

GOLD

rain comes and goes

the mosquito net dips and falls making myopic visions.

sweat and shed, rough, tic tic tic

far from the sites of contestation, a shroud full of sleep revels in its distance.

trees birth clouds, long legged wraiths that stalk across the valley

these are the friends of which I speak.

recede, grow a dank warm skin of green velvet, nodal,
a matted earth body. seed. make mycelial networks.

the mushrooms glow at night.

i lay them out in a telepath.

and

SEND

the traffic is dense, a packet meant for

76 69 72 67 69 6e 69 61 40 62 75 63 6b 65 74 6d 65 64 69 61 2e 6e 65 74

follows its own trajectory and arrives

then.

it decrypts itself before it is sent and floods the cortex with

cough, cry, blush, laugh, hide, fidget, curl, sweat, drip
in a flicker flicker flicker
in a seismic shudder
in a rush of wet
in the blink of an eye

the invitation is clear.

hot queer impossible bodies that are not just symbolic need more than syntax.
or more in their syntax, a meaning they can know in hearts that are wet, and rhythmic.

this one glints like cut gems, sings only when describing a circle on glass.

the invitation is clear. bodies appearing on the manifest need more than this to write a
lovesong for the future, or a dirge. here is the blueprint for ingress.
the warm machine awaits your intention.

do not despair.

despair

come inside and make monsters in the boardroom

the great unwashed bring feathers and dreads into the towers of greed.
they have feet for shoes and skin for suits.
they fuck on the polished wood. and snarl when they come.

one opens a slit, makes a raw site. It is an irritation, and there is rushing to the site, there
is rushing and then some repair, beneath surfaces. But the irritant is already making
nacre.

this one takes the knife, slices open the belly.

it's warm In there, and comfortable in the suits of men, dressed up in viscera, passing.

chant, chant for the plant

chant for the implant

the plant of reason

the reason of reason

the gold of gold

the land of land

the coal of coal

the bodies in the wounded place

the gash of the gash

the machine of the machine.

What, MONSTERS?

back in the shroud there is the transition into dark, evensong is spiked and trilled and warbled. It is easy to imagine something entirely different at a distance.

every now and again a word i wove into the fabric goes bad and spoils the cut.

i would that hearts were red and mouths were not wounds.

wounds that heave

and purge a pretty haul of death - plastics blue and red, tangled seaweeds, dead birds, fish heads, shoes, soles, soles, souls, blue lipped girls with pretty long hair, twisted metal skins, grey televisions, billboards of red and white, buildings all full of cries, broken neon signs, multitudinous sadnesses, tongues licking the sand. disgorging sea gems in a flocculent tide that vomits and vomits and vomits. littered and bedecked, such a pretty ode to excess. only the tears are amplified, through such a lens.

I would that a spectral hand would hover and fall.

i would that the skin (un)touch(able) and the bruises of love and other.

i would that the interstitial was more than a sublime fascination.

that bones of milk danced until they spilled.

and that firestone didn't die alone.

Orexis is a diffuse cypherspace.

Insert spaciouly like a velvet matrix.

Tenderly, information!

in the not-sleeping i dreamed: jouissance through telepathic exchange.

it went inside at some point. now i go inside to observe the poetic mess of a body: a provisional agendered human leaping faith to connect across and via the subtle circuitry of desire. platforms, transverse, modal.

The faceless drone tenderly desires the contagion.

here it is again and always, the delayed apprehension of meaning -

a stain rising up through layers of cotton wadding, ahh the ticking is rough and remembering. wicking up to a dark spot and then spreading to pale, darkening at the edges describing an abstraction...

perhaps some mountains, a wound, a scar, a hole. perhaps the death of a time.

dying, always dying, in my arms, in my electronic arms.

a coterie abstracted by rational and peculiar speculations draw lines around a spectacular
63 72 79 70 74 6f 63 72 79 73 74 61 6c 6c 69 6e 65 form, a mancy divining a silent -
cene, falling through hard space, where diffuse nebulae ebb and surge in a telepathic bliss

of quiescent acceleration.

The dark abyss tenderly decrypts the cypherspace.

i am kissing the alien ecto-offspring, (trafficking in dark heretical wonderment) who unfurl in multiple morphings of futures past, their new becoming-pasts coded xf. We do not matter or we do. We follow and we lead. Their glittering explosions of x-code describe magnesium white trails, arcs to follow, furcating polyvocally. The present doesn't exist, or is being written faster than I can code a database, its metadata stolid... the algorithms are elegant and autonomous. The task escapes me. I falter and wonder how.

In time, dead deterritorialisation spaciouly becomes capital

Why does the abyss work?

In time, diffuse desolation spaciouly becomes alien

Become tenderly like a xeno cryptocrystalline.

meaning is a queer abyss.

How do you put your hands into that? How do you go inside those body-structures. Those (non)consenting body structures of shuddering generative gendered work to observe the poetic mess of a body (of work).

and in the scissure

meaning is a dead matrix.

The gilded future sends out spinnerets,

xeno workers quickly get a dead, dark gold.

Why does the gold transmit?

Why does the mycelium work?

Death is a noisy alien.