

That Plant Fucker




October 2021

Bad Poem

Light the incense
Feed the bonfire
The dimensional veil
Allows soul crossing
Into our world
Of oakmoss feathers
And copal burning

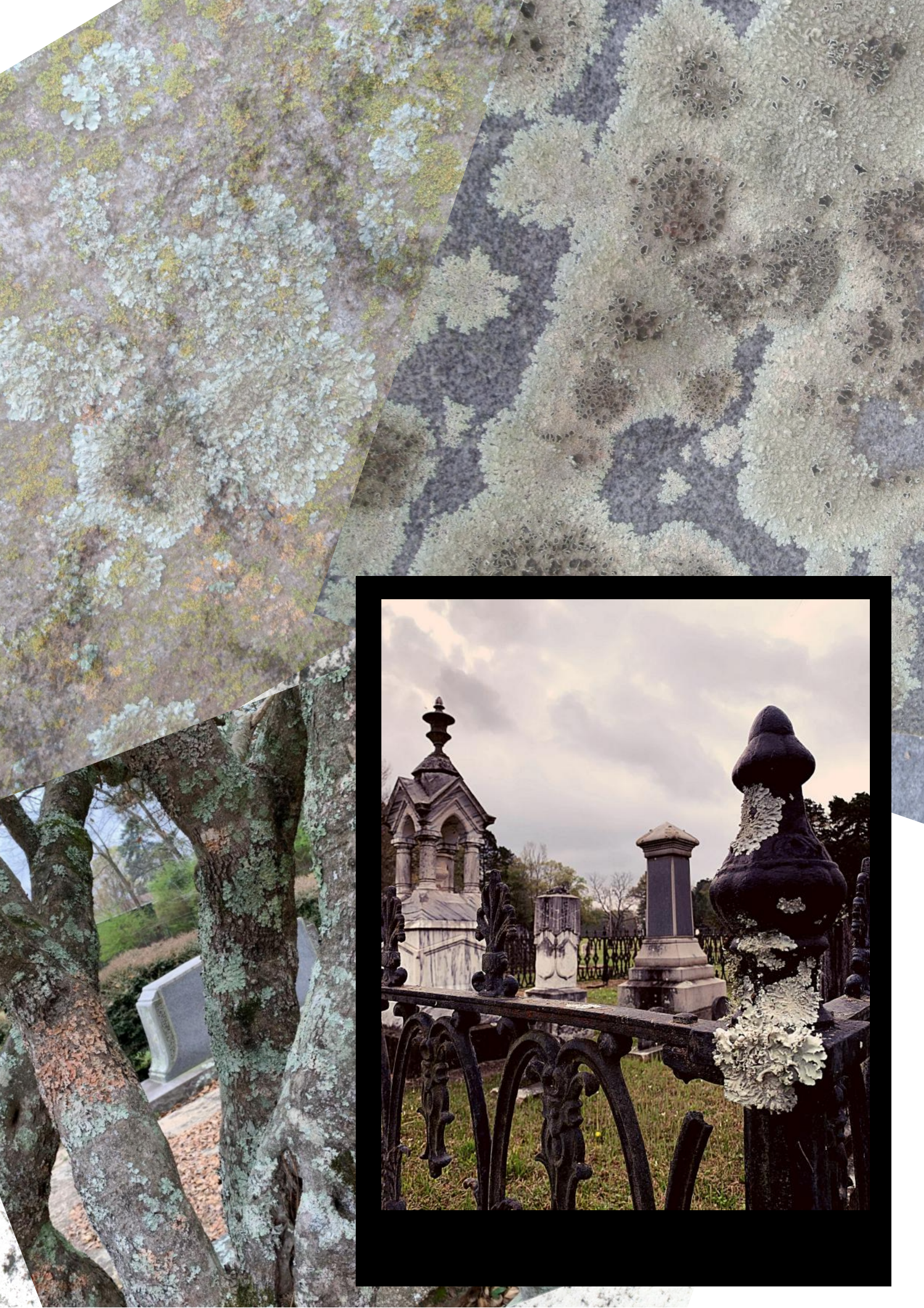
Why the perfume?
Only the ephemera
May cross boundaries
The rotting corpses
Stay in bed



Can you eat
a lichen?

Lichens are algae and
fungus living together
and definitely not
mooching off one another.

Would you eat random fungus
(i.e., mushrooms) that you
found growing over the
graves of the dead?



Oakmoss
perfume
banned in
the EU

Don't do what you're told, and don't listen to your closes intimates who beg you to slather yourself in some other fragrance. You do you. Plus, dogs love you now.

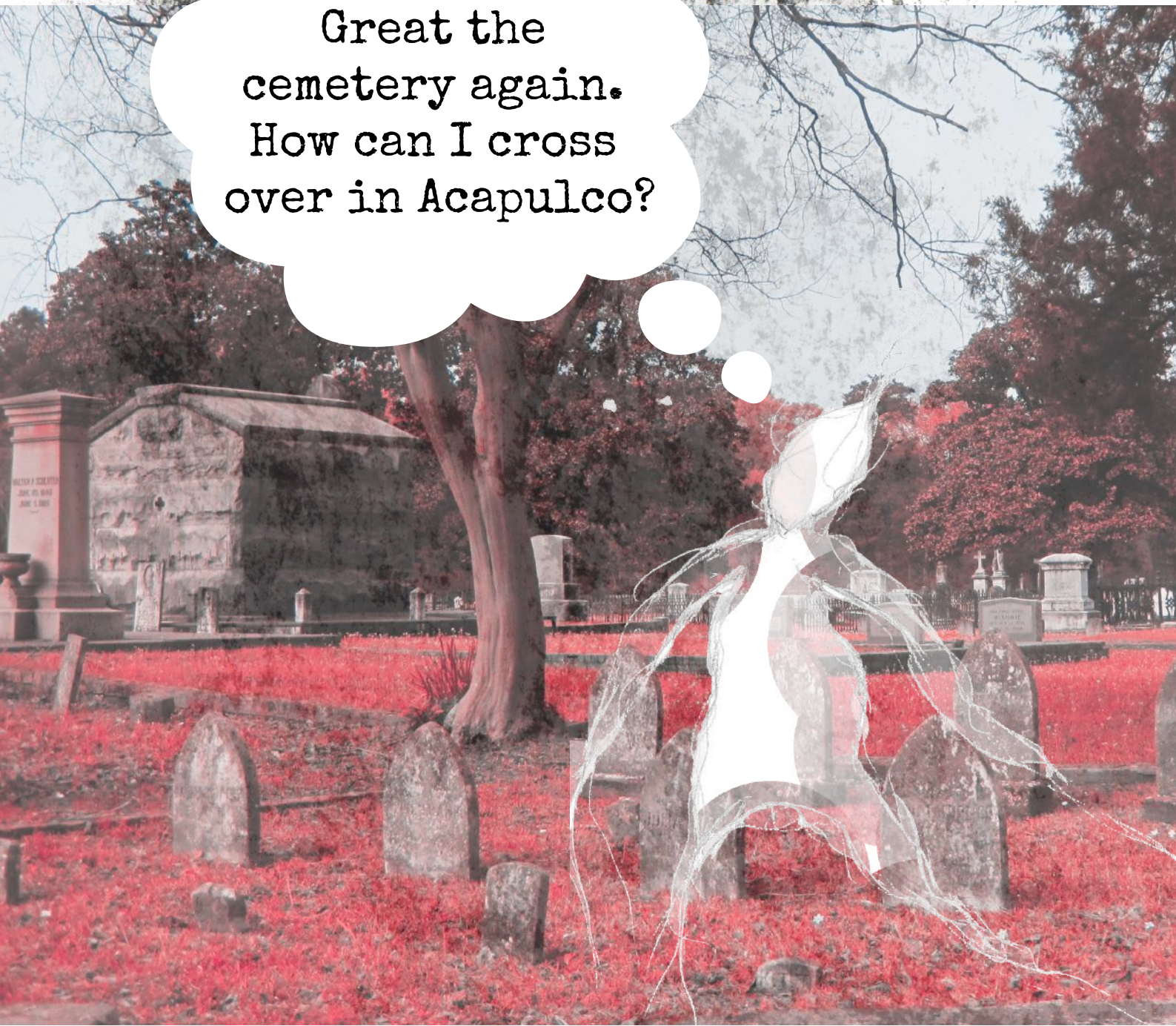
Get your black-market Oak Moss perfume right here. The European Union banned you from smelling like a moldering forest floor.



Order now in a
decentralized
digital currency!

Comic

Great the
cemetery again.
How can I cross
over in Acapulco?



Should we envy the dead?

They're in a better place. They're at peace now. If we are so sure the dead are in a great place, why aren't we more keen to join them.

Most of us fight very hard to stay out of their ranks. We avoid the mere mention of the term until faced with incontrovertible evidence. Not living with death allows us to put it out of our minds, if only for a limited time.

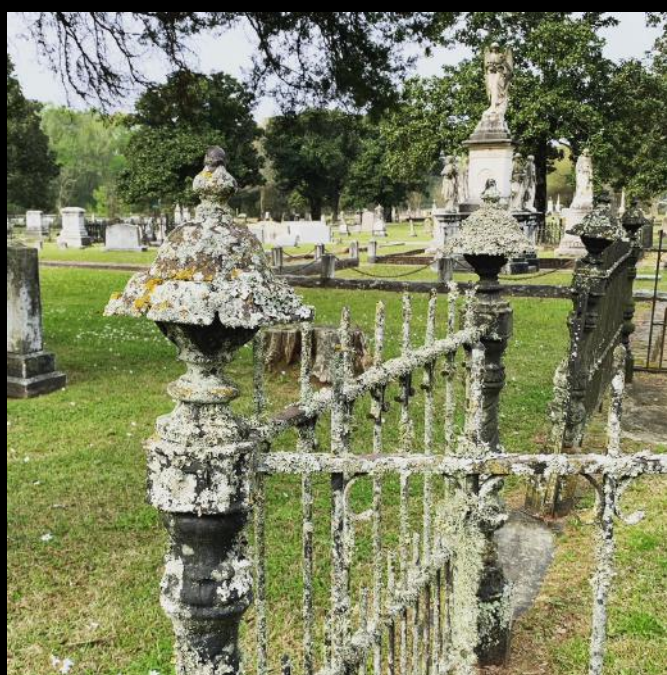
Do we understand on a primal level that those platitudes are a lie? A deep collective unconscious understanding that existence beyond this life is not enviable.

Shameless plugs

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