



Neon Lit Apocalypse

by Sam-Amin(a) Bailey

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1 epic across 4 ages

by Sam-Amin(a) Matthew-John Bailey

Trigger Warnings:

Survivor, Self Harm, Religion, Violence

On Language: Neon Lit Apocalypse is composed in English with italicized transliterated phrases from languages including Hebrew, Greek, Sanskrit, & Arabic. By leveraging poetic devices, repetition, and incorporated translations, the text is designed to become intelligible to English speakers.

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Alpha “exodus.”

The Sign of Noah
reflects prismatic
from teardrops streaking
kohl down my face.

Weeping salt returns to oneness
soon as it's sucked into the dirt
when they touch or otherwise
evaporates.

The Water Cycle carries
dried sufferings
to destined new life someday.

Perhaps Angels will again sing
The Artist's Praises!

Beauty, from gargantuan pain.

Sunshine melting crises away,

as foggy mist dissipates,
malevolence
be split asunder,
effortlessly struck down.

Sustenance source's sustained
naturally from the
radiating energy
of our solar system's
center of gravity.

The heavens crowned
in the ephemeral glory
of a rainbow's famously

Red,
Orange,
Yellow,
Green,
Blue,
Indigo,
Violet.

Seamlessly united array!

Forests of multiple type
beneath dynamic horizons

singing "Thanks!" eagerly
as their needs are met freely.

May all be so blessed¹,
Infinite Grace manifest.

Cherry trees replanted around the
creek,
will they bloom on Earth another
Spring?

Somatically succumbing to the
agony.
You see me being crushed,
overpowered,
caught in the clutch of some
beast's
scarlet hot
brass talons.

Pink, white, & cyan are my guts.
Oozing. Gushing out!
Zion's² creeks, do they flood?

State of emergency,
surpassing Boulder 2013³.

Trans pride flag
sea of my tranquility
met with enmity, is it ironically?

When Earthen Vessel's
of our soul are beheld
myopically, written off with a puffed
chest, conscience quieted by one's
abhorrent pridefulness.

Forgive the lack of urgency
as no one rushes to help me,
screaming, pleading

"Please, Help!"

Well, who could expect
such a substance,
vital to my existence,
rendered queer,
unrecognizable,
draining from inside me.

Leaving Sam-Truth
lifeless in its exodus.

Beta "body."

Could this quench our violent lust?
Insatiably I pray.
I prostrate before
Allah Almighty, declaring

"Creator be extolled!

¹ See *How To Be Loving...* by Danielle LaPorte

² Zion, in ancestral context, is a spiritual mountain Creator God calls home.

³ The 2013 Colorado Flood hit Boulder County severely.

He is High above me,
Oh Lord all day let our
hope rest in Thee.”

Why did I bring such a fight
when I would have
died then quite gladly?

Quietly, inside,
I said I’d kill myself
to satiate phobic hate.
Happy?

Really I love coming alive.
Adoring awareness —

Out in my tee featuring
a hand stitched clitoris appliqué,
stained crimson
with splashes of ink,
Rouge Hematite 1670.

Hailing from community
ancestors iconoclastic as
Miss Major, Sylvia, Marsha P.⁴
club kids in throngs
looks snatched my soul
we’re simply dying for justice
how can’t we be?

Sam-Amin(a)’s an artisan,
renaissance man resurrected

as a beautiful women!
Multi-hyphenate. Highly capable,
unafraid, a little messy,
smoking weed ceremoniously,
and/or consciousness sobering.

Myrrh perfumed, passionate,
thanks giving, celebrating #sliving
Designer faceted,
mixed with an heiress;
even tormented, homeless,
as a hoopoe without a nest or
rockless hyrax.

“Offspring of Adam”
with no place
to rest their precious head.

Fi sabilillah
For the sake of God
I am serving aren’t I hope
glimmering?

Category is debutante Paris
flipping the bird
out East in a mansion.

The way they looked through me
so hatefully though,
so haunting,
spoke about my
quote-un quote ‘kind’

⁴ Miss Major Griffin-Gracy, Sylvia Rivera, Marsha P. Johnson, mothers to millions+.

so wrathfully,
I swore so foolishly
I'd make them happy.

I did my best
to get extricated
from my essence,
in her resilience.
Imagine!

Cracked ceiling,
heart blighted
as lawn grass in drought
melting
the snow laden 2 mile
walk back to camp
from a segregated mosque or
sunflower lined path by the lake
to a thoroughly sexed,
empty old church building.

So I could sit there,
eyes glazing out
crescent-top windows,
Maghrib pouring through,
the cocktail colored light
of darkness creeping in

Hand to God
Most Truthful
told by some mortals
self-negation
was my only expectation
to make Him accept me,

discern my prayer
much less accomplish
that extraordinary journey.
At once, I received this uncritically,
but again, on reflecting,
it was never

Allah The Most Caring
Who's will I was manifesting
cutting into the flesh of my left side
old razor or box cutter
in my right hand, no.

Nor can I any more believe
it is for the cause of

God The Exceedingly
Compassionate

that anyone harasses me,
rather arrogantly
making their tongue like missiles
from an old bomber,
rusty b42,

furthermore targeting my kin,
our chosen family
caught in crosshairs.

Mystic Mystery Unfolding;

How I came

To submit to my Master

With rapture

Desiring good pleasure

Dancing electric

All Odd Hours'⁵

Despite, beyond

Disfiguring discourses,

Hate crimes, bullying,

Discontent, threats of death, hell

Violations of consent,

Still, remarkably

Beating in my chest

Perfectly

True Love, indomitable,

Palpably persists.

Oh, how far we have fallen!

Indigenous Eden⁶ beyond
rearview mirror emanations.
How hard I have been pushed
that my ghost had been
rendered miserable constantly,
earnestly seeking to sever
my primordial self
from this corporeal Masjid.

I swore so foolishly...

Repentance.

Transformative presence.

"Holy Holy Holy is The One

Before, Now, To Come"⁷.

Peace; lo, my perpetual longing.

How did I become
ensnared in warring? I *jihad*
to stay upright on my two feet
struggling, not solely for me.

No, humbly I am surviving
& asking this desperately,
now hear really:

⁵ See The Odd Hour, hosted by legendary Queen Yvie Oddly, at Denver's Tracks nightclub.

⁶ See *Loss of Indigenous Eden and the Fall of Spirituality* by Blair Stonechild.

⁷ Revelation 4:8

Let the children be.
Spare them my suffering.
Losing everything.
Watching helplessly.
S.S. I.C.E
Titanic's prisoner
keeping my song-box
heatin' rosin off the horsehairs
all along our whole world
on the precipice of self-
annihilation.

Iceberg on board,
supplanting the captain, actually,
in a chilling catastrophe.

Everyone under the sun,
each flick of that button
we all bought and pay for,
mourning for us;
the lamp of a new day
never again to dawn
in the bath of nuclear bombs.

Dead mall vibes.
Glass on the street.
Not scenes from a B flick
horror movie,
library tickets streaming
off Kanopy.

My reality. August heat to bone-
chilling-November-melancholy.

Crush is gone,
as my brother says,
"...hunted like dogs.",
Shoeless cruising
through construction in
Colorado's capitol city,
barefoot on Colfax,
scent of palo santo and piss
wafting from the eclectic interstitial
mix of alleyways, shopfronts, cafés

fingers aromatic, drenched in lilac
sprouting from greenery
I'm saluting.

Sunrise & sunset
compelled on my knees. Outside
dripping in saffron, rose, twilight.

Cosmetic glitter illuminated
from beneath a theater marquee's
lofty heights.

Evening enlivened by the
brightness bouncing off the Moon,
I sing
Psalms
to our One Cosmic Mentor
& invite her too.

Note by note
lips jubilant.

Awake from sleep

anesthetic induced
world's most thoughtfully slit throat
shave my trache.
Breasts lush
under cautiously crafted
scalpel incisions.

No more attempts
at self-immolation.
Like a nightmare
from which I'm awakened.

Listen!
Micro to Macro,
to the wisdom within!

Delighting in
Vindication, wrought from
Acceptance, anti-violence
The miracle of
Transfiguration,
Healthcare,
Expertly ministered
Gender affirmation

Being's easier, rhapsodic.

Who are those
refusing to let us live?

A hoard hastening

to despair of our relief,
as if their's is the judgement,
swift to reign terror over me.
Can't my baby
nephew have a try?
2nd cousins,
apple of another's eye,

Straight, Plus, Cis,
Gay, Trans or Ally

let us allow all our brave
fresh out babes &
just as lovely closet-hotties
to keep the joys
I endured hard for,
the potentials I lost to cruelty.

Could not maintain,

buckling under immense weight
imposed on my vitality,
sublime strength, fleshly frailty.

Alone, I am nothing.
Mud soaked in *ruh* —
Divine inspiration!

"My life is but a breath"⁸ just like
the Good Book said. "All my days
vanish like smoke"⁹

⁸ Job 7:7, Psalm 39:5

⁹ Psalm 102:3

Slipping.
Not falling, but tripping.
Face plant on the pavement —

pattern interrupt.

The madness of our clashing
inherent vulnerability
& value as human beings.

My uprooted values
hurt spirit as my brutalized,
ever-healing body.

Kappa "Amin."

"*Ahimsa*"¹⁰ nonviolence;

serenity, once again, our
collective vision.

To be certain with that:

ACT UP! Fight hate! Fight back!¹¹

We may be bi, poly, U.S citizens
wedded with immigrants
on Turtle Island, poor,
Muslim, sex workers, survivors,

something other than such as this,
mycelium, Aspen, worldwide
humankind's endowed
with knowledge
of our interconnectivity.

Realizing we are more
than our individual sovereignty,
we are not our feelings
that our freedom is under siege.

Intersections
hold particles together,
like miraculously woven
strands of DNA,
limitless in expression

or yes!; the intricately laid frosted
waters of one snowflake,
wholly unique.

We are that we are.

Part of one another, the Earth,
it's various creatures,
scuttling around on two's & fours;
millipedes crawl by hundreds even.

We are a living string glistening
in our universe's phenomenal
tapestry, belonging to

¹⁰ See *The Story of My Experiments with Truth* by Mahatma Gandhi

¹¹ Aids Coalition to Unleash Power style zap/chant.

That Greater Entity.

Lavishly married
in this wondrous gift.

Frighteningly marred
when we spit on it.

Astafirullah

I seek refuge from
all my own ungratefulness,
bitter words and wicked works.

Burning republics
juxtaposed against the words
of Christ, our Messiah.

Braggart murderers
with mugshots & thug smiles
gobbling worldly power,
cities stormed by ravenous, well-
armed robbers...

We must guard against...

Are we to be stunned as fawns
in a wolverines presence?

Let us not long be shocked idle,
nor envy the entombed.

All-the-while

opponents cruel as vultures
ushering away a grieving doe in
haste,
to feed off baby-mother's dying
flesh apart from accusing eyes,
wildly slap their names in bold font
on the very first page of
The Gospel.

Is the blood sticky on our hands?

Shamelessly passing us this volume
— don't we ask ourselves
"how did the letters get red
printed?"—
in this sacred codex
being sold back to your servant at
top USD?

Holler "In God we trust" like every
dollar or "*tawakkul* "
Highly exalted is
*Isa-alayhi-salam's Allah*¹²

(Far above false associations
people or djinn conjecture to
assign to Him)

Faithfully One
God is Salvation

¹² "Jesus-peace-be-on-him's God"

I do not willingly worship
oppression. Does that make me an
ungovernable North African U.S
American?

To yet another nation destined to
taste, like each of us, of death¹³.

Al hamdulillah, hale lu yah

Praise be to the

Owner
on that day
the deceased shall blossom forth
as flowers from their graves.

Auto-luminescent

Selenite hearted

Diamond aura

Lyric, in sync

The face behind
every choreographer's
well curated motion

All Loving
Single Cognizant Mounter

of The Salt Liquifying Throne.

Beneath it, everything, all I see.

Plus songs, fulfillment, dreams

bismillah un-disinherited

gardens blooming various hues,
many surprising as brand new,
liquid gold fountains of honey,
clarified, sweet to drink
the likeness of every produce,
cerulean blue rivers flow
*Tasneem*¹⁴, sweet camphor
and books life giving, enlightening.

We are level to one another,
before our shared Grandeur,
soulmates
arm in arm
alike in dignity,
our ages melt away
as we each sit facing perpetuity,
hearing

voice saccharine
as many trumpets in tune,
harmonizing

¹³ Psalms 9:20, The Glorious *Qur'an* 3:185, 29:57

¹⁴ The Glorious *Qur'an* 83:27

"Alif lam meem"¹⁵

oranging particles from iron to ash.

Truly, truly "I AM"¹⁶
The Power, Amin.

Delta "Mercy!"

"Love thy enemy"¹⁷
He respects me,
a feminine refugee.

"Blessed are the meek,
for they will inherit the earth."¹⁸
He stood up for me, a sex slave.

"You are the Light of the World"¹⁹
He's soft, he let me kiss him,
& perfume his heavenly
soles with florals
in the style of fine funerary
despite the "sort of women"
I am²⁰.

"So don't be afraid;
you are worth more
than many sparrows."²¹
I left his presence healed of my
sickness.

Additionally he
exorcised us of that wicked
poltergeist,
ruthlessly terrorizing

no more are we deafened
by its sonic booming cacophony

from incessant clanging of shackles
in the attic of our family barn,

purified of my leprosy.

When infected, he's courageous
enough to touch,
show me affection in my
affliction, despair, isolation.

¹⁵ The Glorious *Qur'an* 2:1

¹⁶ The Great "I AM", a name for God. (Exodus 3:14, etc.)

¹⁷ Matthew 5:44

¹⁸ The Beatitudes - Matthew 5:5

¹⁹ Matthew 5:14

²⁰ Luke 7:44-47

²¹ Matthew 10:31

All free of cost, sans insurance.

The Good News of Mary's Son
in sincerity
translated plainly
for an audience speaking English,
of which
behold! & hear now proofs
more astounding than any
document
affirming to it my tongue is not
barbarous.

Though how meaningless.

What state of nativity
negates the foundational equality
binding humanity?

"We hold these truths
to be self evident"²²
Shaped and placed
by the same sacred touch.

On this authority
I stand before ye
confident, transexual,
a tatted up poet,

not weak, way out on a limb,
but full throated,

bridal veil, thin, lifted.
Christian Nationalists?
Heart blind. Hypocrites.
How can we not see?

Deceptive as national socialist
fascist uber-capitalists
obliterating freedoms, gleefully
executing this country,
unmarked tomb for our democracy.

Claiming to bash gays
and torment the brown skinned
in the service of one whose new
imperative command is

"Love each other
as I have loved you."²³

Foolish, failing to do the reading,
face palm
acting viciously,
raising voices maliciously
speaking napalm vanities.

Projecting their personal hate
for Jesus and the USA
onto vulnerable, first generation,
lgbtq+/BIPOC communities.

²² Declaration of Independence

²³ John 13:34

Would you lay your hands on your
sibling
as a tyrant lays hands?
If “yes”, know that I would rather
not,
fearing myself, as wheat trembles
beneath
the scythe at harvest,
that cleaving which comes

Death, Quickening

The Hour of Resurrection

Preordained examination
of our actions which
follows and demands answers.

What have we done with our
senses?

An inescapable promise
of return to Beneficence.

Muhammad, peace be on him
Allah sent,
Most Praiseworthy

is Allah who’s
Holy Recitation²⁴
unto us commands thus:
“Do good to people.”
Foreign, oppressed,
the poor mired in poverty,
orphans, neighbors & parents.²⁵

To those liberally yoking slurs
round our siblings necks,
are we not forewarned?
“Fear the fire whose fuel is people
and stones”²⁶, Turn away from the
open enemy of humanity!

Once upon a time
on a fragrant day
amidst the possibilities bubbling
beneath the markets
in Mecca;

The Prophet frees Baraqah,
on the footsteps of the Kabbah,²⁷

A liberated woman
precedes the abolition of slavery,
Free People endlessly!

²⁴ in Arabic “The Qur’an” roughly translates to “The Recitation”. This Holy Phenomena of a text is experienced aurally, in its being read aloud & listened to.

²⁵ The Glorious *Qur’an* 2:83

²⁶ The Glorious *Qur’an* 2:23

²⁷ The Prophet frees Baraqah, his stepmother and legally inherited property, from bondage. See *Muhammad the World-Changer* by Mohamad Jebara

Accomplished in the name of
One in Whom
Is the faultless hope of
His steadfast beings

Sowing Paradise
messengers like warm hugs
wrapped tightly round us
prior to a greater making up.

“‘Patience’,?”

"I only know 'patience' well
saying goodbye to my beloved."²⁸

Subhanallah
how flawless is the Living One?
Ya samad, Ya sammi
Gapless All Hearing
Innocent of imperfection
& with perfect understanding.
Bless Your Name, doubtlessly!

Complete Ruler of me

I am begging:

Let our little ones live easy on
Mother, grace be within her, self
realized, safe, harmonious, healthy
All life boundlessly flourishing!

You Borderless Reality,
Worthy of Utter Obeisance
Exclusively,

Lend ear to this supplication
we deem fit for sharing,
From of old, as we're told is
Your Unfailing Love.

Revival gatherings, veneration,
uplifting, ecstatic,
hand in hand, cross denomination,
music as shared spiritual worship,

"Oh our Lord"
magnanimous invariably
"we believe!"²⁹

From our ignorance deliver us
lead us in abiding bliss.

Oath You swore remains
marvelous-every-shade in the sky,
a kindness to our gaze.

Allow the kids to taste the sweet
fruits of our crumbling covenant,

See You
be that you Are,
truly Mercy!

²⁸ From an old Amazigh / Indigenous African wedding song.

²⁹ Mark 9:24

Appendix

About the Author:

Sam-Amin(a) Matthew-John Bailey (*she/plural*) is a powerhouse poet. She has earned degrees in Political Science and LGBTQ+ Studies from Red Rocks Community College and University of Colorado, Boulder.

Sam-Amin's work lends voice to the majesty within humankind and embodies the resolute spirit which has shaped the Rocky Mountain Front Range, where she was born and has roamed most her present life. Sam-Amina is an Amazigh Muslim, trans femme, pansexual, womanist, survivor, U.S. American daughter & great-granddaughter of immigrants; a human person.

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people is a sustenance; a credit to A Powerful & Loving Maker.

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For libraries, SNAP, Medicaid, the people who fuel community resources and righteously stand for them to be there for all of us.

Truly, glory to Allah, Most High.

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