

I will tell you, bowels of the software I'm building, I am sneaking half this shit home. there's BONES. some of this stuff was people once. some of this stuff is trying to be people again, you can feel it. I don't know if I believe the cosmic shit these people are on about, but you can just feel it - there are ghosts in here and I think it's... disrespectful or something to just shove it into the computer and forget it forever. My mudroom is filling up now, some stuff I could save. binders under the bed. a gym bag with whatever it can carry off campus. I got a buddy who lets me in the Xerox room if I show up late enough and I don't bring in anything to mushy too gum up the machines.

I can feel the spores in my lungs but I am working in the room as much as I can handle. I am picturing EM in this room, when it was lit and when the dust wasn't mud yet, scraping together clues in their little notebooks and legal pads. I find a rock and it's not just a rock, it holds a history of different hands picking it up and wondering if it means the same thing it meant to the last guy.

L did a bunch of work before they dipped but it's a mess. just a folder of unlabeled BMPs and a few spreadsheets of transcriptions of notes they already burnt. the stuff is still here - maybe they also didn't want to burn bones? or maybe the furnace is closer than the parking lot and they're lazy. left so much shit for me. L didn't leave any notes. the only traces of her is the absence of the circulator system that used to bind these things together. I am knitting it back together as best I can.