

# - The Forbidden History -

**“I was forced to defend a life; and in the end, I was framed by the lawmen, who created the strife.”**

*Dezert-owl.*

**“No greater love hath any man, than to lay down his life, for another.”**

*Jesus, The Christ.*

## *A Prisoner's Pen.*

*About Love, About War, About Now And Then, And Then About.....*

*Never More.*

## - My Lisalore -

O, has anyone out there, seen my Lisalore, who went sailing away past my window, and drifting out that door? And what was it that she said? Was she merely a dream in my own head, or a vision of light, donned with her Cleopatra hair as she spoke to me there in that night? I question this moment, since, never before has there been a moment quite like this one, to be locked away with-in the deepest dungeons of Hell, while falling headlong into that deeper dungeon, into those innocent chains of Love.

So, has anyone out there, seen my Lisalore, who went sailing away past my window, and drifting out that door? And what was it that she said? That I would write to you soon, now in days gone by as they fly, with yet, not a whisper, there's not a beat from her drum. Oh yeah, I have been condemned, yet there is no greater torture, than to have been whipped and flogged, by my Lisalore's Love. For it would have been better, never to have met her, to have seen her only in my dreams, just a woman with no name, in these, my nights of endless pain; for there at least, I was sane. But now, I am ten times more the condemned, for not knowing the reasons, why I don't see you again.

So, has anyone out there, seen my Lisalore, who went sailing away past my window, and drifting out that door? And what was it that she said? We spoke hardly a word, in the time that we spent, yet every line, with each word, every syllable I do recount. Her sweet sounding voice that echoed past my walls, it is that, that I now recall. Just like that old merchant, who counts up his coins, or polishes off his pearls, I now recount, those sacred sounds of her voice....., and what was it that she said? And can there be any other lady, more beautiful than this, who reflects every image, that is pressed way down, so deep, onto my very own heart, while now, as seeing myself, having been completely emptied out, and yet now, only to be filled, by the warmth of her mouth?

So, has anyone out there, seen my Lisalore, who went sailing away past my window, and drifting out that door? And what was it that she said? Was she a messenger come down, from that Heaven above, while pouring out her endless rain upon my head, while I'm now

drenched by her Love? Since I was sitting there alone, just eating my bread, I was doing my life-without-end, while doing my time, without mercy, till dead. So, I never thought of turning my head, and oh who could it possibly be? Yet, she reached out for me there, I who am now counted as a flea, not regarded as a man, but rather, one of the damned. I was doing my time, I was doing just fine, until that special moment, when I saw her there. When then, she spoke out to me there, reaching way out, with her perfectly long and outstretched arm, with her outstretched fingers, and gentle white palm. With only three more feet in between us, I made up that difference in kind, reaching way out towards her, by taking her hand, as she joyfully told me her name, and that it was...**Lisalore**.

i

## - My Lisalore -

**Now**, has anyone out there, seen my Lisalore, who went sailing away past my window, and drifting out that door? If you have, could you please tell her, that I, I can sleep no longer, no, not in this dream of mine, no not anymore? And what was it that she said to me there, and what was it that she saw? I asked her, if she had heard about my plight, but she responded that, no, she had not. Yet I knew in my heart, that, soon enough, upon mentioning my name too others, she would know the true cause for my plight. And I didn't have the time, to tell her about, the true nature of this tale, since our time, it was all so very short. If only I would have muttered something like; I am innocent of anything wrong, while I was lost right there, within this Lisalore. But I never had the moment there, too say; that I am an innocent man, or that I have been "framed" by the darkest of men. Beings who are filled, with all ill and contempt, for any justice, or Truth; who are now rich for my pain; they are in the blackest oc'cult, while they continue to rob me, of my very own private good name. No, no I couldn't tell her enough. I had not the time too tell her, all about my Love and devotion, for my own fellow man. About my view for the sacredness of everything in life, for every creature, no matter how great, or how small. Of my dedication towards good, for excellence, and for my Great Father's Love, as a Purified Wood. Of my efforts in working for the betterment of man, as I worked with my own two bare hands, in an honest labor, while even spending my very last dime, each and every time. For my nation I stood, yeah, I stood for the red, I stood for the tan, I stood for the white, for the black, and the blue. I stood for the weak, for the poor, for the ignorant....., those slaves, and I stood with the great, who I now ask, please....., "**God Save.**"

Yet I know, that she could still see within me, with her deep perceptible eye; it was my demeanor that she saw, she could obviously sense my True aura, as she opened up wide, the book of my heart, while she smiled there at what she saw.

So, has anyone out there, seen my Lisalore, who went sailing away past my window, never to be seen, or too be heard from again by me, no not anymore? And what was it that she said? As her memory still lingers deep, deep within my head. And what was it that she said? Sure, I have heard of Love at first sight. So could it have been our late flowering

age, and did we reveal each other's light? Now having experienced all of those indignities of our time, one should indeed be tired of that old song and rhyme. Tired of all of those crooked games, that are too often played, all totally insane, over, and over, and over again. Like that old worn out needle, on that old worn out record, with its scratches, its skips, and its bumps; that are all so perfectly memorized down deep within our minds. So experience would then demand, and then reach for a time, a time for the sweet sounds of True birds who could rhyme. All in a sweet simple melody, all within a sublime fidelity, all with meaning, with heart, and with chime. For experience, it is worth, at least, a thousand years, of many men's lives; and in my lifetime, I have spent up all of my tears. Left with nothing further to spend now, I am set Free; and my Freedom, is having endured, every ounce of my pain, forgiving all, seeking no one to blame, and with nothing left to fear. Yet, there is a pain, that I still now endure, for my just living, for the keeping of my pure, spiritual, and natural obligations; and for taking a stand, on this, my very own earth. So, who would want to play this world's kind of games anymore? All totally insane, with those secret trap doors, and all of its twisted corridors, through an endless haze of sweet injustices, in that endless drain, in endless days of a haze, where everyone else but "they" must pay. But now, she saw me to be true, perhaps she had "been there" to, just like all of those countless others, throughout all of those endless ages of time.

Yes, has anyone out there seen my Lisalore, who went sailing away past my window, who I now hear from no more? And what was it that she said? Since she is with me no more, I who am dead. But now, Love at first sight, I now ask with all of my right; could it have possibly been, that there were really....., no

ii

## **- My Lisalore -**

walls in between us, no chains that could bind us, no darkness there, no shadows, just a sound of sweet music in our ears, and a moment that captured us both? And yet, who will tell her the truth about me, and could she have been hurt by some "others" great lie about me? I can stand upright before my own mirror, as I look deep within my own eyes, and I see a man. A man who has been granted a sensible vision, one who stands up-right, with a dignified, and honorable pride. Yeah, I would not ask anyone to do for me, that which I, could not do for myself; but I am now captured and subdued by these thick fortress walls, that barbed wire which is tied around my head, are like the thorns on Christ instead; now a prisoner who took the fall, as my Great-Father is my witness, before one and before all. So could you please, please tell that Lisalore, that it is now I who has called out for her, being pressed to that door? That it is now I who calls out for her, from deep within my own sacred Hall.

So tell me, did you see my Lisalore, who went sailing away past my window, who now bleeds this chain of my heart, who went drifting away, past my door? And what was it that she said, as her memory still lingers deep, deep within my head? "You are so deep....," deep, yes, that's what she said. All with feeling and with heart, with an inner eye for

perception, with a gentle caring in her words and thoughts. With the obvious thoughts of Love, in an attempt to open up wide, my very own silent door; a door that had now been shut for a long, long time, in a time that was unlike ever before, and since it was, never before. Yeah, she unlocked my door, obviously, yes, she was holding that key. She was opening up wide, my very own sacred door, too that majestic, and endless beauty that now unfolds. Unfolding as it is, right before you and I. Yes, it is as deep as anyone can get, deeper than anyone can see, or imagine, but as deep as anyone should be willing to go. It is deeper than those ancient hidden land-marks, buried by those centuries untold. As deep as that old Homeric bard, who has memorized, his very own immortal tune for the world at large, and for all of those future centuries of doom. It would last, all into the day, and then into that night, deep, deep into that darkness, of the smoke and the dew, just as everyone else did too. Revealing thereby, those secret mysteries, locked up deep, within the story that is all about life, that ultimately, everyone knew to be true. And it was for this reason then, that everyone wanted to drink from his elixir, from that bitter-deep, that fermented red, dark Trojan wine; forgetting all of their senses, forgetting all of their reason, and their reasons, as they all became even more intoxicated, as the time, it went on. Everyone hoping that in the end, that they would all soon forget, all of their endless pain, and their insanity that they lived, as they lived and they died; and yes, they all died. Oh yes, they laughed, and they danced, so deep into that night, and it was all played out, just like his own parabolic tune. Yet the people, they still don't get it, and they didn't realize, that it was, and still is, all about them, and all about their ultimate doom. Since it was not only, for now and for then, but it was and it is, for now and for ever, as they each tipped their glasses over in the end, as their wine, it poured, full out, down on too the ground.

So now, in my turn, I lift my glass, way up to the clouds, for those great immortal tunes, that were sung so loud. As I now toast, too those proverbial Emerald Isles, way out there, by those cliffs and the dunes, in a deep, thick, and mysterious thick fog, way out by that cold and frigid deep, and all within a sea of glimmering doom. I toast too those lonely years gone bye, as we cried, early in that morning deep when we died. I now toast to that elusive freedom, of which we have lost, that freedom of which, we never really had, no matter the cost. I now toast too those, old worn out and forgotten pictures, of my own mom and dad, a family of which, I never really knew and never really had. I now toast to that pure innocence, of which we all were denied, the innocent gate of which, has now all been lost, as I see myself standing there, now at the cross. I now toast to the Love, that is Love; a love which was found, but where did it go, for now it is lost? I now toast to the woman, and my own temporal ode, which now comes by way, of my own heavens abode; and I toast to the one who has never found Love, as I toast to that Sun, and the Moon up above. I now toast for those reasons, that we already know, for my love in a season, with that **Lisalore**

### - My Lisalore -

**Love.** The Lisalore who I saw, that Lisalore who I knew, deep down in my heart, that she could be there no more; no, not but by way of my own Heaven's Door. That Lisalore who

crossed her path on my floor, that Lisalore of now and then, and then never more,

Has anyone out there seen my lisalore? You can read all about her, through those pages of yore. She was stately, serene, and in an age gone by she could have been queen; but now she is only mine, stowed away in some dream. She went sailing away, she was lost on some ship, way out in a storm; in that deep Emerald Sea, never too return again in my vision, never to be seen, or too be heard from again anymore. So, can someone please show me the way, way back down too her deep, her dark and deep, her deep water door? And what was it again that she said, as her memory still lingers deep, deep in my head. Yes, I could have loved you with a Love, with a love that is so much more, than this world can give. I would have loved you as never before, just as men had never lived. It would bring a tear to your eye, for that intensive Love that we could string; with a singer, a poet, and a writer, a best friend who is only prudent, as I now sing. A receptor for only good thoughts, who's been knock, knock, knocking, and walking on, and on, and on, towards that Heaven's Door. A place where, all of those crude animal factions, they are never to be found, no not anymore; way up in the clouds, and in a Love without Ænd, my own Lisalore. It would have been better too go on without knowing you, better then, to have never met you, better to have met you only in my dreams, where it is there, that I could endure, that I have been cheated once more. Just like that Forbidden History, of which is all about man, of which he no longer cares, of which he no longer owns. Emptiness and blind ignorance, that too, is just another total enslavement of man. Yes, it has happened again, just like it has happened, time and time before; the enslavement of man, once again, just like the enslavement of never before, the enslavement of man once again, by my own **Lisalore.**

- **THE FORBIDDEN HISTORY** -

**Dezert-owl**, A Prizoner of a "Mixed War."

Moundsville, West Virginia, Military Regional Jail and Mental-gulag;

Hell-date: April 19<sup>th</sup>, 2000, in The Year Of Our Lord,  
common natural-law copyright (c) by, Dezert-owl

In The Immortal-age of Lyghte, in Yahshuah;

All Right Reserved, All Right Deserved;

"This World is only a shadow of the Real world."

*Crazy Horse* / From the book; Bury My Heart At  
Wounded Knee.

My Lisalore, and The Woman – My Fiery Magma, were written towards the end of a twenty-six month long odessey, where I fell victim to an "MK Ultra" Mind Control government conspiracy, that placed, and then tortured me in jail, tried to declare me insane, but instead "tried", and then sentenced me to "Life Without Mercy"; the maxium penalty, for what is now, the "record" for the longest case in West Virginia's history. But, in the end, my Great Father of Light, and His son, Jesus, The Christ, set me free.

So you must always beware, of Free(slave)Masons, and attorneys, since a day in Brooke

County, is not just “another day”, when it is, that only Free Masons (the secret hand-shake club) “agents” of the British Crown, think that only Free Masons and attorneys should be sovereign and free, while everyone else, should be a slave, of their secret little, tyrannical, little boys game, of control, extortion, fraud, highway robbery, child kidnapping, rape, murder, drug running, prostitution, the spying on, and the selling out of their neighbors, all under the guise of “Law” En-“FORCE”-ment, you name it. In their secret oaths, they have already, in advance, all agreed to tell lies against all of the American people, as one of their pure and moral obligations, for their “secret” cause, a “Scottish Rite – Wrongs.” From ancient time, “rite” means “oc’cult ritual”; and “craft” means: “TREASON.” The courts in America are not yours any more, as they are now, foreign military tribunals, in court’s martial, by admiralty jurisdiction, since Lincoln’s war, against the Free and Independent Christian states. iv