX

Drifting through dark air, forces of energy profaned
by death. To experience awe, the total nature
of surrender. Recoiling from death the fear
of being a collective. Of being cells in a body, a galactic
body.

Once we see the edge we know it is there.
And then at the center and through the center
and into the void. Crack the shell of identity to reach
actual energetic truth. The matrix-chrysalis image
decanted.

I exhaust the toxin given to me. That is, the toxin of life.

XXX

Movement of spheres orbits the mist of a black vision.
Spellbound shadows of a new risen throne. Night esteems
itself beyond the final moment of black thought. The fury
of black vision. The final essence. A vital force in the
cosmic web.

Everything is a curtain of blood. Sheer ecstatic
luminous wind.

Divine vibrations act as echoes in slumber,
edging toward shadows, the annihilation wave
dream deceiver.

A cloud of blood. Wave tone ether. Alien receiver. I slept
inside of a mirage. A tremor in the air as ghost galaxies
percolating membranes from space.

XXX I

Fear is a token fraught with a black lotus
Stygian virus super beam. Decimate the ocean
in sleep telepathy. All the flaming oracles hover
in a glade. A meadow spurned the wine of my sorrow.
Like all substances of air
melded into higher forms of an ideal mind
virtuous thread weaving dark harmonics penetrate the
sky.

XXXII

The expansion of space, air and fire. I learned to pray
violently but it was my water that irked the steamship.
I ascribe penitentiaries to the movement of sand.

Sword trance death negations capable of imagining a
fire flower.

Disaster wave trance dome.

XXXIII

Lords of the black wave alien stone dimensions.
A haven of nebulae. Moribund mask of the volatile
flower dethroned the sky. Neon haze particle wave.
Annihilated dream tone ether. Dagger into ashes.

That which surrounds -- fire dawn moon ether eclipse.
Violate the wave of telemetry -- solar waves expanding
to the golden orifice. Pulsate orbital quaking dimensions.
The hologram macrocosmic in undulating shadows.

XXXIV

The royal blood is spilt into the gilded goblet.
Geometric memories recovered gardens of the perverse.
Prehensile eyes swaying under colors. Penumbra erupted
explosive measures via the psychic strata of dreams.

The spirit of darkness waits inside of darkness
raining dimensions of sand.

XXXV

Having drunk up the poison that would have
destroyed the world, I violate the sky's golden eye.
I speak of a thousand thrones in the visceral temple
of the alien godhead. In the antediluvian cities, planets
ripen to nocturnal filigree.

As prince of the Anterior Moons, I float
through the black medallion stars. Dark dimensions
of alien vortices circulating the rhythm of gaseous
colored spheres. Cryogenic planetary agate.

XXXVI

The chromium shell leveled shores of negation.
The desert expands as the sky grows a vile eye.
Cosmic realities unveiled the lordship of swords.

Having gorged myself on the poison that would have
destroyed the world, the Aeon of Horus is at
my crippled hand. Universal solvent. Living fire --
green dragon -- quintessence -- first substance.

XXXV I I

The aberration of masks obstructs the celestial
essence. The approximation of a bleeding image.
The eye-swords seeded dimensions of sound
engendered by the new death trance. The spatial
architecture of sound compressed by night's vital trance
drowned abstracted volumes of Neoplatonic acumen.

The application morphing into the annihilated dream wave.
The elements collide as galactic particle dust.
Absolved in the gesture, a sphere of air dilates the core
wave matrix.

XXXVIII

The ocean of awareness in which we all swim
is embedded in the second attention, embedded in
the neon sky, the firelight, the inward navigation techniques.

Corrosive waters stained god's vile eye. The lords
of black matter bury the crown in flowers of flame.
The emotional discharge of energy. A plenitude of
protraction surveys the aura of a dismembered genesis.
With death as my ally, I violate the wave of solar
telemetry. Sun wheels expanding. The toxicity of swords
has nothing to do with this. Extraterrestrial crucifixion.

XXXIX

Fragmentary gods and phantoms of air
bloom under a violet sky that was simulating
telepathy inside of this ionic nightmare --
this telemetric aeon mediated by transfinite vowels
that summon airs of deified threads of the Ophidian
current.

Theater of the damned is a good name for the world,
especially the world I live in. A world where the life force
ebbs to the space annihilator vacuum wave.

XL

A planet had entered my head by way of
discarnate Himalayan “masters” belonging to
the upper air by way of the avatar Maitreya, the eater
of worlds.

Infinite ghosts penetrate horizons as reality’s
bloated flesh is eaten by discarnate vultures.

This shaded terror night wave is an aberration of spirit.
The trance formation “they” say was causing the world
to fall apart. But the world can never fall apart
because the world never existed in the first place.

XLI

Forgotten breed of man, a lone wolf with a broken paw.
I, the alien man, consume the illusion. The new desire,
the new negative sublimation. Crystal core rock skull.

The invisible dimensions -- a pendant -- a nudity
for the purpose of imagining. A vessel with no other
purpose -- than imagining. The strength of the façade
cumbersome. It's the sound of a specter -- a flame
inside a ghost.

XLII

Like an imaginary desert abstracted of all form --
as in a scene made up by the mind in future time.
The dizzying vertical nature of becoming.

The world's my corpse subtracting a veil
and the immanence of all forms. Clear white threads
stretch out like the arms of lovers and touch the black
prism
sun. The ecstasy of god's golden tears -- the revelation
of the method in the more mysterious and invisible
realms.

In what flowed out -- a style of the letter. The symbol.
The myth -- dejected, diseased, ostracized,
lodged into my brain. A pure dispersal so immersed
in the matrix.

XLIII

As if there were some cure for the world's pain. I'm so
inside my body but I am more than it. I am more than this.
As if I could cure the world's pain.

The vault of language's corpse projects a plane outward.
Tunnels of reality converge in the black pyramid
hovering in my dream. The attention magnetized to
oblivion.

XLIV

Elric enters the other -- solid, he becomes all,
does everything, becomes nothing. The prestige
of circulation. Abstraction, aberration -- the obstruction
active -- ancient energy -- accumulation of identities.
Cruel and despondent like
the heroes in the fantasy novels of Michael Moorcock.

The impossible essence floated into the atmosphere
and it was the living sword Stormbringer. A galaxy
of forms uncreated or being created in the mind
of the heroes in the fantasy novels of Michael Moorcock.

XLV

The word is a sword. The word takes on form.
A thought-form which, according to don Juan Matus,
can become autonomous. Deny the worst parts
of the world until they no longer exist. But they do exist.
But I make myself dizzy through my own creation.

A parade of swords rejuvenates the field. My false
weapons are dead like the moon. Dead like the void
of outer space. And yet it is possible for the very great
to inhabit the inside of a vibrant star. Burning illustriously
for ages as the source of all life. The source of all ghosts.
The creation of illusion leads me to question, is the
sun alive?

Yes, the sun alone is alive.

XLVI

Formless dark on the horizon, formless dark
in front of me. Like a jagged film strip,
the golden essence corroding
immaculate reveries of glass. Via the world spectacle,
the accretion of history lingers on. The corpse of time
dragging itself through the movement of history.
A veil refracting unto itself. Access the chrisem.

XLVII

Faceless ancient people appear as
more hollow lives to shed. Radio emissions and EMT pulses.
Interstellar owls drunk on the blood of a pink wave chimera.

In a space of punishing violence, in a realm
where black is light, where volatile suns implode
under the weight of shadows. Dark energy vectors
pulsate as phantasms.

XLVIII

Through a long and painful pre-history dissolved
by new organs of vision, hours fabricated the radiant
cube. The core distance annihilated the blackened flesh
of reality's bloated and beaten corpse. The abyssal
ocean -- its blackened waves moving through telepathic
ether to a new field of vision where blood
is the determining factor between nothingness
and the condensed whirlwind of rancor.

Molded by the primal astral waste, reality's decayed
flesh is warped around puncture wounds that sap
the nerve of psychic osmosis. This degenerate volume
weeps blood at the smell of lunar shadows poised to deter
the exsanguination of sphinxes -- the elliptical orbit
of coarse interstellar viscera. This swarm of shadows orbits
a spectral influence confining the actual to the furthest
chambers
of magnetic pulsars equidistant to cellular levels of
vampiric tendrils
feasting on alien lavender and hound's blood. Reality
is mortally wounded -- punctured by the blackened
bones of the imaginal. This is the smell of its flesh.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Chris Moran is the author of the chapbooks *Night Giver* (privately released) and *Poison Vapors* (Solar Luxuriance). His poems, essays and dream narratives have appeared in *red lightbulbs*, *Whole Beast Rag*, *West Wind Review*, *Zhoupheus*, *PLINTH* and other publications. He lives in Columbus, OH.

ABOUT THE BOOK

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