

Me and my Hex

That's my hex.
It's #A09918 and what's it to you?
We're all about the ugliness of hue.

Oh you know the glob and the goo?
There's gunk in the past and it clings
and it stings

and what's passed *is still here!* I'm
accustomed to it.

It's a process they say, and now it is whole.
You understand? It's manifest now.
My mastication has led to this incarnation.

The gunk and goo are crucial to this.
Fuel to erect my custom-RGB-ness.

There's joules required to manufacture this stuff.
A 24-hour operation
Of input and output and screeching gears in-between
It's exhausting for me being the means of production.

Look here, it's got heft! I built it! It's strong and
unyielding. I'm resting my feet on it, ahem, my composites.

It's a solid excretion- a positive thing.
It's #A09918. And you're privy to it.

Hmm maybe I can sculpt it -
Make it a stool? I can do that after I give it time to cool.

I'm laughing and thinking about how this will go
my ongoing misadventure
by way of, um, furniture?

Meantime let's get real and study design
Can't linger on this
MY BEAUTIFUL HEX