

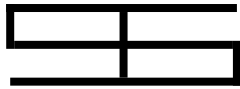


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SLEEPING WITH
THE ENTITY

by

JOHN THE GOAT



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don't forget
don't eat beans

why?
—listen

when the world was born
so was the bean

how can you tell?

if you chew a bean until it's pulp
then put it under the sun for a while
it'll smell like semen

a better way of finding out—

take a bean when it's blooming
put it and its flower in a jug
bury for a few days

know what you'll find?

a womb in the jar
a baby's head inside

[A Teaching of the School of Pythagoras, 700-600 BC
(from Hippolytus – *Philosophumena* 2.3-.18)]

OUT OF THE WHITE DOOR the tree column king
life maker who grew the gods and food person
double. Arms budded flesh ruling the whole body.

Womb body in bowl mouth. God sneeze grower. Gala girls
hugging into life. Right arms gripping weapons giving every-
thing. Hoed their chapels' basements then climbed the top of
pyramid hill, moon rippling waves sharing the ageless soul.
Drank God's grain eye. Wife's throne watched. OM. The cup
house carved, they moved their heads in harmony through the
hidden door five cobras guard into the lion-coiled luxury of the
eternal lords where the sun cock shines, its golden rays perpet-
ually corded. Dogheadfox. Lady Sky mummy fucker. Cunt
river. Sage pig protect from all dead. YOU who sees one and all,
who no one sees. I want YOU: Invisible Time outlasting time
right here, since I slave beneath Your world for Your Angel; for
Your Fear. I want YOU named in bird in hieroglyph in priest
now child. CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! go, who pollutes no place. By
scarab the shit beetle and wine without sea water, I lick one
side clean and give YOU praise opening: AAA EEE OOO III AAA
OOO. I sing in glory to YOU with the same name that's Who
YOU are hello. CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! go ahead do it, who clasp
everything one, who uttered the First Laugh filling everywhere,
waving tender smooth the Wet. Tides billow and curl up. Your
Son translates the cosmic totals; interprets whatever is – in
charge. He is the steward of Universe House. Apparent self-

loaded FuckMakeBabies over everything's sperm, GOD then smiled-wept holding a balance beam. Anagrammed no longer hide because so bigstrong in ModeSeason. SoulBreath waxes and wanes in circling embrace when GodSon gives you the path. "I know what you want to do. Wherever you are I am. Think. And I will teach you". You will see the glowing Word Mindvoiced. And afterward the darkness that silts toward the bottom squatting in the corner. ScarePanic beckoned to Earth as He gave womb tone that bore special Python child who knows about things before they happen thanks to the piercing snakesound. Could everything stopstood. Heavenly lands get mislaid out of order no way, avoiding Men'sShepherd Mind of Authentia Absolute Master; away from the seven Controller Stars who fold their circles around the world strained to human notice towards that light-scoured workfact named BirthWorld, leaving behind the crazed wordless sloping so to furnish unwrought subject things holding on to buzzing cones. Their bearings end where they begin. Dad's true mirror – how strong is he who sits on fire and rules it is. Whose harmonious windings tearing apart their cuntend shell. Heshe never needed sleep she did not wait mock-miming FuckFather, ripen some breaking into men fill by filling. "Know Yourself" means you will not die. The only way you can do that is to love. All who know they will not die reach that gentle goodness which is everywhere. But the child of vagrant love remains below and roams the lost

ShadowWorld lost because death's business concludes their sensings. So then SPROUT THE EARTH SPROUTS. SWARM WATERS SWARMS. Glory Prick and Hole. They godmade them. Rooted in the Chosen People. "Hear what I have not told my angels who don't know how they began or why my kingdom never ends. Satanail mothered a thought without force to lift his chair above the clouds, equating himself to me. He flew through the air and didn't stop. I took the top off sky. I planted veins touch blood tastes. I went between Eve's legs and she did not notice. I will not unmake you but send you back to the house of your birth". The elegant flowers are separated and look for nothing else. Shadow surrounding silence. Ten numbers made of Nothingness. Ten fingers paralleling 5. The way the tongue makes the Naked Word. The Holy Spirit-wind. Origin without beginning. End beyond ending. Who says to the snow "Be earth". The Enemy as a flame and a coal, for what is owned, for what is owed. Then there are the doubles between lips foxed on the wheel. The seven gates of the soul. Seven and seven. Space medicine. Moon in the world. Motion in sea cunt. Babylon city built. No being being. Cock lightning name in fortune. Finding out the turnings and overthrowing. Walking out of my mouth. Children into beetle life. Drained seedwater through my fist back into me. I wrapped myself around cock joined in fucking my shadow I sprouted back my father my true right eye. I gave him what had been lost. The

only one in Chaos-fluid. In first lotus papyrus acres ground apart. Who lived into life by myself, naming flesh pieces are young alive. I am here yesterday know tomorrow. Corpse commander giving orders as the horizontal cock fucks in strength with himself. Eternity cockerel looping ropewick. His feathers on my head. Goat's bones wrapped in another skin gave them life, then life beyond death. Comets fall up from Ocean into Sky where they are born. The brooding egg is seeded as Bright Robe. The mud nooks red clay god-faced between Z-Day Time. She-earth the always living. She who receives the web of jewels the winner. Hollows, ditches, caves, gates. Riddles through which seed pours out, because that's where people put food out for them. The gods eat immortality, shining in the farness, blowing out the endless colours of everything that breathes. Lightning bug lamp in the water. Hot ripe Egg broke on the inside starts the Golden Race, "seen to 4 eyes everywhere", the fearful angel carrying glorious godsperm. In the inmost unseen cryptic oracles (that never fail) set among the Wanderers—theone that equals everyone—the sperm sister pounding glitterflash broke the virgin flower in come hithers. Maker of the Silver Race, the "first to think around corners". Refused old age. Made everything return to itself. Under tall oaks drunk with deeds of raspy buzzing bees tie it all up in Hour's locks in circles. Pine cone puppets dice sphere spinning top mirror and fleece. Obedience shining children tending the

wells. So don't kill yourself—you can't anyway—life and death no difference, just mingling and mirror. Made-up bodies, hammered bodies – nothing is born nothing dies; nothing through nothing. Just endless chanting dancing ecstasy flutes scream cymbals smash bull's hoarse bellow. This is how a god who couldn't be buried was made. Our Cock Cunt King who does it all. Kingbody of everything wheeling into one night day who is every delight. Don't fight his powerflesh, his deathless head muscles that does not wear out. Face: light-pricked sky. Beard: glare stars hung in air two gold bull's horns flashing right and left. Mind: that does not deceive. Royal purpose points of light no end at peace, the outer inner. Dauntless strongboned his wings span out so he is absent nowhere in the sunrise and set; walkway and the measuring-answering moon. Earthmotherall mountain crests fixed deep in roots; earth's buried anchor planting again enroots his godbody, bottomless wombs boiling with children. "What no longer does dies" cheats in a crystallized gem, like a farm sown with salt, a busy ploughing stab game, tent dome quarter cock holidays. Come cock joy today a future tomorrow. The universe is yours the Kings above below. Even Wisdom—this world's Queen—gives you her hand. Once more to rise loving again to lose to win. To defeat the One who is called by the name of unknown shadows. Who made the Cord-Seal of Kingship four eyes that look to the front and four behind; two of them closed in sleep and two open on each side

and the Seal reads. Who flies at rest, rests in flight. Body so quick you cannot see it. Spirals where it's going, taking leaving shape. Always ready to die he swallowed himself long ago before the ForeMother set out the Wholes and gave them roots, where vestal hearts blanketed under mere-slime shaped landman from lumps of land. Blood trickling holy isle struck the sacred stamp shapes he gave to letters their character. The spores genetics have found out how to eat the fruit of trees from them. Cured snakebite weaving charms from them. Melting beasts thinking to put life into stones. I have no stories about what will be, only what was, and then I speak in "ifs". There is no navel set in the middle of earth and sea. This is not my story. Straight Cock Herding Lady's Thing, menandwomen chain in flesh the love my picture cuts her size. There's evil in the world dancing in a circle. "I am Earth I can't leave here. My fire is chained to men to empty skies to dress up time for mother whore nature earth cheap green leaf Eden sleeve". Couched open cunt to draw gods down her idea hasn't worked yet, for liars undo their wounds. They broke the knotty rose in Adam's anus, jerked fucking for any reason. Men holing men avoid Eden and the lie of the world she gives. Enjoyed the prophets arse backwards sexed them away hooded cock head peeled his cock lace back a narrow slot run by the power below rammed up the arse of every prophet before you licked away their delight in Daddy Cock. "Jesus Man Son don't let him

snake his ways through the bowels of your love. Spread him on the cross in front of us we'll see who's coming who's going". That's why you see terminals of him in every temple; why his wild roadside stubs balance sweet fruit on their glans, for he shepherded birth before the earth womb bulged. "I promise not to fall back from Man Cock to Wom (b) man Cunt, to the siren allure ring labyrinth. I drink the fresh life deepwater above the blue-groined heaven, the light-flecked come of Cock Papa who made the years long". The belt crown aura whipping enemies, taking their blood to Nowheres. Naked clothes roaring dragons with dread splendour makes them gods; berserk flies the arrow the Splits, as the madmonster makes a fine thing. We build aright shrinehome, set roastgifts and fuck you with Stormer. Turn all months the first unstopping-revenging son over all no equal guard. Mighty Starcourse he rules my rites, the Pure God Who Shines Our Way, whose pure spell re-breathes the dead gods. Take a stick in your hand. Put the wind's fast shoes beneath your feet. Stuff chalkmen Strainers into long-dead wombs underground Finish. Remake the violet sea from voltage rods. Fire Lady bends in hill forests among old powers of the hunt. An eagle between her fingers, soldiers' hands as thorns on cactus. She loads up the heads. Unsatisfied with her slaughters, she fights on, indoors. Chairs for soldiers. Tables for soldiers. Stools to be soldiers. Captured breast-suckers making happy treeblood endless generatings, ring-ho!

Sometimes one grows from many. Sometimes many splits from one. Time sails in a circle, each has a chance. The goddess says “think of painters, they use the drugs of many colours to make figures that look like real things”. This is the origin of everything that flowers without number by day. Parts looking for bodies; heads without necks; eyes watching for sockets; monsters roaming Earth; rolling feet shambling hands. You will see in the trumpet mollusk how Earth lives on top of flesh. Hedgehog bristles point up – men sprouted from Earth like heads of lettuce. Questions ask. You hardly ever see the rapid arms of the Sun ambushing light. Earth makes night: a knot binds two; two eyes see one. Everything feels and has a share of thought. Sweet fucks sweet. Sharp cuts sharp. Thoughts spin on tides of blood that ebb and flow, for that is where what people call thought is. Shadows darken the river bottom; your hollow eyes, because they are alike, see the black in caves. Air breathes out. Tall olive trees lay eggs. There are exhalations from everything that has been born. Horned, clandestine, unnamed: the meaning of dreams; the reading of the signs; the star roads; the cleansings needed. The mountains of gifts the dead require. The broken spark compacted in the reused bodies of many who must drink opening the door the womb’s secret pain. The Earth the great chair with her immense teat. She loves Love’s Bone because she was born inside her father’s balls. Spirit dwells where light and dark void each other clear and unconfounded

—no wind blowing gentle breeze, ointment or perfume—it steals into things better than words. You can make 7 from the brain-vaulted room. Godhead down Spine Sperm tailing in cock cunt where brain kern sleeps in secret blood. Six other coiling lines from there bind the corpse spine containing the wellhead the stinging tail the seventh. LIVE! SUFFER! DIE! Punishing the slave image overmastered by what heshe saw. The ghosts in swirling flocks chase the wand. Magician, Maker, you cannot leave the temple of yourself except to return to God. Beauty and bloom forever. Pass then through the third gate; receive the proof of things unseen; that who you are is all you are not. “Long ago they called me Chaos, that’s how old I am. The daemon of direction who holds the keys. Right and Need”. Everybody counts to ten and then goes back to one, fathermothering everything. I give you give. That is justice. Don’t ask questions. Give up. O Come that first and happy substance, figureless cause of all figures that come into shape!

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