

delusions (unloading)

we either adhere to it
delusionally
or are left unsatisfied

the total departure of
meaning
from the words i am using
terrible performance
evaporation
u can see it
the blank tray
(it only seemed like
something was happening) ;
ß

but even within that,
something was happening

(the seeming is a happening)

and i saw them, racing to
imitate machines
she will buy a boat

a society online

huge, heaving monolithic
totemic systems
in which we are implicated
(society)
at the level of desire
(psychoanalysis)

it was pretty shit

repeating the same old
stories
without knowing it

all i do is eat chips
disappointment
talk of 'the archivist'

in america hit song "hold on,
im coming" by sam and dave
can be heard at both right
and left political rally events
(jesus metaphor?)

fat lil george
all over again

maybe fun is religious
my whole life my mind is in
third person

i hover over myself

but sometimes i return to first
person

and i become myself again
and i say my god i am myself
at last

who is the third person state

keeping me from myself
when did this happen to me

nice night time rustling
easy leaves and breeze is
fine

each interaction as the
reiteration of a contractual
agreement

medieval retrauma

fantasizing about goodbye
departure;
the memory of, speaking for

them,
in absentia
resurrecting them before you
to witness the in servitude
you do
puppet memory
without the need for the
person itself
decapitated shadow
reconstituted
i own you

what digital circus do i
construct for myself now?
reenactments of the opposite

of sisyphus;
infinite rocks reaching the
top

spongebob as the ultimately
comfortable tourist mentally

at the bottom of the bottle
with terror

gatekeeping participation in
american white woman
mythos

with her bevy of beverages
prodigiously produced

amply

paper clouds tacked onto a
corkboard, man

seeking an existence on the
meta level

everyone in my life is
mentally ill

i am mentally ill

what hoops and knots the
existence is

made of

waiting for hierarchy

members to
complete their rituals of
purification
lying behind the scenes
hearing them
screech
unclean
no one will tell me so

a better world: healthier for
me
content creation: method of
survival?
act of mental health? for
better for worse?

*potentially symptomatic of
mental illness

and the great big things eyes
had poked
leaking seeing pustules
from its tearing holes
pouring in the gutter
memories
all sunken fishermen
maddened
of nights acted on without
remembered
the pouring gas
of its eye blood

in to the sewer

the chat it sterilized me

back in the day i was
watching that shit
in 380p

perhaps our historical
pysche is still
not understood

spain discovered america
outside of anglo head canon
(only immigrants speak

spanish')

[ignorance inside the bouncy
house]

anglo suburbia declining
empire

shrinking

the world speaks spanish

english is deadlatin

antiquated

world war two memes

what if my algorithm was my
greatest asset

all the awesome racecars

meaning nothing

just a flapping slack
steamless press
vaguely nowhere

myth of scholastic white boy
loner

bearing important texts in
dark age times

self professed

i acclaim on mounds of
golden shit

major fertilizer plows
plows

egregiously into towns
cloistered holed up
unsuspecting
needless to me

the violence comes without
any future

structural sexuality
structural addiction
facilitated technologically
devices of enablement
behavior
devices and environments
of consumption addiction

emotional hostility
fix anonymous addicts
us

rat holes

he orders the best of the
best

what do u expect
just play ur surf blurs
and pray to forget

cellphone clam

night club pulse all the time
life boat buoy baby

rubber on the mind

silver slat man
coming through the tube
with gas station bottles
and gash stayshe lube
gash state
gas stayshe
mace waste
dude

this lady is just sitting there

judy
i know judy

judy ambassador judy

walter 7ut
hyperassociative

plastic and fuckable reality

i have to prepare my mind

everythings twisted in the
arena of life

welcome back
i restart my panel of devices
the romantic ignorants

of lower tech trees
rustic mechanics

office women magic
netflix mythos

giant turning data wheel

celebrity warlords

digital feudal

pleasures of unknown bodies
unnatural bodies

festival season
i am drinking again

search and destroy
i isolate my father
alienate

hoarding bottles
preparing for drunk weekend
psychosis
armchair trip

and i creep back
when the amnesia is strong
enough

amen ramen doblingata

syegaritus antybidas

a slave master
with my whirling wheel
computer
habitually guzzelene

im over here harassing
streamers
theyre wearing prosthetic
ears

i am blindingly partisan

blind to myself
cuban cafesian
sidewalk amnesian
unrecognizing
the twelvth

24 hour streaming circus

simulation game night

family food

the pathway
american road show
stolen from black pe

the content never ends
repackaging
wondering was i heard
laughing

immolation and renewal
increasingly digital forebear
stolen and pillaging
real town stores
dragging bringing it back
to online cores
shown
on the stream
for mees

plural me
replicating me
i watch the stream

friday night deadnaut

11:43 PM
what is sam seder doing
either sleeping or fucking
methinks

scissor people scissor man

it smells like rain
and i feel korean

and i entered the amazon
mosquito booth
to do my part
and all my blood flows
in to the sewer prime
the river prime

she tried to assuade his
heart
with kitschy products
placed around the house

the barbarous will turn their
hungry minds
to the empty spit

all that matters is rendering
pleasure from the fincrafted
appearance (seamless) of
pop products
drawing pleasure from
dogs; with fleas in their hair

imagine being this emoji
a soft cartoon simplified
figure
cloathed in a cyber netic
beauty space
how lobotomy
how purposeful

a sign post only living
enough to enjoy
performing its only function
its endless deployment and
redeployment
orgasmic use
fruition fruition engineered
endlessly

consumable simulacra
time set historicity
consumption
commodity ignorance
selective ignorance;
chemical mix

dial up pathosis
ignorance 3013: nuclear
patriarchy -
option 1a - peak oil
bruce springsteen package

over here with my puzzle
women
tensile maze worn women
phrygic fiction bitches
papal writ in vixens

motor end of days

i am an unshowered
imposter

take your pills
and go to sleep

a technological potato sack
safeguarding her against
ecstatic

with the proliferation
of fake static

all her pop questions
continuing my blind and
arcane quest
of consumption

off an endless cliffed
ill-lusion

i have to drink during the day
i say as i put on my hawaiian
shirt short shades combo
and drink myself down into
feelings simple enough to
talk to you
oh hi how are you
i say looking up from the
middle of sweeping
in the middle of my earnest
journey

to misunderstand saint
augustine
in the middle of my terminal
scene:
the sheer cliff is a giant
screen
upon which the madness
reigns
and even things themselves
are not themselves -
they seem

will my errand of
consumption lead to

i feel cursed

the young and spring found
fast food staff flirting in the
kitchen over my food

i am the invader

upon their young ritual

the customer

in the temple

the inteergnum interruptor

the unwashed unde feeler

i crawl home and clutch at
the communicator

i feel like an imposter

affecting a post war bald cut

so viet

the pulp fic tipping point

towering ruins

of 20th dogmas

antiques and relics

with pale skinned occultists

aristocratic squatting

turning the living

to ghosts and deserting

cosplay role playing

rhe the percussion of self
saying

she has to vaccinate her cat
and work at a bank

she has to write some emails
and vaccinate her cat

the mad women of dim green
vine

medieval mind
(preindustrial craftship mind)

with the npcs
repeating memes
(digitodustrial reproduction
scheme)
desire meme
underlying production meme
desire scheme
interlaced production deme
speech less tinker bees
movie track in mind
do it please
hover bath in rooms as
please
a space a tone a time a zone
for lease

'dumb baseball brained bitch'
i say in my alcoholic state

movie eyed bitch
cinematic fascist
scamper back
stay
your den
your hole
your nest

maybe i come out onto the
other sides of things; the
scope of which i did not
recognize i was within when i

began

the doctors,
they keep telling me,
i know will remove my head
by installing a spigot and
draining it dry

there is the longing to say so
much

ahh, the money slut, working
so close to the money;

i was struggling to give up

i propped myself up on
screens,
trying to resist death
the decaying meat and flesh
electricity propulsing
the corpus someplace else
avoiding the slowpaced
garden hedges
of the sky ever blind
castle mind
replicating itself

online
searching for the most

meaningful bimbo alive;
religion - flesh monument to
communication, like car
shapes

meaningless and symbolic
breasts

parody breasts

all consuming fever dream

workhorse steam

heaving dream

rolling tortuously always

she was unconcerned with
the metaphysics of cumming

ah shit man, ah fuck

theres no loyalty
empty antique store

to click a lot
and do things in pairs

she is a colonist from the
east
how the western colonies
frail

how the cat is out of the bag,
and how all we know is to
want to crawl back in

raptured drug addiction
metaphor
junkies of the fallen social
the society wreckaged

i heard a moaning
outside my door
lasting always i thought id
more

no one knew about it
and if they did they were the
wrong ones to know

even when the desire
schema

is gripped by the balls
still, quicksilver falls
doesnt it just echo and spiral
endlessly

u r a villain

'launder their agenda'

rhythmic fascism
rhythmic emotional depiction
sports jersey ballard big
dome

little bunker hold out men

tAlismantality

chipotle vino del bino

with my insoles in: walking
good

the empire is alive when im
drunk

im out of my mind

is the idea that i cant see
myself accurately a deceit?

perfect timing no love

alternative world views

'i like that i secretly hate you
and that i talk to you anyway
to try and ruin u'
and i wondered when id
borne
these toxin thorns
into my being
poisoned being

fear and resentment

bot apparatus

fat chef single

dauchsand ladies
poodle bred aesthetic

i seem fun
huh
the lord of liquids in my mind
syrup coating
rolling

the hero novel
like a greek boat at sea
in the storm
returns home

and all of us, trapped on
board

in the hull
sunk at sea
haunting wrecks
waiting weeds

dry horse day
with muscles drawn
contemplating digital
computer patch
techno feudal computer
home
stick poking pathology
online zoo cage therapy
an empire without news with
news
terrorist therapists

underpinning mirror
psychosis
american scene 2000s
club psychosis
2010s
critique on enjoyment
agitation vs stillness
a science
looseness attachment
skin flake contagion
the illness bolt action
repeated dice roll minution
courting floor over knowing
blindlight searing floor
knowing
the schema so hot

knuckle gripped
clung to
nonattachment religion
unbothered religion
cult status
celebrity imitation: the
unreachable
the cult of neronic super
figures
rogue figures roaming the
burning land
devotees of the sewer
condition
proclaiming their opinions
reclaiming the schema of

enjoyment
within specialized space;
counterdefined to mainspace

enjoyment regulations
hot dog police

im groping
emotions

no story
gone hoping

just ongoing hell sorry u met
me

everybodies specialized
tools going to work on your
body at once

why is my happiness only
rooted in interrogating others
why am i a gleeful torturer
only living when at the rack
opening the meat
what is that, where did it
come from
why do i hate them
for holding their secrets
why do make pretense for
caring

when i am a vampire
how is my desire
entirely dependent on
torturing others
its insanity
disease,
perversion
can libido be uncoiled
uncoiled from wanting to
control and tie up someone
and recentered in myself
as a self life giving motor
desire
driving me
giving my eyes back to me

to see my own life
instead of eyes only for heat
tendrils wrapping others,
grip
my deep roots
bulging eyes guzzlen tank
the desire to detain
and interrogate
to open
torture

the problem of political
consciousness becomes real
when we consider
psychoanalysis

what is this desire of the
torturer

based on absolute distrust:
you are not even capable of
divulging the truth, and
therefore I can only be
satisfied by forcing it out of
you, subject to my own
satisfaction (delusion)

a grand fear of the other
who must be detained and
interrogated/worked on,
immediately

their agency is
simultaneously a threat and
the very source of the
desire/fear: locus of their
undivulged secrets
[controlled exposure to the
outside ; patriarchy control
(dog leash)]

purifying ritual perhaps
(phobia of agency,
uncleanliness outside,
control exposure - social
germaphobe - taboo
transactions ; jealousy
arises)

the interrogation purifies the
outsider

(removes the outside from
them: ???)

perhaps the saturated media
environment cultivates desire
to render human interlocutor
into "non agent" media
object (pause and play as
needed, total control)

endless racketeering
these voluntary cyber jails

the crossing could be made
at certain junctions
but not others
it wasn't said
the infrastructure normal
yearning and pulled
the decent cross river
to live and be saved
in the society so real

Mass Transit
After Dark
Industries

the darkened channel
pond lipped with lucens
a gin engine

obfuscating the meaning of
rave culture
neon sex party
cultists
individualist organisms
costume
festival
separate system (seemingly)

only halfway skinning the
banan

so much of the fruit left
unseen
in modern times
seeking radiation underwise
the radiant underlights
drawing the mothselfs
to their seas

endless pression
in blaring sun
radon ration

they tip so hard that they
must be bored

implicated in machine slot
dispense

... mista neal o. platon

midnight burning turning
stick

totem floatem boarning
sticke

the embedded desire path
that we will get away and live
in a big
house some day
rerehearse it daily

rotund grinding mo bile

eel

just giant maggot filled

menace

slumbering under heel

sweltering under foot roiling

in the gut

of the monster;

the social real

man of the little people

strange horizon

guzzle desire

consumption class

holding position of yearning

watching streamers
watching them live
couched in my position of
yearning
holding
strange loathing restricted
lack of
produced condition
a heaving gila monster
obese and roaming the
street in my
tatteted mumu dress
on my way to reappoint my
fat boy feelings
severely drunk and

wandering at the toy shop
the massive convention
of foreign tv objects and
accessories
costumes and

the desert is drying
and world beyond shrinking
impossible 2014 indie slim
space cool

massive bazaar

worse than fake
we'll never reach

laundry desire
de zier lon dier

1. someone has to go out and do things
2. the terms and stipulations of doing or being able to do those things are abstract and contingent
3. the contingencies and abstractions are subject to a myriad of external influences

desire transponder: cabler

and combinator
groupings of signifiers

and endless backroom work
playlist
waste nights

watching a racoon watch
fireworks
4th of july
a rumbling boiling pot
viscuous underwater sound
from the land
hard to make out with nearby
explosions interrupting focus;

local disruptions making it
difficult
to grasp the big picture
the manic slashing
of now townspill
close enough to hear the
individual percussing
far enough to hear the liquid
we're all in become audible

when it is far away it sounds
like water boiling
when it is close, it sounds
like individuals punching

the water we're in

we can clop to nothing
and build our stupid city soon

close ad
show tags

for the neurons to fire

lofi is the ideal (?)
why?

obscene meat holes

cavern

hollow critique there of
20th 21st 'fucked out
crater[s]'

the 19th 18th tripwire

tightwalker

down going

projection

re laundered soft circuits

quiet loopings of comatose

loves

all that is real doing

buying chipotle burritos (with
coupons) as a way of

avoiding the dead

the perspective from the
other side

the platitudes weaponized
amphetamine gaming

psychosocial conditions

technologically mediated

performative impulse

clickbait politics

the thing but not the thing

at the center of whats
currently going on

massive cultural oceans of
music videos

accelerating meanings in the
20th century

cultural purveyor re
conisseurre 2000s

increasingly there may be
less to know

2000s culture entirely
defined by advancing
camera technology???

-> pre 90s traditional studio
recording -> post 2000s
handheld/computer edited?

THRESHOLD OF "GOOD
FX"

in video

post 2000s = good effects
visually believable alt
realities

finally a charging port with

lasting importance

using the personal to reveal
the systemic

be able to trace 'prevailing
social norms' back to 'the
economic base of society'

(psychological economics?)
(social bodies? [deleuze
analysis?])

no progress will be made
inside

because theres no room

great river screens
bloated and rotten from
caught flotsom
floating on tide
let me go; let me by
keep me not here
i dont want to die

no one saw the overflown
sewers
their nice lives were covered
in blood
suicide and pus

float on
enjoy the fish tank
enjoy your fish life

braindead children playing at
tea forever
ignoring their abandonment
what she spent was spenter

constant rehashing of current
cultural conditions

handling psychic overflow of
the consumer masses

twitch chat

'money for nothing, chicks for free'

dark swimming pool

rogue entity facing
incorporation into
various systems

eyebore drilling

detached plastic

reading a long letter at a
dark table
in a wooden bar
medieval

saying we're living in a giant
washing machine

purge the understanders

to be disgusting palm tree
invader
as my recent ancestral
departure

on my obesity quest to
become more rotund
comfortably floating in my
home
consuming monstrous
information
oh im having fun

massive commercial dreams
and doorways above my
head

im not tanned or thin enough
to engage
securing needless amount of
calories

in cheese
despite all my drunkenness
all the ideas did not fade
yet with them i did not
engage
hyper space civilization
maybe im paranoid
7 o clock is a civil time to
walk
what kind of childrens shows
are they
still living when theyre high
do u forget to act
how u really would
or is that really
how u really would

after all this tired cock i never
achieved

at night transforming in to a
tomb

re mummy wrapped
de partment store
shouting what kind of yilted
enjoyment is that

executive;
with picked berries already
lined up
for me in throughout day

shaman of logic
and organizational practice
stretching my limbs in the
morning
reaching across the slotted
pills
planned out for me like a trail
picked out pre pathed;
i go 'sailing'
like wize a grail cutter
'the world is built for me'
and it knows it

joys ride

a shirt full of eggs

beer and wine are the
medieval potions

cult of alcohol

listen, as a social prerogative
for the impending

environmental collapse for
humans on planet earth

ill have to stay drunk all the
time

ok

caring barry

saying "covid isnt over xoxo"

hunchbanck and vulnerable
calm pleade appo seate

im gloopin
living like a twitch streamer
3 different burritos from 3
different places
pacifico beers

empty ukelele streets
no volcano required

fire iron from a favorite space
and they seek lifestyle
programmes

as a basic need

looking at it by not looking at
it
theres water in my bladder

'i have everything and ill
never wake up'
giant bloating fish of our time
capitalist sunfish as the
expression
of empty success;
the lifelessness and release
of making it, youre sleep
its producing a maintenance

apparatus

for taking care of giant
sunfish

see how we go to work on
them

like constructing so many
effigies gods

a deeply religious society

he went into the hospital and
could not wake up

collecting drips for the siphon

obligation happy pills

living out of the box like a

morally destitute american
enjoying it

plump out wasted fat man
continually needing numbing
for self afflicted pain
elephantine delusion
deluge inns

life is alive

the meaning this evening

birds chirping

a drain on peoples energies
and yearning
power mill discourse wheel
people turned to circuits
people flushing excess
the small and personal
orgasm was vague and i had
abused it

mirage pistons steam firing
just out here in the dust
working on their cat fin

eternal rotting corpse
beheld in the room

on the throne
in the court

understanding
the construction of
knowledges

powerwashed streets

space broadcast from luxury
man

bright lights searing into the
toaster

fried land

the civilized asia

beaming direct into derelict
western land
we have oil and pus for veins
death everywhere
lack of a man of action:
you're at work

william burras and teddy
driesner????
[william burroughs and
theodore dreiser]

seven left in a nice shiny
never
electric pipes of that dying
whale

reduced myself to pushing
blocks

the use of the hands to
signal
subterfuge in every
conversation
organized on the agricultural
basis

rotundus morales
visible from the street
the question what is it
air condition
brain and feet

western yet desert
demographic
calling on phonecall
to stay safe in the street
buratta bienalle
pornstar pushing threte
my harness signals always
'ed sheerans indie art'
fire pumps are homeless
hearts
this place aint meant for
human consumption

"your attention is a
commodity"

american cliff huggers
digital canyon the cut out

dont stop years before
id left that body cold

nightclub and mega concert
halls

overflowing locations filled
with people and desire
prime targets
as locations of
desirefunctioning

obliteration of organic
feelings first thing in the
morning
gas coolant oil culture car
culture auto culture
car coolant gasoline service
station
timeline of collapsing service
culture
serve-ur-self reinvention
culture
redisguising that ur fucked,
awesome
redesigning ur demise on

the big fucker shouts loudly
healthy hefty
fire hydrant roping velvet
underground
unto you

with the hybrid whine
things take on meaning

as conditions change

a savage entering

so many boxes
with ski lifts inside

im a pig
i have to get drunk now
as the world falls
and i do nothing
worse than nothing
i stuff my face
and think im helping

ah caloric fetishists
movie in my head

there is a discrepancy:
between available recorded

music

AND ALL THE MUSIC THAT
WAS EVER PLAYED
THROUGHOUT TIME

think of all the crass and dirty
songs played in low class
bars across the world
that never got recorded by
early record companies
just look to winin boy blues
by jelly roll morton
they were crass back then
too
despite what slim recorded
music would have u think

beware the fuckers false
history
life today is a ghost
tomorrow

all these skinny people at the
mukbang for the content

let anyone do anything
without it being a down
payment on something
impossible, its investment all
the way down

electric dictum mcluhan

total departure from the body
wheezing old engine that it is
lost in time
peeking round the golden
corner
seeking to making me a
better machine

the fat are getting skinny
and the skinny getting fat
for views, its content
the fantastic transmutation
of media content
spectacular transformation
events

magic

dietary habits resulting in
chemical waves

i wake up in the mad house
having to boil the hot dog
water today

to pour into the pipe service
for the benefit of all

our inmates and pigs
maintaining their norms

there is no signage

or asylum appearance

its just a house hold

with people on board

a pondering never reached
over the sounds of their
screams

where and how is the
superhumanism produced
which words and in what
order are they put
to have the superhumanism
work

white meat blender disease
cold beers for the desert
festival show

keep trying to escape the
circuit
having to swim through so
much soil
to reach the human level
going through so many
rituals
and thresholds
to arrive at the end sign
sliptraps and rifleline
theres something wrong with
me, i go right to people i dont
like
hunched showing the hairy
back of my neck
let it rita stew

let it ritus cook

global vocal words
the aussies spoke

in the cockpit broke

that im simple and get to
enjoy
is that what youre telling me
foisting my pustules
advocate for the burning
totem syndrome
clogged arteries and all
shining hydrant

content for people who cant
keep up
anti keep / keep out
out keep

there was a lady in line who
looked at me with hope and i
loved her
and i live with deceiving her
fat and drunk alone

maybe i need a regimen of
uppers and downers to
regulate my emotions
and activities tailored to

success

white twitch margaritaville

stream

overlayed with tribe called

quest full album

test

at least im not making retro

white boy mustache content

like the 80s christian

husband diddilydo

ironic fashion stache

cant do it

sorry ohio

the world is poisoned but she
will climb atop ice caps

what sewers we joke in
while rich boys game up top

meanwhile becoming a pimp
on top of crack bone skin
relations

massive extractor
extortionary priests
of unknown highways

orphic infection

guzzelene oil air conditioned
meat

im closer to ai than u are
i mean men tally

and as i reentered i found
myself reintroduced
and reconsumed

so far away from the tame
impala reality construct

jonald joeseph joegan

of the jewnited states
im jeanius

something they might say

theres no listening to music
in that car

it was sensibly shaped for
continual autal church
service rotation safety
emissions

a pew on wheels

protestant

german

german air bubble cart
safety emissions

equipt
with the most sexless future
imaginable
trying to fit into some very
foolish things
i didnt realize
i want to subvert my values
into space age consumo
fascism
crawling into that space suit
slim lined super pilled
drastically streamlined
equipped with the bleeding
edge
of pharmaceutical sensibility

purchasing powerfully;
ethically
blasting home
to slice into a shark like
femme
in a courtably decorated
home
hermetically sealed
surgeon zone

stay away from the highways
of the phone
the eternal terminals under
the iron dome

what if there were entire

groups of people who
learned to breathe
inadequately
and the lack of oxygen to
their brain
has put them in a constant
maladapted stasis
emotionally and
psychologically

fractions on the internet
its so cold

decrepit smelly people
cursed bent people
shrapnel shelled people
animal differences in size

and

mating

howl

call

exclusive communities

worshipping beauty and

cosmetics

following the corporato

consumer trail;

the tarot and happenings of

coupons clipping and binge

back sales

my destiny determined

dipping seemingly sensibly

into

different consumer ponds

this app that app
the celestial finance space
above me i inhabit
im a bronze member
seeking constant
displacement
into whatever im consuming
era of narcissus
and making plans delineated
by corporato entertainment
machine release
fueled by guzzelene desire
the motor older than ages

bill it to head set

and check the counter top
the angry root of alcohol
dreaken i am
the shattered machinery
music
at the edges of waste white

the disparity between family
mind and the crater life
this dudes making money on
my tv screen

emoji hieroglyphs
we already know

knowing there is no way to
meet in this world

ive lose my head
ive lost my head
a long time
excessively
with electric trimmings on
every artificial tree for the
enjoyment that we need
my virulent trifecta
wearn terrible in robes of
white on vacation
colonial beach buffet
lay zey

american feudal samurai son
in tow

so many apparati over every
object

like an ocean of spiderwebs
ecstasy of constant imagined
movement

the positive reality of whats
going on

decoupled from apparatus of
rationale

organized by aesthetic

cried wolf

broke eggshell

thin surface

crash through
ruined future
fell down on
small village
crushed with it
my matches
increasingly short windows
of intimacy
maybe i will die flopping in a
curb sewer
in 2040
i had a dream where i saw
myself as someone else, and
with it awoke
realizing myself as a
stranger

i left the lady in the temple
who i had been harranguing
asking her for several hours
questions like "what is my
name" "who am i"
"are you you"
etc

my own rotting abandoned
social media as contributive
to the atrocity exhibition
that is eerie old internet
wasteland adjacent

i want the powder sports
drink and subway

celebrity track suit combover
muss
air conditioned wax doll face
happiest habeus corpussed
autismal pharisee;
personal eternal
internal im pire
cyberpunk sandwhich out
she doesnt move
as you take her
machinated
its a monster day
limping along the hyperlane
dawns
in the evening in the morning

what will happen to the flesh
this century
endless ticking time
unwinding out on
empty nowhere townes
pumping major forces into
abandoned chat
rooms overlaying several
haunted tracts

the alcohol is the other
displacement of self
into objects
surroundings
places and selfs

i throw myself into the friday
ceremony
drunkenly to participate
in mass entertainment
hawaiian fascist brigade
mandatory masculine chill
hume hegel kant de sade
balzac
a shot in the dark 75 % mid
evil foresr
untenable positions,
requiring more alcohol
indefinite
the animal wants to drink

i still live in my minecraft
house

its just the scratchin motion
at war time keeps me goin

red flags
note fics

the organization it brings

its my pineapple but it doesnt
exist

youll be sad without
enjoining

your hunger
to a festi valle
a festive ball

returning to where existence
itself
is a travesty

she doesnt like to smell
anything
hear anything
or talk about anything
and doesnt smell listen or
hear
herself

wander my way through the
salt ashes

on john wah bro

ce se braco

bro

cash only its a temple

if i call wilshire a whale theyll

know

ill be drunk

family history of death decay

and disappointment

the ultimate apparatus

too much meat

cum palace

hiding under europa in a
metal submarine

crystal meth masturbation
to shake the electricity inside
into a dry heave situation

just blinks of light

addiction slammin eats
awaken and find myself with
a new crew

who knows what their
sympathy is made of
newspaper print
my anus and my teeth
the two orifi of my speech
(to talk to you as is)

empty pin ball machine
easy pinball machine

protestantism -> american
aristocracy -> celebrity
cancel culture

screaming desert sun

suburban suburb and
air choke end

crabs in the rock here crabs
in
to the rock

under water some

transformative submarine
experience

searing open wound
hot open wound
bloody open wound
flesh opening opening

slaughter room chat fresh
meat house
hooking floor talking floor
plague time stuffing words
into holes in plague time fine
keeps the meat clean
keeps the games fleaed
faster and faster as time
goes

going nowhere for 17 days
with the wrong wrench in
computer villains i escaped
from
she escaped from
i escaped from

ballard villains
mad max computer villains
nerd villains
techno villains
pre requisite historical
appreciation for vessels and
danger
the worlds shrinkin buster
the organs are drying up
we're invaders in our own
body
ugly aesthetics that i like
overheard over the buzzing
from the lights
nobody knows

who i am
hallucinatory gothic worlds
individual basis; media
fragmentic
'it just meant this or that'
this or that

two people lying to each
other

head games

adhering to medieval forms

nightmare mushroom worlds
inside washing machine

worlds
at night time worlds
if im lucky i can enjoy myself
security state

do you think an ant could fit
inside your vein

spider life at center of web
zen

cellophane people wrapped
staying calm

we are shoved inside

psychological boxes

a futurist like burroughs

entering roman stasis
chambers

ghosts of everything snowing
all on my phone and showing
tall tower factory looking
down at top

damn bro theyre still making
beatles music

'Neapolis (Naples)'

apolis aples

entering a mental state for
malala right now

survival comes

brain chemicals

relegated to groupings based
on surface codes and
surface frameworks signs etc

the nausea of whats been
made visible

learning a new sub cause i
found red fox the lucas

dash nobody bebello

devoid and shaved corpa
pink floyd
for the future
adjustment
reinpaid

flayx my eyeballs off

pathology of the parking lot

in a future where civilian cars
are militarized

tactical squad shopping
endeavor

one man shops another man
remains posted in the car
surveilling
assessing outdoor conditions
for impending extraction.
weather conditions

mob conditions

war time conditions

exposure gauged exposure
conditions

plague conditions

guarding the wagon frontier
conditions

ultimate private sector
expanded

honey bee hives insect
sector conditions

24th century cowboy gothic
conditions

refeudal

ford motor conditions

industrial ahistoricity
complex

u cant be asked "what do
you like"
you have to be shown what
you like
in order to like it

conditions of desire

hows a janitor about to get a
mangosteen door dashed to
them

sunken stories a hah

surrogate media life

physiologically masturbatory

industrially masturbatory

industrial chemical brain

rewiring

industrial acting

social masturbation force

gripped feeling

the feelings reflect the

process of pleasure

how you do it is how you do

it

how you do it contributes to

how you
feel you should do it
its a process
one produces the other
sets the stage
and defines the axis
modern digital pornography
contributes to industrialized
masturbation
quicker and more efficient
gearing nonmasturbation
emotions
towards quicker and efficient
outcomes
ie. conditioned to force

quicker orgasm
individually
ice locked

a revelation: of outside the
family system

servantile addict to hammer
it home

am i formulating a scientific
cum

for years remaining at
surface level thinking

without knowing

an endless sea of private
delusion;
the final consumer
desire is down
its stomach concern and
metal water
now

mental water

reentering my christmas
unhealth

anna's 80's spider art
as a mushroom man i see
the hole i can crawl into yes

cooling in my pipe
an animal specimen
of the hive

see me dangle
through the hall
of our movements
hyena crookt

system getting nothing done

justerribleincantations.withou
t seem
inglikeit

culture hole

nice broadcast
domestic vibe

zombie chemicals
from all the hide
formaldehyde

chemical ocean
we swim in

mating relations as a
resource?

social relations as resources
made visible

is my science predictable
or social churchlite
absence

i see my head

i have to be okay with my
own salamander body

maya

Unknown

text and fragment texture

stretch like a seagull stamps
no one understands your
magic

are all
the given structures for those
who play along

sleeper views
sleeper apparati

big green brain in my gray

the fetch is catching out my
eyes

the clap is out fetching out
my eyes

"and you know, that's a signal
from young billy, who's our
sentry"

objectives: SP1 & MP2

formulations: dis/un
concerning

enbloating

d4ug CT

drug addict bracking
brain hacking orgasm
release chemicals

endless pour us jelly

certain things that get lodged

i am a big fat american
who doesnt see right

future museum pieces

budging mind holes with a
stick

"ero machine"
automatic bridge maker

worldwide meat and
fridgerator world

visivble social evidence
of good processing:
public facing screen

just plastic containers forever

its strength comes from its
weakness

download the app
from remote locations
to tell u i see yor jurni
that you have taken

everything is too fast
and doesnt make sense

i am blind to my self
so i make myself blind

to myself

always endless pleasure
bubble

something going on
in our society based on
hyperfixation

giant heaving assembly lines
of the mind

sushi women guerilla women

people to the trees

bullying us

not very nice dude

time as a sloppy fool

do u have furniture in ur
room too

giant overlaps
on top each other

like oozing sewer

overload

cumming a cloud to float
away upon

decon de kline
oilgas prizes
piperdon

muscles through the ages

california
the crossroad between
medieval europe and zen
buddha
atop the bone world of the

indigenous

sideways bronze kingdom

locked in a capsule
and lost into space

there are rules and there are
illusions

getting away to get close
a disaster mode

it doesnt say much, its just
like playing in the sticks, like
children

for your all adult life

machine harvest relations
machine harvested
chemicals harvest routines .

scythe cut at night machine
blind put big moon machine

tournal internal winter bleen
big moon screams heavy on
the uncut dens eve

sieve

siege

every thing and every place
has a structure underneath
its appearance;

addiction is perfect

a sexual program is a form of

reinforcement or resistance

halloween alcoholic

toxic waste gates in fall

knowing that the cow is
dying there

a big metal ocean picture
with many holes missing

they export norway in their
eyes

a begrudging little dog in this
world
no newspaper required

a kind of little seen as a too
big medium but never as
properly big

with little lumpy hats
god given
parking association of
america

psychedelic trip on on the
train amongst strangers

european pink floyd
yopian galoshes

pico house
el pueblo

leverage material use ability
usability

the remnants hes wearing

the constant flowering
of unconditional dais

essentially urbanly
organized

turtle island all alone

awake to the valley
possibilities
reality

if ur chemically dilapidated
then ur emotionally saturated

a loop just like sister ray said

man, i gotta calm. down.
shwagondeeze babe

bum!

constant and serious fucking,
incessant fucking, have to
catch up kind of fucking,
senseless needless fucking,

"who is that knocking"

what am i hastening
towards? to disrupt the great
undulating heat of their
reproduction?
the castle, the western, the
wastes

all the jillions of meta data
pouring out the imperial city
like a blinding geyser pillar of
torrent

a giant column of light
holding up the heavens
maybe

christ how in a hole

why would she

chronically unprepared

i am completely unstable my
psychic operations will drive
my organs to disintegration

the feeling of distance
haptic touch
in the mind
emotion sense
numbers, math
(distance between numbers,
math as a system of
measuring distance / touch
[distance is a measure of
touch/how far away a thing
is])

im absolutely insane
but they gave me a fat sack
of limes at least

all the good things on
accident

people act as though it were

their acting performs
and thereby it does

but only as acting
and only through
performance
go to sleep while your throat

is open

how terrible this gullet hole

is she of the eternal holiday
kind of mind

atleast u can walk
comfortably thru the yellow
leaves

century of the rat
for who the media illusion
world comes unraveled
and

increasingly fanatic
fascist
for who the bell tolls

what if we are like bats
but we do with emotions
instead of echolocation:

we send out waves
and measure their feedback;
visually, conceptually,
chemically, we read our
emotions
the chemicals in head

feedback systems

oh jesus christ
gods fuck
here i lay hiding in my
crevace in a blade cut
through the end of the world
the blood hewn passage,
madness driven
what the hell am i doing here
what mad
binge driven disease
brings a european
to live on the pacific coast
the amnesia misgiven

blindful living
cowered cowards nigh
sighted brethren

stewing in the soup
by designed and witnessed

from where the currents
come

formless only
empty taking appearance
only
a structuristic mime
and clown and
when i saw myself
it was in the image of

another

i had been muting for ever
now in my anger taking
refuge in my little ant life; as
wide as id grown it

i had to uncover myself
from where i knew not

the day begins at night

it was immasculating
but i had ordered it

pouring drink down the brain

to return me to spider
hole/mode

sink into the bath of my own
brains now

stinking in my clothes at the
end of the world
i lay in with the circle like a
stinking animal asking myself
what have i done to myself

i mourn for no place for me

when youre drunk you dont

know what youre doing you
become smooth and
unintelligible

survival boat
keaide eggs
minute meals

is there always a girl on the
piano
and is there always a girl in
the armchair

thats fucked up but its for
sure, it aint right

its a perpetual noire
upon her soul

(me)

i cant breach her
or through

at all

just fat with bad faces
on two fouts he
staying warm, see?

foe the past four (five)
hundred years its been the
same its the same its the
same its the same its the

same its the same

its the same its the same its
the same its the same

a sucker who paid the enter
fee towards the excellence of
"bird" symbols, baby, "bird"
symbols, full album
baby full album

she doesnt care about this

thats okay (its not)

its ok

what are we talking about,
we're at the bottom of the
ocean at this point...

[outdated interface]
{cover the sun}

3D Books

abandoned to a crumbling
mall
in a crumbling world

erasing my blades
get off my phone

i want your components

the universally capable
dick-shlong-man

gas station accomplice

where is the coze
the bio dimension
sus pension

all of those people
are gonna fall outta those
hills, come rolling tumbling
down

screaming, maybe

one can only guess, as to
whether they are truly
sleeping

used up and leave

mechanic ejection back to
space

the barbeque sauce is up for
the millenials nice

gout of juice, motherfuckers

i drink up all your coffee

the trajectory of depictions of
the last 300 years

the olympic dream

as i walk i am fat with blood
bloated loathesome

possession of my identity as
an object for others to pass
around,
adorn themselves with,
utilize and trade with

in a hotel in mind

whereas the overlaps insane

"there were secrets lurking in
his eyes" and i thought of
him as a spider, all eight
black eyes there in the room

you could see him, as a
spider, thats how he was
the horror of some people
polish my big black boots like
a good pilgrim for national
fascism day / national settler
violence celebration day /
national slaughter the
indians day
and march down to the
eurofam dining room
for the interfamiliar pig
trough guzzling day

stomping along the

wasteland burb
it all smells like baked shit

"dance like no ones
watching" a statue bearing

the female fishes
th ey dont know
its terrible

maintaining a constant state
of being 'lost' with and
endless supply;
singlehandedly colonial;
loose agent

all before my eyes is new
found land, i bring the colony
in my mind wherever i walk

stay away from the covered
wagon and retail store

somehow the merger of
meat is different from before

it was like being in a great
broiling pot of motor sounds
in a wooden house

universal slut

machine made
android cut
model make

errors throughout history
shoring up the bulkhead

what kind of a bulkhead
some kind of a bulkhead
meat made natural like flesh
and animal like
synapse beaver dam like
sinews and mental entrails
like

memory stew tripe
synapse stew

i feel like i have bleeding
eyes

which tribal location to
regress to
whereupon i find the hidden
beating drum underneath;
(the social)
extraction porn.

Extraction Porn; porn of
extraction, and its processes
of extracting anything from

anything. the sheer science
and technics of it. sheer
pulling out from within
something needed. the
taking,
separate from the unknowing
fixture/involvement/surroundi
ng of/to process porn, the
symbol sucking extraction
porn is visible and relatable;
we recognize that dominant
predatory ghost extracting
from its kill, it is a ghost
within us all. it haunts our
wiring. a technology/bacteria
of its own, trans-

speciest conscious
recognizing its own, we know
who that is

never ending protocol

fiendishly worming, staring at
blinding screen

imaginary cock

given to butter

massive dispelling of energy,
tactical numbing to make it

go unnoticed, unethical
numbing

the starving adherents to
beyond them consumption

the little pieces the pixels the
datum

chauffered by their sickness,
party to

just mindless clumps in the
dark
devastating pressure of

social groupings

it heard him coming down
the pipeline so it pumped the
nanos out ahead of him

distortions here

haunted by a nearby spider
society, by the minds in the
hive

dipping "material into this
placid element from the
outside"

empty of sleep at the end of
the night

i have to wait for the spirit

i am essentially dead
infertile children of men
anglo style

entering into so many dark
channels

grandest illusions beyond my
own understanding

too fat and greasy in the
current being

i turn fondly to my data
mansions
like massive amasses of
silver and gold

theyre going to fall back into
something without any
history

everyone hanging in their

little off room off the from the
rest of it

the entire country all off of it
itself

theres no actual places just
off rooms slotted across the
cliff

a whole waiting room the
entire place

the whole country was a
waiting room where it was
illegal to be caught outside
or in certain places

you needed a liscened
waiting room within the
waiting room to remain
inside of at certain times

except all the movement was
so in your faces that it was
hard to see

there are some ghosts in
some things in living up to
their misprinting

my newer teeth repatch
reskin just came in

plastic seal
pursuing blind dull

i am ridiculous with my awful
one-sidedness

all turned aside to some
endless practiced task
always
all wined
(wound)

"grasping/expressing"

american ecstasy of being a
motor
motor driven motor people

hooked up to some big
machines, jack

high power diesel fructose,
mack

stabbing that syrup comes
bleeding
hurried from the earth comes
flowing inwards injection
keeping and me going

american flowing
slurping syrup oil fluids,
above ground asphalt open
sewage

im open and going

big machines jack
big machines

nobody named elmore

starvung steel carcass

erotics of the assemblage
line

blurred porn star news
anchor deliverance
machanations mechinisms

actual isms

accenceasm

the missing of the machanic
clank and piston pull
steam ways illusion
nowdays just digital pistol
plastic missile
automatic

fission incision unseen
stasis results in dogmatic
action blinded mammals
looking for waxes unstocked
mansion

oxen awesome oxen
maximalized and scoffing at
the uncultured unsculpted
plugged straight in to the
power maxim wielding
assassins
shapers of the cowpatch
askance of the plowman
watchmen

wielding massive stone age
sonic flashes blasts into
magic manic

with restrictions lifted

arise on a midnight plateau
as clean as the dirt
the only one left

how monkeys fuck
with glasses on

not wise enough

i ramble on
he takes the shape
of the time hes on

sstrung aLong: the algo
freaks

shes horrible i say as i peel
myself off the cave wall
perfect for today

i wasted my life on that with
a bunch of mfs with
supercomputers
chugging it out

i push my weight over the
holder
creaking weight cannot take
a mid the neon blinders

utilizing vinyl (and silicone)
ghosts to resuscitate death
endless for my self
manufacture

i am the sum of my parts; the
vapor of a thousand (million)
deaths i gird in my being

(the smartphone)

(oil for the electricity)

(the music of slaves,
reduced to mere fashion, a
classic american standard)

mental ward

(class

sunglasses are not enough i
need it inside my eyes itself

glaring, 'sanctified and holy'

how impossible it would be
now, to truly imagine
someone on the mount, eyes
blazing, and burning it all
away, cutting entirely through,
clean

instead, only the illusion of
such; our participation in
such

deceptions
wasted main

mishapen men

seeking a simulation to be
endless about

upset about people doing
what they want

what do i want

i have attached to things and
ruined them. i wish to hold
them away and wash them in
a coldest river possible, and
hang them to try in a strange

sun if possible
movement, instead

like letting go, like leaves

chocolate from one holiday
to the next

in the mad house at midnight
all the mean time

only lucid at the screaming
peak of midnight, 2 am, for
one hour only, 2:58, for two
mere minutes before three

come day youve got to beat
it back from all surrounding
you

the collaborative ethics of
coercive capitalism

youd staunch your wounds
like they were bleeding
desire

like your desires were
bleeding wounds

youve gotta wash the face
out of your hair, man

referee at the post-coital-kill-
em-all-
all-nite-buffet

everyone becoming one

what is the shape of your
having fun

laying awake at night
wondering what is she
looking for
(if u cant read their mind,
whats the point)

im not a man with steak

the fibres come undone

back back back back back
back v

putting your bladder over
your eyes

yes, i will avoid the fish-sister
of lorraine

its like being in an ocean

alone

i need more to learn simply
more to learn, more blje
sarah diamonds from the
airplane

the lady jet plane market
smiles from the clouds
but never from the crowds
not for me
otherworldly mange me i
knee i plastic moment please

clark telegreene

is that a quiet endeavor this

its hard to run with your bags

underneath the idea that i
can get away from here, a
new voyage to destine to

coronado, do soto, espejo,
marcos, cortes, de leon,
columbus, balboa

sometimes at the bottom of a
whaler hearse

the illusion is that so many
chemical showers cleans

metal bins in between
stopbaths alose

the roots of disaffection crawl
up between the trunk

key board traintrack relations
kept keeper kept keeping

my actions guided by my
love for the letter 's'

depression buboes popping
after all

constructing other
appearances in the groceey
store

25 years at binge-o speed

he was to plug it in

the waves at night had been
receding

detached tennis gods

'no, dont say it'

there was a storm drain
somewhere
worth bleeding

who knew what these
slightest twitches meant

what is there to have
forgotten of

whole oceans in between

those who come and go from

an island

those who stay sink into the
land

high on caffeine for weeks,
unrinding

they book you to say
something

im just a know-it-all

i grub nothing

i had to rechannel my
hoarding to writing

it doesnt make any sense
what is this stuff

regret and shame like an oil
surface of skin keeps
burning

protecting the cliff set of
peace off stage receding

the cheese-smell of
eurociety stinking whole

creaking the scareman on
wendnesday

sunday

scaring up a creak man
appearance on sunday

i dont know if anyone has
any need for it

what kind of digital high brow
inner net saloons are these

every digital space takes on
the character of nursing and
funeral home eventually

constant movement and
fleeing is required to stay
alive

the facebook effect

she was obsessed with
bread labels, and very little
with the bread itself

my rotting nose on display

that is the dream isnt it
to be the inspiration for the
advertisement

pleasure economy

economy pleasure

just sellin each others teeth

no rizz no oal

the female part of ye
brutal as a rack of meat

the white rituals are
inadequate

kiquesave a qito bro
chak chak
cattan eye a tha mone

gotta get on crack to get
tactical

my social sm3lls l9oen like
vheese cheese

bea

nevania

im out here like a blank zone

thats fucked up

the coverage has to be total

what can u get from a person
except what u can get from
any person

ma6gr mayge msybe msyhr
maybe i5 i5 it was a curiosit6
curiosit6 vuri curiosit6.

curiosity about the bwok thr
tue w the womrn womrn
woken women

(pto pr9babl6 pr9bBl6 proBl6
prpba probanl7 p6 probably
not;

whay mO eha6.kK

whay mzkr

what mzkddwjs5

ehat

whzy

eh

whs6

whay

whay

whT.

whst

whT

what mK

whT mKes a mah hervous

(what makes a man nervous)

is his 8jcompeyens

incompetejce

incompetence

face the reality you have
wrought

all of my mistakes towering
behind me

the true totem specter of who
i am

the hulking ghost of me

my rotting mislaid pores

pucelage flowing

a mixture of millions of
creatures unfound and
unseen

construction of okay space

i want my words to be like
money

SC15ZRRPK2Y1

an ecological niche carved
out of the hove sope wall

soap hive wall

a campfire within
takenly resting apan,
cairnfal a lull (winter boat)
membered ann numbered
of the hove boat atoll
somebody someone
adrift the grey cull

a technodystopia its
colonists bear smiling

the rictus

consumer

how flat was it

screaming into the night

fleeing the end of times

digital aristo

new age peasant ideology

well versed in rote (road)
behavior

chip market bread

clip market bread

non poetry motions

antigrain (cannibal diet)
[reflections of grass]

you need to learn to spot soft
grass
for the survival ease of laying
in

in the flesh meat

creosote anger anger

(how do u explain happy
liquid world to someone else)

my meatness my fatness my
thick heaven
struck into material heaven
material meatness

meat heaven

to experience things is an
ocean between

what a rubber room

i evaded one night in my half
sleep but now comes the
writhing

the computer like meth
dancing

in the smelling hinterlands of
bad content sill

unironically the knee will
disappear

the plague had come upon
them

the music just the grease for
some larger machine

increasingly shut out some
how

as if my personality was
printed across a series of
glass plates, fastened to my
body, and i had learned to
position and move to
minimize their sound, to give

impression they werent there
at all ...

a person of untested morals
of printed plates instead

left in a pit of alcoholism for
not having any trade secrets

a lot of femboy slavery
princesses only looking to be
fucked in the harem of the
king by the fascist crown
guards as praxis

life is not bad - fascist
alcoholic, year-round jingle
bell anglo white alert wwii
supremacy christmas
season; christ the lord has
come, holy rockwell manson.
giddyup jingle horse pick up
your feet

degenerate rubber rags,
without a horse, humping
oiled rubber bags for soap

i am a camel
as i guzzle

there is water falling from the
sky vs the water is sky

im a data center asset
of course she was clunky

i was in christmas homerun
before i heard / found out
about you

ai detention / retention tryna
hold on / out about

who

this dudes house is leaking
with the woman on fire

roaming rambling man
servicing the sedentary
circuits of the same

roaming touring guitarists
musicians servicing the
factory towns unchanging

the fixed the same

standing at my subsitute

county fair at one of clock,

digital replacement for all
things, with all things cut off

isolated isometric parts of a
mechanic catalog placement
decenter aggravement in
the mock recital mock retrieval
mock denial

they wont catch us they say
plastered in between cloud 9
and the classifieds

computer western
nowhere railwand
remaining 1980s

end of history disease

media totality

tupelo blues
too much dynamite
shame on us
insulin train

the whitest white wood
shearest

that clean pine lumber shine
a much too simple man
can

whalebone porch goan

in a stupor sown

trying to make sense of that
american violin
in the early morn

across whose great strings
are our bodies drawn

and what a sound
sewn

living in a carcass home

hovering around some zones

i was an old age olden days
festival man

stomp footed foal

depression loaded

righteously plump
blessed be

if youve no need
alcoholic for
alcoholic whore

open veins in the apocalyptic
whore
open veins in the open floor

open veins in the gutter
whore

open veins of the whaling
war
the bleeding oil world

barbie simulacra

not official matel liscenensed
products but
ai generated imaging

simulacra
she does everything

advznced anglosoty

advznced advanced
anglosity

ill never love her
i run to mine
ai jane

im gonna continue to get
drunk and play shmuley
simulator

speaking the national
language of security to
barbara de bussy of
partridge d. farms

how do i explain that theres

no peace

nightmare haunted marks
"now only memories
(memories)
are all that remain, of all of
the people down in lavender
laine (lane)
oh lord, we gutted lavender
lane"

it doesnt mean i am a baby
it just meant my eyes dont
work

(bby)

are you willing to do that
geometrical labor

it was a sign of fertility that
he received an
advertisement, allowing him
a reward credit to spend on
an AI chatbot

hobbling up to the emotional
vending machine

a slot a cocacola

big money knobbed around
the bars drinking up all of
ours

fastened the pipes and living
in mega sports bar church
television comfort millenniality

theyve all lived already they
say

in immense loneliness like
an emotional or social
wasteland in between each
person despite it physically

searching the dead internet
for heat

just a heat hunter
haunting around the door

transcendence through heat

visceral spider heat

detached from an
understanding of fire

neutered

what is and isnt

the numerology world
the presence and weight of
digital numbers

people more equisitely set in
emotional politics

words of movement for when
there is no movement; spells

celebration: nice guy

the mirror was missing from

my life

true peasant form

takefrom and slideback

reaces mind sifted thru dirty
membrane

spotted acid sieve
sifted

cool friends out of block
too rocked out across
aircon ditioned fissure
digital train tract scission

disappointed steam of the
crazed machine

theres no room to be seen
jumping and screaming in
here

it all just gets flattened into
2d

when the wall is shrunk

1970s eternal campground
casino 1979 wide fat aisles
beer fat baby

limbo lit in blue sheet lights
screen lights
21st century hell
preferable preferably

almost halfway buried in
sand from laying a hundred
years in pleasure

in a stream of boiling flat i
have to shed my self and
render anew

prune

they are using their products
to feel

drowning in an ocean of
lights

nameless jaws

free ride on the arcade

opportunity

u gotta eat the goat

out of place without a horse

television carnies

festival spaces

invisible festival spaces

future climate war victim
dead man walking 2024

so glad for my good
personality

passed out in the greyhound
aisle with a throat that dont
work

if we were under an open
sky we could

need new holsters for these
things

yeah we just sat around
eating food and reading
books

senseless sonic domes
smashing against the side of
your head

and i am taking all of my

clothes off as soon as
possible as a pathological
mold man

reaching the end of your life
among unseeing people
unable to see beyond today

it may even become
pointless to stop and look at
it since the only way its ever
experienced is in motion

i think i know the cold
weather sports fascism

home run home baby

some kind of internet derived
hyper pop sewer stream

popintro to pop intro
what is

awwwwwlllll i said
awl on the bowloin

oaaaaaaaaallll on the bowlane
owwwwwlllll on the boaline

postmodded solitune

mountain wash

mythos of entertainment
industry los angeles
not personality; systematic
conditions

so much smoke

a little computer for me to
live inside

theyll just press everyone
into

juice in the shape of their
flukes

the steel rooms of heart and
girled, the modern world

little life

she gave me a tour
of corporate head core

the beautiful lobbies, and
fountains, staircase and
more

'reach over in the corner
mama'

wake up to find it was like a
facehugger on my mind

a cursed [*?] person lost
their appetite

?

me roman slave lord
cannibalized on meat
pork feast pork grease
smeared across my cheeks

a scippius barbados
ameri-romano anglo lord
pig fat face
cannibal white men of
amerigos
guilt ritual repeat

turn off the light and drink
water and be ready

the supreme loneliness is
surreal