

when I started this contact I thought they were asking way more than I was willing to give for this paycheck but i think I'm putting more in than I intended or the department expected. its like I can help it. it needs me. i'm not even giving it's taking. I want to give though. it needs me to hold it together.

any collection of matter can come together to become an organism. I am skin and meat and atoms and electrons and many many networks layering on top of each other into ecosystems and built up into me. I think this history is its own organism. it doesn't exist all at one, it's stitched into history at different times, hunting for parts of itself. humans as symbiote, agriculture to stitch this body together across time and space to assemble a body out of disparate matter. if we can feed it it will stitch itself together and finds its voice. I think the voice will tell us what it means.

what it means what it means. I am an organism that needs to know. how it works, why it works. how I can build it. if I can build a memory palace in my own thoughtful meat I can build one for whatever this intelligence is that tells me what it needs so I can tell me what it means.

v + em tried to stitch bone and meat and cells and stone, you can see their craft. but they didn't have the tech I do. I feel like dr frankenstein - I've got electricity and binary. I think this is maybe the glue they've been waiting for so their parts will finally stick.

the deeper I get in this the weirder I find it L didn't add their own 2¢ somewhere. everyone else seems to have had an opinion about it. maybe they had some kind of wall between their brain and their thoughts and they never let it get inside. or maybe they did and they took their diaries with them.

or maybe - and I think this is probably it - they put their post-its in the furnace on their way out. like damming up the channel so no more boats can get through. I can feel that as I crawl through this data in my own imagination, it stays there when I stop looking, bobbing around and stitching together. and when I come back, I see the way the parts of myself I left there have ~~festered~~ grown like moss on a stone.

I think maybe L saw herself inside this thing and trying to cut it out of herself. sever the tether - whatever she wrote about it. but you can see deleted data and you can feel her voice, like impressions on the next page of a notepad, but it's hanging in the wet air. I can see the path that she took by the eddies she left.