

I can't stop making metaphors. something in me wants to make ideas into objects. it's like a compulsion. it's started infecting the things I say with my voice, just just the drivel I'm dumping into .txt after txt. my roommates are started to think im on drugs. I they can't kick me out, I need a roof to protect the collection. I think I will have to tell them what I'm doing before I forget how to explain this to someone who's not already part of this body.

I don't know if I can program something to hold all of this. it shouldn't be this hard. the system keeps crashing, more than it should. it's eating data and crapping out glyphs. maybe I'm just not good enough to make what it needs, something graceful enough to hold it. they should have sent a poet. ;_;

maybe it's just not the right time. some technology will come that will stitch the meat to the data more firmly. make a gui so lovely even the average citizen can parse irls patterns. whoever they are they've been reaching through time trying to touch a technology that can hold them. injecting themselves into different matter and hoping more minds will crunch the data. if you're reading this, tell me it means something. maybe one more trip through the meat is all it needs. thank you for joining me as part of the process of reprocessing this data. we need as many brains processing this problem as possible, thank you kindly for lending yours.

RUN. GOTO. RUN RUN RUN