

The Treasure* the True God Got

January 3, 2020



There are foreskins under my eyes. My skin is thick, brittle, dull, wrinkled, pitted, and haggard. Hag, perhaps a sea hag fits me best. The haole shit from Oahu. The priceless title second only to the childhood moniker, cunt.

The Truth of Hawaii

Ah, the eloquence of Hawaiian youth of the seventies. How many times did that child hear his mother called that? Those are some tough women. Imagine having to live your life capable of beating up your massive Polynesian blood husband to get some respect.

Hidden

Concealing Myself is the best I can do. Hiding My hideousness in corners. Why, true God, did you choose for yourself a raped piece of hideous trash as a bride on this earth? Was it because My ugliness entitles Me to ample portion of your bad spirit? That harsh correction forcing confusion and anger until My mind is set you your direction?

The Beautiful; Protected

Could you have never afflicted a beautiful woman? Petite with ample breasts whose life reflected the love of a man even if she earned him through countless fornications. She is rewarded with youthful eyes that cheer with every smile, breasts that fill a man's mouth with pleasure and that he lusts to sink his strength between. Warm skin that glows with health and vitality. A tiny frame that never challenges his leadership and hides her shrew disposition of many abuses he endures in bed.

The bed of fornication, I do not pity.

The Average Man

The no man's land is my domain. I, tall enough to challenge but not tall enough to reward a man of stature. I look like the average man. Never would I allow Myself to be used like one. Women tolerate anal use. For reaching for my anus I would rip open a man's scrotum and feed him his own testicles. My nails are too weak for that now -- fantasy speech of self-defence. Brittle, broken, and peeling. The mark of stress. My body stores are deteriorating. I was ugly to begin with. I have always been hated but never allowed Myself to be used like a man. Men have men for that lust. Let the dominate man find his feminine man if he lusts for an anus.

A woman's genitals including my own are the most abhorrent things in the world to see. Thankfully there are labial folds to conceal that ugly place of stimulus. No wonder we are ashamed of speaking openly about our sexual needs and feelings in prayer. Sadly, it is the only thing that can save us from fornication. You, true God, cannot quell our desires if we are not articulating our struggles. How would you receive credit for the act of deliverance? Again people, the genitals are penis, vagina, anus, scrotum, clitoris, and labial folds.

I Cry for You

The Christ, flawless, loving your wisdom. Never have I shrunken from it. The *Proverbs* I knew by heart in childhood. She was abused on earth but never hated by you. My ugliness makes Me hated. She, perfect, everything that was you and feminine with her own mind. Your greatest Creation. I have cried hours for your loss.

How can I not look at Myself and see your hatred? I have deteriorated beyond the genetics of My parents. No woman is uglier. I offer humour and kindness to deflect peoples shock at My repulsion, hoping they forgive Me for standing in their view.

Jealousy

There are days of sun ahead, warmth to break the cold. You received many tears in your palm from Me and curses as I struggled to reveal these words. Are their women, jealous to be Me? Fools.

Does she understand the physical stamina required to endure hours of your Holy Active Discipline? Is it possible she covets, starvation? Does she covet the poverty of a shepherd? Is one so stupid to believe that the imperfect human mind is no barrier to our mutual understanding

of when you are teaching Me? Can that bitch stand before a king, stoic, in respect, an equal, and deliver your message? Ah, a test for that covetous eye.

*The word "treasure" replaced the original "trash." God was not happy with Me calling myself "trash." He wasn't even happy with Me putting "treasure" in quotes.