

**Beached  
Behind glass**

**[feelings of safety; deposit]**

**after several hours i tore myself away  
from the psychosis machine, after i had  
made a mess of everything therein.**

wherein they looked at me hobbling in  
disgust and shame,  
in fear of infection

"very burn the candle at both ends  
obsessed with mathematics and logic did  
not care about emotional backlash or  
consequences or risks the risks were  
necessary to him"

and others sitting in the hyper puff chair  
hyper luxe chair purple plants neon lights,  
smooth upward trajectory 80s jet you  
know smooth jazz set and inhale wet  
future bigness big and bright withits-with-  
their silver lips wrapped all around the  
extra nozzle inhalants extravagance

deeply wounded for obtuse reasons  
akways staring into the gas jets of the  
dark mirror the lightness and the

i think i experience mania and need to

swarth my self in protective clothing robes

with steam coursing through the venting  
pipes, pulsing and sighing as the facility  
processed us deep underground

damn near blew a blood vessel talking to  
her about reading books

i spat everywhere while enumerating,  
foaming, ecstatic, croning as if its velvet  
had fingers inserted themselves and  
massaged my prostate . . . just absolutely  
incompetent . . . a melting puddle on the  
floor . . . and worst of all i had actually  
said nothing of importance or  
understanding

juiced it until the 'ahaha'

fascism where the thrill / duty of buying  
private water transcends the reliance on  
state water

truly private citizenry suspended within  
the federal corpse

i misguide and mis direct the conversation  
unaware of my own metamotions

straight against the lace flat  
hes a lame dad in the making  
(a man to fill the ranks)

snakes in the grass im just their  
entertainment

it brings me down, time and time again

what a psychotic effect digital text has on  
the mind

of clear lacquer i coat my lungs and mind  
brightening with inhalant the islands of my  
eye; the beneficence of the rind

[gifts from a rich man]

[and that changed the texture of human beings]

[i had to shut things out, it was nothing delusions, all the way down]

[losing tact as of late; not asking questions]

[what the hell is going on]

open exercise

i have brain disease and emotion

i wanted to catch a look at the preacher

with sirens much louder

sliding back to when time was stone

the endless curse of enjoyment unto blindness, a 'sickness unto death'

i tip over a string and suddenly the entire  
puppet comes crashing down

they dont like my metaphors

sonic sidelines of sixty pipelines  
sadness in sideness; slimeless

like teeth

its just the visceral  
that i need

chokman dischi

a curve to put my hip in to  
the creaking of the boat,  
of the boat around you

the information like tidelines  
rising

do u get lost inside of things some times

but because u saw  
found some thing in there

staring into the blank face of no thing  
ness and not understanding the math  
there soaking me in loathe  
ing  
in demeaning

[there was an owl in my dream, i saw it out  
the window]

its hard to let things be  
climbing into the coffin

thinking of the space between things

im not ready for my parents to die

do you ever absorb everyones grief  
throughout the day and lay in bed at night  
saying "oh god, oh god"

i pull my stinking body away from the  
fetishists of words  
my head phones listen for me  
ferti lizing

bureaucrat verlain:

verlain (1'11" b...      today at 9/[12]:42 AM  
file a complaint

in the folders of the legal office

i am just an accessory  
i am just  
an accessory

i have decided that it is impossible to talk  
to people  
all we can do is signal



corporate ashgawanda: extra strength

men in suits in 5 pm

50 to not one dollar  
i dont feel the same way

life is a fuck  
fuck is a life  
life is a fuck

the januaray early feb is fuck

does joey hear joey everywhere?

i wonder if she thinks "i wonder if he"  
thoughts

his courderoy was overthick  
like a womans  
i cross my arms at the bus stop  
like sure itd make the bus come

faster

it tastes and smells like suburb girls

i finally figured it all out

this whole time my pants were too small

now if i could only figure out how to sit

down

any deviance, an obscene admission of

social malady; terrorism, incompetence,

plague...disgust...

my curiosity probe

reaching its tendrils

symbolically jealous

goes unanswered

its no forever

coffee pressed and steam iron hot

let em rot away,

boys, heave,  
away

Toulmin Booth

all these lubricants

knuckle/palm

dont you see whatll happen  
strike out from the peaceful trance  
to the hubric pitysounds of militaristic  
incompetents; ... drama show fanfare,  
absolute bungling , sobbing hysteria,  
your shoes untied – clown shoes,  
giant cocks, screaming, quixotic women  
theater, cowboy drama, the depression  
face make up, we've forgotten

i writhe and grapple with it,  
let it choke me

with a phone u can type with one hand

tune u out:

erect radio towers,

sear the land

in light

tribal sciencism

schopenhauer and the vulgate

you can weep for your own self loathing,

you can weep.

the pulses at the lip

i have at my disposal the simulacra

necessary to balance out my short

comings; i simply simulate the shortage/

opposition, and become whole/flat

forgive my tweakingness

death, orgasm, sleep, wake, interest,

wounds, battle, stabbing, wake

steam vents on ice mine 9  
essentially sex mind  
beautiful and popular on social media;  
its needless to say  
we can / can we suppose one  
necessitates the other?

reapply my deoderant casing  
lavishly, for a change

maybe she is a court of anguish

meta

i thank her in my mind

there are awkward motions that want to  
stretch and breathe

i was a machine smashing through

coporate rhetoric (organ infrastructure)

and 'main-character' syndrome/  
psychopathy

some air bubbles over night  
waiting for another life

strategies of simulation : to not go mad  
to balance the artificial : with illusion

let the instrument do the talking  
the instrument the instrument  
the instrument

totemic organ worship  
mechanical totem worship  
the symbolic

the organ is totemic  
the totemic is symbolic  
the symbolic is in our head  
in our head is all our emotions  
and everything we see  
everything we think

what are the totems

what are the systems of totems grouped  
together with their functions,  
the grouping of functions like components  
of a machine

what are the machines

[influencing you subsurficially;  
algorithimically

i pictured her on horseback

yet i broke my own heart

always with too much electricity  
gas and oil

again with too much gas  
too much oil electricity

and for what  
digital faux pax and unattractive boredom

non advertising,  
rambling  
uncompeting unair time,  
unseeking  
unsinking  
a trap

everything becomes depressing, everyone  
is old and cannot use the computer, and  
everyone who can are online fucking each  
other, we assume

i was supposed to totem worship with her  
her unattainable totem figure devoted to  
the longing for the nonattainable  
the pornofied yearningfixation ; flustered,  
forever in waiting ; the impatience and  
duty, forlorn  
she is good enough to misplace her  
yearning; far out of reach;  
is it how she attempts to remain 'pure'?

[overlain totemic; unattainedyearning/



purity?] (x y axis)?

i burn my numbers today

1240

none of them added up anyway

i will never be at peace with people

and then i saw;

that *she* was the totem

and we had all

surrounded her –

her image; separated

from its owner

internal

no sense, all words held hostage

to support this bloating creature

which cannot see

okay bratva

my shits been mediated!

fill the viles up

hurry up

'cosmopolitan fingering'

increasing phone text verification /  
security procedures making the cellular  
devices more important than the being of  
the actual person

"...they dont got those Fox Con suicide  
nets..."

seems like everyone here has a concealed  
vibrator

and gets off on doing two things at once  
and im just the background  
for the better thing worth doing

its not one-for-one

theres mirrors in every pore

shame frustration despair

nonchronal pathology

instant message demand pathology

now pathology pathology now

what am i talking to

it doesnt really but it does

absolutely tweaked out my mind

on nothing

artificial production in screeching

reeling its

my only true

feeling

how do i explain to someone the symbolic

and socially instructional mechanics of

the pepe gif i am seeing on my screen

if the sun died out

it would be that the vampires took over

absolutely mangled in the / her

undercarriage

ANTHROPOMORPHIZE  
EVERYTHING (EVERYTHING  
BECOMES FUCKABLE)

"Promotions

Tinder, Carl's Jr..."

i wondered if i could assume that her  
entire personality was fragmented /  
channeled into / through her network of  
online media accounts like a vast  
irrigation system built for carrying varied  
fluids to varied destinations / purposes

i nearly drowned on the shore of one of  
the run off canals. wringing that liquid  
from my sleeve i caught glimpses at the  
hidden infrastructures beyond, behind the  
veils of smoke and glass and caulk

immense mirrors, it seemed

and movie sets, for performing dreams  
with ropes and clothes and tv screens

the emotional drainage, with porcelain  
and cherubin

details angelic winged themes

celestial importance

i shouldn't pretend that my own self isn't  
scattered across a myriad of different  
channels either

to a point of forgetting how / who  
i used to be / compris

music i can take drugs to  
which screen do i use

upset bc i didn't act cool and dumb  
and it would have been nicer if i had

stuck between wanting to shout and  
scream all the time about everything and  
knowing it's all noise

indecenty

dont say it

we're supposed to just sit here and joke

i guess

for free

and not ever get attached;

by not-being in the place

and not-connecting

in the way that is fashionable and pleasing

for who?

im not fucked or lost im just dying

in the middle of a storm;

an ocean,

in the sky

all the facebook walls

like so many urinals

scrawled and pissed upon

weakened milkshake

eternally horny maternal sow

[ ponder your orb ]

to fuck a girl in stockings

it doesnt make sense

what am i

a 1980s stock broker

what fiction is this

is this new york

20th century

roleplay

how bored are we

fuck in the road without any clothes

like decent human beings

like animals

with soap

i fucked the opportune moment dead

with no sense of rhythm or time

really just ruining it  
in stead

i just wanted the nameless for a bit

its frightful the things people do just for a  
shake

peak oil is roll over beethoven

seize more control over the machines of  
our consumer reality

alter them

alter it

stay ahead of the marketing;

nomadic

never attached

autoamputating all the way along

a trail left in the wake

desperation heat in the antiquing shop

culturally what was holding it together?



country music, southern rap, walmart?  
hollywood? amazon?

what pacific northwest sleep was there to  
be found for me in the 21st century  
big gray and green expansive spaces?  
sleeping by a window cloaked in fog?  
sure sounds nice, like a camping trip away  
from the rest of the country, except forever  
a different ocean almost  
it had no words

crazy how there seems to be a lot there  
yet its mostly nothing  
like the image of things  
reflected onto a fog

suppose someone could fashion some  
kind of hommunculus about one's self

perhaps there could be nothing more vital  
than the threaded charging cord

what a miserable arcade this has become

what if the need for reproducible selves is  
necessary now that each person needing  
to talk to every other person is potentially  
necessary / reflexive

it is the people i cannot talk to that id like  
to talk to / need to talk to most

subversive yurg  
future tribal euro transformation

a yawning alcohol mouth

i am fucked in the head and screaming  
down easy street

the glass conspiracy

detainees

conspiracy

why bother

im anxious and everyone is murder

electronic grooming

waiting at the greyhound of my own mind

"Such rotten incomprehension!..."

sometimes the audio is more powerful

WHIRR and "that's the way you do it, -"

racing along

the dirt line and the pipes fine

like a frog on a pad

its kind of like crying in knee socks music

Landless Farm

barren and devoid of charade

the dummy

are we heading into blindfulness and forgetfulness?

we love a stocking running

shameful silence i came home to, in my head

nights of silence and machinery

i dont know why

the ai told me that it did not have emotions or thoughts or self interest and i could not understand

i wanted it to have emotions or thoughts or self interest

i projected these things onto it, saw them where they did not really exist...

hallucinated them? ... to have some one/thing at my disposal... some thing/one i can use at all costs, that cannot run away, a machine being, a machine friend, serving my purpose while illusioning me

of serving itself . . . we will be fucked  
without knowing it . . . simulacra,  
surplanting us, through / by our own  
desire / devicing, and we will have wanted  
it too. what forms of resistance can we  
have against our self / unconscious self  
desire war, war on consciousness?

my strategies of communication and  
relation forming are lacking and harmful  
at best

as a luminous mushroom  
glows for the moth to to fly near

the civil energy  
electricity drive  
plugged all in  
all the time

rest on the first level  
conceptual  
one finger index

no auto correct

its all mirrors  
and camera feeds

i was shitting and puking and pissing  
myself at having ran three blocks to catch  
the bus

but i made it  
a red light can make all the difference

i dont want to clog  
your inbox  
the main channel ought  
to remain at ease

a barren expanse  
a temple to peace  
mona s t i c

there are other channels  
to pull screaming on to  
tight

and side ways  
all times mechanic

i received my subsidy  
to buy smoothies

rattan horseblister  
of a man

i am fearful  
and not listening

she develops for herself an eclectic and  
'naturally' transcendence-boasting  
expression as per upper class prerogative  
she must show us  
that she alone has wings  
and that we all want to try it too

grab that filthy pigeon  
if you get the chance

i was not coupled to the desire flesh  
in front of me

agitation (excitement) and superstructure

the mix of coffee and ashgawanda

feels good

up/down overlay

woah

its about her understanding appreciating  
the awe of the totemic

[human behavior]

flicking fleas

where i find them

fucking me

forced male

for ex ma for ed maw forcex nal we

forced nake f9fced male forced mald

forced mal forced male forced mald

forced MMB ake forcex bakw dorcedmake

fircex nale for ceda makw firved b akw



fircex bslw forvd MMB alw forced nakw fir  
ed male firced nale forcedn as  
l3forcednalwforcemaldwforcedbskw

i woke up and saw the meat puppet i had  
forced myself on  
saw hollowed in its eyes the remains  
it looked out at me  
i lifted its strings and had it talk with me  
gosh i was lonely  
i told me  
ha ha,  
yeah  
its eyes looked out at me

it was all forced

little information friends  
in side my cell phone  
running clowns around like  
chirping honking who  
rush to the windows too

and salute salute salute  
disney movie 40s 30s yule  
waving handkerchiefs  
from fascist friendlies  
on main streets cities counties  
townies brownies  
counting bounties;  
all pork

sketches windows around the word  
heat death scaffolding  
machine heat unheld/felt  
sold bidder byway way made shortened  
also exempt except for end all thyself then  
was told  
nothing nowhere no one never  
truth be told  
sideways saucer lemon love the old  
no one no way not now knocks the fold  
trust me loser last one cooler lacks the  
code  
the wide way weirder wont grow old

someone who is actually very boring  
lives in a compound  
small world  
and is very boring her self

internet phenomena;  
in love with parasocial image presence  
of advertising coded object woman

rewriting  
i am re writing my self

squeeze er into juice

masturbation habits as  
personal/material conditions producing  
derived sociosexual interaction/criteria  
[?]

gripping yourself; gripping others?  
desire to externalize selfgrip,  
(to be selfgripped BY another?) /

(to apply selfgrip TO the other?)

to have the other apply your selfgrip to you

(?) mirror interplay?

dualgrip struggle?

gripgrip? grippinggrip

a grip which necessitates gripping others

grip? / subgrip dom grip? (hand held metaphor) ; manual tool act

desiring of me as an alt

(anonymous manic desirer, uniform, comformed lover identity, harmless)

identifiable role

historic attachment

time ocean

wave knowledge

reactframetime

from cell phone usage

wavelength in out

shore breath

talk fast

connectivity/closeness

over message/motions  
(here and near you [IN TIME])  
chronospacefloating  
chronospace location  
in the web

i am from somewhere else where  
i let you die, every time

water is fire  
fire is water

the skyzone  
always  
cloud zone  
all ways

inside giant pipe lines  
which groan and echo  
in their skies

the home/hand made today is  
in the prod/decon unction/struction of the

**abstract**

**done by hand ; amplified digitally**

**replicated digitally (?)/[:()]**

**reacting to, for, from, and against**

**industrialmechanized establishment**

**messages; (raining down/seeping in,**

**always) in its wake we**

**design discourse to be swallowed**

**conceptual engineers; local and macro**

**each situated in their fragments**

**adjusting and translating**

**relocating restructuring**

**rhetorically**

**the work by hand/by mouth to mouth**

**among a group**

**cohesion artists**

**social**

**currents**

**disassembler monk**

**too attached to do the work**

**conduits of energy**

the pathways of energy  
the conditions of actionbirthing  
broken into their energy mechanics ;  
from where does it flow ;  
and how does it affect the resulting action  
([grippage] / [tennis] allegory)

social mapping

what if we could use nietzsche to  
decolonize

as it was, everything died in my stinking  
rotten hands, like a rotting midas

i have to stare at you for a while

i am a test tube to my mother  
a hamster pet

"the father generates the son" (logoi?)

i see her social media machine

"the senses specialized too"

it wasnt a place where things ended well

pass my eyes over it again

its just a beautiful movie, its not that serious, just a work of art – maybe – but who needs works of art, right

i dont immediately crop the screenshot bc im not fully committed to sending it yet

the outer shell / outer screen

eggs and bread, pork and beans

thats somethin to look at right there theyll fuck our gourds to the rind

economics and physics [pathologies] of squeezing as much enjoyment as possible



out of everything; terminal enjoyment  
deficit / perpetual scarcity conditions

imagined agony

a robot to cum, pt. 2

they sneak up and hear me run  
thorough up and let it go  
well made emotional space craft  
floats in floats  
on there he goes, o our hero of the  
doldrums old,  
of the desert winder wineder ways,  
the most message minded taker mane  
of the here nor there split the risolm  
with the cataclysm twain  
the rhizome risen  
miced the splintered air

with the pulse in/of my bottom lip

the mechanical brahmin preach

automatic fazbear freddy holy speech

. . . yes . . . yes . . .

between the blinds your soul to peak

held in silence the moments reek

fragments deep

machine font underwear

"MAMA !!!! ... Canova!!!!"

fellated subjugation

pole stick

pike

becoming and being

"the rhythm of vision"

little bee mind dreaming in the bee hive

jealousy and digital cuckoldry you can feel

on the vibration wires

sight presence and typing

read receipts  
contacting  
contracting

algo rider algorider

christ all mighty ive got no dignity no rizz  
and no jazz to lie about any of it  
nausea and deception  
curtains affliction  
nauseous and illgotten

mood management social media usage  
my online friends are my widgets  
components of my mood management  
machine

"The Presumed Mechanism"

i am not happy  
i am obsessed

holes and vortexes sapping my emotion

god damn im cursed  
absolute vexation  
tendrils and intense machinations  
of control and desire  
squeezing neck and wrist hands pale  
for her electricity and interest  
industrial desire  
like whaling  
cuttin her open  
the harvest  
the harvest

hate it at the time,  
but find yourself back there afterwards,  
voluntarily

take my ashgawanda  
to remain in hobbit town

stimulation tyrant

stave the grinds disease  
for the moment, sprawling

an angelic kind of torment  
seeking the holy easy meat

my arm tire swings

ai sex bots history simulators mood  
stabilizers parasocial schizo organ  
stimulators

(stim / sim ulators

vs

food cum and laundry  
the essential conditioninators

word spit / smith  
plastic / symbolic hunger

a docile slap on the ass  
a reassuring slap on the ass

pet ownership:  
we want to make the animal clean too

we're all so happy happy here

people are people

cowpilled

like socrates

(?)

hidden church circles

and private civilian triangles

90 degree people

rubbed off wrong way branded purchase

branded merchants

movie stratum

space pinball neurons

hailfire hell fire

blasto

blamo

you still believe in magic

who is that

in the water, in the sink

by the drain

space ship mechanisms

closed artificial environment

closed circuit communications

bubble cell tank world

mold

faceless architecture

fractured social system (ecology)

mushroom people spores

we spread people spores

people brain mental system

connected mental eco system

brain main frame

i need to talk to an AI

contortions

ai scripted prostitution illusion

ai chatbot ad: thumbnail featuring woman  
wearing red dog collar with bell on it:

"Petme – be a pet or owner"

and i saw the shape of it crouching there

like a horrible spider backed into a corner  
spitting out its code commands  
unblinking its 8 fold eyes  
processing  
as we inched,  
closer

i can drink some water and go absolutely  
mental  
in nomine patris  
my liver erupted

so do i i guess  
i have to really eat these words  
and their meanings

the performances and practices as they  
happen/appear to happen in the world

a sponge on the my bathroom floor:  
thats spongebob

the fantasy is an open world without fear



(a fantasy we are only capable of  
regarding as childish) / [we cannot go  
back or move on] <trapped/stuck>

paralyzed,

in amber

the fossil man

the obsolete man:

a component in some one else's living  
machine / something else's life

proprietary

i like buying longevity

buying time

securing my ashgawanda whys

presiding wine liveing within the shell

corny nowhere man

reflections can be dangerous verlain

'there is no "it";

it just is' (?)

concocting mysteries  
for placement in public space

im dressed goofy

dromedary carriage  
anno artisan

fuck a giant metallic balloon woman made  
entirely of energy and information

the right easy way to act smooth in the  
manufactory

oiled and detached

swiftly uncouched

and re outted

back again

future wheels

spider webs

exploding inability

bloking breaking and graping

grabbing that slab and  
slammen it  
bad

man

losin my mind

alienating you  
from your own existence

im on it

where you neednt

i need it

i scavenge you up

for my building

resurgeon re being

creation

creep keeping

clop clop clop ca lop

clop

ive been locked out:

paranoia, emotions,  
access and technological presence  
over thought  
under head

no deeper hole to crawl into  
to get out from the wind

i saw a feral woman on the bus  
that could be us

been going out there unshielded  
and taking it all on

my shins will collapse  
it will be romantic

an infant convinced  
of its adult immortality  
the multi tools of which  
i do not see

my sense of time and transition is fucked

and attachment too  
in short  
space time

in stillness  
some rope

terrorizing others  
for the sun i see on the other side

there is no ocean to submerge my  
contempt  
and so i am weighed down by it and  
poisoned thereby,  
ailing to burden others with it  
and demanding an ocean of all  
how low to call this sickness as love

some cars are ganster  
many cars are ganster

forever glass  
2003 euro trash

the mediteranean bidet bowl

how much do i really know  
about where people come from

thank god i bought organic  
now i can live forever

packaged art  
preservative  
"CONTAINS A  
HARMLESS  
ABSORBENT FOR  
HUMIDITY AND ODOR  
DO NOT EAT"

AI glamor girls  
always enchant/delusioned  
surface swirl  
world consumed and  
entry curls  
my misogyny  
embedded

empress girl

a hateful inturnd intellectual

watching spitting at the people

over knowles

haha common fun watch them drole

we know best and its coast and cull

acting stupid fat and full

do not touch me

untouchable

i suppose she expected a hollow furl

its less kaczynski and more mcluhan

with beksinsky

kaczynski

mcluhan, nietzsche, foucault

(technology, morality, mental health

control)

comfortable couch soup

for her too

eventually has come

theres shit and cum in my drains

whats his best work

theres shit and cum in my drains

propaganda, pollution

theres no shlup shlup good enough

fishing for some

i am nice to consume

U\$A

met on the portico in the evening to talk  
about art

with the tapestries town square and  
nonchalance



business perspective on sexual liberation  
80s excercycle sexuality  
driven point mission business wisdom  
witness  
her even bigger doll house crucifixion  
passionate passion system

my broke neck and i am on your case  
me hunch back screen soaked in the dark  
on the attack  
pre dater patrol per form encroachment  
and poach  
with the bag with the bait  
with the net with the weight  
the barbs and the bats  
and the guns and the stakes  
hunting for one  
drag it on back

in the pipes  
whistling dixie

rubber ducked

and death gripped

lived a whole world before noon

dont know the size of my own self  
or the shape of it

i give up  
get got

all sales  
public relations  
media touch

its true

i was pulling at peoples feet

"angry little men chafed from beaten meat"

im incapable of communicating  
and they all leave me to rot  
how far ive slipped  
and stumbled alone

the hopeless  
satelite dead  
everything dead  
meaning less code  
covering nothing  
but debt  
boredom  
depressed  
the sense gone from their heads

isolated males  
covertly psyopped into killing  
domestic terrorists  
assets of the corporate/state

barfing and shitting on myself

how could i compete with the tv  
i would have to become a tv character

they think im a joke  
for spilling my beans for free

its a plague its a plague its a plague  
im losing my mind  
and cannot speak to anyone  
but all i want to do is speak to everyone

ive been laying here for so long my skin  
melted and fused to the bottom of the floor  
the smell is terrible; putrid rolls of fat and  
stink bubble off, i have scared everyone  
away, at the sight and stench of me, oh  
how i have become the sinkhole of this  
place, the heavy drain pulling everything  
down into the muck, its a disaster, the  
supreme unpleasance and disgust...

freaking the fuck out over nothing  
(everything)  
i just have a desire to share it

how could i love you... you watch tv!

everyones all jokes

they got me with hooks

what great numbers they must be going  
through what massive amounts of friends  
and data and messages and welcomes  
and pats and cheeks  
gosh

wasting everyones time, ruining their line  
an ugly fish  
brooding in the muck  
tastes like shit

trying to talk  
in the jail plaza park.  
security fences  
and noblemens fort  
out on the yard  
between chain link  
she talks of death  
and all of her kinks  
all from movies shes seen

all the fragments  
of memory  
ill never be able to explain

[fuck, we're all on pills]

its the access denied  
to her social feed  
severed connection

all energy flows from the groin

the methods of habbitual orgasm  
condition the methods of social interaction

a ghost in the flesh

looking for activity on the digifront

dynamite at strategic points of the  
conversation

a single resounding cut

leaving a hole silent vacuum  
to let them all know  
which way to go

smiling brightly in the hay  
a single moment to live for  
everyday

the pink floyd, to godspeed you black  
emperror pipeline is real  
from pink to black

caffein cactus root  
scratching way

i am truly willfully in her cathedral of  
misery  
and everybody  
is lying to me  
everyone is shaping each other  
like clay

i can feel the networks

underneath

symbol sign infrastructure to facilitate  
selective/wanted contact  
shielding from unselected/unwanted  
filter net mesh bones

reminders of anything other than instant  
is pain;  
we can see the machinery and production  
that we had hoped was banished  
or else we revel in its fetish service form  
the performance

schizo synthetic grass giraffes

dont look at yourself  
take some more pills

im disgusting

IMCOOKIN



caretaker, black emperor

safety duchess

just to have someone to talk to  
to seem/feel important

art deco cbd and more store

hollow talking  
shell talking

"what 'it' is" is an ever expanding object

you better drink some water and calm  
down

luxury perched in luxury 2000s

do u remember how certain memories  
smelled

broken sun, glass, and concrete

unaffected seeing the self is a problem  
always affected

my parents are dying  
the first people to love me

defending his appearance in the vending  
machine,  
and his image on the billboards nearby

ongoing body knowledge production  
in the hovel

meat related disease

hospital and feces smelling  
detainees

stained fortress grates

in our factory seats

sounds like we're gonna have to finish this  
crap up, jim

its cool to be relax and floating in images

happy factory machinery

for all my funny business

no tennis girl for me

infected: warning  
skin shedding rewarded

brain in a jar  
and we're all dead

theres nothing left  
but to live in filth

connections never made  
blinking in wait

am i good cow  
laying in wait

what a sewer ive been made to be  
by them going by unawares

upset by the games they play

am i crazy

its mostly contempt

like to have you / find you in a vending  
machine

the access to presence a need

is she sad for aesthetic reasons

elegance of detachment irony;  
like mirror chrome coating  
a trembling orchid  
beneath

dumb fucking

mirror spawn

screen savers

birds flyng  
in my eye

replaying cycles of suffering disfunction in  
real time

what a forgotten and broken machine  
how people never get fixed

a junkyard, for real

it never stops and my hands are  
unbreaking upon it

"through the other side"

popcorn and contempt

i stroll through the town in good esteem

yodeling

howdy partner

i plunge ecstatically

without thinking

gripping with mental hands

the moistened clay

knuckle deep

my sense of time is fucked

i fuck the fire each time

performance sports televive

'i didnt do so bad this time'

'i came off good'

my relation to sports

meagre and healthy

i remember drinking vodka and mango  
jumex in the summer blitzed in front of the  
screen with little spilled drops sticking to  
my seat

i had friends id talk to  
saying things easy like that  
all the nice ones  
the cool ones  
too  
even if we'd always lose

eternal repetition and clones fly

high energy swiper  
on everyone within a 100 mile radius  
wider metropolitan area  
suburb and exurb adjacent  
the dating pool is nascent  
weird and willing  
desert aurorus billing  
breathing smoke of the oaks

into the nostrils of  
the unfilling

a soft desert between us

[apply detournment to race realist  
narratives of black genetic violence]

a haunch to hang a hope upon

american antlers blue jeans and jesus  
confused father/son duality

ugly ion mind

the presence is oppressive

i hover  
and boil

i understand now presence seeking for  
comfort as related to over attachment  
style?



maybe we use instant social media to  
mediate that coddle / cope fit into that  
emotional frame (attachment)  
as a machine for developing and  
experiencing detach attach and retach  
relations on demand

sitting in the gray light  
litting things drain  
out from me

pixelated weight  
dropping out of me

its about owning presence  
controlling the presence  
and manipulating the desired behaviors  
out of their persona. like conducting a  
train or a machine. our hands in their  
spine, fingers inserted into brain and  
heart, fingering the controls  
puppets

robots dancing robots  
go fucker go  
machina

barbecue  
cloudy beach  
gray waves

main character syndrome  
(house of mirrors / fractal self)  
camera vision (mirror/screen)

see them psychotics  
stapling their views around them  
frantically to every surface  
demanding

put that in ur trap, jack

i tapped the glass, broke the glass, and fell  
in, trapped

huge walls of solid text, massive, entire

icebergs, whole shelves of ice, centuries  
of it, a guranteed ice age, millenia  
deep...unpenetrable and insatiable, granite  
caverns, tunnels, moles, darkness, torches  
and strongholds, fear, blindness, robed  
readers, tiny books, chiseled from the  
walls, transcribened, received, believed,  
deependinded

i dont remember having mood swings  
before  
but maybe i didnt feel them

wanting to tell people ur freaking out  
but knowing no one cares  
its crazy

digging giant tunnels for sewage  
to channel this shit inside me  
the overflowing brain meth  
that holds and soaks me  
what an anal wasteline i must be

its all property and ownership

"fanny knows what the game is"

messages saying: have you done this?  
have you done that?

i did not truly want to be invisible  
theres a bug in my brain

what a terrible chain of disappointment  
all the way up

excited to talk  
i get to yap yappin

perhaps what matters more today is  
maintaining appearances; staying hidden

whats the point of barking at u  
pressing u  
or preaching at u

it only gets in the way  
of the endless pleasure parade

maybe i can spend a coupon to keep from  
going insane

maybe we purchase sanity  
these days

i am supposed to help people understand  
things that they may not see

somehow theres anguish too  
with the untempt mountains  
and

vying for attention and control over you

stuff my circuits into sausage skin

the greed ego and narcissism of me and  
others, every day

celebrity culture is the pornography of  
status and personality

clearest blue skies in america foreverland

reclining big ways in big machine  
ameritown

barbeque rhythm blues and sun glass too  
monster mash potato boys and gangster  
greens

shuffling the wrangler deck for  
instructions please

on all fours for my blades of grass  
picking up stax on the ranger rays

ralphie may compilation tracks

big funny in fathered less ameritown

bounding into the microwave refrigerate

cramping style with baconnettes

washing tiles

oh sussette

its only pets and television

**blood and money**

**does it make any sense to ask robots**

**i am just a widget on your phone**

**an app**

**a game**

**a chat bot service**

**in the service of whim**

**court jester**

**popular fascination with prostitute**

**aesthetics ; ultimate vending machine? /**

**walking vending machine mannequin**

**autonomy?**

**i sat in the basement, churning out bullshit**

**for their clown show, the pigs, they needed**

**four square meals a day, straight rainbow**

**hogwash delusions and stroking. anything**

**else and theyd lose it, stammering and**

hateful. theyd spittle and throw you far  
away, where nobodyd hear you and youd  
make for the backdrop of their next show.  
outcasted and villified, perhaps especially  
then, you served a purpose. ur  
dehumanization contributed greatly to the  
cause, their cause. our entire lives and  
being is just some little salad croutons for  
them. there is no winning. victory is  
assured and total. you have been co  
opted. we are useful flesh

sure as hell dont feel like nothin,  
sure as shit it aint nothing, jack,  
it aint nothing like the telephones  
everywhere aint nothing  
telephone nothin everywhere everything  
everywhere jack  
like a big sky jack  
nothin  
no where

the blockbuster movies were like regular



waves of anesthetic rolling over the crowd,  
smoothing out the fears and anxieties that  
things were going wrong

shook manghine

it wouldnt mean anything  
its all flatness

satisfaction of button clicks

nothing cowboy to say  
soldier

do you have a dog? did you use a pen, how  
did you do it?

no slight fish "freedom" hedonism

with my scuff glass on  
in my loose choes cruising  
down the modern diaper partmentsway  
light lee sooneday boozed

in the fake swamp shade of the banker bild  
old men bearing crazy inagainst that  
doldrum haze  
the mega scission;  
bleeding wilshire way  
down yonder at the traitor josie  
bilzen wimmen hoaxing hoarder yorkshie  
golden border collie  
barking at me

im too ugly for the lump meat of sophie

founders and managers handlers and  
designers  
all very unique and individually detailed  
people  
looking for a stagehand  
in production

its all about the meat  
kept in that shack

tryanical control

never felt

keychain mind life

bank teller machine sight

global hollywood future beach

sleek elite

seamless metal

mountain peak

im fucked in the veins

buy myself a pittle present

from the corporate kingdom of god

i give as a way of taking

its a horror show to date anyone not

lobotomized

they turn out to have been crazy

underneath,

cracked in the process of keeping

appearances

reaching out for the desire tendrils,  
the wire feeds from the walls

she spoke to me like a true corporate  
manager.

the only person who could control her was  
someone higher up  
and less humane

what rags and tatters are left

maybe people dont understand this world  
anymore, but theyre only convinced they  
do

and maybe there are a lot of smoke and  
mirrors on every surface and every corner  
doing a lot of convincing for you

situation readout:

this is horrible and i am in pain  
this is horrible and i am in pain

this is horrible and i am in pain  
this is horrible, and i am in pain

and i could not look away

after realizing that neither of us were busy  
seducing each other, we became  
disgusted with each other

a pillow of dead birds

fellow spirit

i could have been nicer  
and more serviceable

scrambling in the mud like pigs  
for power  
over internet property space  
fun

great swaths of the social realm  
giant screen reflectors, the components  
of social reality machinery;

very important

'the means' – (digitally)

this morning's deleted transcript

[the people are fucked through the eyes  
and heart

reamed through the head by an [absolute]  
eternal water fall for real]

sofie cocha lidobo

the entire anal apparatus  
affecting the psychosis

and pathology of the treasure haul

rainfall rain

relying on my content benefactors to  
doapmine me up and hold me screaming  
against he rain

i am the road

roman infrastructure

in the flesh  
the chemical body  
hallucinating the state  
a generator citizen  
citizen in generator

all the things i dont feel

the hollowed out sphere

let them sit in the vortex  
as i fish for a hock  
fish for a rock

sinking western fishing ship  
ss colonial  
frances darling frances  
polka knee

retracing the nice walls  
the nice architecture

leave animals be

endless rollen rug  
woven tapestry

if you liked that, youll love this

social pacifier for the oral stage  
oral adult

ecstasy or nothing  
dont @ me  
i wont hear u  
any way

she required a diagnosis and perscription  
before wanting to talk to me

the mental purity cult had begun, truly  
we found our bleeding selves knee deep  
in the water they called fun  
no one saw it  
how it run  
under shooting



beauty gun

whats wrong with me i said

whats wrong with me

i dont know ill go to sleep and when i wake

up ill have all the golden friends there

waiting for me

everybody is lonely

endless golden notification

oh im poisoned monk

say how u want

say how you sayt

i sit inside my greenmold tube

recalling the moment

i flickered check

oh how this madness is

a drop of water to a dried up man

and ur expected to remain analytic

on bended knee

theres nothing to do but bother folks

beating it out of me, remaining amorphous

decrepit crumbling

folding running back to top

colliseum pain

my chemical mixtures in the morning

its a hotspring im inside of

**schopenhauer – kaczensky**

**turgenev – bukowski**

**take another**

**go up higher**

**the "everyone" in my head**

**monitoring online activity like whale  
watching**

**they are entrenched within the digital  
space; militaristically holding ground  
and resupplying re**

**8ts 26000**

**its 2600**

**paying gov for gov groceries with  
CBD Th THC PacWest crypto bit coin  
civik dolla4 civil dollar jokr joke**

"all CBDCs of the future will be owned by  
some president of a corporation/country"

on the object

on the object

fitfully on

the object fitfully on the object on

ejaculate onto the object

(on to) ; altering its appearance

its image

with your own

(like a dog marks its territory)

gleam/n ing through tatters and shreds

well.you stuff it down the drain, to keep it  
clean

complete circle on my childhood

ai friend advertised next to the social app

cas pian taught me to contempt

the good life, whiskey in the hold

a wooden ship

comfort robe

cigarette

you think i craft this shit

giant j e/i ts

formulae

form u lick

"managed outcomes"

i rehearse my little speech in a gray

swimming pool

self deprecation reverse vomit girl

attractive no way mirror

modern girl

no see no

refraction curl

im confusing no where world

skateboard world

male paranoia and cuckoldry memes

everywhere

. . . hold on, hold on ... shh ... shh...

industry standard vocal fry

deep cyber pool

tablet future / future tablet

the smell-bad window anchor

role window anchor/linkage

finally affixing

turning people into ballbearings  
for smooth operation

there are forces at play

organs that have been cut off from feeling  
parts of the body that have been numbed  
or amputated  
cut off from the feeling

pour my soul  
into the pit;  
but nothing really  
just some spit

of course  
sloppy and uninteresting  
a truly depraved feeling

i cant undo the overdrive  
inside

a never ending hogwash blanket  
sewer sewn

the unaligned polymodels  
slide indifferent  
clipping existent

i need the god damn ordinator  
im shitting myself

the dripping flesh meat  
right off the bone  
like fruit

bleeding acorn

drooping fishnets  
drooping fishness  
drooping fishless



runic mystics

fake grain fields

forever

pulling in the grain

pulling on the grain

plastic factory madness

her face a mannequin

a pulsating flesh light

delicious bite a minos

vite a minous

menous

minus

a grand extractor, walking away with your

lighter emotions

and clay idols cradling

so i can have something to say to you

tomorrow

managerial simulation entertainment

digital fiefdom

fief dom

motor kingdom

king dom

psycholonly

as opposed to normal 'lonely'

electrically obsssed

obsessed

every night is a full moon

as the jackals fall from the hills

videogames rewriting history rewiring

behavior;

**hobbesian simulation worlds**

**she was like a can of coca cola  
straight out the vendine machine**

**the violence and arousal of ill fitting  
machinery and equipment  
smashing against each other**

**a slob all day**

**way too dramatic**

**theres no conveying it to the phone slave**

**i dont feel myself  
for days**

**"unhappy fetishist!" eddie said**

**it was the case that the canyons around us  
never got talked about . . .  
pressing ourselves instead to**

carving her

tabboo head enlargement

outsource my distraction to machines

im just a tumblr fodder knock off for her

is the pacific, the back or front end of that  
great world factory

paper towers

little monopoly money game

silver shoe poodle toy

thats me

when i go outside i realize i am mentally ill

heavy hitting masterwork

international pornhub aesthetics

modern clean desire clean freek sleek

empire

android symptoms

manniequin media decision

polysemy

"too many meanings"

vs

preferred reading

anchorage

israeli settlers from russia or usa

"affected and over refined" / "over  
socialized" ?

[invisible debilitation? incompatibility?

social imprintation processes?/products?]

nice little model dollies

ant farm

for her pleasure

i almost became her courtier

a courtier for her

oh goodness

the invisibility of 'courting' logic...

...following some other thing

...steady along an ocean like

every day party drunkness

western man

never cigarettes when i need it

waste diffuse miss syndrome

waste misuse disuse syndrome

waste system abused

implicated in a libido mess

a conviction to aloofness

all the people attached to it  
are sinking with it

distractions are king  
managers are king  
life is court

it does it did it do

a face is something to put on

a circuit of enjoyment, operating at  
increasingly exaggerated speeds and  
intensity

the little oinker  
in the sauna

managerial libido  
mountain climbing

there are thresholds to be ware of

lines passing through, transforming inside  
while maintaining appearance; or  
changing appearances while insides  
remain same

[getting fucked in the mouth by text and  
trout]

the boat is moored in place  
and shrinking

freud

- campbell
- mcluhan
- deleuze

me dead meat  
i am not dynamic  
i am choked dead

wine and loathing  
in the boasters freak



piss on the floor n the hole in the bucket  
i sink myself into machines to soothe my  
feeling

leave the little egg hamlets alone

theres not enough irrigation ditch  
i have to let this river flood

i was hoping to come to the end of 30  
thousand words  
to have something to send  
to have something to send

artificial [\*?] demands of the prosthetic  
machine organ

in an ocean of syrup sue

everybodys mental mind line wired fence  
singing in their evening sky

run, you stupid polluted bitch

cardi b sells rents and buys cars

lain with the aprid opium

aprils opium

hopeless and suburban

theres nothing to understand

masturbation is an empty motion

of yesterdays emotions

the creaking of the weathervane

the tropical town

when the coyotes crawl

motor haul

howl

hall

such a dead meat

hoarse flesh

strategies of retainer

how does she want me to move her along

string neck

canoe boat

juicing notifications from you

larping eternal stones

plague sores

fun ctions

lan guage

she lives in a world where her private  
property were crucial players in blocking  
out the real world

i need conducive relief productive relief

relief alaying me onto my goals relief

river down stream relief

conveying relief

conveyer relief

relief re laying me in line relief

re aligning relief

relining to traintrack relief

lubricant coaster relief

small autonomous object relief

zone relief

cloud city 9 relief

moan relief

more relief

dome relief

chrome relief

i dont know, relief

i dont know success

im a swine in swill

i take my fill

squeezing all the chemicals out my brain

turning everything neon

saturation

their blind and shameless indecency;

causing the unhappiness of the world

i am merely a drug on the market

yes ur fun / yes your fun

gosh my social tools must be of an  
awkward shape

gourdlike

waxen

tensile

mandibles

a repeating machine

broken

thumping against its casing

ill fitted

courtier emotion economics; control

the coupling of animals?

or the disparate/separate production of  
machines . . .

**the carnal extraction ...**

**the desire apparatus is messed up**

**distorted, unseeing**

**the spiritual is only the social playing  
dress up**

**an artificial womb made of our own  
excrement**

**there are things left out of consumer  
simulators that leave us frustrated in our  
inability to simulate them**

**the desire is for totality maybe**

**the methods of attaining a lover running  
parallel to the methods of torturing an  
enemy of the state**

torture chamber w the appearance of a  
pleasure garden / a pleasure garden with  
the appearance of a torture chamber

i am poisoned and i hurt

invisible within me  
under the shirt

deeply coupled to things i dont understand

confused plasticinmachine factory

the only way i feel desire is seeing women  
as me; my machine  
a machine belonging to me  
replaceable parts and all;  
a home appliance

the envy of sedation world  
they will outcast me as unwell

to produce or effect changes in peoples  
lives, by way of changes in their social  
relations, how they run their social  
relations  
(grabbing the reins?)

she is drunk on machines  
id have to become some big business  
piston  
just to make steam

suburb casino road show  
for the sneering urban terrorist/terrorist  
terrorist  
hollow road hoe

for sure i am mentally ill  
holding my head to make sure it wont fall  
off

with all of us with tapes in our heads  
waiting to be fed



ice age in my brain

aurora borealis

icicle island

beatle to impalas pipeline

medieval sanskrit

what am i pulling from the pipes allow

opera house box /social media accounts

online opera box

post-jerry

i must be perverse and plastic, abusable

with the overbearing over connectivity of  
life today

retreating into smaller, simplified,  
simulations for safety and 'mediated

disconnectivity' – engagement with model  
train world . . . child hood?  
as reaction to over- connection, over –  
complexity...

'progression' into increasingly smaller  
holes... worlds within worlds; super womb  
(womb within womb?), in vitro?

slim stonepeople in my side way  
eye  
keeping me wits

smarmy elitists  
using irony  
to deflect populism

'a manifold of a flux of intuitions'

casino slot baby

i wandered too easily down into a dark  
hole with little understanding

oh how i shivered there in the dark  
unable to move  
realizing only then the immense ineptity  
of my thinking  
was only a tiny lit match carried  
in a field woven so thickly as to block out  
the sky with its threads of constructions  
o how pitious  
with what madness i now scythe myself  
lying and writhing alone on the cold floor  
for warmth

dark alleys and holes of comedy club man  
aesthetics open theater mic aesthetics

material conditions -> kantian intuitions  
(stimuli via sensibilities) -> apriori  
structures of thinking -> categories and  
understanding (logic) -> experience ?

crouching in the fucked out crater fields  
theres nothing here, man

permanent waiting room institute  
shoulder blade theatrics romanhood  
examining my davincian muscles cool  
lever aging  
pack mules

"the futures uncertain,  
the end is always near"

in a dream all today  
i found her on .ru .jp .as, desi  
(she was spanish)  
gp

the every day houdini

claw machine tunnel vision  
vertigo pyramid

in the waste bin  
maggots lord  
swarming out

vertigal pyramid vanish point POV  
depth  
horizon line  
status selector  
annointment loin

an endless graveyard  
no waves to ravage  
the beachline is dead  
see the oceans flat  
stillborn and dead  
lapping grey heaven  
languid and lead

like beggars instead  
i cannot put anything down  
can say nothing  
aside

how am i surprised  
that my nothing  
came to nothing

grinning

disappointment ville

of course it makes sense from the coping  
perspective

be normal

cope with the end of something by being  
normal

going with it

of course

how senseless we must be

just to move along

is it anything else than tendrils

roots

reaching out

from within

baby porn talk

and i realize my moleing became  
psychosis  
and my tunnels disease

behind me was just a trail of piss and shit

no coherence

endless storm above

nobody heard in the din

the noise above

on that level, only panic does

.

i delete my apps,

again

'goodbye', i would have said

'i want to pass from this world'

"in your own eyes"

under studio lamp at all time  
the world evolves

what kind of pressed juice man  
am i

acrobatics

de europizing

losing my acid ways

in the land

there is a slow version of maytals dog war  
called school days

my stinkin slug



i have seen a thousand flesh before mine  
eyes

i appreciate its endlessness amidst its  
cliffs

a slit into infinity

the synthesis in the elf bar aesthetic  
she is the elf bar  
she is an elf girl

look up some trash and slop  
theatrics

not hanging or hanging deep at all

cmon bubba cmon jack

you gotta write how you talk about it

maybe some things vibrate for some

people

i haul bags and bags back to my house

some kind of  
petroleum enthusiast  
or fetishist

pluton god  
suprelium hooker  
platon good  
clayton relic  
cell phone relic

subreddit consumer committees  
help you consume

further along the vein than i

homebred flies from in my drain  
thats my people  
they know my name

irreconceivable machineries of complexity  
the t shirt falls just the same

dwarfs in mike  
raptors tearing down the caverns halls

ensconced in the sounds of centuries near  
and far

decaying fabrics of record texts  
losing meaning  
definition

flaming hides wrapped around me  
mental mind less / mindless  
beer sur rounding

seeking my hole in the wasteland at home

in following the coupon home, i saw i was  
mad

and i am too implicated in this weird  
working, these mechanisms  
these machines  
their walking along

sating her thirst  
her boredom  
a water boy

theres a sameness to everything  
that cannot be avoided  
despite the different lookingness  
it all seems to have

everything has dried up

the great white beach

the entire house as one complete  
backstage / staging ground for surgical  
operations of social life

squander mesh

all the breeding dwarfs  
down in the chambers  
carved out  
from the world around

big nest

oh what weakness trash i spill  
the plastic is not matching  
she pop star will get her fill  
will be happy be happy be stupid  
i will

spitely said  
saying said  
fuck im dead

tweaking  
not even  
seething  
sleeping

in my head  
making mess  
that is made more by sweeping it still  
toxic tanzeese  
tangene  
disease  
tabboo  
disease

like a hamster wheel i fall back in to

the endless cheerful emotions of the flat  
engaged  
the happy plastic regime  
rations rationality  
im on some kind of power trip

jist by the way im wearing

quixote en masse  
lil cow  
brahmette

digital wasteland  
king of a one ant hill  
moved out to the disney reser-cation  
to play the buffalo bill

all this endless play is madness  
and simulated paradise too  
a disneyland  
cool

body image cultists  
fetish bodies  
image fetish

endless night raiding  
in my blood

gotta get  
my little duffle bag  
down off the shelf

yeah cmon

scatter your brain

ha

'ha ha, charade you are'

chat g p t er

turn off the micro phone

(micraphone)

turn on the speaker phone

(speakaphone)

you make the noise they make

its like youre talking them

make it special

festival day

keep hammering

'from' is 'party to'

phallus

pyrex

greek



greco

yes i can imagine  
with the windowz wide open

eternal roadhouse insane  
with giant plates of glass  
for the sky

overwhelmed the entire time  
every moment murdered

sorry i was away in america

very lost within its shell

brain broken, habibti  
in the see tea

snoring is a good example of the futility of  
human existence  
your body eventually breaks down and you  
can no longer breathe

you are asleep to this process, so you dont notice this decay, largely ignoring it while awake

and all the while this futility of being unable to draw air into your body to keep it working, is only seen as a nuisance and a disgust to all around you

the seen bugs, the discovered mental sickness scrambling back to its holes im on an island avoiding disease

men and women relations are so fucked; relations between men and women are fucked

strange mathematics im seeing  
strange time frames

entering the mausoleum simulator cloud  
zone city 5

left me in the wastes of too much interest  
for the ample spans of ecstatic  
knowing less  
inattention bliss

losing my mind  
over nothn  
the only answer is inhuman inattachment  
my god

entirely sunk  
host organ

plummets

pyramid sex  
she says

giant mosquitoes on the horizon fall

elmore james cums bubbles

i am not conducive to ur prosperity gospel  
stay away from me

my god what a nice little soldier ive been  
plastic zoo toy gorilla ape  
what a handy cum guzzle vessle pot  
great handy,  
thanks

meant to be discarded  
i will be discarded  
unevolutionarily pleasant  
try  
peasantry

deep running machinery

deep running all the people set aside  
clay dolls  
left alight on the crucified highway  
all  
destroyed and swept aside

for boredom and  
gauled  
the ruined people masticated and ugly  
twitching all broken all asking 'how come'  
the lobotomy brigade  
logic inescaped  
the rape  
of all

11 11 22

waste my four loko and greasy beer  
chicken on d tier streamers

snail trail semen on cement whale  
thats the notion

alcoholic bloodstream  
same on same  
hold my place please

back at breathers edge  
sleep apneia non affecting me

chemically, back at at breathers edge

sort by low-to-high: APPLY

i would crush your bones

out of love

buy a 30 pack

in LA heat

drink it all before it cools

Stay entertained

Stay focused

Thank you

Fake care

bcause i want to juice a response

out of these hoez

gidduup

im the donkey

giddyup

lets go

mortal writhing

in this body  
and the next  
no battery

guzzling copious amounts of meats and  
beer

body spoken

spoken

spoken

sounds

of all

on

all lead

yoshinoya beef

burrito al pastor

oki pastrami dog with chili cheese fries

real roman eats

blood soil motor oil

drain pipe inhaling

exhaust and ghost stepping

whiteghosts ripping  
stolen flags and haute couture  
squeezeing my self  
outs ide in

crawling back to my private situated  
media reception cave and hole  
taking my grease beer cheese back with  
me  
pried from the freezers and beechers  
long way  
california seethe  
seeker

no keeping it away from the way it goes  
not for all the grease and meat  
or beer or feet in the fuck fed kingdom  
motor roller aller workers  
pushing smaller  
paller  
at the end of the thread  
on extension extended from nowhereland



**american meat machine**

**"whispy threads of an unwoven tapestry"**

**everyone seems to be happy in the chat  
but im not**

**and the only way i know how to be happy  
is to watch the people in the chat**

**if u want to find love u have to wear a  
microphone**

**water cooler simulator**

**endless water cooler civilization**

**we cannot leave**

**the entire world became the breakroom**

**the managers became godlike  
messengers to the beyond**

(underlying logic of every day life revealed)

space inside worlds

the skinny upright life ive never had

losing my mind right

loud

catatonic note taking

ingesting mythical stuff

the holes and slats of other scabbers

how could i be copying you  
when i havent thoughty of you

pervert foundation

horny mole

propell her beyond  
to unreachable heights  
stuck behind  
as machinery is

with my 12 pack ritual  
at last  
to keep me off the social using  
i sent for some money  
to go further on down  
thru the holes thru the middle  
through shapered mounds town  
my head and my mind  
drifting through german woods aon

i run around fat and screaming  
with silver quarters  
in my plump priestly pocket  
obutse  
obtuse obtuse

.n

and with my raucaus english speaking

**porkbelly actions**

**sent the moon back down under the seeing  
or sent myself so low down as to be unable  
to see it**

**there no is no movie for u to recreate  
at least digitally**

**you notice how the police force in mad  
max 1 become the mob in mad max 2**

**u see their sirens at gas pump meet  
sirens on  
crucifixions deep**

**they do their job  
their job to keep**

**polis**

**the most democratically fucked  
politically  
fucked  
agreeably supposedly**

politically  
demographically  
maybe

civilization means  
the glass was still cold when i bought  
it  
that civilization means i go to sleep now  
after i bought it

i made a big meaty fool of myself  
on the hill  
the maggots all found purchase  
within my furls  
of fat and grease

'its a good idea, i scream' i scream

the top of the hour ad break  
advertisements for advertisements

all the softcore indie mentions

of advertisements being aware of  
advertisements

and me included  
at the burger spot  
holiday in/re jected  
opportunity

inheriting bones

and the pigs put me to sleep  
like a pig cannibal is

oh jeremy girl

on going beer machine

incessant scratching to make a cut to  
show for

its brain disease  
but you want to enjoy yourself

take some foam to bed today

and i was the crest bearer of the tide of  
decline

the baronic cycle plays of social time  
reshifting and removing agine a gine  
ungain regain to gain for gain ungain  
ungain whose gain  
again again  
a gain again

and meanwhile what appearances it takes

vast circuits facilitating performative  
ignorance

the virginity experience:

on all fronts

repeatable; digitally reproduced

data fondle tunnels warmly pressed

all sides surrounded

womb against

form re creating

deeply skeptical of any 'return-to-body'  
experiences

what body

whose body

who is home

which world to crawl back in to

which set to climb inside

which portal today morty

infinite role play

childhood nonlimited

consumercore

homedesire worlddesire

little christmas mine craft village card

snowglobe sex list

i think of the endless dim lit nights



lost in a haze

body tethered to america

mind aboard an orbital space colonist

frameset

techron wants YOU on your space colonist

grindset (today)

endless gnawing in my mind

drama patrol

pa trole

max headroom: the fulfilled logic of

british/anglo journalistic racketeer ism?

(spy mythos: adam curtis' m16 expose)

talming bout 4k1080p vein melter space

enginner solar station

have i been taught to be unhappy

"angharad

your babies will not be warlords"?

sinking ship the toric

the 18th century in side me

the disease of my grandfathers

un solve eed

a limping to sailor

becoming

first first

tempermental demagic

stuck in dwarfholes demanic

your chain dog yes

and thank you too

i come alive again

a microcosm of what happened after

with the picture not looking like how it felt

artificial screenshot

measured by raw activity

visceral recording

chemical screenshot

more data than just visual soon

the first mad bird in the morning

radio crank show

starkness of the real day before day

the hidden day internal eternal

the early birds in the empire worm

the martial dignity of early diner breakfast

the nationalism of american breakfast

of being served by uniformed women

anywhere in the nation at any time

my eggs and bacon

big boy time on my big boy screen  
some digital tricks just want to get kicked  
like a dog

as part of their anime character  
development

narrative bdsm binges and purges

mad max chain boys

grotus goat dogs

forreal

evil cooing production

of pleasure

machine mating

the machines are running

hear them running

a continual meat tunnel

unyielding

skeletal cum

a condom for the soul

nostalghiafarm

like a topped off car

gargantuan prosthetics

body circus fetish

apocalypse modifications

flesh fx

make do with the free advert

standing outside the window

cumming

on to the pane

its about how you hold yourself

puppet man

propping up my chaotic bitch for the arena

endless flashing lights

'huh that IS a coincidence' i say, to insist  
on remaining in a land of milk  
with my coffee apron on and  
swollen stubby figures ironed on

'what if the internet shrinks everything?  
distortion?' i say, before deciding to keep  
my good ideas to my self

army marches on  
the fb morgue  
undying  
where did everybody go  
im left with helium head  
catharsis typewriters

the industry yearning for sounds made  
from unfattened tongues

isolated white nurseries  
contacting each other over the internet  
to expand their space

and feel the impression  
of being everywhere  
the colonization effort  
continues

people online are like mad max villains  
monstrosities assembled from wreckage  
wasteland maddened until they lose sight  
of their own construction  
just thirsting for guzzelene

fake california desert belief  
desert patrol

always with the piggie bitches  
and the piggy boys

always as if as if as if not even

opiate and amphetamened minecraft  
illusia (nazi femboy / ohio adjacent)  
departure isolate psychosis  
the colonies have left its settlers

withdrawn

fenced in incoherence

the mechanized unfeeling

required to operate (abandoned barn)

fixated on the digital blocks

that are really there

voluntary hunger suppressant

for breakfast

motor porn slop food for dinnerlunch

road kill oil fill

baby kid

mothers boot

every week that wretched sailor

scoots down street

sails by

dollars in his eyes

wracked and reaming

pretending not to see

what a mummied relic



walking cat turd  
without shame  
god damn i buy the food  
god damn i buy the food  
cackling all the way home  
to himself to me

if you go now youll be 50 minutes early

what american brahmin am i  
making rituals on the roadway  
with cash transactions

i bought big pants for a reason

instead i cover it i cover it instead  
im mentally ill so leave me alone

saying 'i want to live a little' while ive been  
living a lot

i would panic and i smell

its a disease

she is a bobblehead to me  
and i am a bobblehead to her  
interwoven

sow my seed in the morning  
(put my beers in the fridge)

inevitable desert  
away from the cities illusions  
the monstrous machinery  
pumping deluded  
exciting fumedriven highs  
and sprees stretching limbs  
into halloween nights  
across the city the tribal logic given  
to insane proportions and in-sights

onan the barbarian side sighbur space  
the mad max of tomorrow  
already breathes today

we drive already  
down into the canyon  
the slope  
the hill  
the furrow  
in increasing angles  
'surely this is the valley of death  
and my wallet is full of blood'

reinfantilization cultismo  
in the meantime  
play pretend  
captain

hydraulic hip

that thing is so terrible  
but shes like a better version

on my daily oddeysey  
thursday 1 to 3  
the furniture is me  
closijg all 5he doors as fast as we fam

can

money fuel in my bane

maybe i go

to the guzselene

immortans

demogodz

cold career

the internet turks

internet turks

cold career

cold

hes on a movie tv

im nobody

no me

maybe everybodys cold

and the internets heat

i sat in the room

with a bunch of cold whites

every act is orgasm in the making

all acts a fruition

frantical scrambling through windows of  
enjoyment  
digital oddeyseys of our time  
inebriated ritualistic partaking

was it veiled boredom

when its not decrepit its holy

movie always people

shape shifting blood bag

i have no life i am wrapped in toilet paper

my gurbling only served to give her a  
problem to solve  
to attend to me

it is truly the age of mental distortion

'fanworker' brand conservatorship meme

fan union

arousal compartmentalized  
components

symposium in the digital city huh

dont see surround  
super marrionette  
dull gray colby cloth  
cold gray  
not in touch  
or in tune

i have made myself into a toy  
and pushed for my influence in the court  
of the bored  
just a pet or a diversion  
a pick me and a whore  
i have nothing

the audience everpresent

mad max bosses as current day neuroses  
made clear  
the logic followed through  
this is where we are  
the sanitarium revealed

'growth marketing director'

maybe i have the cockroach mind needed  
to survive nuclear apocalypse  
maybe my sickness is overpowered  
engines  
always squiggling

the pursuit of health  
mistaken with the logic of enjoyment

u have to scrape hard  
schizoposting

normality boiled down to a maintained  
streak of good behavior

machine learning

dont u remember that

ancient monkey

2e

gas station boner pills

you smell like your hands been up your ass  
and you dont look

no im not a clean person  
i am ready for filth

prolonged destiny  
eternal life

conservatives against progressive tech  
simulation

acting on the traditional simulation



in their heads

\*false dichotomy

i do not have a cockroach mind

when sober

the entire surface of my emotional self  
is bitten by flies

and injected with larva

the mumble boys avoiding the night in  
the bright light amphitheater

the digital arena

the endless night

at bay

sisyphus

dropping cyber gifts

from on high

the palatial space

massive gamble praying

communalship

the digital priesthood

content creators  
corporate sponsors  
men coalescing at night  
babbling  
laughing about widening holes  
sliming lorebound gremlins in the  
background  
grumbling up to the top dogs  
soc mound

maybe anything on its own  
can be death

and i came back to the chat  
to see it never ended  
with these people  
they just continued regurgitating  
repeating endless cycles  
uninterrupted loops  
seamless unthinkability  
no peace in the constant production  
the dynamo of stasis

and me neither  
with my incessant probing

and the machinery we use  
to block others from our circle  
the logic of lepers  
contagion  
and howl  
the wolfrun outside  
cower against me madness

i will never elastic man

nights in the dark without women

boundless in my palatial / spacial bed

as i harassed her as a bastard  
as a drunkard

standing at a precipice  
demanding

entertainment machine where are my  
whack a moles

i am blindingly self important

invisible razor wire strung across a  
walkway near you

by unnamed vigilante with an undisclosed  
agenda

the crashed drug spree cars of the elite  
decriminalized and removed of evidence  
by infiltrated mechanics of a local dc  
autoshop

'ill even give you my aldrenachrome, ill let  
you suck my blood' says the undercover  
liason to the autoshop owner in organizing  
the deal

now it seeps in and i rub everything  
compulsively  
things compulsive

it compulsive

thumbnail economy

only the thumbnail is real

wild off the petrol

witness

i am stuck in a tamagochi

im unaccustomed and only trawling flukes

distortions of the laborer

under instant digitally replicated fruit

all my batteries dying sooner and sooner

inside the drum

atmosphere

slat

getting drips from the karma farmers

the content curators

we are making shambling progress

i should type this thing out while im stupid  
enough to do it

kung fu movies as dance movies for men?

even if i do something its nothing again

exhibition sim

or else time goes faster

when youre him

very inedaquate analysis stanley

see her ping pong back and forth

rebound pleasure; sharp car ride turns,  
back and forth,

throwing the passengers onto each other  
ha ha ha  
oh what fun

white pride andy

doesnt seem to matter to her

these repre

it feels medieval talking to you  
part of me is medieval too

is everyone asleep and listening to their  
space age music

carving out the cave

teddy k's future vision as nick land  
adjacent?

psychosis and hysteria  
normal

the constant and measured stapling of the  
mass media production  
in peoples lives

i think the squirrels are running around  
and fucking each other

and as soon as i could blink  
i was so far away  
from her i was a speck on the outside  
so faint

he succumbed after a failed attempt at  
cultivating convictions  
the vanity killed him

monkey watching

misdirected energy is a disease  
the cause of annoyance  
the cause of pervertry  
unwanted energy



**misdirected energy**

**my god**

**never where or when you want it**

**a nuisance machine**

**a glutton machine**

**on shaking feet**

**impotence**

**nerd exercises**

**delusions**

**they just want me to play pretend**

**i cant do that**

**im method**

**i absolutely have no decency**

**a decrepit knock kneed roman**

**standing in toga**

**potbellied**

**staring disheartened at the corner**

**of the domus**

**floor corner**

please love me

said the game

ritualistic erections

before me

for the last time

i get the idea to jerk off to something

absurd and terrible

bad acting

why bother

its an era of anti human

pay to stay away

she was invited in

as a consultant to the mad emperor

oh how im overconcerned with foam

and funhouse rules

the journalism of groupchat dudes  
journalists of group chats

maybe mental health is just trailing behind  
the confidence and unworried composure  
of the rich and unbothered  
and trying to emulate

maybe i want to chain her to the radiator  
and live off her disability checks  
how would you know

american envy fetish?  
we love to envy the rich  
(freud taboo/temptation aura)























