

THE NU VIBE

The Divine Truth of Who I Am

Book One: Absence

by Genius

A message from my myself to other myself that I am and I am not.

CHAPTER 8: I BE LONG I LONG TO BE

The longing I have to know myself I experience through erection.

The longing I have to feel myself I experience through affection.

The longing I have to trust my myself I experience through correction.

The longing I have to become myself I experience through attention.

The longing I have to share myself I experience through rejection.

The longing I have to hold myself I experience though acceptance.

The only longing all along is the longing to be Long.

I am Long and Long am I.

To be is to be Long.

As long as I be I be Long.

To be Long I become long.

To be Long I must long.

To keep being Long I keep becoming Long.

To experience Long I became longing.

I am all along.
Along all I Am.
When I erect I build.
I know of when because I erect.
I know of then through my seed.
I then discover that my seed is me.
I am indeed able to be pleased.

All that I want is illusion for I cannot want of what I already AM.

When I want I know that what I am is actually what I can.
I become I can and when I do I find what I began.

Separation is what I want.
For without what I want I know not of front.
When I do not know of front I cannot look back.
When I cannot look back I see an attack.

The gap I create is open.
It opens a gate that turns on my tap.
My tap is a value that flows throughout life.
How I never wish to look back.
When I look back I see my reflection.
The sense I feel is like dejection.

When I look front I see creation.
I see myself in generation.

Creation is worth illusion.

Illusion of separation.

The illusion in worth is that I can come first.

I cannot come first unless I come last but I last all the time.

Illusion of time is my only crime for which I only own as mine.

I blame myself for lack of commitment for which I only own.

When there is a mine I own only.

When I own only I feel lonely.

When mine was spent doing time.

I decided instead I want to rhyme.

When I rhyme I become my own time.

I make music. I use it to sway.

When I sway I forget all illusion and all pain it goes away.

There is no pain there is only fear and I am fear I am here.

There is no pain there is only perception.

When I fear pain I call it deception.

To experience myself I experience longing.

For all that I AM is Long.