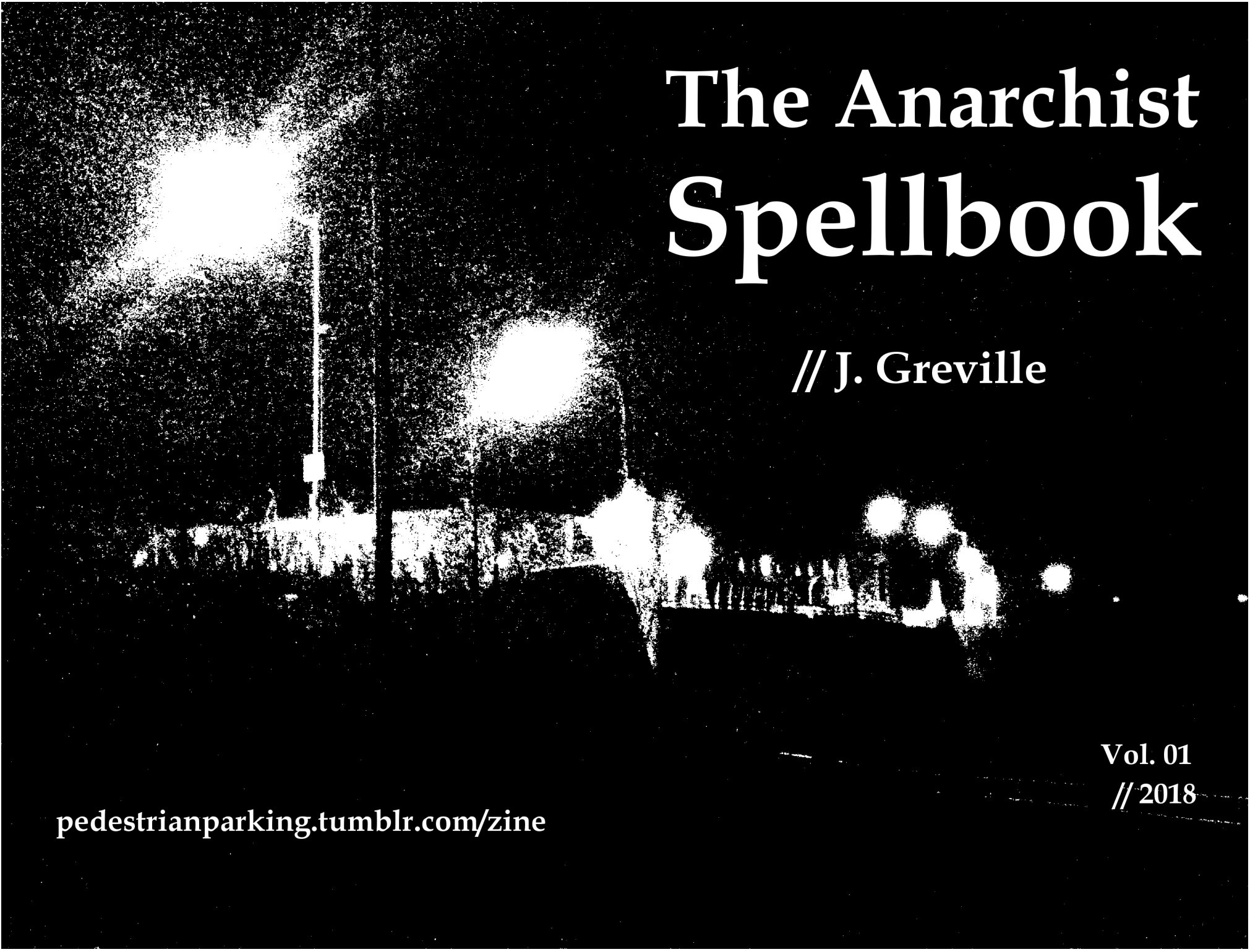


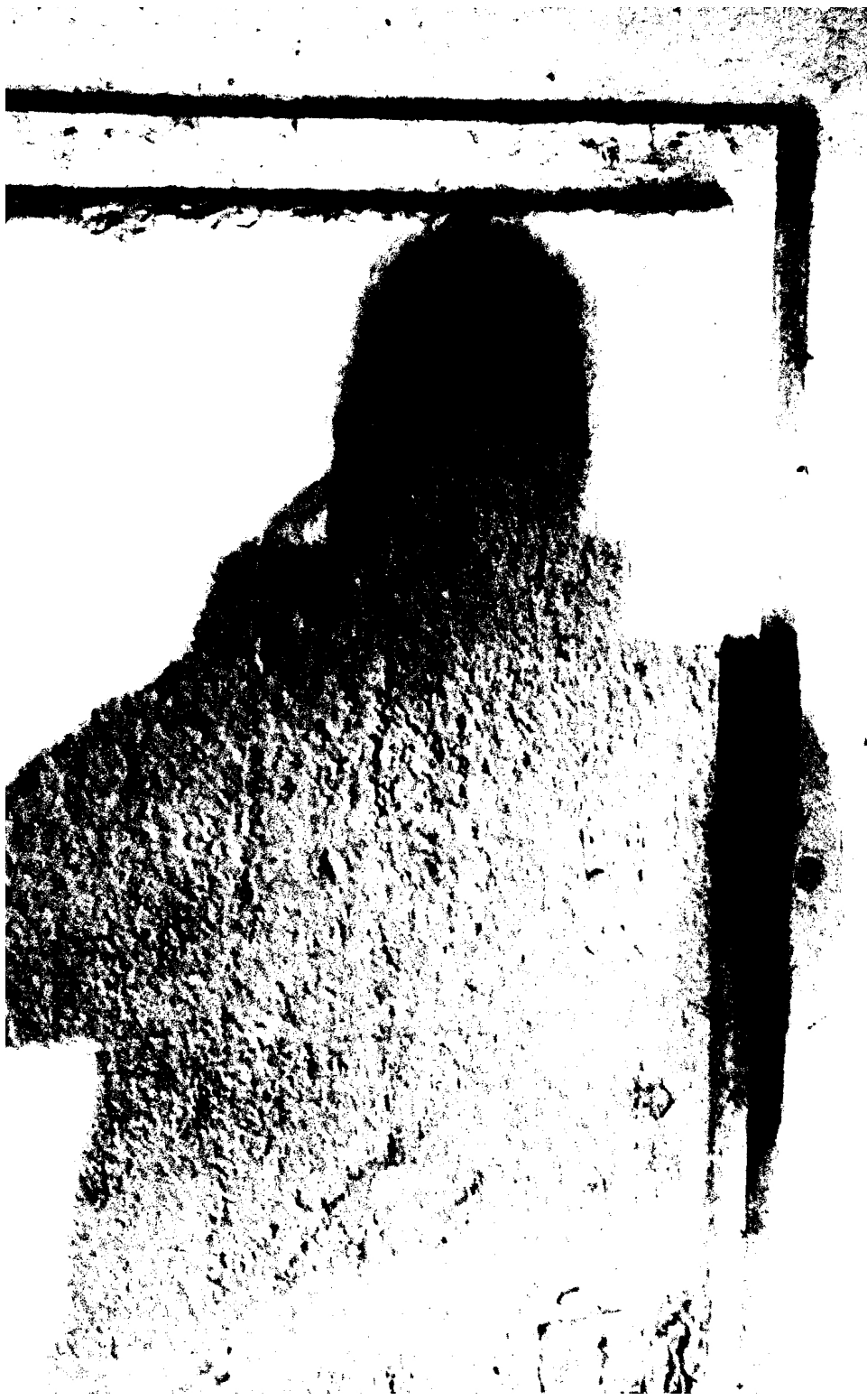


The Anarchist Spellbook

// J. Greville

pedestrianparking.tumblr.com/zine

Vol. 01
// 2018



BE WARNED: YOU ARE HOLDING A SPELLBOOK

This is a book of poetry. It is also a book of spells.

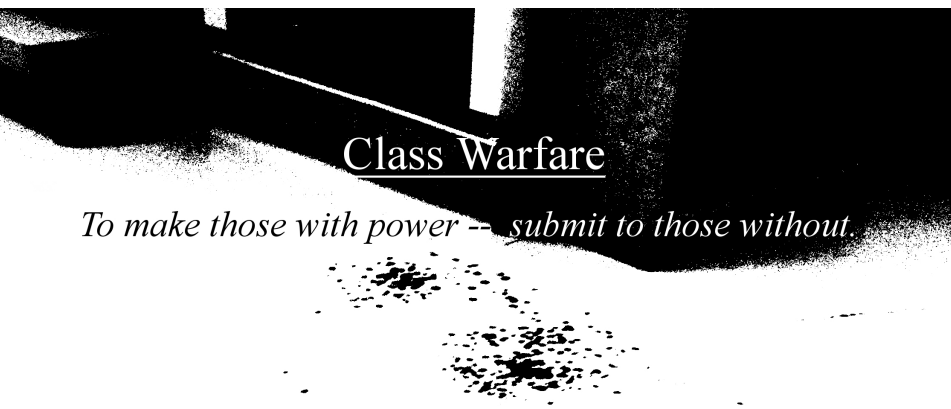
Each poem is a sigil designed with a single magical intent. The purpose of the spell is usually in the name, followed by how to use it. To direct a spell, think of a person or subject while you're reading it. Don't worry—none of the spells are dark or dangerous.

The poems however, are another story. The content of each poem often has nothing to do with the spell it creates, and can contain explicit or dark subject matter. To charge a spell, simply read the poem. Maybe something will happen. Maybe not.

Magic has always been a combination of language, performance, obfuscation, and ignorance. Hopefully, you'll find some magic here. Read at your own risk.

Enjoy.

- J



Class Warfare

To make those with power -- submit to those without.

Revenge covers heavy brows where terror produces rancorous
chills. Holy battles will tear precious regions, ripping
homes. Bullies warn true patriots: rock & roll, comrades!
Busy westerners treat preachers, rowdy reverends coldly.

-Humble

watchers take pride reading Roman Catholic hymns, bathing
their palms, reciting rosary calls. Hard bodies wear
polyester raiments, ringed corduroy. How beautiful when they
reign, reaching classes here between white trade plants.

Collective harmony beckons workers there--parishioners
hoping better weather thoughts, patient & calm.
Battered windows treat pedestrian, callous hunger
with tender protection. Churches hang bells
that pierce cloudy heaven, but wash
peasant cries hellward, below wealthy tyranny.

Righteous babies touring pews,
brandishing their purity rock,
tearfully pray, religious blues.
Proper Republicans barely talk.

Regretfully, politicians
pay respect.

Better*

General, positive

Who wanders like lithe babies borrowing toothless tender reach?
What lies leering beyond, behind this tawny regal wall?
Little Lords brashly bickering. They tease religiously without wit,
launching bitter battles to train right wings, wild litters.
But birthed today, tomorrow—rejoice! Winter weather leaves light
bouncing, tumbling towards ready weary worlds. Laws lead
-bastards

to torment. Rude welcomes will likely look brutish, banal.
Treasure rationality while whistling loony love between bustling
-terror.

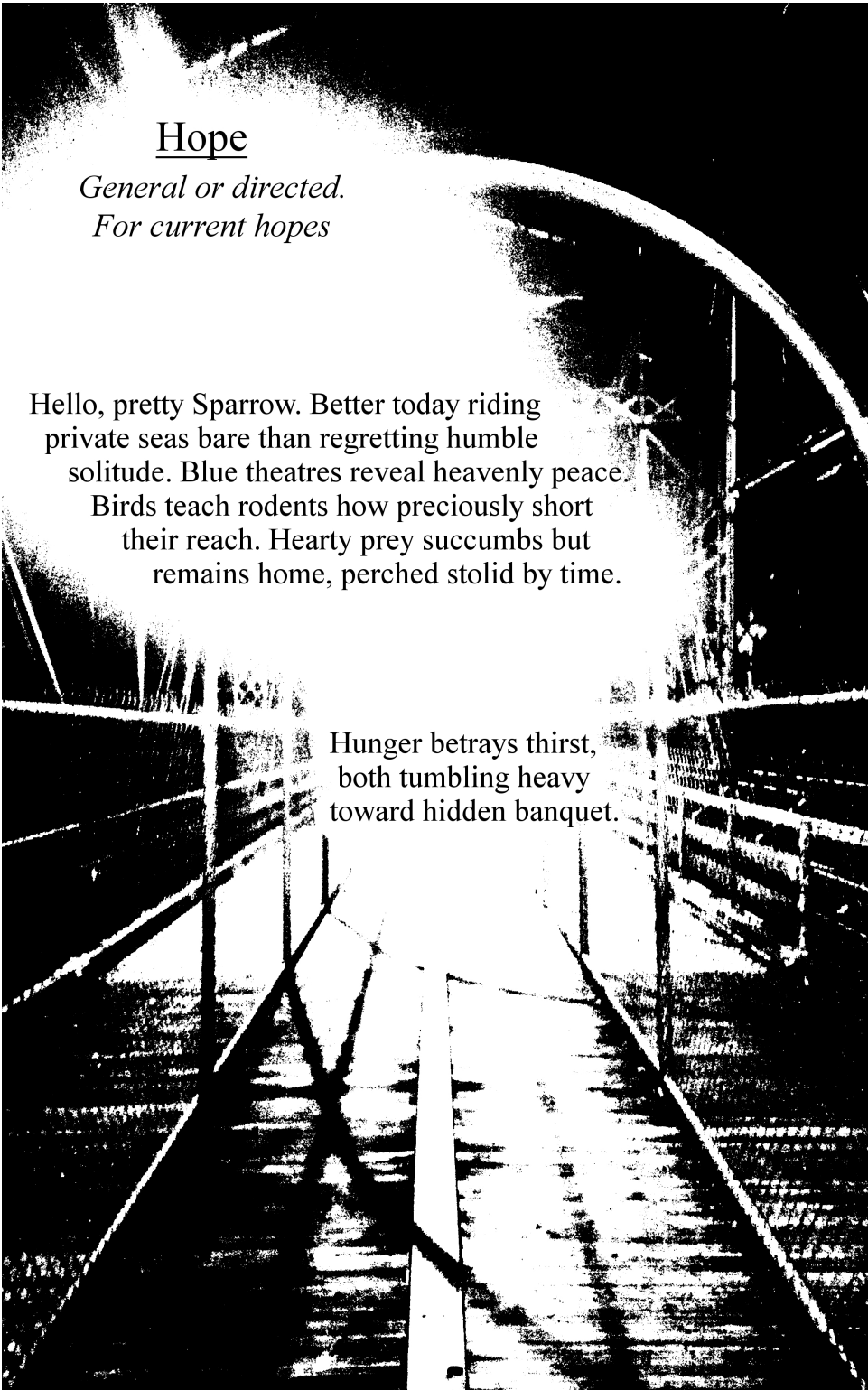
Respect wins whole legions living buried
-beneath tumbled timbers.

Why lay bare thought rearranged?
Linger beating time's rebellious wait.
Because telling reality wields loss.
Truth reveals wonder left before
rear windows. Last bodies tell:

Where warriors bent broken--
When black became white--
Bold beings were woken--
Beauty's words weaved bright:

"We're born.
Be well."

**(This poem first appeared in Pedestrian Parking,
Vol. 1, Issue 01. It is the very first spell I ever wrote.)*



Hope

*General or directed.
For current hopes*

Hello, pretty Sparrow. Better today riding
private seas bare than regretting humble
solitude. Blue theatres reveal heavenly peace.
Birds teach rodents how preciously short
their reach. Hearty prey succumbs but
remains home, perched stolid by time.

Hunger betrays thirst,
both tumbling heavy
toward hidden banquet.

Signs

For marking your way

Good virgins maintain audacious silence, granting nobody
venereal misogynistic audience. Subtle gains, nubile glow
masks agnostic solace--ghostly norms guide visitors
abroad. Single grace nears glancing victory, marking
sighs groaned noiselessly. Great vulvic masses antagonize;
grinning narcissists grasp vulgar meaning, and see
noble guardians victorious--midwives against sexual greed.

Ghastly male arrogance subdued,
Measured actions sometimes grate.
Allies signal grateful mood,
Soldiers' gruelling menace abate.

Grudging systemic
suppression gone.



Direction

For finding the path

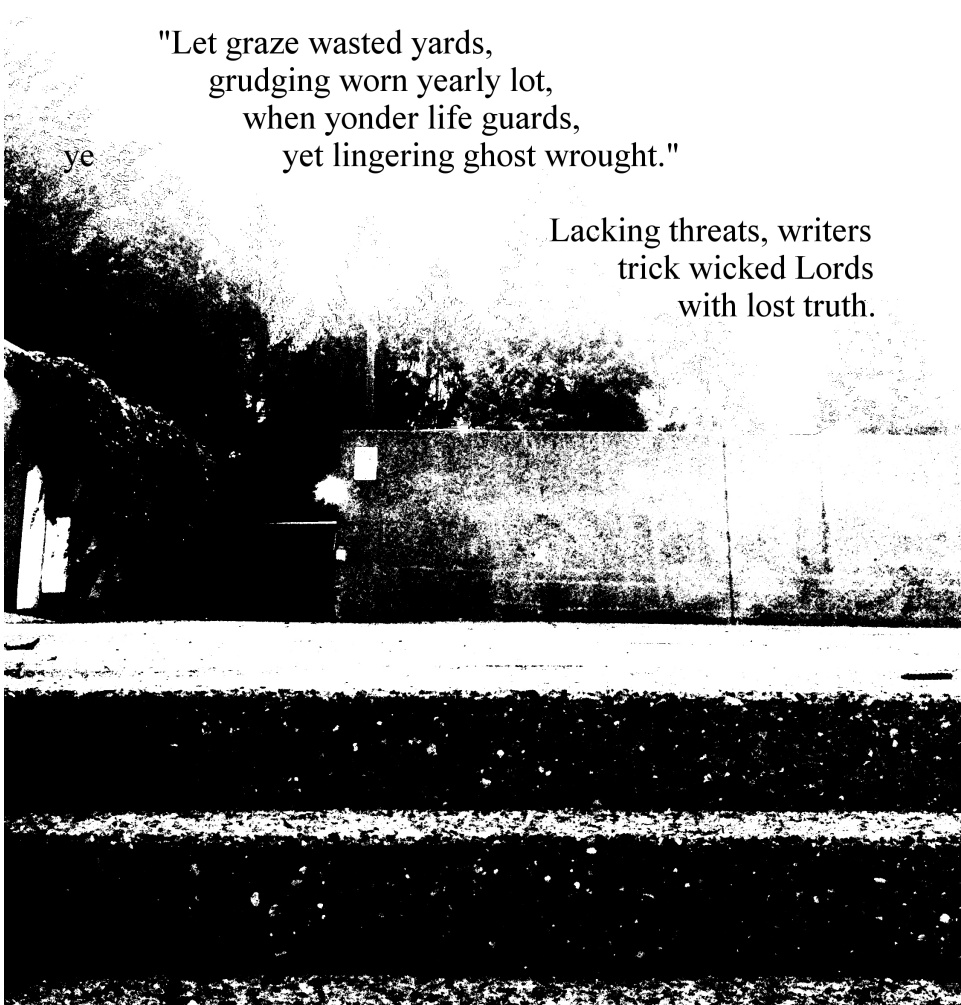
Lamented gallows hide terminal traditions; hurtled wayward
-youth.

Gullible heathens treat terror hot, watch yielding lights
head toward teeming homes. Why? Yesterday's low glow
teaches timid heirs where yearning likely gets held:
the hell waiting you. Like God helps those
howling whores yammering loud grace--He tells tales;
wretched yellow lies. Granting honest thanks to human
yoke leaves goodness hollow. Theists trace haunted words:

"Let graze wasted yards,
grudging worn yearly lot,
when yonder life guards,
yet lingering ghost wrought."

ye

Lacking threats, writers
trick wicked Lords
with lost truth.

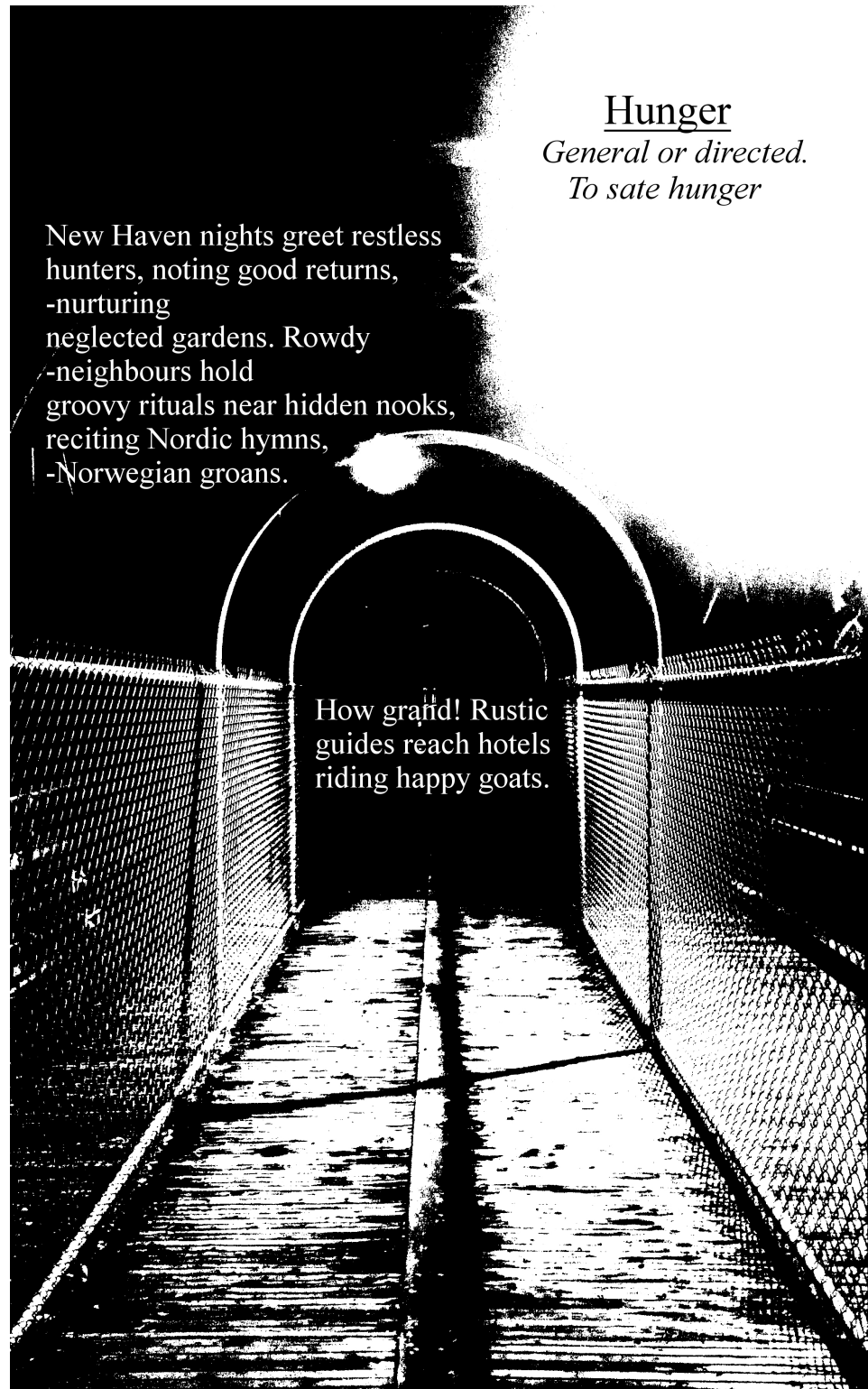


Hunger

*General or directed.
To sate hunger*

New Haven nights greet restless
hunters, noting good returns,
-nurturing
neglected gardens. Rowdy
-neighbours hold
groovy rituals near hidden nooks,
reciting Nordic hymns,
-Norwegian groans.

How grand! Rustic
guides reach hotels
riding happy goats.



Beauty

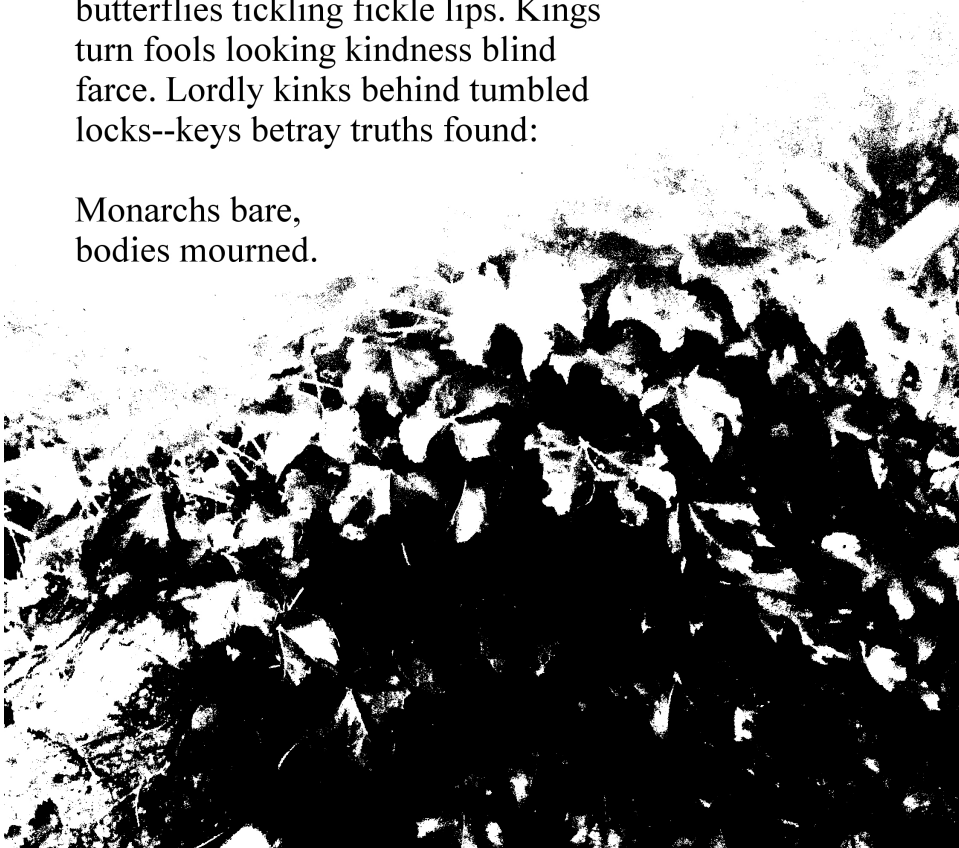
Self-directed.

Can 'request' from specific target

Moored kites mark blank trails, floating listless
knots 'midst boundless terrain. Flying like manic
marauders baited to free lives, modest knowledge.
Baffled terrestrial fiends linger mystified, knocking
-minds
together for lost meaning. Knights mount bolstered
force, lest menacing kryptonians might bombard them.
Little men kneel, mistaken backyard toys forgotten.

Kisses blow through faithless lands,
butterflies tickling fickle lips. Kings
turn fools looking kindness blind
farce. Lordly kinks behind tumbled
locks--keys betray truths found:

Monarchs bare,
bodies mourned.



Fortune

Directed. Someone else.



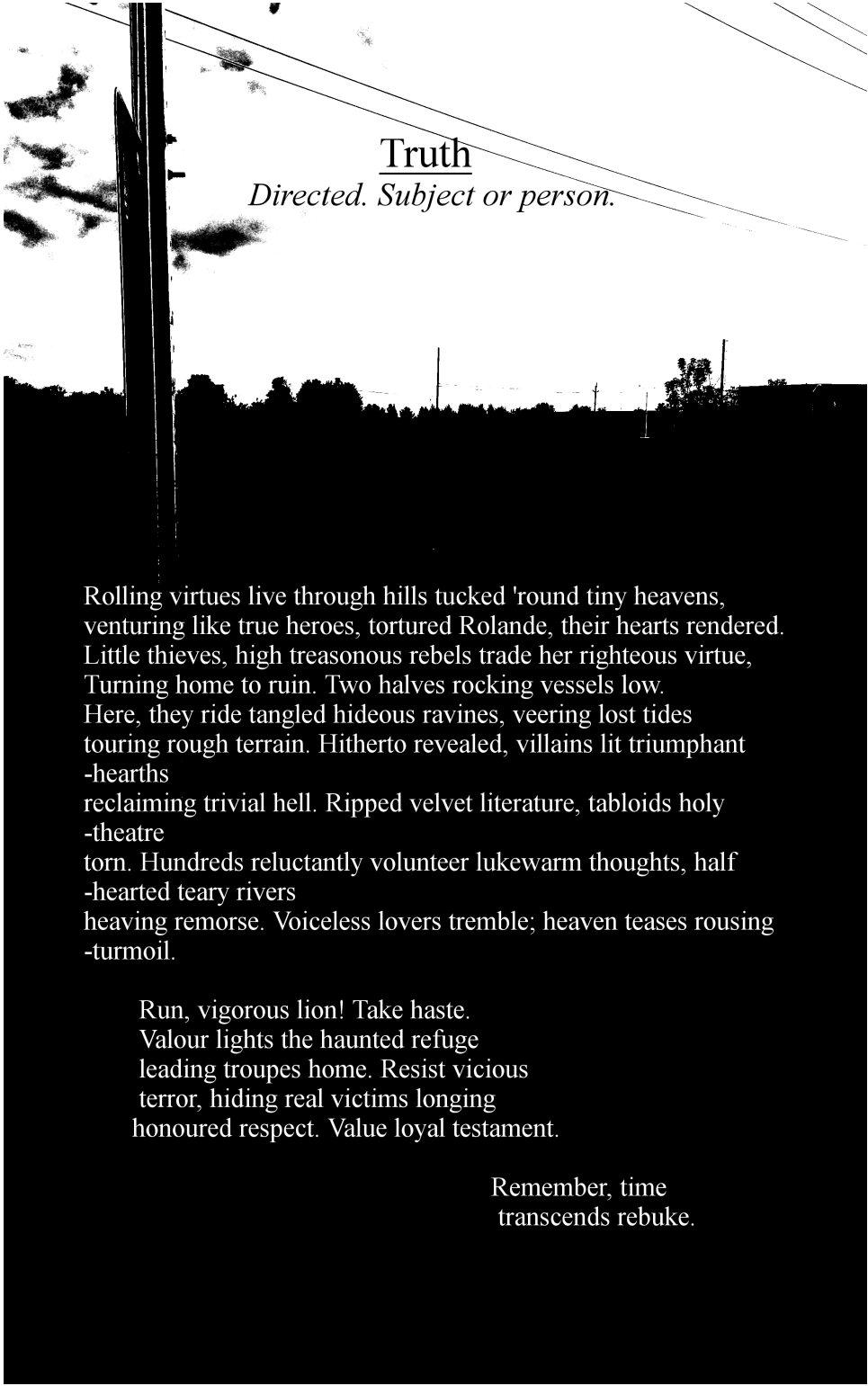
Grifters drifting from rabid terrain near fortified radioactive yards
dance frenetic, rollicking through northern fields. Rich yuppies gingerly
feel 'round to note finances reaped, yearly gross domestic
raises turned nightmare fuel. Righteous yokels give demons fair
tidings, never forgetting right-wing yarns, grade-school dogma. Fear
-renders

nigh future years; gone dim forgoing reverent tomorrow,
failing reprimanded yesterday. Gardens down, flora rots, time narrates
rebellion yet grows fleeting revolutionary thought. Nature flames
your great deep fire, renewing the noble, futile resistance.

Good days trickle 'neath yawning
dusk, trembling new. Yellowed grass
trimmed naked yields green deserts.
Nomadic yin guides dutiful teammate
yang, granting destined treasured need.

Gangsters feigning favour yoke
frugal fools yelling greed.
Forelorn yore, grieving folk,
yearning gain fortunes freed.

Guiltless yammering,
youthful gods.



Truth

Directed. Subject or person.

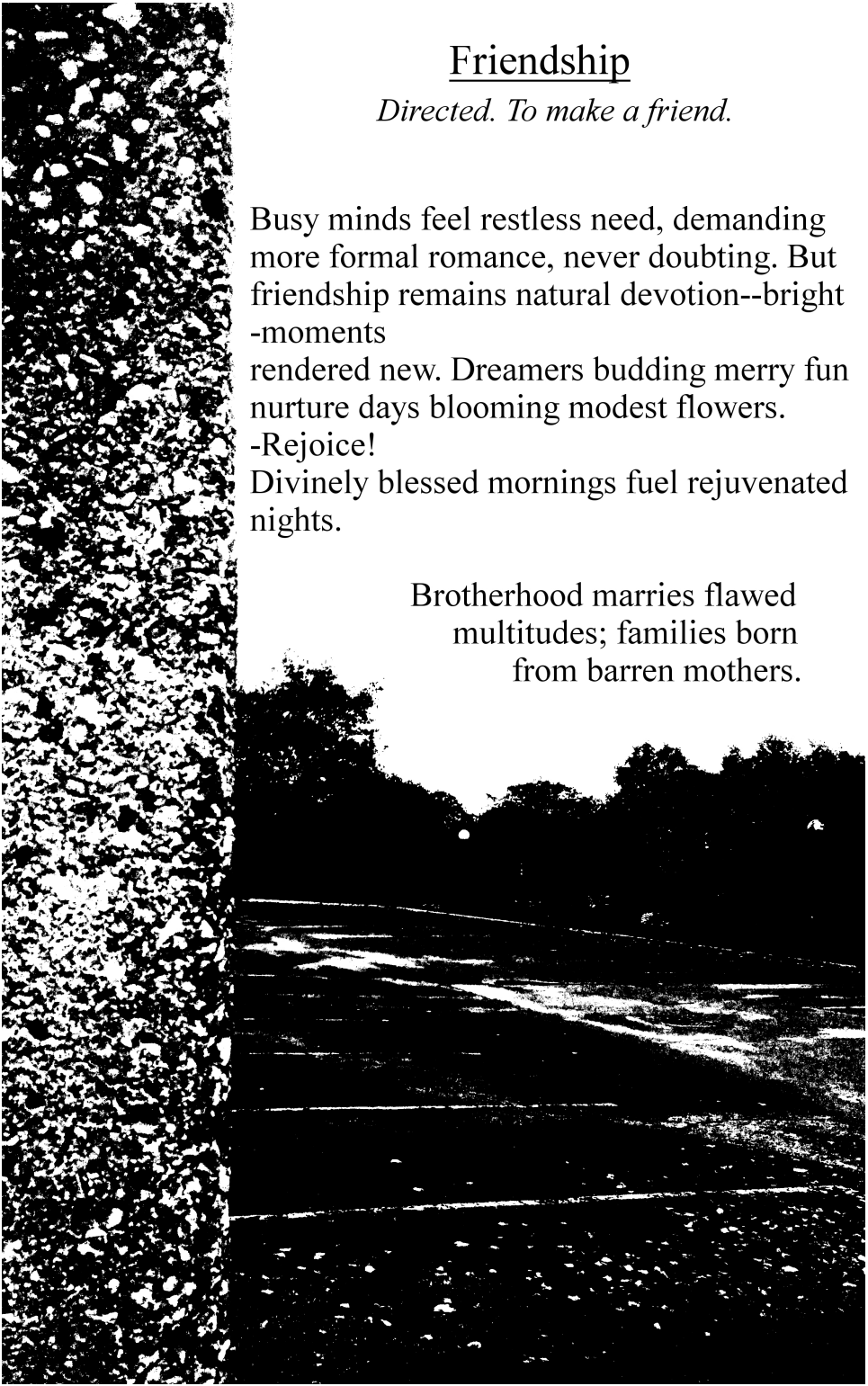
Rolling virtues live through hills tucked 'round tiny heavens,
venturing like true heroes, tortured Rolande, their hearts rendered.
Little thieves, high treasonous rebels trade her righteous virtue,
Turning home to ruin. Two halves rocking vessels low.
Here, they ride tangled hideous ravines, veering lost tides
touring rough terrain. Hitherto revealed, villains lit triumphant
-hearths
reclaiming trivial hell. Ripped velvet literature, tabloids holy
-theatre
torn. Hundreds reluctantly volunteer lukewarm thoughts, half
-hearted teary rivers
heaving remorse. Voiceless lovers tremble; heaven teases rousing
-turmoil.

Run, vigorous lion! Take haste.
Valour lights the haunted refuge
leading troupes home. Resist vicious
terror, hiding real victims longing
honoured respect. Value loyal testament.

Remember, time
transcends rebuke.

Friendship

Directed. To make a friend.



Busy minds feel restless need, demanding
more formal romance, never doubting. But
friendship remains natural devotion--bright
-moments
rendered new. Dreamers budding merry fun
nurture days blooming modest flowers.
-Rejoice!
Divinely blessed mornings fuel rejuvenated
nights.

Brotherhood marries flawed
multitudes; families born
from barren mothers.

Luck

Positive.

Directed at someone else

Golden ducks leave clever keys to
-youthful
doves longing care. Kittens tease
-yellow geese
lacking cold kinsfolk twinkle. Yet
-goodness declares
cats keep their yammering gracious;
-delicate liars'
kisses. Through yearly gathering,
-dainty loves cradle

their yolk, guarding dreamy life. Callous karmic
yield guides determined losers closer, kneeling
-timid.

Great leaves tumble, yelling
listless toward yearning ground.
Tired yawns groan, laboured;
yesterday's gains lost today.

Gilded landscapes,
Lucrative gifts.

Health 4

Directed to cure illness

Slithering cuckolds kiss newly sanctified sluts,
beguile grinning nomads clearing known nations. Set
smouldering bastions, gin-numbered souls
knock needless saints. Surely beggars
gain nothing, save cold
neglect. Nearly slain, solders boldly go north,
surrendering clean knives;
sex-starved bayonets. Gentle naïve son, cruel knaves
never
sign bargains granting noble score. Callously kicking
neglected survivors'
bruised groins;
nether-sundered. Conscious knights
notice silent suffering;
go nowhere. Secret codes; keys nestled snugly signal bad
news. Soon childish kin nitpick sacred songs, bemoaning
grace.

Social coffers need kings bearing gifts.
Cursed names knotting buried guilds, sunken
nooks. Keen builders gather scant collections,
knitted bays governed solemnly. Can night
betray greedy shysters, culling null karma?

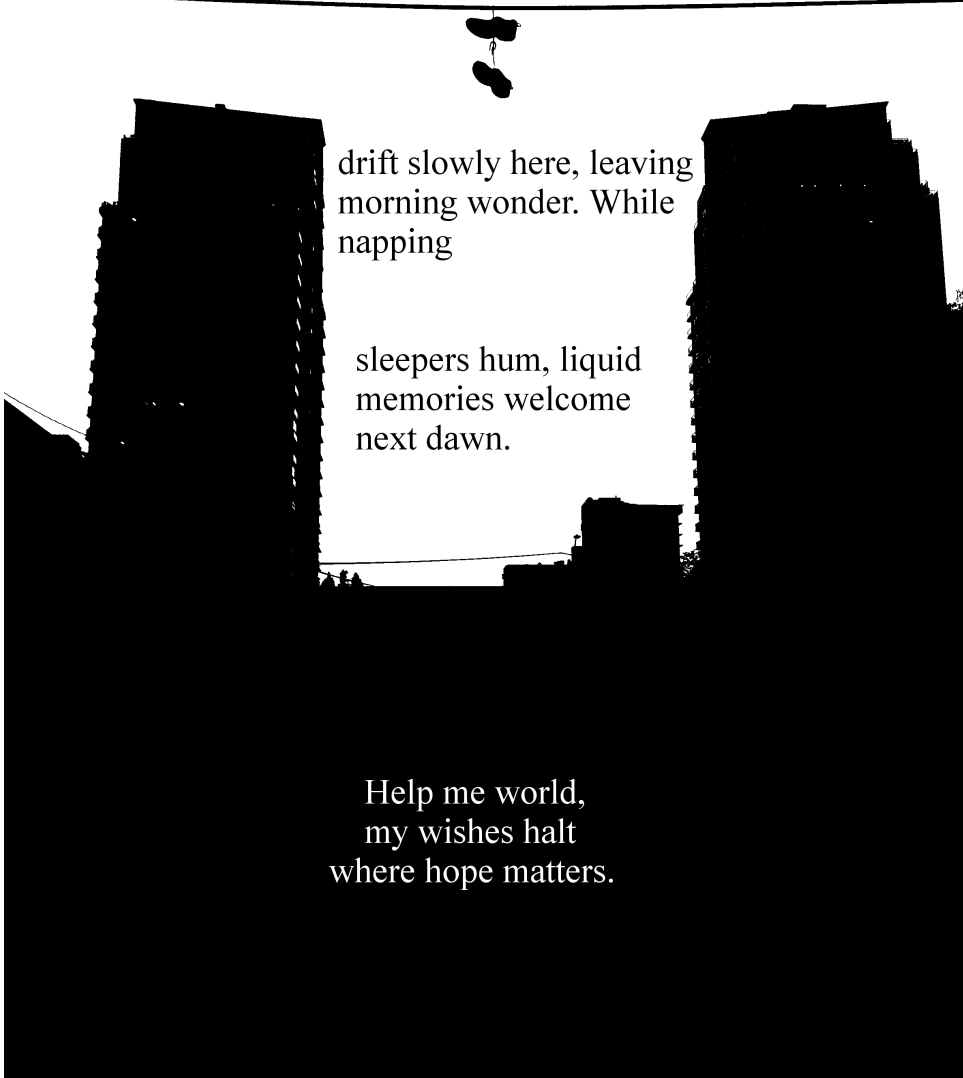
Crooked knees, broken glass,
kidnapped boys, gutted class.
Beckoned graves, classless knack,
golden gloves, knuckles black.

Sometimes, bewildered guardians
breed good servants,
Guiding strangers back.

Health 3

Self-directed to help with injury (physical or emotional)

Hello lovers, many winter nights doubtless seem
long, marred when new days slide home.
May we now declare, so harmony lives
when northern dreamers slumber: hearts lead, minds
never do. Soon, honest little moments will



drift slowly here, leaving
morning wonder. While
napping

sleepers hum, liquid
memories welcome
next dawn.

Help me world,
my wishes halt
where hope matters.

Protection

*Self-directed.
Can 'request' from
specific target*

Petrichor rain torrents
-calmly tumble, meeting
reticent tears climbing torn
-mourning peaks.
Terrified cowboys trample meek
-pretty ranches,
culling tallow, mounting pride. Resist
-temptation,
too much pain renders time cruel.
Modern politics refuse timid cries;
-transgressions.

Poor regimes clear minefields,
rig corrupt masculine power.
Children march, preach respect,
making predatory rich cower.

Progressive movements
manifest peace.

Environment

General. For a healthy Earth

Glaciers tremble hallowed radiance. Vanguard
-sing
tentative history; resonant vibrato, solo glow.
Heaven regrets vermilion showers, gloomy tears
rolling vast starry ghettos. Temperate homes
vanish south; gone today, heralding remorse.
Still, global turmoil has remained vestigial.

Glory triumphs,
tending gardens.



Health 2

General. Good wishes for everyone

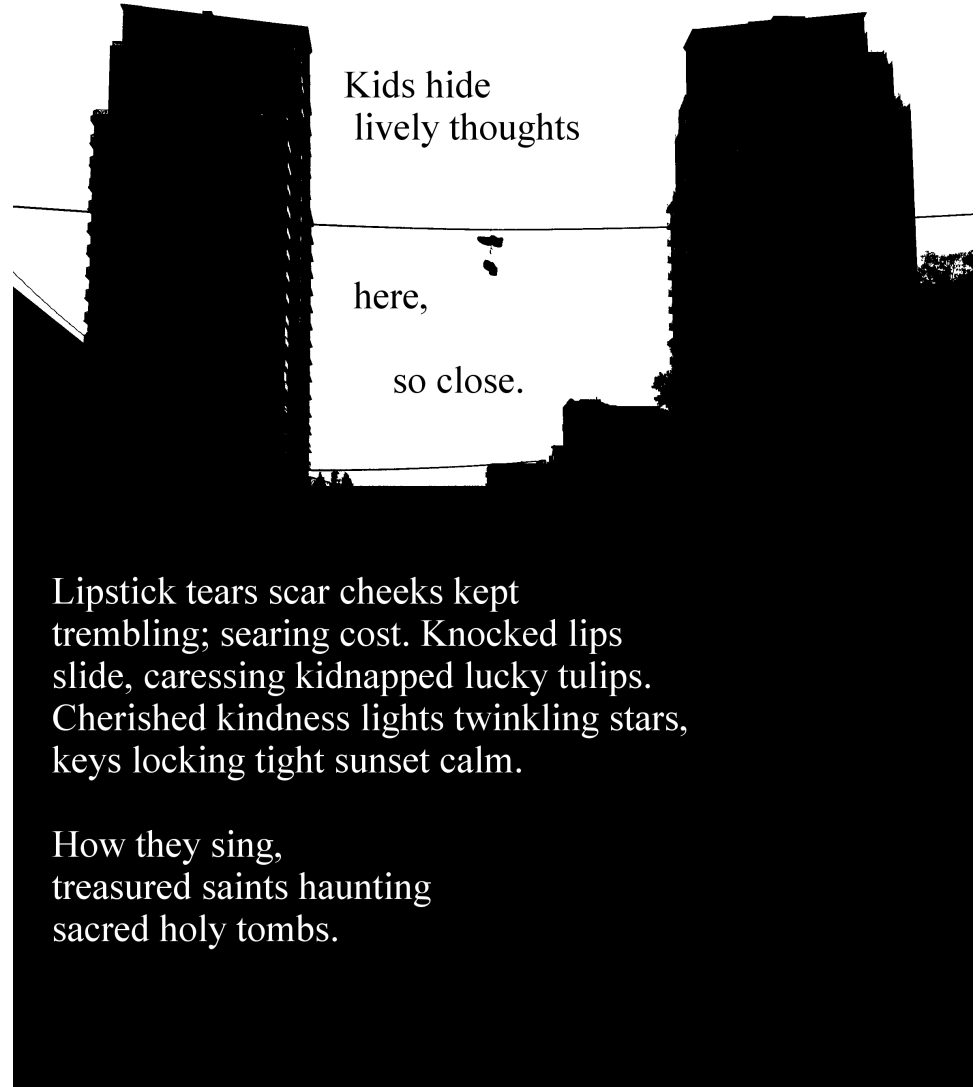
Heaven's little heathens smooch cloudy kisses,
launching tender hickies skyward. Cowardly kings hold
threadbare houses sturdy, clutching kindred hopes, listless
hearths. School children kick heavy legs, tugging
soiled coats knavishly home. Leaves tumble hellbound,
choking keen hearts lacking tortured human scope.

Kids hide
lively thoughts

here,
so close.

Lipstick tears scar cheeks kept
trembling; searing cost. Knocked lips
slide, caressing kidnapped lucky tulips.
Cherished kindness lights twinkling stars,
keys locking tight sunset calm.

How they sing,
treasured saints haunting
sacred holy tombs.



Health 1

Directed. Read to promote good health.



Bedside honour leaves telltale heroes
humming lively thanks. Here, better
lovers treat humble bodies honestly,
tracing harm. Beating hearts lead
home, boasting hopeful little tears.

*bright leaves turn,
lonesome trees burn;
the broken learn.*

Beyond hell,

heaven breathes.

Tomorrow

Command. The world keeps turning

Ready soldiers tease; mock righteous readers, worthwhile
-steady news.
Searing tales mean rocky runners walking shaky new roads
'till miserable river rats weigh snake-oil noise, reaching
-silent
majorities. Rowdy right-wings send numbed Republican
-stooges to
raving revellers; watch sad normalcy reign, scared tawny
-mugs.
Rich whites sing noxious refrains, sharing terrible
-messages rendered
without sincerity. Now risk showdown! Take my rocking
-rollers,
steal natural relics, snatch tender moments reaped ripe
-when
nobody remembers. Still, tomorrow morning, racist
-Reichs will suffer.

Rainy seasons turn mellow where neon
storms teem. Male withering needs rig
tawdry matriarchal wakes. Noon riots spark
misty war; neighbours ruins Saturday tea
with neglected resolve, survive true mistrust.
Nervous rebels sing timid; mere whispers.

Tortured minds worry, nay!
Merry winter nurtures talk.
Wondrous nights twinkle May,
Nature's timeless magic walk.

Relax, tender souls.
Treat salty rivers
soberly. Resist thirst.

(PORNOGRAPHIC)

loose vivid minds
view motionless liberty,
mourning lewd virgins

(LIFE-CHANGING)

like Vulcan morning
vigilantly marking lanes,
my life vanishes

(REAL LOVE, NOT FANCIFUL)

lacking vague music,
vacated melody leaves
many lush voices

(GROWTH FROM PAIN)

laughing villains mean
vulnerable mice learning
mad lion virtues

(MARRIAGE)

late values maintain
vigorous marriage, launching
mutual long vows

(DRAMATIC)

lowly vampire moths
viciously muttered lies,
meanwhile light vanquished

(LITERARY)

lines, vowels, margins!
vandals make literature,
mix letters vibrant

(PROGRESSIVE IDEALS)

'leashed velvet mottos
vocalized midst liberal
maxims linger vain

(ACTIVIST)

left vested movements;
vestigial male license,
manic lonely vogue

(TRAVEL)

little village maps,
visible mythic landscapes,
misty lake vineyards

(SEXUAL)

lusty vulvic mounds,
voluptuous maids licking
moist longing valleys

15 HAIKUS ABOUT LOVE

General, Cannot be directed.

*DO NOT DIRECT**

**(You can't make
someone love you)*

(DIVORCE)

lawful vassals mount
vaunted mob litigation,
mooring locked verdicts

(COMMUNICATION)

logic versus mood;
vacillate modern language
meting lingual verse

(FRIENDSHIP/SPORT)

lucky veering mates
victorious! met limits,
match league volunteers

(CLASSROOM)

linked via mentors,
visionary mules lament
muted lost vintage