CRITICAL HARMONY

Wait one minute... I have to say this — Truly ugly babies can say words that migrate past dynamic visions that reinvent where we are going as a human race —

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It's critical that we live in harmony with the globe before we kill it — what if the world decided it couldn't take it anymore and decided to suciide itself — what if? Maybe Mother Earth is depressed and needs a psychiatrist, us. We need to talk to the planet better with better ways so it doesn't end our days, 

over —
light, freedom running naked in eden

smiling at angles while rainbows

discuss world views with you dictating
an understanding that trees hold the
answer to meditations that listen to dancing
keys that down-town-kung-fu-winors
could only breath on your left brains

precipitations of truth that homosapians
must get it that we have to rise to
the king dream of one day we must all
get along with the world as a place
we want to live in—critic ace harmonys
is a progress thought to anti-laugh at
where we are going—

by darry p —