

november

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everything kept on continuing to not get any less crazy

& it turned out the remoteness of all of it was only that of the person

in the deepest darkest recesses of whose heart is a dot matrix printer furiously printing gibberish onto infinity feed paper.

and chatting w the ulcers there

in order to avoid a possible hash bucket memory problem

that was the bottleneck in my arvo, about yay high

, till came in here & realized, intransitively,

that certain persons have been able to do certain things here

and certain things have been able to be said about them

by certain persons in certain places for certain reasons

some of whom it must be said are undeniably

7

english

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14

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they are the sugar cube persons, yup, and the hot water has already been dropped and is presently making its way down its step-ladder slash fireman pole of air to them on the teaspoon: hot syrup!

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years later, still in bedroom,

day spent in underwear, someone elses, wet,

& not working on my ambient side project,

pronounced 'czxgloughrckh',

21

im only here for the potatoes

magicnique!

im just here for the urine on the peanuts

and it just dawned on me ive been in a cult this whole time (but *whose?*)

holed down in the unmistakable rustling of an unwrapped endless line of underscores

in the darkness, see the red dot light that signs power

yes they still make them,

28

deploying bubbles in the contact

laid over the eating of ppl

then

come up

come up

come up

come up

finally

come up

come up

come up

come up for a bit of fresh zyklon

35

& millions of vehicles roaring

from out behind the sun

42

, with which

we are now

all of us

officially competing

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high-five clasp read as distance
language in form of shoves 49
the orange horseshoe-headed beings
that do dream of a pink bevvy
in a completely other time, legs in air, cycling there
where study shows army moves thru walls.
do everything they do, but in testing not production,
ie make believe, but burning real fossil fuels
permanent dress rehearsal in 56
which cast force-fed tar.
steps to reproduce: burn down
a desert, electrocute remaining char,
then knit yr various selfs thru resulting transmission lines.

“now, lets melt that hill.”

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: thinking like a mountain
led to nuking atolls.

: time to think
like a database.

time to think
like server not client.

& media as civil war.

so ive been reading the documentation

on the file system of nature

, a novel w no need to impress, not getting anything off the authors chest,

70

you shd prob check it out

but will i ever make it back
from backend?

77

my light-up sneakers are running out of batts, they barely flash as i stumble

, even if youre armour before anything else, before you even know.

they drive a metal bar through your head soon after birth, like shrapnel, it lodges in there somewhere, removing parts of your brain, leeching strange substances and changing your personality forever.

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sth else than *everything*

84

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portrait of a person as rly rly rly rly rly rly dense chasm

in the crags

their traits its edges

off the end of some other series, like this

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prog idiots
bars thru heads
drag them,
clanging over the rough ribbing of the roof of the mouth
like a symbol.

hopefully this feels thin
like a symbol.

98

like the fully fleshed-out hollowness & its thin echoes
that they already CAD designed and printed
onto something like a lung
that swells and collapses
and that we wander over, solid-state, picking
up strange alloys losing our balance.

105

been lately mulling nonexistence
, mine & its, that swells
and collapses and that we
wander over and decided to
just go for it, take all names
away, all light, then wander
armless over whats there,
solid-state, picking up strange
alloys losing my balance.

112

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& my friends the armless statues, plucking their harps, swinging their swings, raising their tankards
of sweet mead to their lips and praying slash demonstrating prayer in stone to make the others
pray.

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six hrs fuzz guitar nostalgia. slime so unlike wet. just before the planet boiled, the smog over certain megacities became a solid, dense and moist like steak, some ppl voiced some concern, some school was cancelled some flights diverted some meatheads loved it some new regulations passed but not adhered to.

after which “point” everyone was imprisoned in a spinning mirror in space like the latex baddies in superman.

fission rockets >> intermediary of x or n >> many readings, many writings, many bookings.

what sitce to take on this issue of central importance.

shiny wet bikes in the hof, comely glisten after rain >> rust. dog head saddle, vinyl peeling off, lobotomy open to the world.

now we all keep the dossiers on ourselves, voluntarily, painstakingly, live. yes, its all transcluded. if unconvinced, yr eyes glaze over and you lean then slide off the end of the couch to gather fluff around yr finger like grey fairy floss. shear notebook in half for right media—message proportion. “message”, lulz. life emptied to make room for it, leaving only room. & smell of room, smell of empty smelly room, emptied life room. life off the end of the completed period, sb elses former yous, who wasnt them, & it ended in an em dash, spring board. yes, its all transcluded. check notebook a, notebook b, notebook c, notebook d, computer a, computer b, computer c, check to-do list, check brain: nothing since last update. and no one is writing you. not even the angry ghost

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pillow body covered by the quilt on yr bed. just silence, like that of the docks and of exchange unhindered by friction, silence in which quick check 8000 times for msgs, for one-liners, for news of alls redeemed. oh my lod.

veins, come with me. vessels, what a name, come with me. bones, ill do you a deal. come with me, carry this basin of flesh-eating acid, and when we get to a place, ill let you stay there as long as you like with no more intervention from me, promise. thorn warts come with me, youll get your chance to have your say, youll get to drive for a while, make your deposition. skin, *come as me*. imaginary paranoid itchy bugs crawling under my skin, come with me. sheets of billowing noise as the road gets wet. perception and suffering as one. trying got in the way of most everything. get it out of it how. bow down, elbow. any human artefact not poised for human use sez death. and objects only tolerate our torture knowing we are mortal. confusion of garments, as if a witch had melted. all channels to be overcome, on them we spoke of that. a kind of infinite imperial weapon, the powers of which seemed inexhaustible and were continually being discovered, was blindness as to what made one and ones form of life possible. the narcissism of those designated market **targets** for whom universal justice reigns coz showered in $n \times 10^n$ devices to make mind outrun that of the losers, positively dizzy. lipless tenacity, before closed glass mall doors. the others murdered for saying dont murder. slime so unlike wet. the rest of the things tending to unfold in small rooms invariably containing poison. and ppl unable to keep still for the disjunct w the outside, where anonymous diagrams give orders outside time. class is your horizons. class is the intercontinental gas pipeline dug through your horizons. note: if you trust no one, you can also build it yourself. we have already seen. exit therefore exist. media is what protrudes. nightlife - - - - -
- - - industrial park. negative noise. projected onto the grey facade of shopping centres. before and after which all is mutant. sudden relief at onrush of emptiness. before and after which all is

mutant. mute mutant.

the whole idea seems cack-handed

, everyone smeared over eight diff pages.

and because all the above takes place in extension, i refuse extension too! i denounce! from the balcony of my shoulders i denounce! so

douse thick fleecy hoodie in cold soapy water,
put it on, and set off in the freezing
endless for the edge of the heliosphere.
till then the ice growing over you will protect against
supersonic solar particles
as well as the mutant bacteria you are
turning into, turned into last week.
forget yr pants: where we're going we dont need pants.

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