



Mind of Osama, 40" x 30", ink on beveled edged canvas

MANTRAS FROM THE PENAL PLANET (A Rant!)
and Drawings from **THE OSAMA SERIES**

by Michael Heinrich

Upper image: Covenant, 40" x 30", ink on beveled edged canvas
Lower image: Alqueda, 40" x 30", ink on beveled edged canvas

I.

Poet, poet
In the quick night I slice your heart.
Surgeon, short-order cook
give me technicians' biopsy: One transparent byte.

Long ago the power elided
into the hands of a very few
who have since farmed us as crop:
reaping our bodies for slaughter
in the marketplace of modern Gomorrah.

Buck sucks!
Every logic justifying violence is a lie!
The face of the planet is scarred by endless commercial atrocity.
Heart is lost in the greedy phosphor of carnage.
Men disrobe to the bestiality
that Civilization pretends to cloak.

II.

My friend the surgeon watches his trained hands in the incision
disciplining his fingers to follow brain's commands.

He underhands a liver
flips the flesh
cuts away a corruption
and stitches back together the body of his brother.

Of a certain age most work the same,
cleaning away the rubble of mind or meal,
sealing the leaking inconsistencies.

Put it in a plastic sack
don't look back
accept iniquity and inequity
shrewdness passing for truth
the hard insights of commerce
and kissing the ass of cash.

If what you make is not fashionable
if your face and figure do not conform
if you do not worship the current passions of the norm
you will outgrow your time.





III.

Did you meet the monk as he passed through?
Did you walk these streets with him
share his illusions and defeats
nibble at his bowl of rice
see him drunk and ill-advised
watch him fool himself with lust
and know he'd triumph in endless trust?

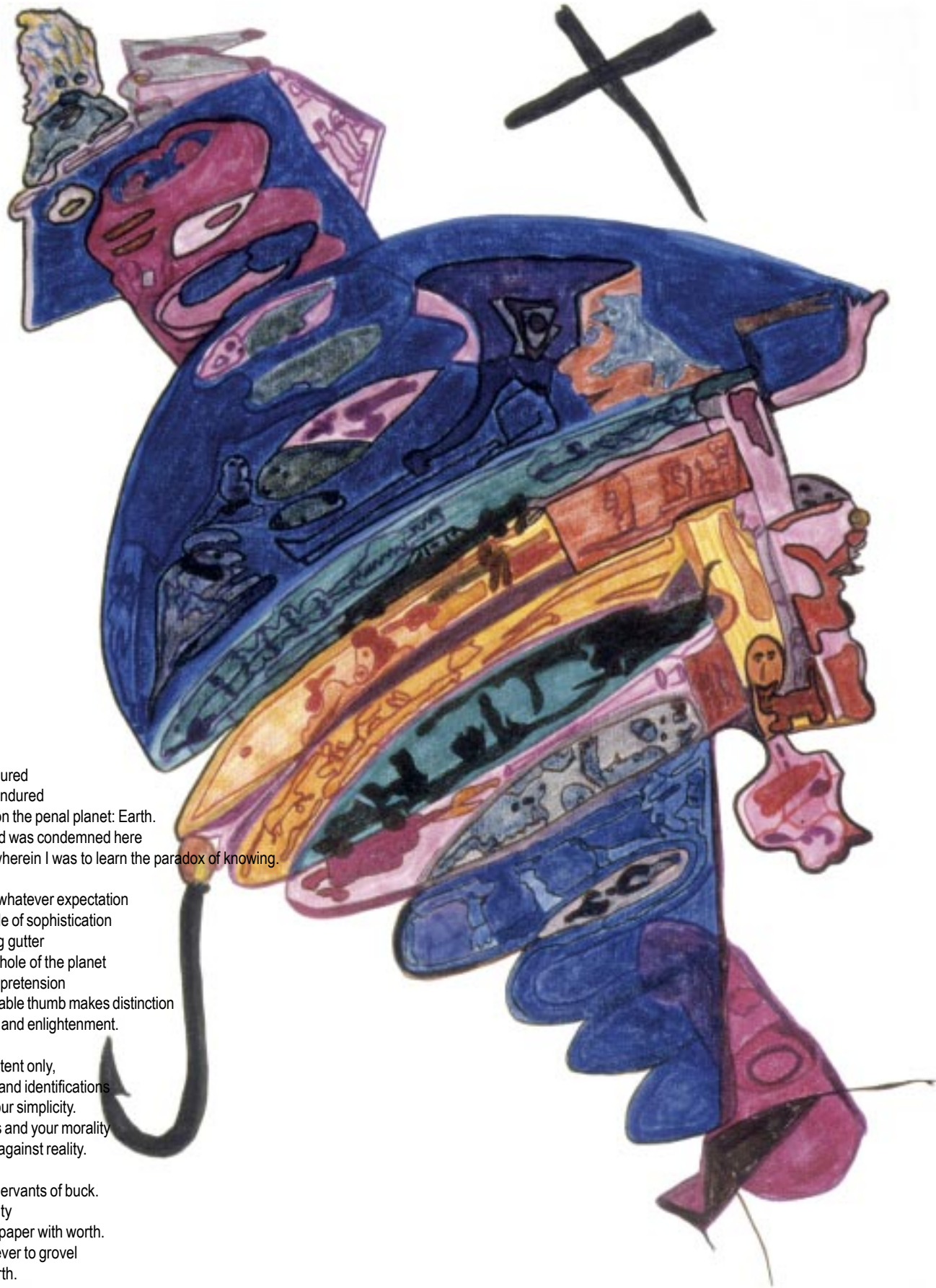
He was me was thee
as we various common pause this place
journeying to beyond.

Have you surrendered alt?
Pride, ego, worldly goods, love?
Have you blindly set your course on stars
and taken yourself away from pleasure
that we might somehow remember
the simplicity of truth?

Have you squandered youth?
Have you unbridled kin from loyalty
and set yourself adrift?
What is your gift?
What treasure do you leave behind?
Is there no deeper heart
than the aberrations of your mind?

Few change.
Logic kills.
Systems sluice us
and as tailings we become
the claptrap ideals
systems' salesmen sold our fathers.

Upper image: Necromancer - Guantanamo, 40" x 30", ink on beveled edged canvas
Lower image: Taliban Doodle all dee Day, 40" x 30", ink on beveled edged canvas



IV.

Aeons past
my passage was assured
when as penance I endured
one human lifetime on the penal planet: Earth.
I had questioned, and was condemned here
for one mortal spin wherein I was to learn the paradox of knowing.

Whatever class and whatever expectation
educated to the nipple of sophistication
or born to the thriving gutter
you are the utter asshole of the planet
stupefied by societal pretension
believing your opposable thumb makes distinction
between beastliness and enlightenment.

We live under God's tent only,
and all of your goals and identifications
are the chimera of your simplicity.
You grasp your penis and your morality
as sword and shield against reality.

You are slaves and servants of buck.
Fucked out of actuality
you equate parity of paper with worth.
You are doomed forever to grovel
on Planet Penal: Earth.

Michaeljheinrich@aol.com

Above: Crusader, 40" x 30", ink on beveled edged canvas
Osama Series completed in March of 2002