

**the month of january**

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now lets ~~get~~ back to it.

first, run the `[[kill]]` scripts.

do chorus and end again.

also dont forget to change the appropriate values, viz.:

mauritania is calling. a pamphlet has recently appeared in leipzig. a website has been created. someone is eating crushed plastic forks. someone is ladling dirt from the football pitch into a bag.

let them.

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mostly i lived alone in a dark hole away from everyone, writing the first lines of poems and no more.

and blinking at the dull lights opposite and sipping tepid water.

and trying to not be such a person.

and wondering how to be swallowed by the future, eaten by it, *right*.

and after all those years, there were a whole lot of other years, rly full ones, or dull ones, depending on yr keyboard and the size of yr thumbs, this whole other stack of life ive said nothing of, n when i say i, i mean everyone, even the ppl you think are terrible and so spend no energy being nice to or getting to know, n some of it is pretty great actually but certainly not all of it or even most.

more of the different.

& what erosion, for example, put a stop to the endless ritual.

to fix it, dump it out here in the weather, then go start on sth else in the shed.

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you can gain a short period of invincibility if you gather gold at high speeds.

... (despite ruin)

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the ripping span we are held in, raised  $n$  rack units into the atmos, fed poison, fed torture, the sick span that is the only place we have to

feed.

span of mirrors and sinks, years of

transport: destroyer of all destination,

ravenous squelching organs held in a net of speak

(despite ruin)

which density wd now be fully constructed out of transmissions and their exhausts

and wielded by the sole power that might turn a head

into a hammer.

autonomous poison

no nothing.

*ON* ME

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and around the time i quit dopamine

i found myself drinking from a huge vat

of who knows what.

chyron crawl maybe, chyme maybe.

then strolling and mulling

through the city blocks

on the ceiling

of the cavern

under the virtual interior

where—

they broke us in.



“on fait parti de ça,” my date informs me.

and i scream out the name of the bank

, as if a deities, or lost continents,

and a clown counts cash outside plasticland.

the family was also abstracted and alone.

passed their time in the whatevers there.

so why not go and say hi to me  
somewhere near my long and empty  
tupperware on long and empty  
days gutted by

some kinda abstract

late play

some kinda fury,

tears, as crowds  
mushroom-clouded

into the red (in the) sky.

“whats for lunch?”

—planet. all the wayward ways

they try to go beyond, we

hold fast. although

there is no course to stay. although

the robots obscure the fact,

like a weeping wound , seeping.

soon brain was maths,

machined. broadcast.

and all lungs were the tip.

its the death in life we want,  
want to mine,  
the hardness of it,  
how its harder than us.

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every day , file the days files

away in a file

down the back.

and never, ever, open them again.

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a pyrocumulus formed as we stood and watched.

palter

, pall thereof.

we show our love for it  
by drinking sand  
and pissing ash

onto a carpet of calcinated bone  
turning into drywall

and we [rly do] love everything  
... about providing sensitive and professional care  
to robots

the reason: being.

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tomorrow will likely be the beginning of a long, gruelling and spectacular nightmare.

and i may have decided to not cope for a while.

cant wait.

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