

I woke up to a phone call from a number I didn't know.
I didn't answer, but they left a message.
It was a robot.

And the robot told me someone was filing a lawsuit against me, and that I'd better call the robot back or else a warrant would be issued for my arrest and I'd be taken away.

Arrested by robots.

I've been reading more comics. I fully believe in kryptonite. I feel myself getting weaker all the time. I feel like I've been asleep for the last year. I'm forgetting how to sing. Overthinking maybe. Madness is using thought to end thought. Ecclesiastes.

There are other Catbugs out there.

One a Korean DJ, another a singer from Belgium.

My first thought was one of them had to be behind this.

There can only be one.

But it'll take more than robots to make this Catbug cry.

There are only haunted houses never haunted homes. My home is gone like Morrissey's. Wandering round Manchester with my hair getting tall. Trying to pray like my dad in college. He stayed in the dorms all four years. Why worry? Because foxes have holes and birds have nests but the son has no place to lay his head.

I quit my job.

I cut up my credit cards.

And I left samples of my hair and teeth in a burning car outside of town.

I'm off the grid and I'm making an album.

An album that even robots can dance to.

It can be hard to make even songs I've written belong to me. You don't always want to own yourself. But the universe isn't neutral. No creation is. And whoever heard of a singer criticized by his song? I'm just too close to see it. I've never belonged to me. Dissonance is an allusion. But there's hope for me like a tree chopped down.

The danger disguised as art was still danger.
Made worse by being smart and God's anger
falls equally on the small as the stunning.

And Hell is full of the intelligent.

But keep it up.

There can only be one Catbug and I hope I'm yours.

