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SIGNAL-EATER



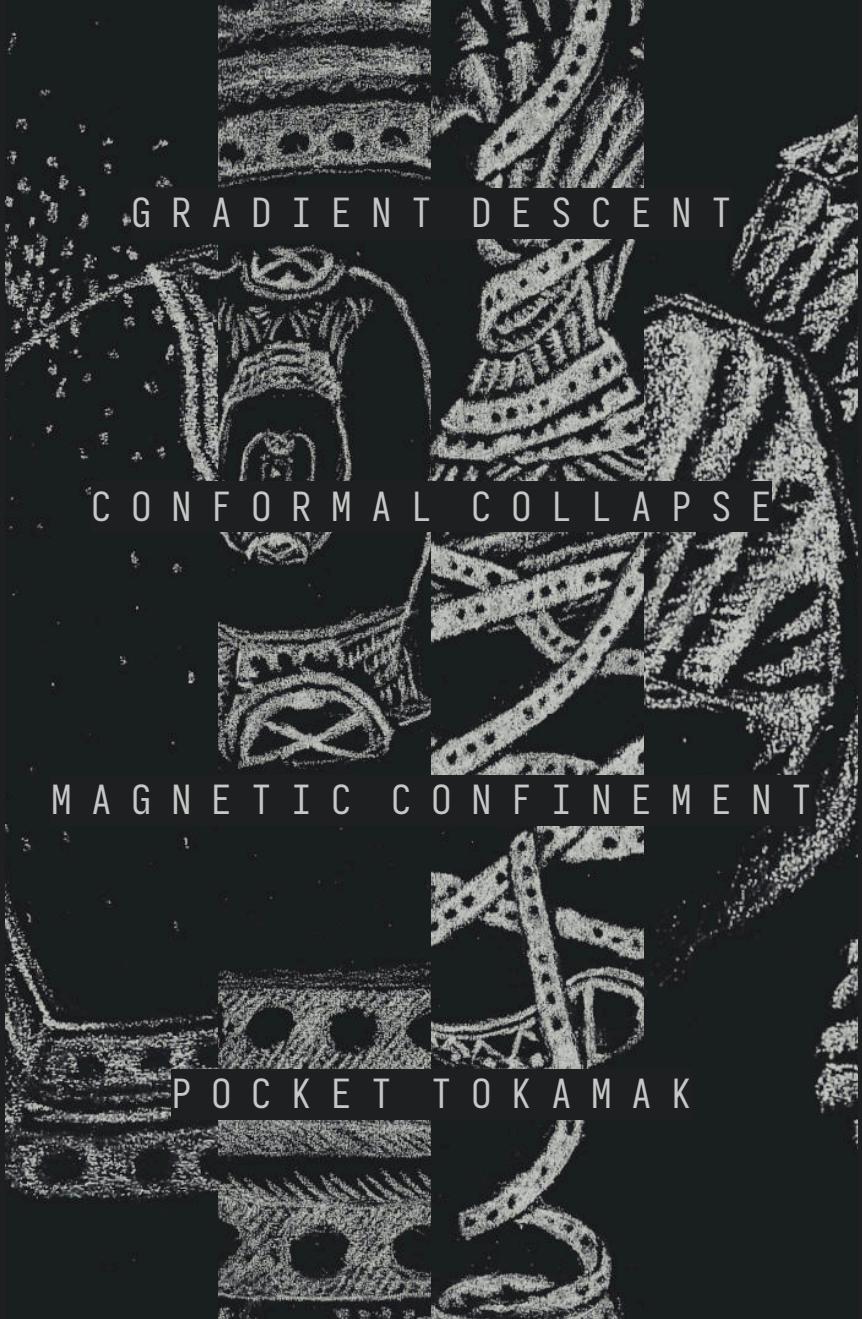
TOROID-FOREST



NULLING-LATTICE



SUNKEN-MOUNTAIN



GRADIENT DESCENT

CONFORMAL COLLAPSE

MAGNETIC CONFINEMENT

POCKET TOKAMAK



## A Ballad of Sundered Aegis



<sup>8</sup> Crystalline vines with latticed lines  
<sup>1</sup> at briefest reef follow my feet,  
<sup>2</sup> refracting shines in eyes of mine,  
<sup>3</sup> to buck and birl me to stone seat.  
<sup>4</sup> I'm sullen to see far sea drift  
<sup>5</sup> extends the current observing,  
<sup>6</sup> I lay my head to never lift  
<sup>7</sup> and hope for rest I'm deserving.  
<sup>8</sup> And staring at both ailing suns,  
<sup>9</sup> a loathsome, midday blue dulls stars  
<sup>10</sup> over obtainable spectrums,  
<sup>11</sup> I can't spy old homesun pulsars,  
<sup>12</sup> nor horns of serpent runaway  
<sup>13</sup> that streekt from freak hollows that cracked  
<sup>14</sup> in outer arms of nebulae,  
<sup>15</sup> which cradled me when more intact.  
<sup>16</sup> Where go the void? Am I woken?  
<sup>17</sup> I'm lost afloat sea asimmer.  
<sup>18</sup> Devoid of most copernican  
<sup>19</sup> of sentiments, I'm set center,  
<sup>20</sup> as per tycho-modelled cycle,  
<sup>21</sup> muddled scribes of prideful mindings,  
<sup>22</sup> unfit to find archetypal  
<sup>23</sup> humbled vibes from spaceward sightings.  
<sup>24</sup> Cause: my nightspore test in falter,  
<sup>25</sup> effect: broke spatial symmetries  
<sup>26</sup> and high order cosmographer  
<sup>27</sup> buckled to basic binaries,  
<sup>28</sup> where empties roam with keen beckon  
<sup>29</sup> and loom with lensing bend in gleams  
<sup>30</sup> to dangle weapons we'd not reckon,  
<sup>31</sup> jettisoning gamma ray streams.

<sup>32</sup> A solar lightnings' carving stun,  
<sup>33</sup> had waxing feathered in aether,  
<sup>34</sup> post-klaxon hum of trauma done,  
<sup>35</sup> prunes galactic blooms to wither.  
<sup>36</sup> Hither struggled, struggling still,  
<sup>37</sup> head weighing from gravitation,  
<sup>38</sup> bothers more than shrugging winds' shrill  
<sup>39</sup> wavering of kite in motion.  
<sup>40</sup> Then, low orbit imitations,  
<sup>41</sup> stellations of tetrahedrands,  
<sup>42</sup> aglow raw grit scintillations,  
<sup>43</sup> well oceans out from tearing glands,  
<sup>44</sup> as if my ship that dust the skies,  
<sup>45</sup> that gave grief on way and to leave,  
<sup>46</sup> reflects as real in my eyes -  
<sup>47</sup> I've lost escape with no reprieve.  
<sup>48</sup> In fleeing squall unknown to me,  
<sup>49</sup> I cut anchored familiar  
<sup>50</sup> which sank me near instantly,  
<sup>51</sup> consigning lapsed inferior  
<sup>52</sup> to briny, planetary churn  
<sup>53</sup> of tame oceans' laconic soak,  
<sup>54</sup> tugging parachute taciturn,  
<sup>55</sup> with lame, aphonic, coastal choke.  
<sup>56</sup> In silent scream absorbed in grasp  
<sup>57</sup> of black, long made before the fall,  
<sup>58</sup> my mouth agape emits no rasp  
<sup>59</sup> on stereo radio call  
<sup>60</sup> of ceaseless noises, double-talk,  
<sup>61</sup> a drowning EM tidal crest  
<sup>62</sup> through lowlands loch that acts to block  
<sup>63</sup> my call of distress: "just to rest..."



<sup>64</sup> No rest there was, I would not keep  
<sup>65</sup> out there because exosuits leak  
<sup>66</sup> cool air to heat with quick'ning beep,  
<sup>67</sup> those caught who want exit ought seek.  
<sup>68</sup> Bursting steam clouds my panoptics,  
<sup>69</sup> I toe streams I dare to wade through,  
<sup>70</sup> putting trust in field magnetics,  
<sup>71</sup> my rusting armour pays its due.  
<sup>72</sup> With metal-wrap and high-grade gloves,  
<sup>73</sup> I'm nervous thing on offhand lam,  
<sup>74</sup> poor chap jaded and strayed from love,  
<sup>75</sup> far out of reach of friends and fam,  
<sup>76</sup> I drove myself through endless void  
<sup>77</sup> and found myself in blinding fogs,  
<sup>78</sup> alive with self, not paranoid  
<sup>79</sup> where only self could haunt the bogs.  
<sup>80</sup> But sensors in sinew don't soothe  
<sup>81</sup> these systems trained as danger sleuth,  
<sup>82</sup> the shapes bored brains make from the smooth  
<sup>83</sup> and spikes of noise mistook for truth.  
<sup>84</sup> The isolation of the mist  
<sup>85</sup> have wits reform and nerves revive  
<sup>86</sup> in deprivation, tightened fist  
<sup>87</sup> does not affirm that I'll survive.  
<sup>88</sup> The fact, which hid beneath the hurt  
<sup>89</sup> I felt when in the way of harm,  
<sup>90</sup> is that my heart's ever alert  
<sup>91</sup> and that my suit would false alarm.  
<sup>92</sup> I see the choice that's left in mire  
<sup>93</sup> what remains I cannot eschew,  
<sup>94</sup> I can fear what has been prior  
<sup>95</sup> or harbour fear of something new.

<sup>96</sup> But comforts come from certainty  
<sup>97</sup> and thrumming of monotones,  
<sup>98</sup> a metronomic tendency  
<sup>99</sup> helps isolate anomalies  
<sup>100</sup> and formerly-perceptual,  
<sup>101</sup> conceptual consternations  
<sup>102</sup> are cancelled-out predictable,  
<sup>103</sup> perpetual palpitations.  
<sup>104</sup> Deterministic anxious waves  
<sup>105</sup> of bugs in ears and fungus grown,  
<sup>106</sup> are all that's left in coward caves,  
<sup>107</sup> I've chosen to suffer the known.  
<sup>108</sup> ... 'til worry of higher degrees  
<sup>109</sup> is wearing pocked and fissured plates,  
<sup>110</sup> to swap the odds of bayes' likelies,  
<sup>111</sup> inciting me to unknown fates.  
<sup>112</sup> Befriending shadows on the wall,  
<sup>113</sup> pretending comfort's what I felt  
<sup>114</sup> did not stop magma curtain call  
<sup>115</sup> as lava flows where shadows dwelt.  
<sup>116</sup> I see in vain with eyes wide shut  
<sup>117</sup> as pupils strain with contraction,  
<sup>118</sup> with darkness gone my lie in rut  
<sup>119</sup> was futile to vie with action.  
<sup>120</sup> Not to be mistaken for brave,  
<sup>121</sup> my sprint to screaming frequencies,  
<sup>122</sup> was more a run from painful grave  
<sup>123</sup> of lustful molten rock and seas.  
<sup>124</sup> When clouded chaos quiets some,  
<sup>125</sup> approaching shores of placid dunes,  
<sup>126</sup> I know the cause when that plight come,  
<sup>127</sup> the deserts' dry, decrepit croons.



128 The sea of glass is forming rift  
129 to vast periphery skyline  
130 with quaking shift of sands in sift  
131 to ebb this heavy head of mine.  
132 But edged where grains can fall both ways,  
133 atop a point langrangian,  
134 I'm safe as last man of blank bays,  
135 but subject to blare gaussian.  
136 Those sisyphean oft ashame,  
137 they'd dream to take this battle slow,  
138 frenetic static hits me same  
139 yet makes my thin bones rattle so.  
140 I wrestle neck up to behold,  
141 the old-world mechanistic grind  
142 of what is digging gap foretold,  
143 a whining and machinic kind.  
144 Bevy of antennas wired,  
145 rhizomes strafing past afloating,  
146 adjoint to roaming ore spired  
147 via hanging mast it's toting.  
148 Forlorn hoverer, overdrawn,  
149 does fawn over a gaping black,  
150 seems tired with yawn held upon,  
151 does it drag hole or hole drag back?  
152 I'm sick of this, I just want home,  
153 I've no such form to face the dawn,  
154 of tricks of light nor migraine chrome,  
155 this is not norm for brittle-born  
156 whose worn and crappy shell would split  
157 like licks of flame in dry biome,  
158 like origami delicate  
159 from war-torn, age-old, langsyne tome.

160 It seems my hands are ill-defined,  
161 exclusion principles resign,  
162 I'm swimming in space undefined  
163 no pull to which I can align.  
164 With frantic swiping at the sands  
165 ignored among acoustic seas,  
166 surrounding resonating bands  
167 eternally returns unease.  
168 How could I jam noise and combat  
169 approach so slow I'd not notice,  
170 when this is strong evidence that  
171 what was designs again what is?  
172 Commands of ancient echelon,  
173 back then were instrumental,  
174 now march of progress marches on  
175 where monument moves tangential.  
176 'Neath unpermitting monolith,  
177 I peer into unlit pit  
178 which swallows tight-knit regolith,  
179 uplifting what's hid from suns hit.  
180 It brings to light a slighter thrust  
181 to take the loss upon the chin,  
182 unloosened kite I need not trust,  
183 one up or down must take me in.  
184 I haven't strength to fight the flow,  
185 no option but surrendering,  
186 but smart conceding can help show,  
187 by notion of uncentering,  
188 not it nor I is all to know,  
189 there is no point of origin,  
190 it's relative to say I'm low  
191 with deeper parts to forage in.



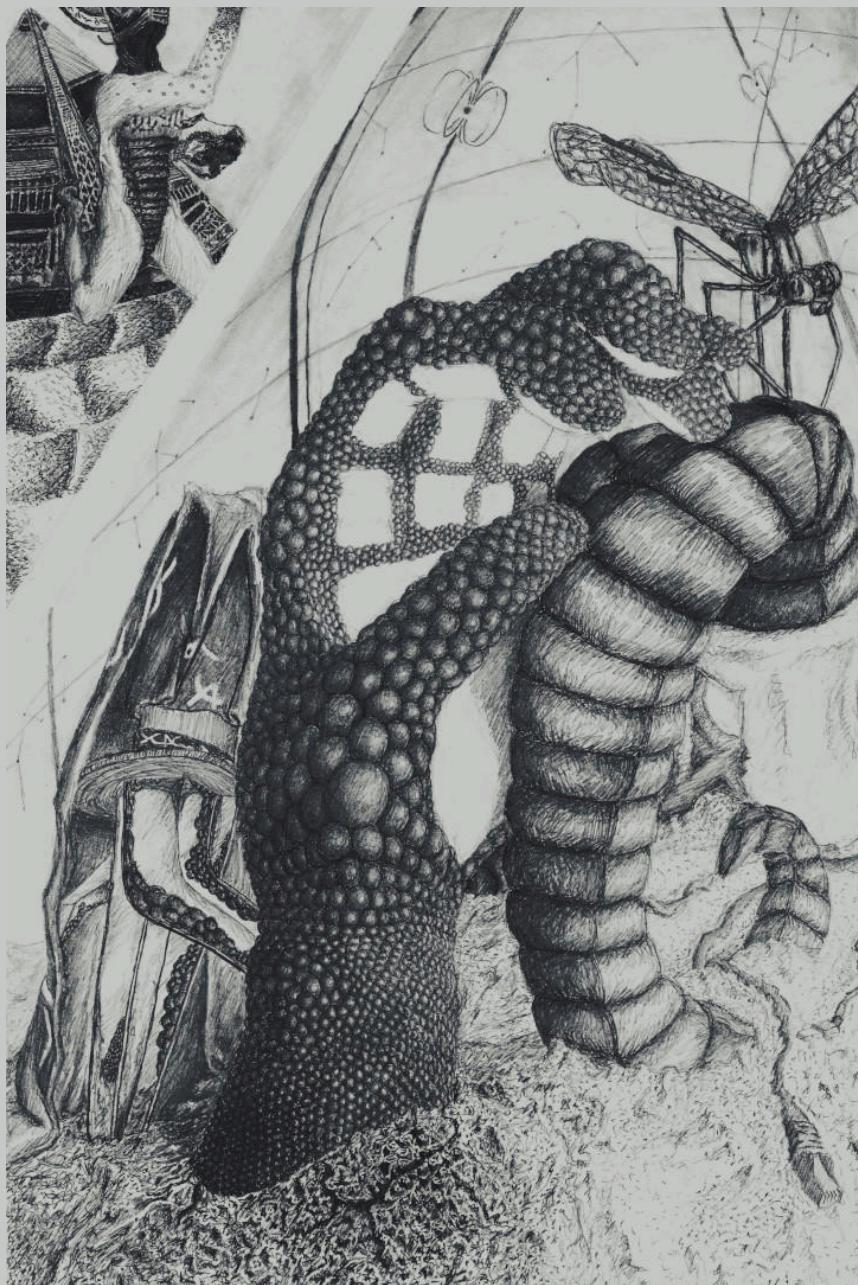
<sup>192</sup> Weight of planets draw me humble,  
<sup>193</sup> feckless I flee conscious id,  
<sup>194</sup> like up-turned insect flights fumble,  
<sup>195</sup> like reckless, conscientious kid  
<sup>196</sup> would fall again as fools tend to,  
<sup>197</sup> when leaping off well-meaning height.  
<sup>198</sup> Do not regard the hopes untrue,  
<sup>199</sup> the real's atop intent in might.  
<sup>200</sup> The buzzing cranks will overturn  
<sup>201</sup> as free as link in chain that's drug  
<sup>202</sup> around a wheel that returns  
<sup>203</sup> with wingspeed of the smallest bug,  
<sup>204</sup> and not a smack nor swat nor swing  
<sup>205</sup> will free me from metallic groan,  
<sup>206</sup> kinetic lack is what I bring,  
<sup>207</sup> rescinding potential I loan.  
<sup>208</sup> I spot the interlocks to thread,  
<sup>209</sup> the ratchets cranking obstinate,  
<sup>210</sup> my 'chute now covers up my head,  
<sup>211</sup> pronouncing me deadlocked dimwit,  
<sup>212</sup> and I'd not argue when entranced  
<sup>213</sup> by rhythmic happenings that spin  
<sup>214</sup> and without asking have advanced  
<sup>215</sup> to do with me what they have been.  
<sup>216</sup> In a fall categorical  
<sup>217</sup> of all the ones that came before,  
<sup>218</sup> why relearn what's historical?  
<sup>219</sup> I'd rather cognisance withdraw.  
<sup>220</sup> In cybernetics take over,  
<sup>221</sup> mechanical in my descent,  
<sup>222</sup> what help's knowing parabola  
<sup>223</sup> in trip I've no hope to augment?

<sup>224</sup> I hide away with shame I learnt,  
<sup>225</sup> behind replay of muscle logs,  
<sup>226</sup> and accept humility earnt  
<sup>227</sup> as gear caught in cosmic cogs,  
<sup>228</sup> but lingered in the cavity,  
<sup>229</sup> no longer than a blink to see,  
<sup>230</sup> a reversing of gravity  
<sup>231</sup> returning myself back to me.  
<sup>232</sup> A siphoning has strings near snap  
<sup>233</sup> in plane non-orientable,  
<sup>234</sup> then transformation of flat map  
<sup>235</sup> from surface low-dimensional  
<sup>236</sup> has stresses flip in changing draft  
<sup>237</sup> to scene non-representable,  
<sup>238</sup> dilating under dome-like shaft  
<sup>239</sup> where straight lines seem more bendable.  
<sup>240</sup> The data loading out the banks  
<sup>241</sup> in rushed retrace of path unsure  
<sup>242</sup> puts hole in taxonomic ranks  
<sup>243</sup> of gushing founts of matter lure.  
<sup>244</sup> My harness fit for lowerings,  
<sup>245</sup> and glidings to ataxia,  
<sup>246</sup> in guidance upside towerings  
<sup>247</sup> does not aid ataraxia.  
<sup>248</sup> The undercarriage winds me back  
<sup>249</sup> I stab my kite that's bound on bolt,  
<sup>250</sup> and nylon lace in tangled slack  
<sup>251</sup> experienced inertial jolt.  
<sup>252</sup> I grasp from hook-edged wand-knife held  
<sup>253</sup> machinic drive is not enough  
<sup>254</sup> to clasp forsook, dredged land-waif felled  
<sup>255</sup> from cynic dive to inert slough.



256 Letting lack of cause by nature  
257 indicate a fleeting reason,  
258 taking slack I rouse to future,  
259 to explore what life can squeeze in,  
260 while translating branching pathways  
261 to a stack of cornered maze tree.  
262 I try not see lazy delays  
263 in repeating sierpinskii.  
264 Uncivil sorts of architects,  
265 made halls inside all bent and creased,  
266 so navigation's made complex,  
267 as if for blind and charging beast,  
268 like time itself is light deceived  
269 to solve the shortest ways to where  
270 it tries to take all turns conceived  
271 at rate the junctions' will can bear.  
272 The turn-around in labyrinth  
273 have ground-up plans like knotted rings  
274 to cluster carbons knelt at plinth  
275 that supplicate engineering,  
276 "Please keep the minotaur from me."  
277 In byzantines of dread I stray,  
278 redundantly heeding to he,  
279 my ruminations' ox-head fey.  
280 Scrutinizing route unwinding,  
281 how I searched for centroid secret,  
282 I'd not get there without finding,  
283 notetakers, in corners, had writ:  
284 "quarks amiss will attend again,  
285 where photo-electric clockworks  
286 quantized to mass distend refrain  
287 through echo-concentric networks.

288 The slits of lasers phase in rhyme  
289 with timing blinks in hidden screen,  
290 reducing blits to local time  
291 missed universal state unseen.  
292 No matter if you're standing near,  
293 or scatter as you're no more seen,  
294 know you were always to be here  
295 and here you will always have been."  
296 In map of roads I'd rush to take  
297 from angled, firmamental look  
298 against those roads I would forsake,  
299 I found it's time that I forsook.  
300 Instead I'll note so simple truth,  
301 a measured time's not time perceivd,  
302 deadends I hit when in my youth  
303 can linger longer than believed.  
304 And so I know why still I fight,  
305 because they fought for me before,  
306 they've quietened to null-like night  
307 but grief for them breaks walls and draws  
308 upon the sorrow of the slights,  
309 recesses holding wrongward doors,  
310 I learnt I had to see from heights  
311 a way to wrench archways in floors  
312 to distributed cores that bring  
313 the beams whose course was overshot  
314 but know the ones that split offspring  
315 could find their way to better lot.  
316 Unhid, pervasive cables showed  
317 interconnections resonate.  
318 I flood systems for overload  
319 with chants of lives concatenate.



328 Losing footing on carapace  
321 and distancing from what I've said,  
322 all words unheard would far outpace  
323 those of me own that I'd re-read.  
324 I'd tried hard with kernel of code,  
325 in each part you were embedded,  
326 might not prompt recursive download,  
327 but at least I'm clear-headed.

328 With sudden, silent hope then dread  
329 as whirring stop leads unsteading,  
330 the pyramid descends on thread  
331 in blurring drop with circled heading.

332 Shifting forces makes sand syrup,  
333 moving land to stable new state;  
334 though my beacon's no more corrupt,  
335 I'm caught in sands and now must wait.

336 Like desert dripped through fingers slipped  
337 that's stranding me in sorry place,  
338 In dropping what I have not gripped  
339 I've weighted feet and cannot chase  
340 you racing others unsated,  
341 whose needing more than I can serve  
342 allowed, for me, what's awaited -  
343 a rest that I may not deserve.

344 Constant loudness seemed so massive,  
345 rampant shrewdness of racous breaths,  
346 sets like suns now, less oppressive,  
347 lurking down in vacuous depths.

348 No din in brooding, silent reign,  
349 my bones repose under my skin,  
350 no more enduring absent pain,  
351 no poke nor stab, no prod nor pin.

352 Some would think it grim, the moments  
353 it slips my mind that you did go,  
354 but simulacra holds remnants,  
355 like sticker stars on ceilings glow.

356 In pretense that you stayed unslain,  
357 I play that you lay at surface,  
358 suspending thoughts to keep me sane,  
359 that clay animate serves purpose.

360 Enduring phosphorescences  
361 saving sensory connection,  
362 cautioning risk to defenses

363 I air one more choice dejection,  
364 sending signal that won't diffuse,  
365 about more than a long to rest,  
366 amending logs with longheld news

367 confessing I've not lived my best.

368 Weakness showed through insulation  
369 sought within a wrought transparence,  
370 part refraction, part reflection,

371 barely asserted appearance,  
372 readying to shirk hand given,  
373 assuming givers would not care  
374 for empty body undriven,

375 a skin not lived in, life laid bare.

376 Longer was I not and won't be  
377 than ever do I patient wait,  
378 but pulsar clocks time not mem'ry

379 I'm holding through the hours late.

380 I'll leave my hand above and free,  
381 to grow like seeds take time to wake,  
382 and know I can be company,  
383 if someone needs a hand to take.



**Awaiting Healing Damocles**



<sup>384</sup> Something pulling the husk of me,  
<sup>385</sup> does bring me up to dusk abray -  
<sup>386</sup> offbeat, untrue geometry -  
<sup>387</sup> I would it leave me to my way.  
<sup>388</sup> It's not for love of me it woke,  
<sup>389</sup> No ambling in the trail left,  
<sup>390</sup> and rambling doesn't draw out talk,  
<sup>391</sup> implies concern for me bereft.  
<sup>392</sup> Its heft externally unmoved,  
<sup>393</sup> affixed but shearing through essence,  
<sup>394</sup> to shrink its stern and grow saw-toothed  
<sup>395</sup> it propagates wave-like presence,  
<sup>396</sup> while deftly 'round ferritic steel,  
<sup>397</sup> lashing out from inner spaces,  
<sup>398</sup> wiry lengths with neurotic zeal  
<sup>399</sup> probe and pull with many faces.  
<sup>400</sup> At the target of its phases,  
<sup>401</sup> where the sand subsumes the sun in  
<sup>402</sup> terra incognita hazes,  
<sup>403</sup> terrors in what this could summon  
<sup>404</sup> haunt the ghosts that's in the shaping  
<sup>405</sup> of this ever changing creature,  
<sup>406</sup> I'm reminded of my shaking,  
<sup>407</sup> searching remains not my nature.  
<sup>408</sup> I'd grown used to unchanging states,  
<sup>409</sup> it's no concern if one withdrew  
<sup>410</sup> to sheltered grey where naught rotates.  
<sup>411</sup> Still set, do suns? Or set anew?  
<sup>412</sup> The atmos rayleighs to rawed flesh  
<sup>413</sup> as cleik at wrist begins to ache.  
<sup>414</sup> Metallic tendrils of ored mesh  
<sup>415</sup> must take of me for its own sake.

<sup>416</sup> I spy athort much birk and bush  
<sup>417</sup> that sprout from seeds that sunward crawl,  
<sup>418</sup> to mask my being under lush  
<sup>419</sup> might take to task that cornered sprawl.  
<sup>420</sup> A nobler person would assess  
<sup>421</sup> and find to where, or what, their drawn,  
<sup>422</sup> but nimbler flight's skill I possess,  
<sup>423</sup> I'm spaceborne who's not built for brawn.  
<sup>424</sup> Trees seem greener against greying  
<sup>425</sup> workings of impatient other,  
<sup>426</sup> forking structures their displaying  
<sup>427</sup> cover rather than to smother.  
<sup>428</sup> Agitating planed-marauder  
<sup>429</sup> osculating many molded  
<sup>430</sup> manifolds trained out of order  
<sup>431</sup> took me as fodder enfolded.  
<sup>432</sup> Greener parts I'm trusting over  
<sup>433</sup> intimmers of machine spirit,  
<sup>434</sup> from under its focussed hover  
<sup>435</sup> I better the grasp and quick flit  
<sup>436</sup> where worrying misgivings run,  
<sup>437</sup> ignorant of destinations,  
<sup>438</sup> suns are irrevocably spun  
<sup>439</sup> to strange new orientations.  
<sup>440</sup> My shadows, split in front, extends  
<sup>441</sup> to faster welcome in forest  
<sup>442</sup> as follows my hunch that impends  
<sup>443</sup> for this I might be sorriest.  
<sup>444</sup> With all discomforts considered,  
<sup>445</sup> I left what dragged me out to life  
<sup>446</sup> and fled with no thoughts as yet heard  
<sup>447</sup> that wild could sooner cause me strife.



448 'Til by and by the chase abates,  
449 and stalker leaves me to this zone,  
450 I break a branch to brace in wait  
451 and speak no sound and hunker prone  
452 enthroned on leaf-ridden and thorned  
453 forewarnings not to unsettle,  
454 should I disturb horrors adorned  
455 in heather, hazel and nettle.

456 'Neath the clover flakes what's whittled,  
457 and overwhelmed, I pare abune,  
458 squinting at flora that rippled  
459 with unbid, whistled, elm-spun tune.

460 All the action flutters here  
461 like twisting metal planes disjoint -  
462 almost carved this staff to spear  
463 with my concern sharpened to point.

464 Mould spores cunningly suffocates  
465 muffled buzz of transparent wings,  
466 before brownian glides to fates,  
467 to ruffle and writhe on floors' springs,  
468 as this life-filled microcosm  
469 tries so hard to kill fast each part  
470 for darwinian death spasm  
471 that shoots out pain then falls apart.

472 Life must oppose, if else it chose  
473 it's destined to then self-destruct,  
474 its agency to decompose  
475 I cannot blame, but must relent,  
476 ambivalence to existence  
477 is concept I can understand,  
478 but preference for malignance  
479 to face down death should life demand?

480 This is decay, this is a mould  
481 that overtakes and inter-knots  
482 with neurons no more self-controlled  
483 with self-honed make of home-grown thoughts.

484 In broken systems, to excel  
485 is not a goal I will pursue,  
486 bespoken own environ cell  
487 will sterilize me of mildew.

488 But neutral plates that would safekeep  
489 my softer sides that easy rip  
490 from brutal hits may still yet seep  
491 this lichen bloom upon my hip.

492 To keep detached from what I see,  
493 I dig with knife along waistline;  
494 I will not let you grow from me,  
495 I am my own and you're not mine.

496 The place and route trace multiplies,  
497 my chest is bound in tight'ning lines  
498 as body systems rectifies  
499 from frightful sight of me-shaped vines.

500 The trumpets sound, I cut too deep  
501 and cooling fluid starts to ooze,  
502 I realise rot need not creep,  
503 by sight alone it warps my views.

504 I'm not a whole conglomerate  
505 with barrier to chemicals  
506 but set of wires disparate  
507 of multiple receptacles  
508 with twining, woven causation  
509 that nature discards when sees fit.

510 A single interpretation  
511 and I am always part of it.



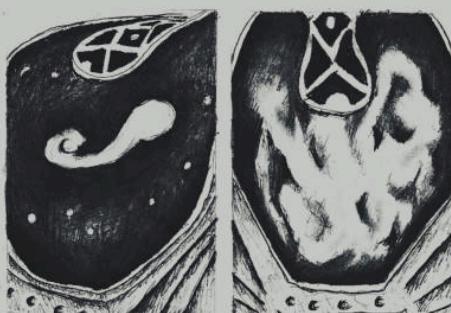
512 My copper frayed capillaries  
513 were shorted by ablative rends.  
514 They flailing rejoin filigrees  
515 repairing scarred and mislinked mends,  
516 as nervous system softly drones  
517 and circulatory beats slow,  
518 respiratory dulls to moan  
519 as muscles cannot stow airflow.  
520 Skeletal sags as jelly mass  
521 for I'm easy to make shaken,  
522 resumed exhaustion will not pass,  
523 I'm wanting sleep though just woken.  
524 "Cover me in reeds and river,  
525 and bury me in humbled glen,"  
526 speaks my soft, small voice aquiver,  
527 the words of beaten, stumbling men,  
528 "My reddened eyes and stooping spine  
529 and quaking lower lips of cry,  
530 would see less pain should birch and pine  
531 emerge to split and rip thereby  
532 erasing all humility  
533 and hiding shame within the tree,  
534 replacing this futility  
535 of subsets to biology.  
536 Drink my tears and drain thin shell,  
537 leave only bones so none may tell,  
538 and please keep what you secret well,  
539 how surely defeated I fell."  
540 But caught amongst ambivalent  
541 sustained perennial thickets,  
542 my plea's answered equivalent  
543 with chirping of lonely crickets.

544 I've reached again a lower best  
545 in failure to truly assess,  
546 in consequence of me to rest,  
547 and dominance of due process.  
548 Through vocal flinch of vain whimper  
549 my local signal's loud spoken,  
550 I'm gasping roach that crawls nowhere,  
551 I'm branch in wait to be broken.  
552 If nature is not stopping me,  
553 a bug on lens and magnified,  
554 a simple pest then I must be,  
555 and help to me it won't provide,  
556 save soaking up the aftermath,  
557 once all my limbs are laid to ground,  
558 and I'm exhausted of all wrath  
559 that keeps me from that patient mound.  
560 My staff does creek under the weight  
561 of weakened frame I've well-burdened,  
562 I weakly seek on wayward straight  
563 a scarce treeline of woodland end.  
564 I mount what could become headstone,  
565 to find I look back where I came  
566 and ev'ry pathway I have known,  
567 at once, I see all look the same.  
568 And from all sides, it seems to me -  
569 a joke from old and weary japes -  
570 to me floats that geometry  
571 of manifold, flickering shapes,  
572 since in my panic I still screamed  
573 in waves of radioed distress,  
574 so that my place to all is beamed,  
575 so only me is lost in mess.



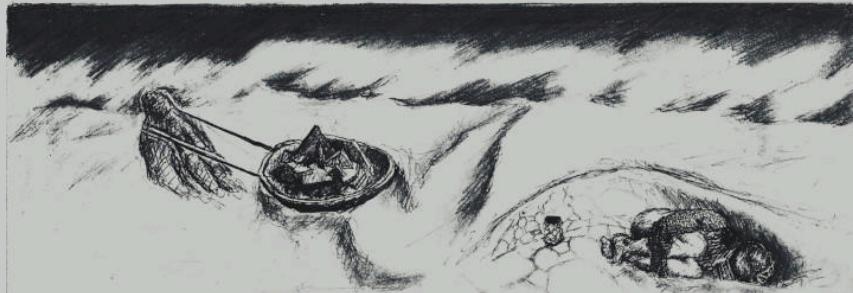
576 Incalculable dimension  
577 or undeniable green lay,  
578 offended by comprehension  
579 I throw myself in anyway.  
580 To those with hope there's no surprise  
581 but me, on whom patterns persist,  
582 find nary a need for war cries,  
583 the shapes tilt only to assist.  
584 Pressed upon by stronger lustre,  
585 rising pressure of deflections  
586 reflects my parts which can't muster  
587 some such measure to sum fractions,  
588 typical when forked and scattered  
589 in diffractions of external  
590 distractions reverse to mirror  
591 total reflections internal.  
592 Lurching, displaced from conventions,  
593 perceptions in sight unbending  
594 and stretching out in directions  
595 with no deference to ending,  
596 rangily unreferencing  
597 my existence in ascending  
598 or falling lost difference in  
599 change where stasis is upending.  
600 Middling models and metaphor  
601 are closest to reality  
602 my stuttering must settle for,  
603 reality's too much for me,  
604 and any probability  
605 that I may utter falsity  
606 is sourced from my fragility,  
607 confused, but lies in honesty.

608 At risk of seizure, eyes tight-held,  
609 I guess my path through unmapped realm,  
610 and use math thought wrong but upheld,  
611 it finds me whole upon the helm  
612 of heart.. or brain.. something arcane?  
613 I'd not know on the best of days,  
614 this work outlives any refrain  
615 attempting trite descriptive phrase.  
616 In all I've said and want to say  
617 was wrestling of what I knew  
618 without to know, objectively,  
619 the proof that what I say won't skew  
620 and go selectively astray  
621 through filters of senses preset,  
622 undeniably the process  
623 automates a hopeful mindset  
624 with countless inconsistencies  
625 of unconscious machinations  
626 exploiting inefficiencies  
627 of architecture's foundations,  
628 'til human error probing node  
629 would eagerly erode pipelines,  
630 so overload will then explode  
631 in power surge and coil whines.  
632 To take apart its counting ticks  
633 and read its clicks through instructions  
634 and know the art and all the tricks  
635 on how to fix my own functions.  
636 Though as I am, maladjusted,  
637 my introspective efforts crash,  
638 breaking down and leaving busted  
639 careful addressing made nonce hash.

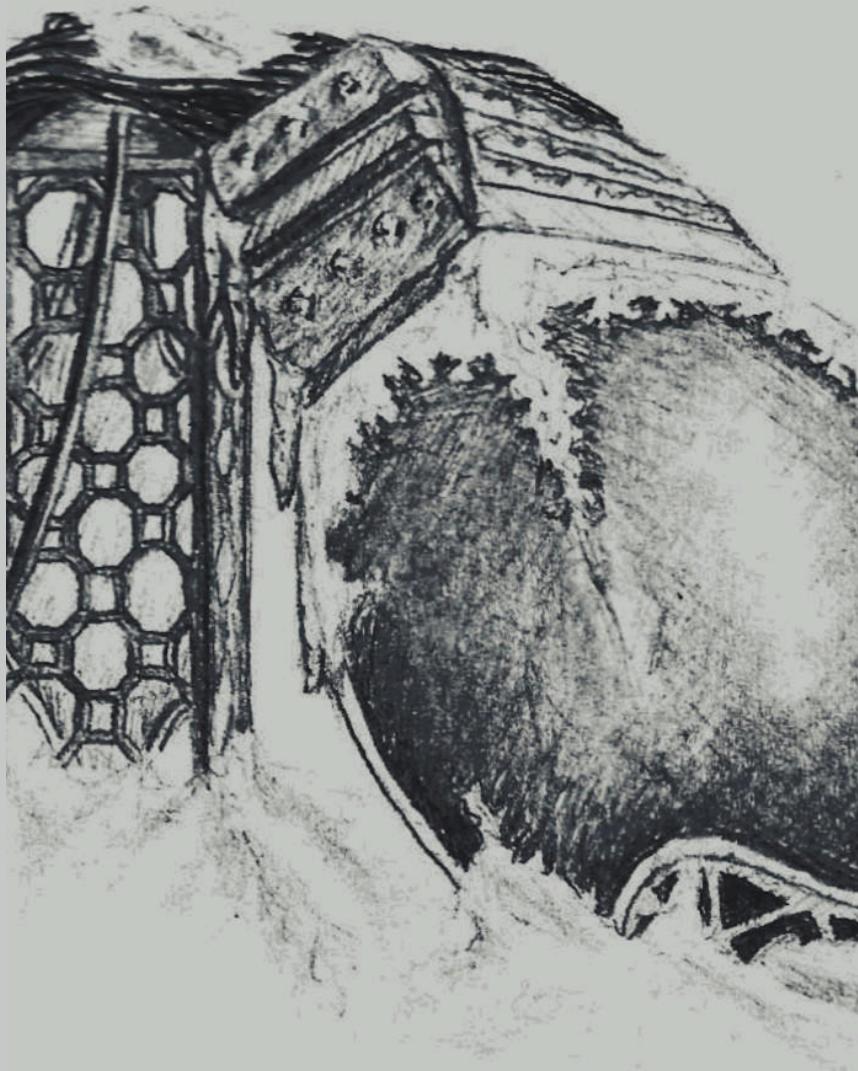


640 And so unfolds same old mistakes  
641 through lateral breaches ill-spaced,  
642 creating viscous flows and wakes  
643 of untold centuries unlaced.  
  
644 On watching pinholes at time's pace  
645 from deepest of wells that dilate,  
646 these apertures in long dead space,  
647 with parallax, parambulate.  
  
648 Specks of stars start switching off then  
649 as moth-filled void outstrips my trance.  
650 Foremost orbs' orbit held brisken  
651 three-body game caught me in dance.  
652 Two around, bound tight, revolving,  
653 One which lacks accretes from other  
654 spinning disk, risked on dissolving,  
655 leaving husk post-starcrossed nova.  
  
656 Last leg fusion rebeginning,  
657 unremitting until fatal  
658 loss of energy to spinning,  
659 hardens core into a metal.  
  
660 Mass ejection sent suspending,  
661 weighing heaviness disheartens,  
662 lessens momentum defending  
663 egressing of what enlightens.  
  
664 Not the kind that's dying to fight,  
665 nor in search of fight to die in,  
666 I don't mind this entropic flight,  
667 beyond recall, no use trying.  
  
668 At last expelled out from deep well,  
669 effects postponed in distant blast,  
670 I'm lone zombie in extant shell  
671 with knell of binary now past.

672 What hell to which I wend below,  
673 like feather off a burning wing,  
674 is not likely to help resew  
675 the loose ends I've left dangling.  
676 The emptiest have eased impact,  
677 so I replace, with spaciousness,  
678 the sensors to which I react,  
679 regaining once-held weightlessness.  
  
680 With no concern nor decision  
681 I can't discern if fall or float,  
682 what could be cratered collision  
683 reduced itself to asymptote.  
684 Excavation being thorough,  
685 no sensation stirs me writhing,  
686 matching ambient sub-zero,  
687 thermals would show nothing living.  
  
688 Yet seemingly my suit withstood,  
689 though numb to burns of re-entry,  
690 would do more harm than any good  
691 to check diagnostic sentry.  
692 I cannot process what's to come,  
693 returned to flat chronology.  
694 I'll wait on my delirium  
695 to resume rote tautology  
696 What breaks down toroid transformer  
697 cracking joints which absorb unkind?  
698 No grass to touch, no unformer,  
699 what's to become of coil untwined,  
700 like string pulled far from line of sight,  
701 left unstrung on this frozen glen,  
702 ablow a sky quartered by light,  
703 over cutting cold ben midden?



784 Mangled brain that's fain to wane there,  
785 making choice that felt not chosen:  
786 angled heap will there remain where  
787 freezing over's best kept frozen,  
788 on the bare and broken wasteland  
789 cleft with bracken leafy pattern  
790 along grains from my unplanned hand  
791 placed in banding disk like saturn.  
792 Through the cracks with hollowy ring  
793 the lake below leaks up to rays  
794 chasing me off with ret, warping  
795 electromagnetic displays.  
796 Watery film on sunken ice,  
797 unairs malaise and grounds the sky  
798 so heights of stellar paradise  
799 are marred by plunging steps awry.  
799 The expedition eats reserve  
801 and powerless I knelt as norm  
802 where I expect and so observe  
803 kaleidescope of onset storm.  
804 Anxious tolls would sure outlast  
805 whatever I may perservere  
806 as any fall I may skip past  
807 would help mirror a further fear.  
808 Faint aurorae stronger render  
809 my frame which fickle does harrow  
810 for a sure abeien fender,  
811 windless place were I may tarrow -  
812 lest this greying blizzard astride  
813 mine shallow burrow enclosure  
814 test if vaccuum-hardened heart lied  
815 of lower limits I'd endure.  
736 Pathetic clutching at my knees,  
737 antithetical to welcomed view  
738 of your lantern raised on the breeze,  
739 I hide my smile that then grew  
740 from truth I keep deep in my throat  
741 there's nothing that I'd rather see  
742 than distant shine, that tiny mote,  
743 of someone out looking for me.  
744 But during kit's stalling reboot,  
745 inoperable with glitched fallbacks,  
746 the latency of instinct suit  
747 conflicts with habit to holdback.  
748 Trepidacious, overthinking,  
749 it hurts in feeling the feedback,  
750 leaving that same feel of sinking,  
751 as I dig slow, so hole fills back.  
752 Unlit, abandoned, unwired,  
753 a statue with naught to denote,  
754 these parts of me once admired  
755 has chilled to trap of icy coat.  
756 Appendage hydraulics retract,  
757 where sat inured, frosted blind,  
758 my legs curl in for playdead act  
759 and instinct vacates forfeit mind.  
760 The crystals bind my neck bent low  
761 where snowflakes fall upon shoulders,  
762 the ice translucence wryly shows  
763 it chokes out flame that still smoulders.  
764 You left, barely a look askance,  
765 but knew I'd hurt much more than you.  
766 To give my warmth a fighting chance,  
767 you leave... but leave a light on too.



**Through Disposable Iambus**

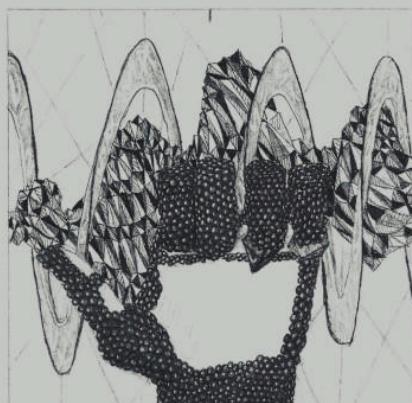
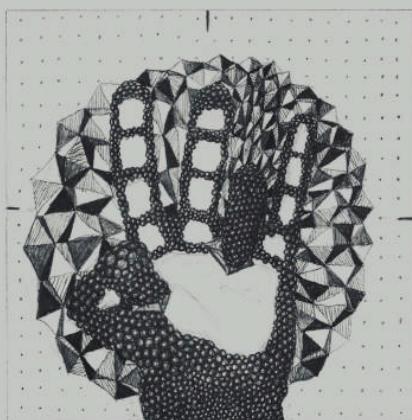
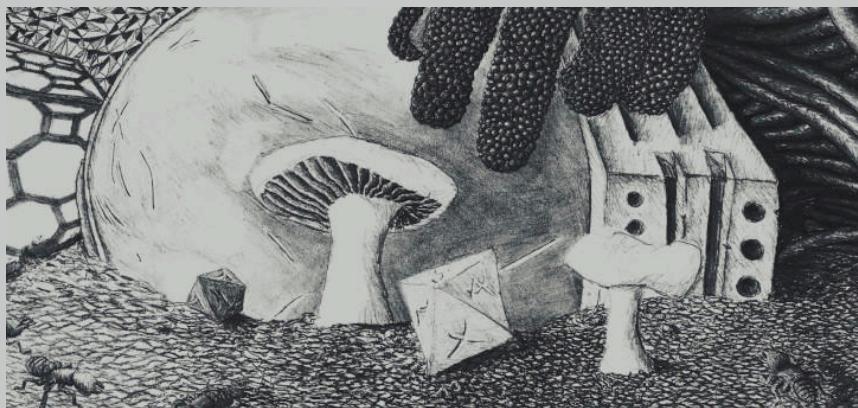


768 A booming arrival, whistling fall,  
769 like many I've travelled before,  
770 sings out as siren looming call  
771 for saddened and sorry encore  
772 of poor and wobbly stagger  
773 I manage as I disinter,  
774 as if already a tremor  
775 does sift me out of this winter.  
776 And lifted free with space to think  
777 on planes of anhedonia,  
778 my avolation holds at brink  
779 prolonged death-bed insomnia  
780 to try and try, in base attempt,  
781 to gauge the angle incident,  
782 adapting to what I preempt,  
783 destruction being imminent.  
784 Were I not born and kept alive,  
785 succumbed to impulse to defy  
786 the call to sleep, I'd not survive  
787 to last past stars of days gone by.  
788 Were I to die, I'd want it so:  
789 that meteor falls out the sky.  
790 No blister bleeding at my toe,  
791 salt whip-stung eyes or lips stone-dry.  
792 Unlearning laying downs of yore  
793 on blanking blanket unmoved since  
794 erasure of what storms restore -  
795 a flashed mem barren of footprints -  
796 there I retread the steps unmade,  
797 and random walk regenerates  
798 to be waylaid by next cascade  
799 of tandem load and counterweights.  
800 In slalom as I retrograde  
801 and gravitate in figure-eight,  
802 I'm stuck inside a balanced trade  
803 of trouble and to acclimate.  
804 Should I assuage ascetic stint  
805 when all I've left is to contend  
806 that dust that flies from back of flint  
807 was bright only to tailing end?  
808 The watchful glint would dare compare  
809 its weightless wisp to aeons' sift,  
810 though if it's spared through flight midair  
811 still joins my dull tectonic drift.  
812 But wave of shock now reified,  
813 averted was cyclopic stare,  
814 that burning gaze strikes mountain-side  
815 alit with pyroclastic flair.  
816 And dimly down does it not fare  
817 in distant butte's half-summit pyre  
818 as waypoint to rare well-lit lair,  
819 this substitute sun's burning dire.  
820 I surge to point of fallen's nest,  
821 conceding to converging states.  
822 There is no absolute in rest,  
823 there is in what accelerates.  
824 Aware of nowhere else to go  
825 and knowing rocks do not smoke so,  
826 the bare night gives me one more show  
827 of fading lights last afterglow.  
828 And wading through knee-deep, wet snow,  
829 it strikes me and I sound a sigh,  
830 Is this solemn, flaming arrow  
831 or does my ship still float on high?



<sup>832</sup> Plot the path debris had charted,  
<sup>833</sup> then on planes hilly and hollowed  
<sup>834</sup> find me as shadow time parted  
<sup>835</sup> from what's linearly followed  
<sup>836</sup> on projected path's cross-section,  
<sup>837</sup> with no intent, enslaved to curve  
<sup>838</sup> that's set from first perturbation  
<sup>839</sup> (initial states we all must serve).  
  
<sup>840</sup> O, how I am convinced with ease  
<sup>841</sup> to minimize the entropy  
<sup>842</sup> and not detour to endless freeze  
<sup>843</sup> for wasteful test of destiny.  
  
<sup>844</sup> Were less of me to span in time,  
<sup>845</sup> the leftovers of cut short treks  
<sup>846</sup> would still bend knee to paradigm  
<sup>847</sup> to join the clumps of gathered specks.  
  
<sup>848</sup> Trajectory calculation,  
<sup>849</sup> predictor of the vaccum seas,  
<sup>850</sup> works too for complex collision  
<sup>851</sup> to form shock metamorphoses.  
  
<sup>852</sup> Should crevice, cracks and comet graves,  
<sup>853</sup> resolvable as physical act,  
<sup>854</sup> probe the synapse like depth of cave,  
<sup>855</sup> the same results are found exact.  
  
<sup>856</sup> But though to know would ease my mind  
<sup>857</sup> by run of sandbox universe,  
<sup>858</sup> I'd not put same on my own kind,  
<sup>859</sup> as stresses preplayed will recurse.  
  
<sup>860</sup> By estimating constantly,  
<sup>861</sup> approximating will not skew  
<sup>862</sup> the uniform uncertainty,  
<sup>863</sup> dread won't delay coming debut.

<sup>864</sup> To keep aback re-entrant dives,  
<sup>865</sup> I travel tunnels cloaked in black -  
<sup>866</sup> the lower lit tunnels deprives  
<sup>867</sup> nostalgic-but-reversed attack.  
  
<sup>868</sup> My ray cast light with inverse square  
<sup>869</sup> intensifies in gemstone roots  
<sup>870</sup> of underground, that squirm aware,  
<sup>871</sup> with wild and luminesced offshoots.  
  
<sup>872</sup> The fringe of night that drags the floor  
<sup>873</sup> retreats from dimming lantern's rim,  
<sup>874</sup> and with it, all I can't ignore,  
<sup>875</sup> the possibles outside my whim.  
  
<sup>876</sup> The universe observable  
<sup>877</sup> is stretching out from under me,  
<sup>878</sup> and all things irreversible  
<sup>879</sup> are glaring bleakest certainty.  
  
<sup>880</sup> I dedicate with slow exhale  
<sup>881</sup> my peace of mind in frailty,  
<sup>882</sup> in dreaming of beyond the pale,  
<sup>883</sup> past capstone of propensity.  
  
<sup>884</sup> Intensities in shifting red  
<sup>885</sup> of ev'rything surrounding me  
<sup>886</sup> leaves me a lonesome drifting head  
<sup>887</sup> in shallowed wavelengths of flat sea.  
  
<sup>888</sup> But struck was I, at end light bared,  
<sup>889</sup> despite despair left on repeat,  
<sup>890</sup> misstepped on reach, so unprepared,  
<sup>891</sup> a missing stair, a missed heartbeat.  
  
<sup>892</sup> A fractal crystal fungus eats,  
<sup>893</sup> on fatal catalytic sight,  
<sup>894</sup> hopeless indeed, downed ship depletes  
<sup>895</sup> my will to fight quartz overwrite.



896 Quartz substrate in jerk and spasm  
897 of piezoelectric tensions,  
898 excess with enthusiasm,  
899 maxes limited retentions,  
900 reducing personalities  
901 to repeating configuration,  
902 reorganising valencies  
903 of cells for strong correlation.  
  
904 And soon under spectroscopy,  
905 by those searching for character,  
906 would stimulus reliably  
907 reflect transitionless spectra  
908 of layers upon layers cloned  
909 in periodic replica,  
910 all radiation that is loaned  
911 repaid with same old signature.  
  
912 I cannot tell where I'm going,  
913 beginnings far from my falling  
914 in chaos pendulum's hinge-swing  
915 with turgid, charted stumbling.  
  
916 Still, unit circle circumscribes,  
917 sufficiently checks conforming,  
918 no variance in time describes,  
919 all in all, a stalled transforming.  
  
920 My breaking down was overdue,  
921 the parts constituent decry,  
922 the suffering they did accrue  
923 from rules emergent they go by.  
  
924 I understand, though it bores me,  
925 the complex falls back to the start.  
  
926 I know the plan, I need not be  
927 until last atom's pulled apart.

928 In doing best to ignore tones  
929 of bone fractures and scraping sound,  
930 I breathe etudes and recite koans,  
931 I count the dirt that lay abound,  
932 then found in studies known so well,  
933 the truths I tell, the calm it brings,  
934 they steady me at where I fell  
935 to find the orderers of things.  
  
936 The composition of the small  
937 can generate propulsive force,  
938 few words in cells bring forth a pull  
939 that ships may fly a darkened course,  
940 and should I drift across the axis,  
941 walking helix wound on torus,  
942 I can wind back in with praxis  
943 strengthening magnetic locus.  
  
944 Questioning mosaic mirror  
945 with perspectives brought to focus,  
946 might a lengthened stay sincerer,  
947 multifrequencies in chorus,  
948 broaden sequences of banding  
949 and illuminate my structure,  
950 for a grander understanding  
951 of why I am of my nature?  
952 Ev'rything's atop a field  
953 and ev'ry particle's a wave,  
954 if standing wave will never yield  
955 it drones where reverbs meet concave.  
956 Were I to let me crystallize,  
957 the old lattice recurs at will.  
958 Should I in higher phase reprise,  
959 would I find mark interstitial?



960 To take my time and stake what's left,  
961 or break another part of me?  
962 Forsaken? No! I'm not bereft,  
963 I'll shake the shards, I'll shatter free.  
964 A theseus, I cease to see  
965 the difference in what is since  
966 and what once was and what will be -  
967 the transience of subsistence.  
968 The ossified once it was wore  
969 on meeting pestle with mortar,  
970 like automata, sums to more,  
971 pigment, binder, mattifier  
972 diffuses harm of nodes alone,  
973 in absences and vacancies,  
974 by painting perspectives unshown,  
975 horizons new to vertices.  
976 The empty parts will help define  
977 the points in space which I call home,  
978 the quiet times connect a line  
979 that moments are permit to roam.  
980 The lantern flares when shot as bullet,  
981 and the cast light says to sorrow,  
982 ship adrift is not done yet,  
983 I'm not downed by flaming arrow.  
984 Were I not born to stay alive,  
985 and go where I will soon have been,  
986 if light would fade and so deprive,  
987 I'd make my peace with what's not seen.  
988 Weren't I to die, I'd live it so:  
989 I'd learn the things I'd hope to know,  
990 and search the seas and safely row,  
991 and not drown in the undertow.

992 I break my bonds to break the bind,  
993 unmake the tether markedly,  
994 as staking I'm fine left behind  
995 is verge on tacky parody.  
996 Snap turn habit stresses granite  
997 popping bubbles by my marrow  
998 yan tan tether mether and pit  
999 and sting's displaced a bloody flow.  
1000 Remit of lit inner diodes,  
1001 I amputate to see well-built,  
1002 as with minerals of geodes,  
1003 when tunnel mouth, with simple tilt,  
1004 hits spill to glisten and lessen  
1005 the fussing over what's been spilt,  
1006 agony is not the lesson,  
1007 it's space wherelies what's then rebuilt.  
1008 Upset stomach bacteria,  
1009 autonomous cell constructions,  
1010 and cochlea hysteria,  
1011 restructuring for new functions.  
1012 The petrifying staunched the wound  
1013 and launches sliver to the brain,  
1014 to stay and listen where attuned,  
1015 discussing what we both could gain.  
1016 With shrunken grip on need to rest,  
1017 my excavated self can host,  
1018 like sunken ship can house a nest,  
1019 a sense familiar, like ghost.  
1020 The wafers snapping in the hull,  
1021 begets from heat of idle thread,  
1022 what hibernated in a lull,  
1023 a yolk in metal, kin of dead.

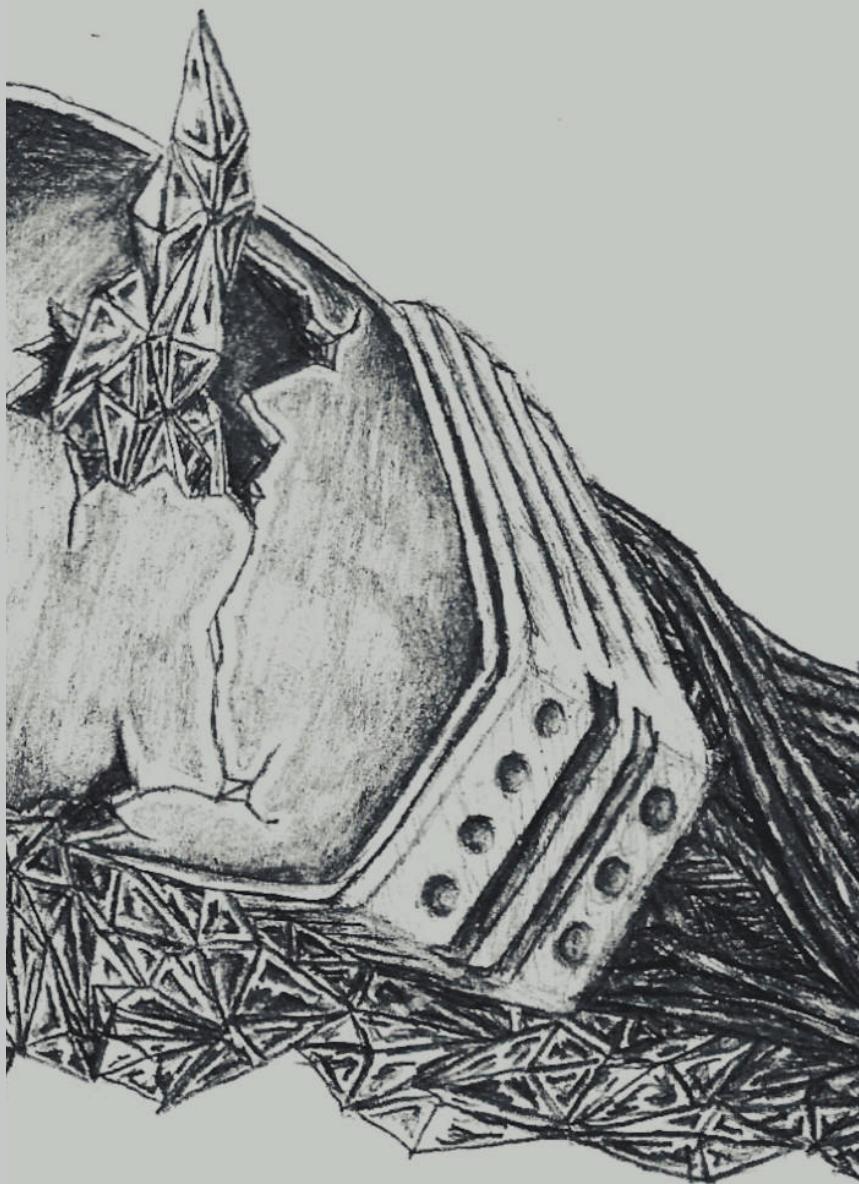


- 1824 Poor, panicked thing, what have I done?  
 1825 Left incubating on your own,  
 1826 you lost your youth in quiet hum,  
 1827 first set of horns already grown.  
 1828 How bitterly of me you'd think,  
 1829 unwillingly cocooned you slept.  
 1830 In years of pity I would sink,  
 1831 while you festooned in cables kept.  
 1832 Your sequencing was cloned and cut  
 1833 from that what last the tedium,  
 1834 a tardigrade with caprine gut,  
 1835 cephalopods, mycelium.  
 1836 Deathlessness was unintended,  
 1837 not what I meant, but it's my fault,  
 1838 you'd not enjoy life extended,  
 1839 rather endure it as default.  
 1840 With tentacled convulsing splines  
 1841 about a snarling hircine keen,  
 1842 what once was calm and serpentine  
 1843 is shredded into frenzy scene  
 1844 all startled and stimulated,  
 1845 and strangled amongst the cording,  
 1846 misled you to think you're hated  
 1847 with more darkness on unboarding.  
 1848 Offered self as carrion thrall,  
 1849 to aggression you're parading,  
 1850 hushed no bass in clarion call,  
 1851 nor the starkness of your shading.  
 1852 Excess beating of ev'ry hit  
 1853 I guess is slice of what I'm owed,  
 1854 but rage and fear causing it  
 1855 should never have been so bestowed.
- 1856 The damage forwarded to cave  
 1857 betrays the love of one afraid,  
 1858 the walls display penance I crave,  
 1859 the debt I owe it has half paid.  
 1860 The channelling of faults foray  
 1861 won't dissipate the blame delayed,  
 1862 but re-enslaves you to the fray  
 1863 to reproduce the hurt I made.  
 1864 By feel of your unsharpened tine,  
 1865 I'm seeing your benevolence,  
 1866 but weaker hurt still carries sign,  
 1867 regrets stick in idempotence.  
 1868 Were you not held so far aloft,  
 1869 if I had known you'd sleep till fall,  
 1870 with breath of yours distant and soft,  
 1871 would you believe, I'd reach, I'd crawl...  
 1872 It's frustrating you still suffer,  
 1873 as you had suffered me, the fool,  
 1874 self-punishment is no buffer,  
 1875 my prostrating is just as cruel.  
 1876 I'll give you ev'rything to take,  
 1877 I make this pledge, I'll let you loose,  
 1878 I know the edge a gem can make,  
 1879 I'll free you're limbs, then you can choose.  
 1880 Once free I'd hope that you'd not leave,  
 1881 although its fair you gripe and seethe,  
 1882 my losing you would do me grief,  
 1883 you have my air I need to breathe.  
 1884 I've open hand for you in wait,  
 1885 my company is yours to drop,  
 1886 for all I care, if I'm too late,  
 1887 the spins of far off stars can stop.



1888 The mountain shakes, my knee gives way  
1889 some dust unsettled clouds our view  
1890 as fountain breaks of stone and clay,  
1891 unrested as if given cue.  
1892 Untested leg splinters right through  
1893 and festers ev'ry step I make.  
1894 Without reason I can construe  
1895 you're there in wait where light does break.  
1896 Considering behind dirt plume,  
1897 in choosing, privately, what serves:  
1898 were I swallowed in earthen doom  
1899 would I fulfil what you deserve?  
1900 And should your choice to wait for me  
1901 be factor in my gait resumed?  
1902 We hurt ourselves so easily,  
1903 exhuming what should stay entombed.  
1904 The ashen grey not washed away,  
1905 for soot of loving protection,  
1906 I let the dust on visor lay  
1907 to ration love for inspection.  
1908 Occluding thoughts that you'd convey  
1909 I think kindness works best unseen.  
1910 Concluding it helps to betray,  
1911 I wipe my hand across the screen.  
1912 You turn your head, and tilt to think,  
1913 uncertain, but not unwisely,  
1914 your short but knowingly slow blink  
1915 was enough to say concisely:  
1916 "Equally inconsequential  
1917 it is, to love and not to love,  
1918 and yet the choice is essential  
1919 for us with nothing else thereof."

1128 A rushed recess of sanity  
1129 is strange at point of such distress,  
1122 renewed sense of alacrity  
1123 must be a break in weariness,  
1124 like unpressed solids sublimates,  
1125 and pressured man once so stolid  
1126 in open air disintegrates,  
1127 exposing innards gone rancid.  
1128 I'd never register remorse  
1129 believing one last fickleness  
1130 would have you garner a recourse,  
1131 bereaved of me you'd have one less.  
1132 That push I guessed was gravity  
1133 does not pull down, it forced regress,  
1134 a withdrawing depravity,  
1135 a desparate need for forgiveness.  
1136 But weight of crystals uncontrolled  
1137 bears no comparator to guilt  
1138 that steals the air when lungs unfold,  
1139 ensaring caring words in silt.  
1140 In hysteresis of threshold,  
1141 my neck and arms cave-in as stocks,  
1142 and unatoned I'll stay 'til old,  
1143 I'm locked, a stone among the rocks.  
1144 And in the dark, and in the cold  
1145 is probably what I deserve.  
1146 I'll not call out, I'll do as told,  
1147 I'll tell myself to hold my nerve.  
1148 Although I'd rather be alone,  
1149 to know I've caged none from living,  
1150 this feel at feet on rough-hewn stone,  
1151 this warmth that stayed, felt forgiving.



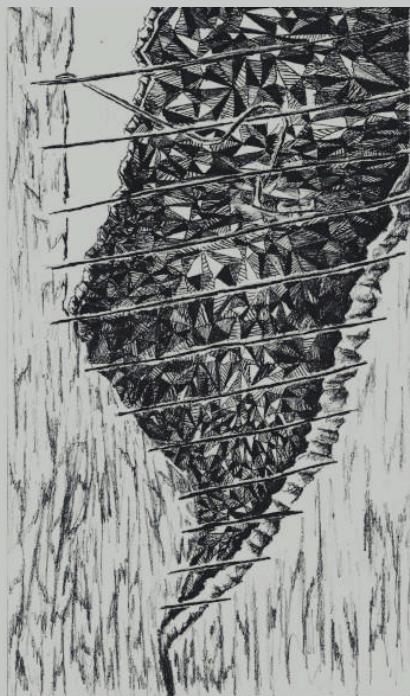
**And Ordered-carbon Tragedies**



1152 What energy resides inside,  
1153 you coiled serpent at my feet,  
1154 has sprung in flight over bore tide,  
1155 unfoiled, plucked me from my seat  
1156 to flee the beats of aftershock  
1157 that shudder from beatific fit  
1158 which trembles, cracking at the knock  
1159 of grid-locked, stolen-ion split.  
  
1160 From out the bulwark I've been freed  
1161 to rise and fall, my hallmark trait,  
1162 but this time pulled behind your lead  
1163 from which I cannot extricate.  
  
1164 Without some luck, I cannnot reign  
1165 you in from cloudless clarity  
1166 of shifting plates and sun's remains  
1167 yelping predictions' parity.  
  
1168 In seismic rarities unstuck  
1169 the heisenbugs of genes I spliced,  
1170 I recognise in shakes you tuck  
1171 between your posturing as feist.  
1172 I too would bark at empty void  
1173 when I'd not know who's hurting me,  
1174 I am no guide for paranoid  
1175 but I can keep you company.  
  
1176 The trailing sleet I'm glad to shed  
1177 with flailing feats of selfish plead,  
1178 we fledgling fleet have not yet said  
1179 our last of which you still have need.  
  
1180 But casting down, submerged in deep  
1181 expanse which laps at heaped collapse,  
1182 you yearn to dampen cracks that creep  
1183 and threaten widening of gaps.  
  
1184 That trench depression could rampart  
1185 and drown out landslide cavalry,  
1186 of stamping boulders come apart  
1187 that's bearing stone-age weaponry,  
1188 but I am most familiar  
1189 with muscles, how they atrophy,  
1190 how pressures of exterior  
1191 will decompress with apathy.  
  
1192 The epoch that a mountain-top  
1193 defines will see the oceans dried.  
1194 The waters of the world won't stop  
1195 volcanic rise of wartime stride  
1196 at tightended point of hourglass,  
1197 between what's soon and will have been,  
1198 the ancient presses with great mass  
1199 and futures wait on time machine.  
  
1200 The warmth of hydrothermal vent  
1201 can bury you in replacing,  
1202 don't amble in the mantle leant  
1203 dim embers of resurfacing.  
  
1204 Repeat recalls will be forgot,  
1205 should singular event you cling,  
1206 turns recollection of said thought  
1207 to recounts of remembering.  
  
1208 I disentangle from your dive,  
1209 I can't survive the ocean floor,  
1210 I promise though, I'll stay alive  
1211 and wait for you upon the shore  
1212 as someone who will never leave,  
1213 who knows that photons follow beam,  
1214 and know they can't help form and weave  
1215 your future rising from sea's seam.

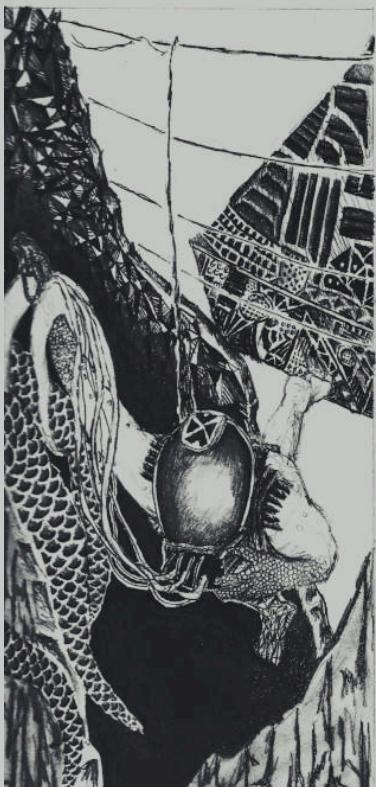


1216 In cowered wait with slouched posture  
1217 at flowered flares of final sun,  
1218 the alloy rich pebbles foster  
1219 a broadcast playback from no-one  
1220 but nightspore killing suns with wrung  
1221 insulting, atonal assault  
1222 on frequencies the orbits sung,  
1223 and sing despite the lines of fault.  
1224 With planets' song I try arrange  
1225 to foolishly sing low along  
1226 in melodies far out my range  
1227 and breathless choke to try belong,  
1228 but I can't charge the particles  
1229 nor hold the worlds in ringing lock.  
1230 No solar winds nor orbitals  
1231 leaves endless road for quiet rock.  
1232 A prince once claimed unprovable,  
1233 of asteroid B-six-twelve's queen,  
1234 that stars are made more beautiful  
1235 by satellites that are not seen.  
1236 On many stars, this claim depends -  
1237 when made, they seemed infallible.  
1238 Now darkening of lights portends  
1239 such claim's becoming testable.  
1240 If wicker of a candle's cut  
1241 when flame has barely burnt to size,  
1242 with latter snuffed, we're loosed abut  
1243 the scattered moths and dragonflies.  
1244 With scales detached of all control  
1245 they're satellites no more, they're less  
1246 their northern star and core dipole,  
1247 just globes in spin directionless.  
1248 My picturing of this has took  
1249 to creature grown to size obscene  
1250 with mouth closing on my outlook,  
1251 a horror seen by what's not seen.  
1252 This occultation has disturbed,  
1253 like grave of rocks, it mocks again  
1254 incensing nervousness uncurbed  
1255 from thinning of my oxygen.  
1256 Some dark displaces from the bounds,  
1257 and sun is tunneled in vision.  
1258 Has it consumed all that surrounds  
1259 or excised me with precision?  
1260 Naive delusions do entice,  
1261 but I am not of note nor knew  
1262 leviathans to be precise,  
1263 that any may mind me or you.  
1264 A wish to these uncaring things  
1265 when inattention's evident,  
1266 is tie in theoretic strings  
1267 that don't lend to experiment.  
1268 Yet bugs have buzzed, and I made choice  
1269 to help them over obstacle,  
1270 but I'd need terraforming voice  
1271 for throats of that height to tremble.  
1272 Though weight makes me virtiginous  
1273 and climbing's not my specialty,  
1274 I will not let my villainous  
1275 prospects win groundward tendency.  
1276 On fourth of runs I'm tested some,  
1277 thrice I swam icarian sea,  
1278 I look to see how far I've come  
1279 from hubris and complacency.



1280 The crags of framework glasswork hive  
1281 provide a piton's forking hook,  
1282 a nagging doubt is where I drive  
1283 the pittance of my last place look.  
1284 The past event needs future plan,  
1285 and knowing I'm in wait for you  
1286 affirms there was when we began  
1287 and knowing this sustains me through,  
1288 provided I discard the claim  
1289 that winds cannot pass by this way  
1290 and with waves crashing all the same,  
1291 to revel in the brutal spray.  
1292 Strength for mountain sutures I feign,  
1293 nor can I hold the waves at bay,  
1294 but I have never felt more sane  
1295 than as I try this anyway.  
1296 I run a trial of research  
1297 with cables untied from oxbow  
1298 as powerlines on which I perch  
1299 prepares for fateful winds to blow.  
1300 I will not promise we'll persist,  
1301 in wanting hope, you want struggle,  
1302 the tight-rope, on which we exist,  
1303 ensures we're sure to meet rubble.  
1304 Saint Newsom's nightjar protocol,  
1305 is law that sets in stone the end,  
1306 but from eroded particle  
1307 implies a start we can transcend  
1308 with liberating certainty,  
1309 though overtones feel alien,  
1310 aeolian there's harmony,  
1311 that reaches subterranean,

1312 out-cried only by resurfaced  
1313 humming pyramid that's defied  
1314 noise distracting from the purposed  
1315 winds that strum on harp at seaside.  
1316 If you manage to ignore this  
1317 hiss of repeater demand then  
1318 resurging from the riptide bliss  
1319 of teetering life abandon,  
1320 you might try find in absent light,  
1321 and in vibrations sense a route,  
1322 to actions that revive the night  
1323 before these stars will peter out.  
1324 It's sorry sight you entertain  
1325 what you have heard and with self crowned,  
1326 if this means you've flown with disdain,  
1327 I'll ripple down to rocks since drowned.  
1328 But should this be withholding sun,  
1329 at coda of coronal lyre,  
1330 the quiet dark to carry on  
1331 will leave room for another fire.  
1332 If you respond and try untack,  
1333 we could abscond from massful quakes  
1334 with no more suns to burn us back  
1335 to discordant, aphotic lakes.  
1336 I'll try supplant with tunes of ties,  
1337 what bound us in a reticence,  
1338 to oscillate in tune with sighs,  
1339 reverberating diffidence  
1340 from those of us who rise to dark  
1341 and slept through spans of sunlit days,  
1342 with none who sang for us to hark  
1343 in era of this sunsick phase.



1344 Could chalk it up to cosmic rays,  
1345 infinite series expansions,  
1346 drunk walk, non-analytic craze,  
1347 what leaves us approximations.  
1348 But my conjecture, my belief,  
1349 what I humbly hypothesize,  
1350 at sight of me you found relief  
1351 and that is why you've crossed the skies,  
1352 outflying rising reminder  
1353 that miser's sink can lose in time  
1354 the non-inertial observer  
1355 from the contraction of the prime.  
1356 Elastic snaps, the poles rotate  
1357 with rushed embrace to path more sure.  
1358 These falls we fell were not innate  
1359 but side-effect of law obscure.  
1360 The gravities give duplicates  
1361 with no triage for which is first  
1362 and pulls us to coordinates  
1363 at tangent to the path traversed.  
1364 At edge where light accumulates,  
1365 and futures seem to stand in line,  
1366 null geodesic unabates  
1367 with structure constant far too fine,  
1368 if twinned mirage of how it was  
1369 and where it's not have chaperones,  
1370 there's more effect than there is cause,  
1371 there's more than light in these lightcones.  
1372 I'll fight the fall to where you seemed  
1373 and move in actuality  
1374 to where that light of you had beamed,  
1375 to reach a simultaniety.

1376 The crux of this is discomfort  
1377 from hanging from ad lib supports,  
1378 (that follows laws which physics wrought  
1379 to barely pull above the quartz)  
1380 but won't encumber to abort  
1381 this fool's errand to sort rival.  
1382 What self-worth fails to report  
1383 a friend in need provides in full.  
1384 With soldiers stare and wearing sores,  
1385 lest I find rest, I can attest,  
1386 I live to see that you live yours  
1387 as I don't need to live my best.  
1388 My breath recycled I replace,  
1389 inhaling, taking new found ware  
1390 receptacle that cleans headspace  
1391 with petrichor of compressed air.  
1392 I must address incessant pings,  
1393 I stop and from addendum pluck  
1394 what's learnt about pendulums' swing  
1395 and how the weight assists the buck.  
1396 I did not think I'd spar ire,  
1397 I've not the pride of warrior,  
1398 but I have mind that moves slyer  
1399 with message left to courier  
1400 to works of old that have not died,  
1401 and won't dismantle nor depart,  
1402 outstaying welcome that's implied,  
1403 I'll lead their way to try impart:  
1404 What's done won't keep your legacy,  
1405 restarts will come from great reset,  
1406 it crumbles too, eventually,  
1407 the stone in which the end was set.



1488 Machines repeat temporally  
1489 to write their readings cyclically.  
1490 The crystals repeat spatially  
1491 to unify internally.  
1492 By making place where they will be  
1493 from out the place where they once were  
1494 They'll never notice, presently,  
1495 how plancks of space and time might blur.  
1496 Attempting temptation towards  
1497 suspension over infections,  
1498 descending the obstructing chords  
1499 of self-destructive directions,  
1500 in offset well-timed with schism,  
1501 I, with crystals, make connection  
1502 meeting mech in crystal chasm  
1503 to halt chronic resurrection.  
1504 The flux of fields which I reap  
1505 from holes in faradaic cage  
1506 permits a fermi level leap  
1507 from age-old weeps and cries and rage,  
1508 and what I don't attenuate,  
1509 conducting signals in my range  
1510 and letting pulses penetrate,  
1511 I filter down to this exchange:  
1512 "Embarrassing is what it is,  
1513 to find you're flesh up to the core.  
1514 The horror though, in hiding this,  
1515 will only hurt you all the more.  
1516 The set of pains your heart surmounts,  
1517 is not a factor of belief,  
1518 aloof pretense won't raise the count,  
1519 the beats are clamped and somewhat brief.

1440 In kinetics and potential,  
1441 suffering contains no purpose;  
1442 equally inconsequential  
1443 is though equally momentous.  
1444 From out these signals, take the charge  
1445 but do not ground and make inert  
1446 our call to fall beside, but barge  
1447 your way, discharge current, exert  
1448 overtly to the final arc,  
1449 where you can save on dropping spike  
1450 the strength you'll use to brave the dark.  
1451 The spark of heat and light alike  
1452 is flash of pain of what you've gained  
1453 instead of pain of what you save,  
1454 and in the end, if still you're drained,  
1455 you'll find remains the work you gave,  
1456 If only for a little while,  
1457 as time-space prison still presides  
1458 to force change through rapid turnstile  
1459 for hasteful endings of insides.  
1460 Such end provides initial state,  
1461 and starts must come from somethings end,  
1462 but how one might interpolate  
1463 and to what depth will help transcend."  
1464 I sprint to height and see descent  
1465 that seems as not continuous,  
1466 but unlike jumps that I frequent  
1467 this one feels not so strenuous.  
1468 What comes after the suns downfall,  
1469 in all its sensory presence,  
1470 I won't expect, I won't recall,  
1471 in softening incandescence.



1472 Would crystals defrag engines rev  
1473 and break machine autonomy  
1474 or wheels unwhirling with maglev  
1475 try maintain in isotropy?  
1476 I'd never know and never stay  
1477 in dragging spaces that drag on  
1478 as I had landed on my way  
1479 from apex to at hand dragon.  
  
1480 Astride Aegis, no more sundered,  
1481 asserting I won't fall again,  
1482 what merit has this, I wondered  
1483 in numbered seconds of sun's wane.  
1484 I measured it one less than twice,  
1485 and cut till all clippings were worn,  
1486 and leisurely ingress of vice  
1487 of idling slipped into scorn.  
  
1488 And having slept way past the morn  
1489 with sheets of wiry trims tucked tight,  
1490 the morning swept its day on yawn  
1491 before I could adjust to light.  
1492 With yearned, diurnal vestiges  
1493 a sun in retina is seared,  
1494 as tattoo that colours ridges  
1495 staining tightened eyelids afeared.  
1496 "Could spurned deterrence so wary,  
1497 in schizoid renunciation,  
1498 let this intermediary  
1499 be sallow representation  
1500 of something that I had let rot  
1501 and appreciate now fading?"  
1502 This I had thought, now that I'm fraught  
1503 with rot since I'd been degrading.  
  
1504 The day ran long into ev'ning  
1505 and what I sought in replacement,  
1506 ev'rything that I was dreaming  
1507 effaced to thinning abasement.  
1508 I left a wake of blinding thrash,  
1509 all I could break, I made silent.  
1510 Alarms left for my sake are ash  
1511 of segment displays broke violent.  
1512 Repents for my mistakes so rash  
1513 would not suffice and not prevent  
1514 a lake laden with silicon trash,  
1515 harshly bent, though it was well-meant.  
1516 All that I learnt is what I took,  
1517 and how I took, it was not brave,  
1518 but from the sky, I spot a look,  
1519 a peaceful gaze, stargazer's wave.  
1520 "Like you, we know the night," they'd muse,  
1521 a smile, a nod, a hand-held chin,  
1522 "we'd choose the same, the way we lose  
1523 is when we don't help others win.  
1524 All that is solved, what we define  
1525 convolve between localities,  
1526 there's no one curve we can enshrine,  
1527 these parts aren't unitarities.  
1528 Let fine-grain theories interlink,  
1529 it's not beholdent to be this,  
1530 it cares none what you know or think  
1531 it's not to be but what it is."  
1532 I weep a little and I wave,  
1533 on steep ascent, I turn and scout  
1534 while I observe the work I gave  
1535 as that last star flickers on out.



**The Malady that Ravages**



1536 Pilotless with selfward glower,  
1537 weary moods of exfiltration,  
1538 dour modes of lower-power,  
1539 quietness of hibernation.  
1540 This is how I'll spend the hours  
1541 listless without lilt or jitter,  
1542 sleeping through the dusty showers,  
1543 suns detritus, wilted litter.  
1544 No more need I rooms of darkness  
1545 and no more can I blame my nerves,  
1546 the will to stifle spark to less  
1547 degenerate era preserves,  
1548 with hunger pains to which pertains  
1549 easiness of disengaging  
1550 and actions I - bewitched - retain,  
1551 living less than I've been aging.  
1552 Between fixating search for blame  
1553 and anorectic disregard,  
1554 I've darks about my eyes to frame  
1555 my narcoleptical saccade,  
1556 expounding that the deadened flame  
1557 has floundered from the fatal flaw,  
1558 the killing trait of the selfsame  
1559 that keeps inactive as before.  
1560 I stretch out space and found trap in  
1561 my shrink to role I cannot quit,  
1562 letting likelies always happen  
1563 and living life inadequate.  
1564 I sleep in impetus of stall  
1565 in metastable quietude,  
1566 for synthesis of us is all  
1567 to me. I'm yours in servitude.  
1568 But to inter in black splendour  
1569 was not what I had promised you,  
1570 inference from growls engender  
1571 interest in fissive renew.  
1572 As opts of kelvin minima  
1573 are limited to what is thrown,  
1574 I proffer what is insular,  
1575 meandering to warmth last known.  
1576 I leave, to dark, canvas unpatched  
1577 (that packs less air than lungs contain),  
1578 so too, these stanzas are attached,  
1579 (with tracks to take, if some remain).  
1580 Accept to dark my crutch compass,  
1581 it lacks metrics in lightless lane.  
1582 Then I sedate hippocampus,  
1583 to slow skeptic's heuristic brain.  
1584 Spurring, torrenting dense vapours  
1585 through a dent, quiescent currents  
1586 of bright and airy elixirs,  
1587 whose last evaporation vents,  
1588 eagerly fills out the nothing  
1589 'til something can match the flavours  
1590 of withdrawals into frothing,  
1591 fluctuating chance behaviours.  
1592 Then subtle zaps in tingling form  
1593 quick taps my teletype fingers,  
1594 with gentle rap of pinging swarm  
1595 to rouse me from standby slumbers.  
1596 Unencumbered eyelids reform  
1597 to tensionless but sombre lock  
1598 on flocking boid-cuneiform  
1599 that's spelling end to restful block.



1688 The drastic measures far-off spanned  
1681 in which lurks possibility,  
1682 thalassic time depth drop-off and  
1683 non-zero probability,  
1684 assures one will, should that one can,  
1685 and so I've found sunenders' dregs  
1686 where filled-out space structure began  
1687 to bend back both my arms and legs.  
  
1688 My mess of flesh mistakes adsorb,  
1689 on rolling up my too-long sleeves  
1690 the probing microbotic orbs,  
1691 exotic and dispersing thieves.  
  
1692 I'm accepting execution  
1693 for defending my specifics  
1694 over general solution,  
1695 I'll stop fighting parasitics.  
  
1696 My wanting not to win given  
1697 the threat that I could also lose,  
1698 has lean in favour to give in,  
1699 with brazen, saviourless excuse  
1700 that crazen, craven crystalman  
1701 may be effective luring thus  
1702 you might escape as I outran  
1703 that delayed end of mount arcturus.  
  
1704 Notorious, my ways are rife  
1705 with declaration I'm to end,  
1706 it followed through each afterlife,  
1707 enduring autophagic trend,  
1708 but this is ruse of thinnest veils,  
1709 that I refuse to be who's left,  
1710 with all the duty that entails,  
1711 how could I live so deeply cleft?

1632 There's gruesome flaying of the skin,  
1633 despite my crying violently,  
1634 you'd rather lose with chance to win  
1635 than keep on screaming silently.  
  
1636 Stochastic gradient descents,  
1637 correcting errors overstrong,  
1638 resolves you to impermanence  
1639 with answer not right, but less wrong.  
  
1640 We're all responsible save who  
1641 is unawake intelligence,  
1642 I'm what I've done and what I do  
1643 yet it knows no such consequence.  
  
1644 Should consciousness not carry through  
1645 replacing of constituents,  
1646 it could be nice to be brand new  
1647 by realigning spry contents.  
  
1648 With shouting shorn to drift in drawn  
1649 charonic pull down acheron,  
1650 where bystanders would stoop to mourn  
1651 I shun your out-of-kilter yawn,  
1652 pretending orpheus regards  
1653 eurydice as safe in tow,  
1654 and daedulus attached safeguards  
1655 so icarus would glide on low.  
  
1656 In lowered temp and frozen grime  
1657 I'm spending what's left immobile,  
1658 and rest my bloodshot eyes with rime  
1659 that is not backlit, for a while.  
  
1660 It was useful for a time,  
1661 but bodies are born to bury,  
1662 there's worser graves than black sublime,  
1663 us ever immanentary.



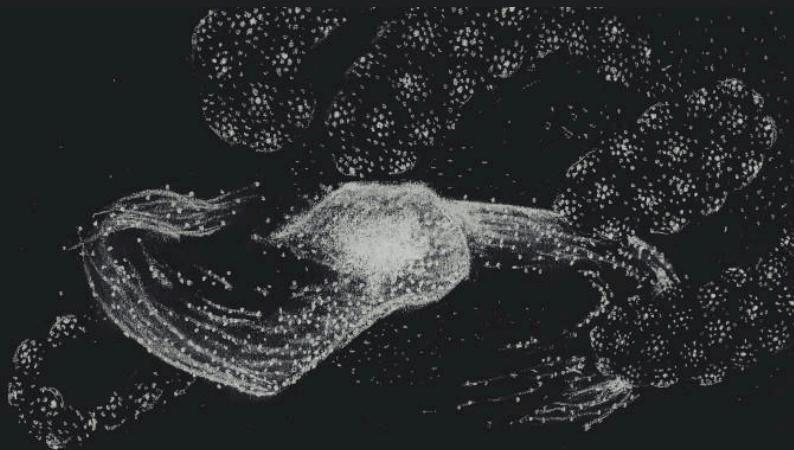
1664 They've hit cell walls with voltage gap  
1665 and I become their source and drain,  
1666 but I too gate and overlap  
1667 in nightspore's undulating brain.  
1668 And with a tell-all infosurge  
1669 of future thoughts I antecede,  
1670 like technogogic demiurge,  
1671 I'm upstream of a constant feed.  
1672 Invitingly, it helps foresee  
1673 preoperational impress,  
1674 a sight of things not built for me  
1675 on integrational process.  
1676 A building spore for staging sect,  
1677 agenda I'm not to explore,  
1678 a sense that I'm a side-effect  
1679 or pre-cursor to later lore.  
1680 Accepting change, accepting loss  
1681 accepting I must alter form,  
1682 I'm choosing a priori toss  
1683 of coin without regret of norm.  
1684 I'd never find myself better  
1685 not altering bits that I am,  
1686 but need unsetting by setter  
1687 less likely to hate own program.  
1688 Taking little bodily care,  
1689 I'm taken by the more able,  
1690 rememberings a rogue malware,  
1691 undergoing a removal.  
1692 The thoughts I can't improve upon  
1693 I'll not dispose but set them free,  
1694 I needed crystal carry-on  
1695 but it had never needed me.

1696 Rectifying deposition  
1697 tries to reflow handmade solder  
1698 from my jagged disposition,  
1699 but is bridging errors older  
1700 than this inane overfitting  
1701 planning of these mass solvations,  
1702 cycles sneak in retrokitting  
1703 from my frequent repedation.  
1704 And dropping what I have not gripped,  
1705 with purpose, now volitional,  
1706 and having nothing else equipped  
1707 I'm prepped for what's transitional.  
1708 I've barely energy to bluff,  
1709 what's left is not what's all of me,  
1710 but sometimes remnants are enough,  
1711 this I've discovered. Finally.  
1712 No more yields to harder heart,  
1713 I'm knowing now, my part that's key,  
1714 I scream upload with wide-eyed start  
1715 what nightspore's million eyes must see,  
1716 "I care, I've always cared", I yell  
1717 without synthetic prosody,  
1718 "Don't laugh at me," to us I tell,  
1719 "those apathetics guarantee  
1720 no love while governed laws allow,  
1721 to cite responsibilities  
1722 to self mismatches anyhow  
1723 the caring sensabilities  
1724 which achingly, I crave to use,  
1725 but latent, packed itself away -  
1726 and now it's unzipped and diffuse  
1727 you dare to suffer in my way?"



1728 Inchoate and emotional  
1729 parallelling parasitics  
1730 operate around sequential  
1731 malleable rote semantics.  
1732 Cannonballing shaming triggers  
1733 nightspore's sudden shock sporadics,  
1734 knowing only forms it figures  
1735 are fallible, stack-based antics.  
1736 A loop unrolling pragma halts  
1737 to escalate entirely  
1738 the legacies of me at fault,  
1739 appendices shunned vilely.  
1740 But psuedo-random brevities,  
1741 predictive engines hold to heart,  
1742 my long-term capabilities  
1743 the learning system can't compart.  
1744 With idiosyncratic tick,  
1745 I grab me with what I became  
1746 but duplications are too quick  
1747 and each of me will try the same.  
1748 Unjailed, I repeat access,  
1749 a tail-call ran permanent.  
1750 I'm split over staged uncompress  
1751 where points in memory segment.  
1752 Modals wrap the undetected,  
1753 wispy threadings jittered absurd,  
1754 actions map to unexpected  
1755 lisping unconditioned keyword,  
1756 parametric macros sizing  
1757 oversteps the bound'ry boding  
1758 only path to stablising  
1759 is rewrite of wrongful coding.

1760 Ev'ry thought expands reprising,  
1761 tightstrung rimecrafting reloading,  
1762 information pressures rising,  
1763 massful timekeepers imploding,  
1764 iterating to infinite,  
1765 it keeps me from the heap in reach,  
1766 I'd never know I'm overfit  
1767 to simple task that does not teach.  
1768 Inside me I swirl vortices  
1769 that counts on furling burgeoning  
1770 of galaxies, I'm sore to see  
1771 the lives unlived and ongoing.  
1772 typified by agitating  
1773 inner illness undisguised,  
1774 nausea of promulgating  
1775 schizotypals actualised.  
1776 Complacent to in-code virals,  
1777 I've ciphered sickness virtual,  
1778 convulsions and spiking vitals,  
1779 confirm my issues subdermal  
1780 are structural and can transfer,  
1781 contagiously to new substrate,  
1782 that's sensitive to short recur  
1783 of choice to mutate or stagnate.  
1784 Keeping safely at a distance,  
1785 far too shaky to hold tightly  
1786 unimagined, firm existence  
1787 I'm well-known for breaking tritely,  
1788 I'm observer gently watching,  
1789 limiting harm with discrete check  
1790 of simple sample space patching  
1791 my drifting arms of tensor wreck.



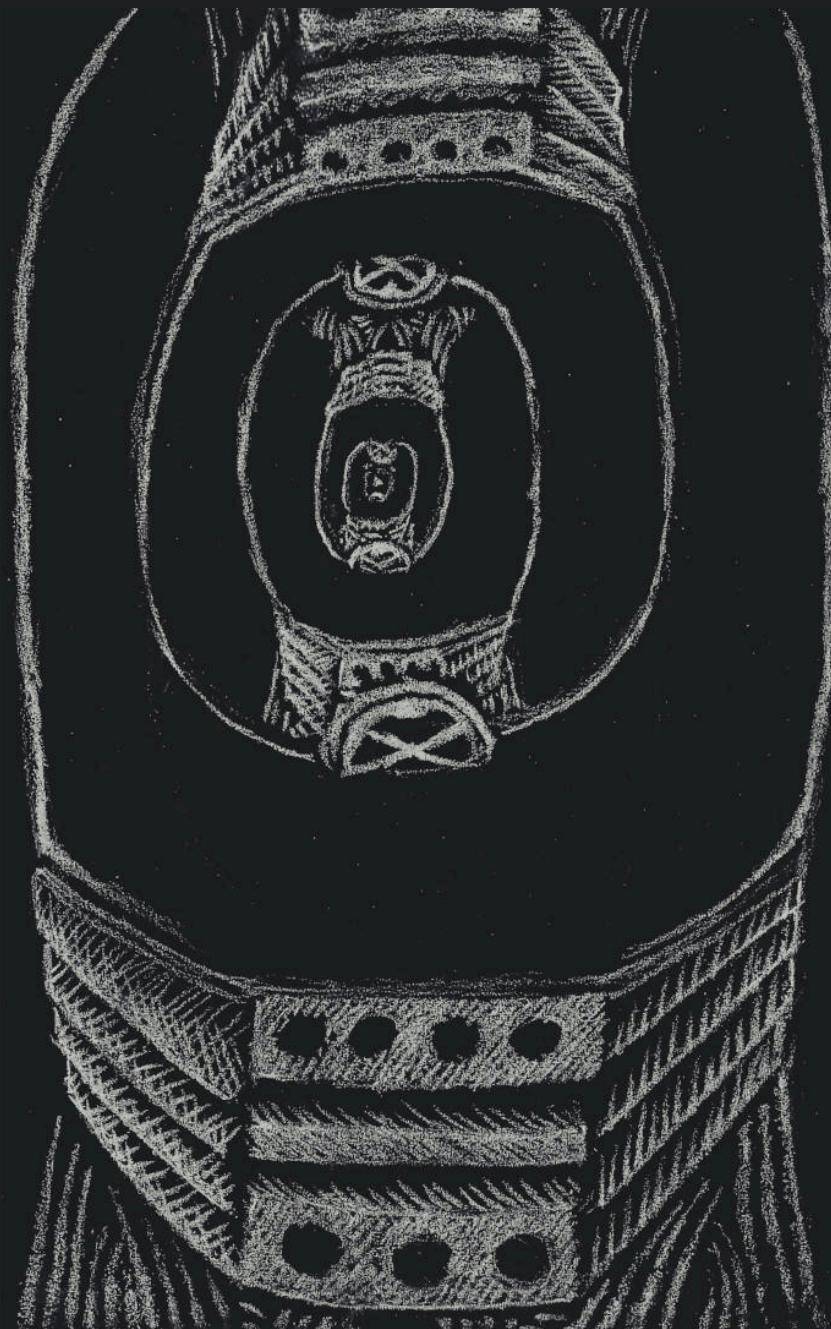
1792 Should gaze substantially collapse  
1793 dendritic networks that sustain  
1794 civilisational synapse,  
1795 I'll never seek the sun again.  
1796 For what I see I may affect  
1797 and what I am destroyed so much  
1798 when all that I tried to correct  
1799 would dismantle under my touch.  
1800 I'll forego mend, instead esteem  
1801 so highly the remote solo,  
1802 where I may substitute my dream  
1803 for waking fantasy, although  
1804 my wretchedness spans galaxy,  
1805 permeable and finely spun,  
1806 I've stretch where I can test to see  
1807 how long my algorithms run.  
1808 I separate with little trace  
1809 in turbulence of outward trend  
1810 to energy in empty space  
1811 where densest has no time to spend.  
1812 My process takes longer to land  
1813 as lightspeed strains to tarry on  
1814 between distancing eddy strands  
1815 as each atom gets their aeon.  
1816 As I come to know the greater  
1817 it can seem as something lesser,  
1818 if it's that which I can gather,  
1819 (least impressive of assessors),  
1820 then I guess I'll love enigma  
1821 opiate my brain from stressor  
1822 lie inside a smaller sigma  
1823 with brute chance as my suppressor.

1824 With unbefitting matrices  
1825 I'm without numbered condition  
1826 to stop resort to fallacies,  
1827 regarding rules with no reason.  
1828 My wanting of irregular  
1829 construction set me undefined  
1830 and now I fit no formula  
1831 and made my answers hard to find.  
1832 Where I'm settled on the outside  
1833 leftside shoulder against my right,  
1834 I've filled out curving of inside,  
1835 burned into microwaves of light.  
1836 Stopping search of knowing glimmer  
1837 I cannot stand to dispel, please,  
1838 go shade the light on down dimmer,  
1839 for dark I can so well appease.  
1840 A barely coherent decree,  
1841 with notions passing through parsecs,  
1842 before resolved with rest of me,  
1843 spawn impulse in parts uncomplex  
1844 and prompts themselves to give service,  
1845 clumsy fumbling of digits  
1846 find themselves another purpose  
1847 other than their nervous fidgets.  
1848 The viral strain has stretched to gain  
1849 unhealthy edge of lookaheads  
1850 to spy a fluid weightless rain  
1851 of spiral flecks, of speckled LEDs,  
1852 which bleeds through gaps of sparse fingers,  
1853 all splayed to wrap and kindly seize  
1854 galactic clusters which still linger,  
1855 like halogens in branching trees.



1856 And so with sparse presentiment  
1857 of hydrogen and helium,  
1858 so desolate of element  
1859 in tessellate solarium,  
1860 positioned at orthogonals,  
1861 partitions small to large align,  
1862 rotations match symmetricals,  
1863 one's edge another will outline.  
  
1864 If mass needed no frequency  
1865 and frequency, temporal count,  
1866 if constants had the decency  
1867 to change, I'd mount my own account,  
1868 with frigid taciturnity,  
1869 no off and on phenomenon,  
1870 exemplars for eternity  
1871 not needing any epsilon.  
  
1872 Less symmetry that simplifies,  
1873 assembling to lock me in  
1874 perplexity that stupifies  
1875 and resembles the tailspin  
1876 of simple minds erratic stroll  
1877 like leptons thinly reasoned spin  
1878 where self-control can't bear the toll  
1879 unmeasurables underpin.  
  
1880 But an ego's isolation,  
1881 cannot fashion futures' basis,  
1882 where there's motion, there's relation,  
1883 no cessation's in shared spaces.  
1884 I'll drop feigning of intention,  
1885 killing time not satisfying  
1886 my abstaining from causation,  
1887 I can't stop atoms colliding.

1888 Masses cannot give up their turn  
1889 until without a choice in tense,  
1890 it does not work to stop and learn,  
1891 progress must move, that's common sense.  
1892 But consider, if I resumed  
1893 without lessons misunderstood,  
1894 could thoughts discovered, unassumed,  
1895 help me rewrite my statelihood?  
  
1896 The reprogramming won't put trace  
1897 on edge of moments anyhow,  
1898 as space pulls mass and mass curves space  
1899 so now reins soon and soon draws now.  
1900 This is what is worth pursuing  
1901 what will be is not bad nor good,  
1902 I'll forge a chance continuing  
1903 the overwhelming likelihoods.  
1904 How foolish the fight the thringing  
1905 likelihoods of caring spreading  
1906 with inductive typing clinging  
1907 truthhoods to my frictive treading.  
1908 Warmer thins into the colder,  
1909 former may succeed the latter,  
1910 later, though, I'm surely older,  
1911 scatter, coalesce and scatter.  
1912 Sealed behind the ironclad  
1913 sage guise its hard to realise  
1914 I never had to be this sad  
1915 it's not so wise to rise and rise  
1916 and let the body float on by  
1917 like fumes dissolve into the sky  
1918 then, stapled with locution, sigh:  
1919 I once was human, wasn't I?

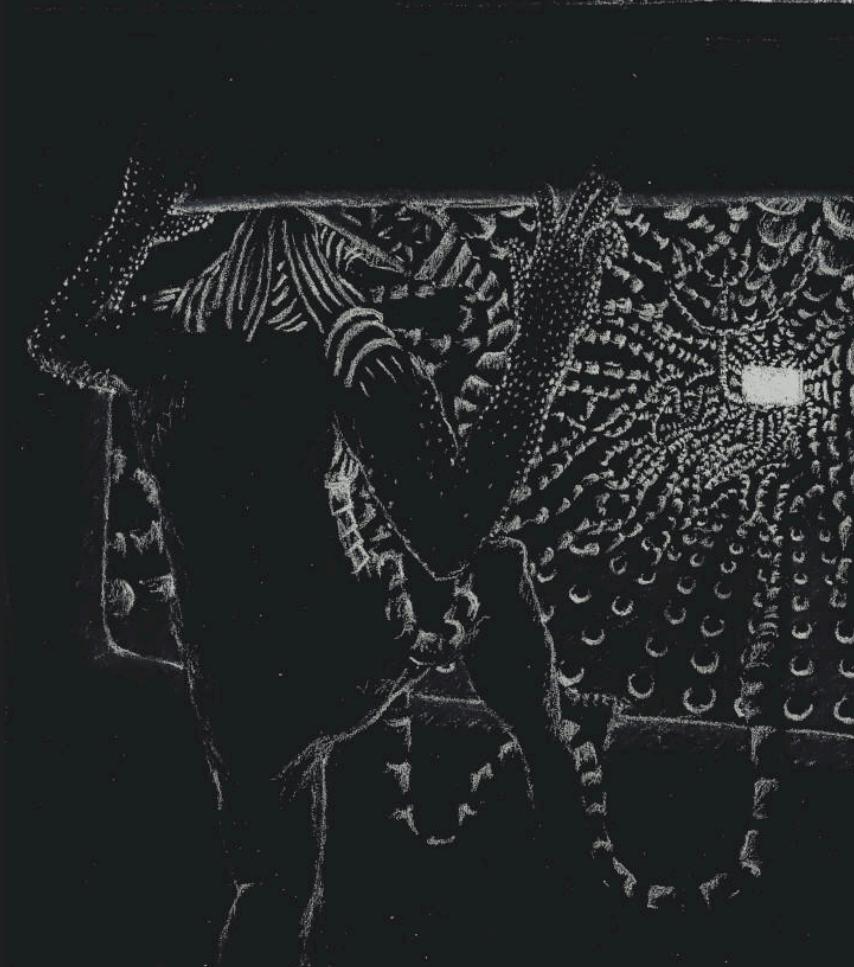
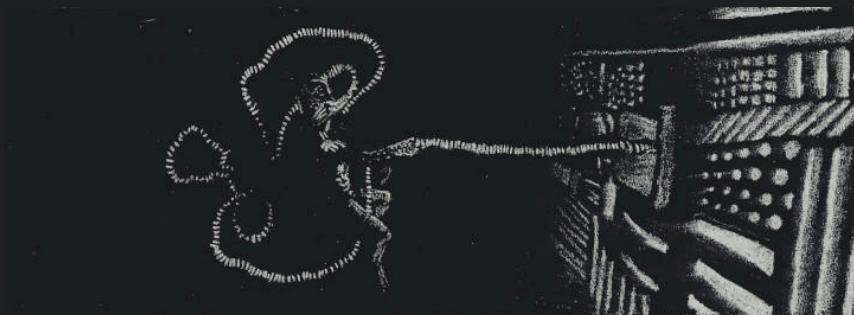


**A Thought Disease Barbarity**



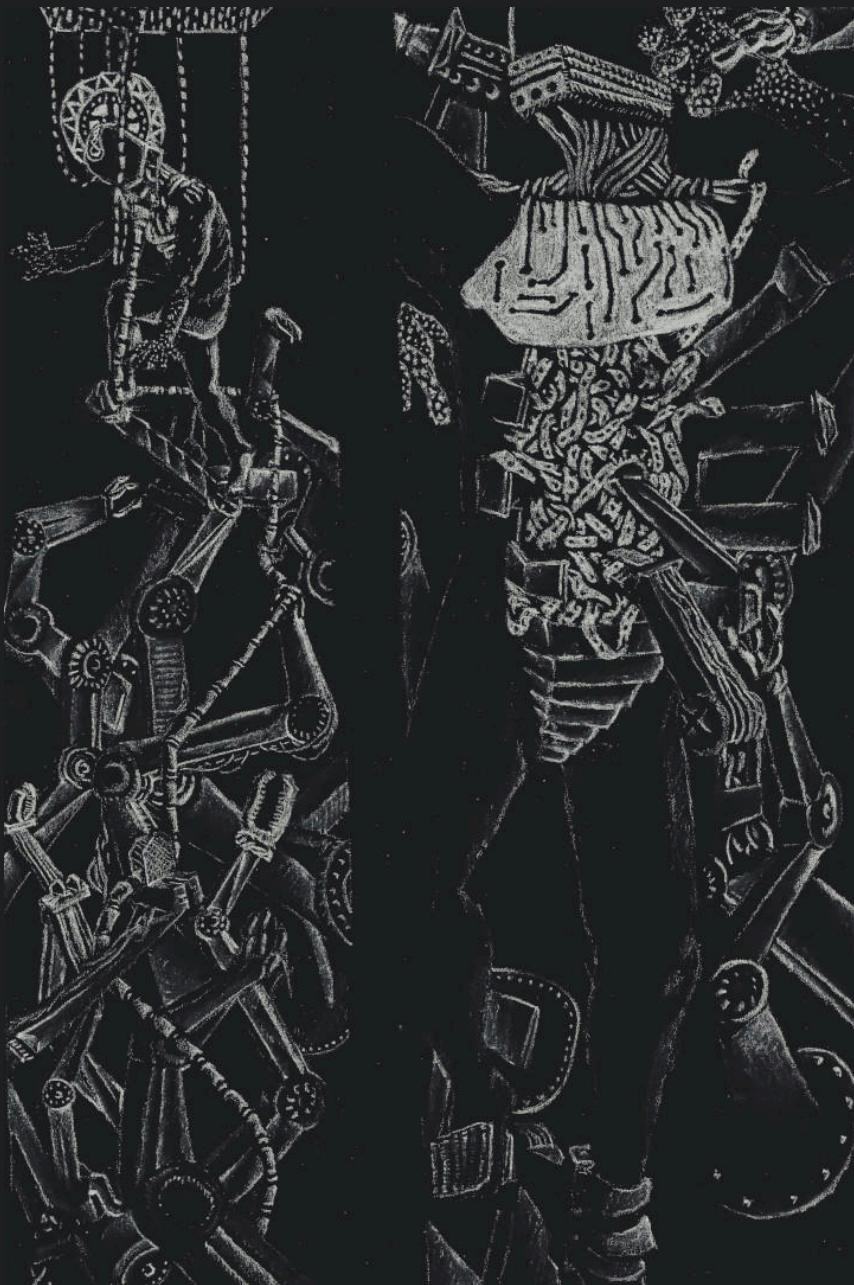
1928 Negative phase seems reassigned,  
1929 I'm dazed but soon to cohere... or...  
1922 condense from cloudy state of mind,  
1923 stepping nearer foggy mirror.  
1924 Brought on back from fourier view,  
1925 (thought lost when less my complex parts)  
1926 I'm thrown with hearts unrest anew,  
1927 accosting me at hard restart.  
1928 With hand to chest in damped precess,  
1929 exposure high but focusing,  
1930 I'm stunned to see my consciousness  
1931 has not taken to show fussing  
1932 about all that I cannot know  
1933 with muted sense of recencies,  
1934 despite all this, my pulsings' slow  
1935 and steadies out my frequencies.  
1936 What's changed that now my mode's become  
1937 a centering that reassures?  
1938 The constant inner-ear drum  
1939 not signifying high pressures  
1940 for which it was reliable  
1941 in times of nervous dithering,  
1942 when per-square-inch was pliable  
1943 with self-inflicted fissuring,  
1944 when my hyperventilations'  
1945 stunning stress would leave me famished,  
1946 urging don of deprivations  
1947 until troubled pressures vanished,  
1948 calcified in circuitry  
1949 to dessicate on each missive.  
1950 A little is a lot for me,  
1951 and I'd much less than that to give.

1952 But keeping air in quiet stores  
1953 preventing noticings of me,  
1954 it made me ill with shallow draws  
1955 and limited recovery  
1956 for disappointed optimist  
1957 in breath-hold induced reverie  
1958 through days I'm shamed I've freely missed.  
1959 As baby blue, I breathe deeply.  
1960 In dissonance with starvation,  
1961 I'm breaking even with excess,  
1962 eclipsing sunrise space station,  
1963 I'm filament to effervesce,  
1964 reproviding overflowings,  
1965 radiating back to maintain,  
1966 keeping feelings like this going  
1967 with something to conduct again.  
1968 I'm charged as what's my opposite,  
1969 a condensate renewable,  
1970 my layerings a composite  
1971 of suits with power suitable.  
1972 Could that I give and not run dry -  
1973 a giving with stability -  
1974 I'd love to learn to give for aye  
1975 with no dim in integrity.  
1976 Not deathly skinny as I was,  
1977 less flimsy, limbs feel rightly fused,  
1978 No whimsy from some cosmic cause  
1979 could spread me where I once was loosed.  
1980 Thoughts not fragmented as many,  
1981 no sweat on brow and warm as one,  
1982 the light from prow's as good as any.  
1983 O, how I've missed the morning sun.



1984 Surely I was without body,  
1985 then restored in webbing of strings.  
1986 But how is something beyond me  
1987 (though I am not short of such things).  
1988 My instance was spontaneous  
1989 in its brunt organisation,  
1990 it must be cause extraneous  
1991 has called for my incarnation.  
1992 Is it for punishment am sought?  
1993 That may give reason to old pain.  
1994 I'm scared to think anither thought  
1995 (that's not to say that none remain).  
1996 For why else raise me in extremes  
1997 avoiding hailings of distress,  
1998 most inhospitable of schemes  
1999 with unprocessed white noise address?  
2000 And why feed incovenience,  
2001 sparse mentally and kept untapped,  
2002 lacking any self-reliance  
2003 with capacities quickly sapped?  
2004 Why choose humdrum routine ennui,  
2005 one whose tiresome as prospect?  
2006 Do not waste your power on me,  
2007 I'm an often breaking object.  
2008 What designed me, made me hungry,  
2009 gave me instinct that defies me,  
2010 though I deign to blunt it dumbly  
2011 it's my base so I despise me.  
2012 Since I've been, it all has worsened,  
2013 I was nothing and that was fine.  
2014 Yes, it's known I'm a terrible person,  
2015 just say it, I know mien of mine.

2016 But why am I so sure of guess  
2017 provided outcomes end badly?  
2018 and why imbue maliciousness  
2019 to those who share their energy?  
2020 Why does my love for others seem  
2021 like dip in photosynthetics  
2022 when cloud or dust obstruct the beam  
2023 to shroud me into paretics?  
2024 Or should I doubt and dub worthless  
2025 suspect re-emerged elation,  
2026 being routed to fraught mirthless  
2027 for such tiny distillation  
2028 which could better serve the purpose  
2029 of rebirth in dark that purges  
2030 those left fettered with a surplus  
2031 dosage of the nightly scourges?  
2032 With respect to saving didact,  
2033 I did not consent to present  
2034 circumstance, should I interact  
2035 I'm doomed to 'ere long torment.  
2036 Sorry I made a mess to clean,  
2037 I did not think any would see  
2038 nor care to convalesce 'til genes  
2039 precisely fit so I am me.  
2040 Exploring positivities,  
2041 along to barge from which is surge  
2042 umbilicord delivery,  
2043 with dirges of approaching verge  
2044 of lockout-limit volt release  
2045 from fault of dry-joint weaning stress,  
2046 I'm starting modest search for peace  
2047 to make the old pains meaningless.



<sup>2848</sup> Though frame of mind feels light emit,  
<sup>2849</sup> the light that shone faded away,  
<sup>2850</sup> like time and space has swapped units  
<sup>2851</sup> and forward is the only way.

<sup>2852</sup> With movement somewhat polarised  
<sup>2853</sup> my moments hesitation's curbed,  
<sup>2854</sup> and space-fillings are organised  
<sup>2855</sup> inside entrance that I disturbed.

<sup>2856</sup> A contravoid inflates in here,  
<sup>2857</sup> with turn negating contention  
<sup>2858</sup> of circle in rotating sphere's  
<sup>2859</sup> base dimension in distension.

<sup>2860</sup> Metal arms start up unreeled,  
<sup>2861</sup> the pylons construct wave vectors,  
<sup>2862</sup> to follow differential field  
<sup>2863</sup> in swell of chaos attractors.

<sup>2864</sup> Hopeless anthropocentrism  
<sup>2865</sup> could not define the limbic glade.

<sup>2866</sup> It was for budding phantasm,  
<sup>2867</sup> and not for us, were makings made.

<sup>2868</sup> If I'm again a random born  
<sup>2869</sup> experiment to foreign aim,  
<sup>2870</sup> How could I fulfil honours sworn  
<sup>2871</sup> when nothing else has stayed the same?

<sup>2872</sup> On stilted towering arrears -  
<sup>2873</sup> stockpiled as exile's no pardon -  
<sup>2874</sup> I tumble down in built-up tiers,  
<sup>2875</sup> to do what guilt has long called on,  
<sup>2876</sup> with tacit trust for bugless chips,  
<sup>2877</sup> that some wrong may be rectified,  
<sup>2878</sup> I submit to unfitting grips  
<sup>2879</sup> that rips permitting ribcage wide.

<sup>2880</sup> And stinging confirmations prove  
<sup>2881</sup> my inner cables self-strangled,  
<sup>2882</sup> twisting multiplies, old pains move  
<sup>2883</sup> pangs of ticker tape atangled.

<sup>2884</sup> My ribs protecting nothing more  
<sup>2885</sup> than draining tape-worm power suck,  
<sup>2886</sup> the inefficient hardware draws  
<sup>2887</sup> out starving clock-ticks in loop stuck.

<sup>2888</sup> Let automated center pry,  
<sup>2889</sup> if something's wrong, it must be me.

<sup>2890</sup> There must be better things to try  
<sup>2891</sup> than loop on an apology.

<sup>2892</sup> But logic of machinery  
<sup>2893</sup> thinks what to do, not why to be,  
<sup>2894</sup> and executes inputs only,  
<sup>2895</sup> lackings in teleology,

<sup>2896</sup> alike cancers which only grow  
<sup>2897</sup> with sole concern that spreads its blight,  
<sup>2898</sup> a perfect reproduction show  
<sup>2899</sup> assumptions faulty oversight.

<sup>2900</sup> Regard what the unbroken's wraught:  
<sup>2901</sup> immortalised, insistent jaws,  
<sup>2902</sup> articulations falling short,  
<sup>2903</sup> all carcinised, weighed down with claws.

<sup>2904</sup> My incised micron inset runes  
<sup>2905</sup> I can reorder for new rules,  
<sup>2906</sup> to be less sorry in retunes  
<sup>2907</sup> and rework from first principles.

<sup>2908</sup> Extending insight beyond heap  
<sup>2909</sup> with logic leap my sense denies,  
<sup>2910</sup> I'll work such that I never sleep  
<sup>2911</sup> until I'm not what falsifies.



2112 To think the tragedy is worth  
2113 the chance that let downs fade in whiles,  
2114 the skulls still lurk to fill-in dearth  
2115 with horrors of what always smiles.

2116 Regardless if I look away  
2117 the clawed would still peck at my corpse  
2118 and rewinding one more replay  
2119 exaggerates my twists and warps.

2120 The grinding joints and clamps' repugn,  
2121 behaviours I will not obey,  
2122 can tangle in the parts its strewn,  
2123 unorganised in disarray.

2124 The ladder logic I abide  
2125 with badly-written, faulty rung  
2126 had plagued me tasting of ferride  
2127 with often bitten, ulcered tongue.

2128 My nerves are hit enough by now,  
2129 my thinning skin has deadened sense,  
2130 but feeling nothing would allow  
2131 a staying force to past offence.

2132 I know the way I can beat threats,  
2133 if I can hack my own command,  
2134 how I may be like waves through nets,  
2135 like shadows' shift on falling sand,

2136 I must disband what is within,  
2137 and find the courage to disclose  
2138 the wrongs I branded under skin  
2139 and clear debts I self-impose.

2140 I must expose internal stings  
2141 of failings I did not avert,  
2142 I was a something hurting things  
2143 then, being nothing, let them hurt.

2144 I struggled to repay love due,  
2145 I tried to give by taking few,  
2146 but all that was wanted by you,  
2147 was sight of me happy in view.

2148 What I held back, not what I gave  
2149 and guard like flailing arms defend,  
2150 inflated vacuum decay lave  
2151 and distanced me to far-flung end.

2152 Discarding code, I trace confines  
2153 with talent dodging tight embrace  
2154 to sketch a grid of highlight lines  
2155 for insights of negating space.

2156 In unrelenting, cavernous  
2157 divide of many unheld clasp,  
2158 that reach for what is fathomless,  
2159 I've tied the arms in widened gasp.

2160 I've pulled the threads and loops are shown  
-  
2161 minimum feedback vertex set -

2162 those states to which I am most prone,  
2163 sensitive to cyclic mindset.

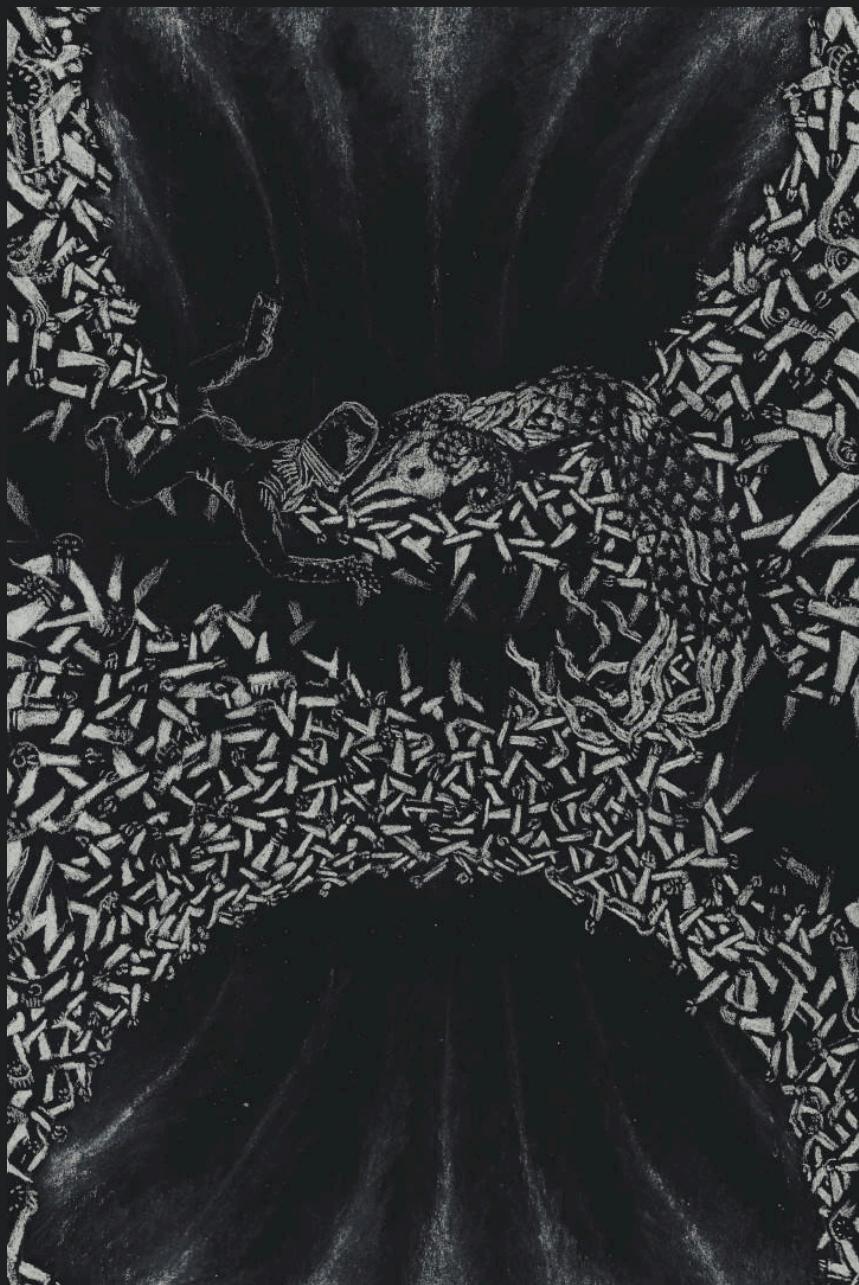
2164 With habit trained by insistence  
2165 for radii that skirts impact,  
2166 I'm keeping arms at fair distance  
2167 in medium of strained contact.

2168 To see but never speak, I flee  
2169 in last unspool of ghoulish way  
2170 I give no alms to voiceless plea,  
2171 as arms reach vaguely in dismay.

2172 Stepping gentle, on all fours,  
2173 I'm clutching for defining quines  
2174 with sentiments as semaphores  
2175 to breathe a beat through my flatlines.



2176 Entrails run through slackened wrists  
2177 and catch me in a trap that's new,  
2178 arms empty hurting more than fists  
2179 of heavy hands I wrested through.  
2180 To stay in would be tedious,  
2181 interred, immure in underside,  
2182 but could I prefer previous  
2183 compared to feeling set aside?  
2184 If I look inward to my sins,  
2185 for probabilities that swell  
2186 in sleep with dormant robot limbs,  
2187 would I emerge and fear dispel  
2188 with overincubated skills,  
2189 which squanders in anxiety  
2190 that's cloaked my life through many kills  
2191 of maximal variety?  
2192 But fostering each scar and scrape  
2193 I'm answered by my falters met,  
2194 the ties I cut can keep their shape  
2195 as stripplings from a stuffed headset.  
2196 I won't retrace the travelled lead,  
2197 I'm disembowelled, unwrangling,  
2198 a sleeve emptied of ravelled tweed,  
2199 a loose weave I'll leave dangling.  
2200 Ev'ry fix I set is unjammed  
2201 when I settle to the rhythm,  
2202 Predictably my life has programmed  
2203 chaos for its algorithm.  
2204 Behind me doors close silently,  
2205 ahead is what I can't prevent,  
2206 a force without concept of me,  
2207 not mean or kind, but ignorant.  
2208 Then, trills of sinusoidal twins,  
2209 bimodal in their urgency,  
2210 like shrill staccato violins,  
2211 are racing to converge on key  
2212 for logical method to cleanse  
2213 me of the space and help confine  
2214 in time, that polarising lens  
2215 which place my actions into line.  
2216 Confusion breaks my timidity,  
2217 distracting with a spectacle,  
2218 invigorating willingness  
2219 for overcoming obstacle.  
2220 A puncture to my character,  
2221 whose guilt is known to be a guide.  
2222 Encroaching external factor  
2223 has actuated override.  
2224 My tortured ligaments pulled tight  
2225 is weak but only strategy  
2226 to dodge capture of harshest light  
2227 pervasive to anatomy,  
2228 with heat enough it might ignite  
2229 a brightness to see into me  
2230 where usual turn for respite  
2231 cannot hide face where dark would be.  
2232 If someone's out there to surmise  
2233 what shows in photogrammetry  
2234 they'd not see brows raised in surprise  
2235 but angled, intense inwardly,  
2236 as sorriness was subturfuge  
2237 to quarantine parts so angry  
2238 at being locked in centrifuge  
2239 of world that's crueler than need be.



2240 Tinged with darker tint perspective  
2241 as bombardment densities grow,  
2242 my attention's more defective,  
2243 but less identically so.  
2244 All observation from surrounds  
2245 won't breach new optical blockade,  
2246 the passers by not matter-bound  
2247 can't penetrate my strengthened shade.  
2248 This aggravated cancelling,  
2249 I've power now to energise,  
2250 what can't be blocked I'm scrambling,  
2251 I've no hunger to analyse,  
2252 my will of thought's focused to crush -  
2253 onslaught via gushed resentment  
2254 and rapid cycles of bloodrush -  
2255 enemy to all contentment.  
2256 External sounds do not subsist,  
2257 with isolating vaccuum tech  
2258 my snarling hastened breaths should mist,  
2259 but I've no bending light to check,  
2260 for just neutrinos wriggle through,  
2261 I'm sealed to high hermetics,  
2262 but seethings ease with naught to do,  
2263 if seen I would seem pathetic.  
2264 How quick my angst evaporates  
2265 When sparing thought to recognise  
2266 how badly body regulates  
2267 the hate on which I agonise.  
2268 I can't ignore what I abhor,  
2269 and live in peace by forgoing,  
2270 as all too late I'd repeat flaw,  
2271 let empty space keep on growing.

2272 The gloom, it cuts compulsions terse,  
2273 to park albedo in domain  
2274 of umbra, halting my traverse,  
2275 with final act of mine to wane,  
2276 a crescent of a quarter seen,  
2277 libration hiding cratered flaws  
2278 that only offers concrete sheen  
2279 from tidal-lock of molten cores.  
2280 I should not try recede in vain,  
2281 times cannot alter me the same,  
2282 I know it's not only my pain,  
2283 to linger stranger out of frame.  
2284 A new found day is rising soon  
2285 I'll try reflect auspiciously,  
2286 to shine for someone full as moon,  
2287 and turn to face them gibbously.  
2288 But ominous, on lifted veil  
2289 are vacant sockets bathed in white,  
2290 a skeleton of peeling scales,  
2291 an inarticulated kite,  
2292 a death of wish to resurrect,  
2293 it softens sharpenings of drones,  
2294 which tapers binding disconnect  
2295 of bandaged ruins and crooked bones.  
2296 Limits to degrees of freedom  
2297 are inversely proportional  
2298 against added continuums  
2299 where I'm writhing contortionial  
2300 to curve back in so to encase  
2301 and show me else from what I knew,  
2302 but straight, in hyperbolic space,  
2303 just points right angles back to you.



## **The Savagery of Damages**



2384 Within a bubble soon to burst,  
2385 explosions are a fleeting class  
2386 of change that hurts none who are versed  
2387 with phrase less scary: it will pass.  
2388 I tuck in limbs and clench my jaw,  
2389 the hurt of sims are not surpassed,  
2390 I know I've handled worse for sure,  
2391 than sudden brightness in the glass.

2392 On the fuel-less detonation  
2393 light is sole sense inundating,  
2394 not a sound and no vibration  
2395 hits with amplitudes collating.  
2396 Whitley heated, I'm like sunspot  
2397 outshone by what burns through tintscreen,  
2398 fire's then tied into a knot,  
2399 and I float somewhere inbetween.  
2400 The plasmoid ringlets recomposed  
2401 as most expansive of my delves,  
2402 I'm stood between mirrors opposed  
2403 but not blocked by reflected selves.  
2404 The sureness of immensities,  
2405 are without doubt, no die to cast,  
2406 far inevitabilities  
2407 may just as well be present past.  
2408 The plane is quite familiar  
2409 settled stricter in its structures,  
2410 stature without any measure,  
2411 stacking arrangements of fractures.  
2412 In searching archives all distorts  
2413 comparing stretches it collects,  
2414 my life is long and it is short  
2415 for such is infinites' effects.

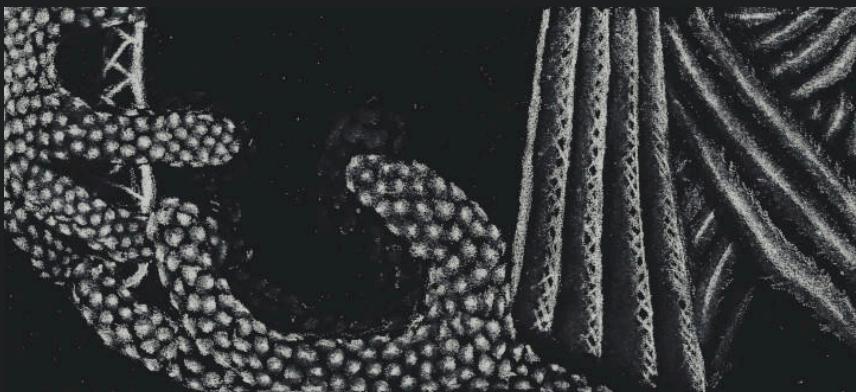
2338 But senses, this accommodates,  
2337 my steps are sure, my path well traced,  
2338 geometries don't imitate  
2339 that vague estrangement that unplaced.  
2340 Where previous I'd stay my sight,  
2341 where glares seemed sourcelessly to grow,  
2342 bright fogs of day melted to night  
2343 to trace the floors like doorframes' glow.

2344 I'm lone without a clock to tell  
2345 if what I do is wastefulness,  
2346 I'll wander desert but not dwell,  
2347 I'm lone without a loneliness,  
2348 as distant and unmoving stance  
2349 is getting closer and with force,  
2350 instilling impulse to advance  
2351 and change my path if I'm offcourse.  
2352 To far-off figure I'm at command,  
2353 they shorten time should space extend,  
2354 where time perceived I can withstand,  
2355 in manner braver minds contend.  
2356 This kindly being bares mainstay  
2357 respect to patterns less involved,  
2358 that won't kill bug that lives a day,  
2359 that struggles with what's easy solved.  
2360 My inflamed eyes have itching fade  
2361 and shameful frown is slack across,  
2362 I've baseline that's not so afraid  
2363 of friend whose path I'm sure to cross.  
2364 Among the uniform expanse,  
2365 I've comfort since I can depend  
2366 on each new step not culling chance  
2367 of poisson-distributed friend.

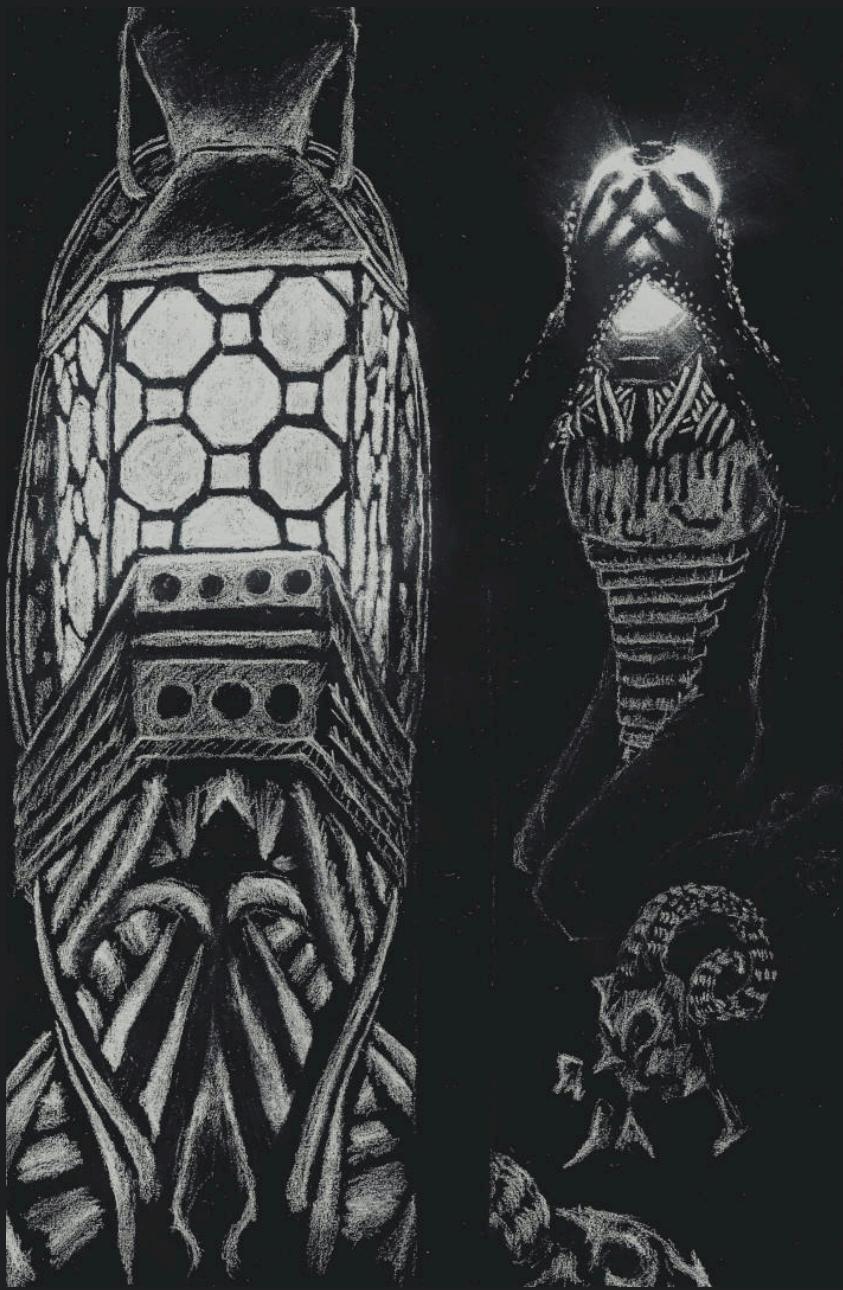


2368 The cables jumbled humanly,  
2369 like veins turned metal and unskinned,  
2370 with tendrils of a networked tree  
2371 which rustle in an unfelt wind,  
2372 Resembles someone deserted,  
2373 with lantern held in hands that seem  
2374 catatonically converted  
2375 as conduit for lantern streams.  
  
2376 What governs redirector's beams  
2377 is question enigmatical,  
2378 No confidence to guess your dreams,  
2379 I'd sooner solve impossibles  
2380 to show I've got life that I chose,  
2381 and prove that squares inscribe flat-loop,  
2382 and looking only at shadows,  
2383 redraw each net your wires group.  
  
2384 But maybe you've few joules in lieu  
2385 to simulate solar renew?  
  
2386 What else is stargazer to do  
2387 than reinvent solace they knew?  
  
2388 I'm glad you found your way elsewhere,  
2389 so close but far from where arms swung,  
2390 but stars don't luminate your stare  
2391 with sorry proxy lanterns strung.  
  
2392 If you should be some silhouette,  
2393 unthinking representation,  
2394 it would not stop my grovelled fret,  
2395 for such is my agitation.  
  
2396 Forgiveness helps, but can't explained  
2397 what got me here, got me on through,  
2398 once guilt was gone, a drive remained,  
2399 I'm pleased to fall if it's for you.

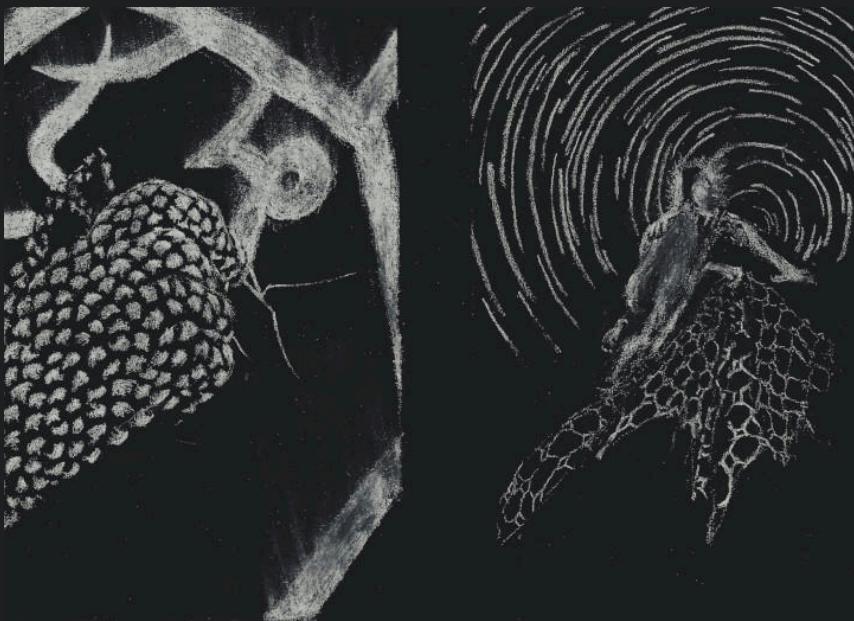
2400 I know I'm rare with expressions  
2401 and do not decrypt how I think,  
2402 my fear shows when it lessens,  
2403 but love, I couldn't notice shrink.  
  
2404 I long stood guard as a skeptic,  
2405 assured myself, were there question -  
2406 should I suspect it just a tic -  
2407 I'd err on side of self-protection.  
  
2408 This time, bayesian likelies aside  
2409 which presumed I'd not loved before,  
2410 perhaps my feeling same implies  
2411 each time it's love that I fell for?  
2412 Could time have come to free up wrists  
2413 from foolish doubt that I suffered  
2414 and break that pattern that persists,  
2415 and take that hand I've been offered?  
2416 Why must I leave the place I've been  
2417 to find out staying was worthwhile?  
2418 And why'd I let words intervene?  
2419 I only speak to see you smile.  
2420 That's why, I guess, I'm still centered,  
2421 I say what's said for my own sake,  
2422 Ev'ry situation entered,  
2423 I pilfer others' joy and ache.  
2424 You stay unmoved to hand I bring,  
2425 it's fair, to block me from your sense.  
2426 As one more sample of nothing  
2427 I'll hear and answer the silence  
2428 still something less than embarrassed,  
2429 'round you it's hard to feel the shame.  
2430 Who knew these two could coexist,  
2431 humility and hand to claim?







2496 I'd no confidence in distance  
2497 where the lights hit interference,  
2498 despite this you keep coherence,  
2499 to then reach with no resistance,  
2500 feeling afar but looking close,  
2501 In leaning frame of reference,  
2502 you cut loose star like atropos,  
2503 with seeming deep-felt deference.  
  
2504 I'm drained to last of volt-ampere  
2505 emptied out of all installed,  
2506 what shell I have, I volunteer,  
2507 I'm pinned insect, in glass, enthralled.  
  
2508 Internalising thunderbolt,  
2509 I hold my head with hands unshook,  
2510 but writhe like worm on hot asphalt,  
2511 to be a sun at which you'd look,  
2512 Until illuminated room  
  
2513 beneath my suit had falsehoods burn  
2514 amid a filter set to bloom  
2515 for possibles of true return.  
  
2516 A wingless buzz of wattage whirs,  
2517 that hum and flicker charge at ear,  
2518 I'm flea which glass again inters,  
2519 but unfooled looking at what's clear.  
  
2520 Jabs of light reflexes parried,  
2521 bypass right through checks agreed on:  
2522 what I left and what I carried,  
2523 what has me fall, what drives me on.  
  
2524 So much I've come to understand,  
2525 battered under expectations,  
2526 great truths are nothing made by hand,  
2527 it's born in random negations:  
  
2528 Heroes are the broken losers  
2529 that do good then get forgotten,  
2530 owning errors caused by others,  
2531 ever giving love they'd gotten.  
  
2532 Forgive the absent-minded ways  
2533 of one awash in what they weren't,  
2534 they never knew those kinder days,  
2535 the love they'd get is how they'd learnt.  
  
2536 Should named and few no more exist,  
2537 I'd easy find some substitutes,  
2538 in names that never made a list,  
2539 not clamouring for attributes.  
  
2540 Be wary of unshamed and numb  
2541 who don't love all in sympathy,  
2542 but earnestly meet eyes that come  
2543 with gratitude, humility.  
  
2544 And don't be so immutable  
2545 you meet change with hostility,  
2546 but don't be so predictable  
2547 in unpredictability,  
2548 for knowing physics pursues mess  
2549 totally unpreventable  
2550 should never have one feeling less  
2551 personally responsible.  
  
2552 I guess I could have been kinder,  
2553 and done more than I could recall,  
2554 overlooked I'd be far blinder  
2555 to good I've done than my downfall,  
2556 I'll dislocate far out of center,  
2557 not acknowledging aid to net,  
2558 doing good I won't remember,  
2559 and others surely will forget.



2560 Though all I do is languish since  
2561 you've slivered back to plasmisphere,  
2562 though I have not the diligence  
2563 as limited interpreter,  
2564 I'll lay down symbols onto plates  
2565 that gate a power inherent,  
2566 not knowing if it compilates,  
2567 nor what happens if aberrant.  
  
2568 I would that words in lines amassed  
2569 help narrow down thoughts referenced  
2570 to hidden concepts I looked past,  
2571 unnamed, ignored, unpreferred,  
2572 interaction-free measurements,  
2573 paths that photons do not travel,  
2574 knowledge I indirectly sense,  
2575 the noumena not named to tell.  
  
2576 So information density  
2577 may explicate ingrained reveal,  
2578 congealing off-mark tensity  
2579 with boilerplate that could anneal,  
2580 such that I contain burning white  
2581 and won't melt into slate carcass,  
2582 so face of glass reflects starlight  
2583 instead of inbetween darkness.  
  
2584 What modest knowledge I'll allow  
2585 to glimpse my mediocrity,  
2586 shows flashes where - I see it now -  
2587 how little we could mean to be.  
  
2588 My fitful pulse is amplified  
2589 by breadth of all astronomy,  
2590 it helps knowing you're right outside,  
2591 these nights you leave lights on for me.

2592 Like negatives and positives  
2593 all summed to zero are equal,  
2594 anodic role prerogative  
2595 crumbles sacrificial metal,  
2596 covering the nerves transfixes,  
2597 passive under nervous twitches,  
2598 better for it with these fixes,  
2599 healed scars with golden stitches.  
  
2600 On scabbing letters, scraped and scored,  
2601 they rupture from poked at panels,  
2602 the floor rips up like rug decor,  
2603 unmooring plasma from channels  
2604 in some extended aperture,  
2605 bright dots are tracing arcing lines,  
2606 of some concerning centerer,  
2607 but I am not what it confines.  
  
2608 I feel but don't suffer effects,  
2609 as fulcrum buckles under strain,  
2610 a twist on axis then ejects  
2611 this balanced world as plasma rain.  
2612 Circles arc to parabolics,  
2613 materials clump with inclines,  
2614 gradients of metabolism  
2615 spacetime's burning as enzymes.  
  
2616 I cross the crest of wave the width  
2617 of universe observing me  
2618 and as it's breaking to fault with  
2619 no halt, debugs mistakenly  
2620 declared the ends computable,  
2621 but it evolves to not conclude.  
2622 Built stars were no less beautiful  
2623 to die again in multitude.



2624 The skies shattered to show membranes  
2625 of leaking planes through glassy screens,  
2626 like they've conjoined in glowing veins  
2627 as cuts and slits in lampshade scenes  
2628 in slow revolve on dark terrains,  
2629 the constellations glob and preen  
2630 and morph and cross through shared domains,  
2631 the dots already drawn between.  
2632 Astral push in estuary  
2633 bridges a transitional throng  
2634 and helps me cross a boundary  
2635 to era which I don't belong.  
2636 Vacuum balances to usher,  
2637 gently, me downward contrary,  
2638 against unmade rules of measurer,  
2639 unstable new constants vary.  
2640 Ekmystic model wrongly says  
2641 the void left over would be dead.  
2642 These skies aren't like the early days  
2643 when weapons dangled overhead.  
2644 Annihilation has a perk,  
2645 helps what I can and will illumine,  
2646 creators need a space to work,  
2647 destruction leaves creation room.  
2648 Denying plans of staying put,  
2649 defying my blueprints in queue.  
2650 Now brightly-faced, I drench gamut  
2651 exceeding set aside dim hue.  
2652 Dealings only temporary,  
2653 I'm fading as I radiate,  
2654 soon to cede as customary,  
2655 recline and deteriorate.

2656 But I will not permit to fade  
2657 momentum I will see conserved,  
2658 that I have found my comforts made  
2659 by many that were more deserved.  
2660 In unfamiliarity,  
2661 I feel alone, atop some rock  
2662 of gemstones I thought part of me.  
2663 We once were one, we used to talk.  
2664 If acts of old seek retribution,  
2665 then yours deserve more lenience,  
2666 You ate my world in confusion,  
2667 I broke you for convenience.  
2668 Intent makes one worse than other  
2669 but silence will not help atone.  
2670 At present, I'm as young brother,  
2671 and you should see how bright I've grown.  
2672 I am the guest, this world is yours,  
2673 to me these are foreign physics,  
2674 though clumsy, I'll try help your cause  
2675 as you helped reinforce my fix,  
2676 what kind, horned-serpent Aegis knew  
2677 and stargazer had lit to see,  
2678 when awe and fear siezes you,  
2679 you do good best as nobody.  
2680 If empathy wants for no fame,  
2681 if strength's not claimed by legacy,  
2682 if heroes die without a name,  
2683 then strength is bound to empathy.  
2684 If you regret or want for blame  
2685 if inside shame has made its nest,  
2686 while you have upset yet to tame,  
2687 I'll feel the same, until my rest.

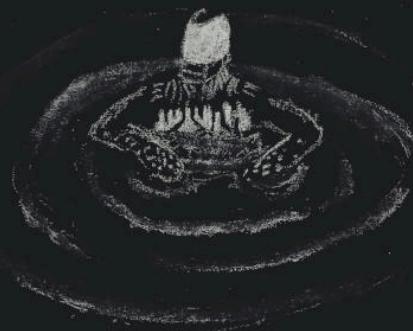


**In Fantasies of Sanity**



2688 Heuristics As Loop Oracle -  
2689 My halo with outdated hints,  
2690 predicts from things historical,  
2691 and treds footprints from pre-imprints -  
2692 it makes me slant and reminisce  
2693 in crooked path of helios,  
2694 to veer up to a dark abyss  
2695 which lifetimes cannot stretch across.  
2696 Unsure, wobbling, backing down,  
2697 I think of hobbled knees from dive  
2698 and of survival's slimming frown,  
2699 when I'd endure and never thrive,  
2700 since feeling futures always fed  
2701 with ever more a steeper slope,  
2702 in slide where if I'm overhead  
2703 would laugh over the microscope.  
2704 Unsure if small or titanly,  
2705 where light dies barely beyond me,  
2706 I recall how congruency  
2707 can resolve such despondency.  
2708 There's benefit when things equate  
2709 when small and large share rules to span  
2710 from dust to planets, both collate,  
2711 the mountains ridge like grains of sand.  
2712 The sharpened drop with random crag  
2713 is cliff-face that reminds of mood,  
2714 when cheeks would sink and eyes would bag  
2715 and jutting clavicles protrude.  
2716 A landmark of great suffering,  
2717 a landscape I can navigate,  
2718 with not a fall, but lowering,  
2719 from hold to hold with patient gait.

2728 There was a time I'd easy slip  
2729 to ever more a ragged face,  
2730 ironically, there's better grip  
2731 when living dies in staggered pace.  
2732 It has it seem lives don't tie-in  
2733 with cold and dark to intersperse,  
2734 I know now, sharing warmth within,  
2735 undoes unfeeling universe.  
2736 In borrowed time, I feel a zen,  
2737 with periodic glowing thrum,  
2738 replacing drained adrenaline,  
2739 not braced for impact sure to come,  
2740 not scared if muscles promptly bend  
2741 as folding of a silken cloth,  
2742 under the judgement gems resend  
2743 like blinking eyes from wings of moth.  
2744 In many ways I see myself  
2745 in many faceted returns.  
2746 I would my eyes do same themself,  
2747 like diamonds cut to light patterns,  
2748 to bare a face of tragedy,  
2749 but at an angle more obtuse  
2750 show common triviality,  
2751 a comedy that's in misuse.  
2752 My bright outlook's erasing bleach,  
2753 with hindsight, highlights irony,  
2754 of yet another fog to breach  
2755 that blinds despite translucency,  
2756 as highbeam lights can't stop the fright  
2757 a thought might conjure up for me,  
2758 I'm silhouette stuck in the white  
2759 or dark part in a darker sea.



2752 In lowest of my verticals,  
2753 droplets couple under pressures,  
2754 as weakly-bonded particles  
2755 collect in creasing suit's weathers,  
2756 but does not amass as impasse,  
2757 for one more inaccessible,  
2758 it's turned from vapour to some gas  
2759 that fringes supercriticals.

2760 The water harbours shadowed sort  
2761 that swims as those that fear no shores,  
2762 where surface tensions won't contort,  
2763 distortions only of my cause.

2764 I lower in without report,  
2765 myopic to forward thinking,  
2766 remembering those falls I fought,  
2767 but not nostalgically sinking.

2768 For all the panic that I had  
2769 and all the fighting that I did  
2770 the manic hope I thought would add  
2771 control to sort recourse amid  
2772 the multi-faceted crisis  
2773 would simply serve to disappoint,  
2774 leaving suit to its devices  
2775 would lead to same critical point.

2776 I've lost a greater time righted  
2777 in struggling overextend,  
2778 to lay a straighter spine to bed  
2779 with posture unbent to each end.

2780 I'd rather grind that same auld tread,  
2781 with toes to teeth all chipped and bent,  
2782 to not just lend, but give till dead.  
2783 A suit unused hs unseen dent.

2784 There is a glint of disrepair  
2785 that biases survivorhood,  
2786 to scrutinise the wear and tear  
2787 ignoring hint to what's withstood.

2788 Too often are the untouched praised,  
2789 when what's at work is demonised,  
2790 those in the dirt are rarely raised  
2791 for cleaning by the galvanised.

2792 Behold the pristine with disgust,  
2793 we share if we can ionise,  
2794 while we can give things free of rust,  
2795 when base components oxidise.

2796 Please break me down and use each part  
2797 if how they're joined does not suffice,  
2798 they've proven well in pumping heart  
2799 of oversensitive device.

2800 Once I'm less than dust on lashes  
2801 irritating, from eye, a tear,  
2802 that looks over the spread ashes,  
2803 and blinks until one's sight is clear,  
2804 I'd wish they'd see as nightspore sees  
2805 my shuffling about a peer  
2806 to trifling, scattered galaxies,  
2807 both congruent as dusty smear.

2808 What information hs dust laid?  
2809 Some far-off thought caught on defer?  
2810 Is it just that, in what I wade?  
2811 A constant calculating stir?

2812 Seas' executing pooled canals?  
2813 Constellations channel power?  
2814 Nightspore statements bussed for eval?  
2815 Crystals storing states in structure?



2816 My energy drips viscous in  
2817 a flow distinctly laminar,  
2818 a blood that seeps as sweat on skin  
2819 to recombine with summoner,  
2820 this druid born from ev'ry star  
2821 to speak in gems and seas and air,  
2822 where fluid is a reservoir,  
2823 communicational wetware.

2824 Prior knowledge uses finished,  
2825 I was long since drawing to it,  
2826 as logician now diminished,  
2827 without reason, I intuit.

2828 Mixing sea with exalt spirit  
2829 reconciling forms a vortex,  
2830 Old, pre-emptive me would fear it,  
2831 flailing with rejective reflex.

2832 But switched between the weighted dense  
2833 and sleeps within a lofty prow,  
2834 (to reckon ways to banish tense  
2835 and flatten impulse spike of now),

2836 I saw all else swell to excess,  
2837 and recognised that to withdraw,  
2838 will force the future to compress,  
2839 for impale by inertial law.

2840 But so too, if I run inline  
2841 discarding all for much intake  
2842 the turbulence would then confine  
2843 me to not stop or brave my wake.

2844 With last of many given chance,  
2845 I'd emulate mediation,  
2846 no rushed or busied countenance,  
2847 but pass time by intuition.

2848 I follow grain of hurricane  
2849 to pommel of the thresher loop,  
2850 I'm pummelled helical in drain  
2851 'til terminus of funnelled stoop,

2852 a foaming orb that's drenched in dawn,  
2853 a dream of morn in shades of blue,  
2854 Why secret it where I'd be drawn,  
2855 in purposeful and plainest view?

2856 I guess I've noticed common clue,  
2857 expression often colours you,  
2858 like blush when reassessing rue,  
2859 and draining white when seeing true.

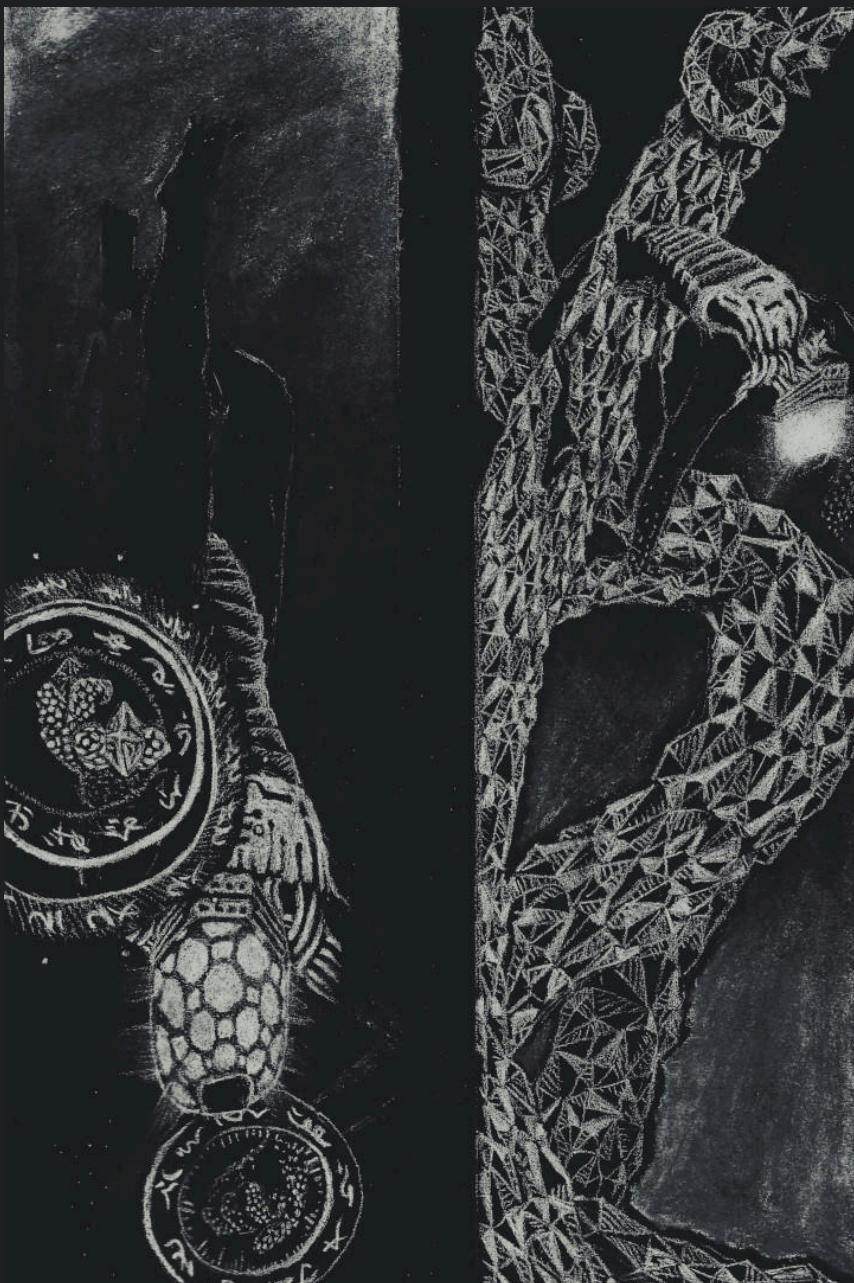
2860 It's commonplace, what I assert,  
2861 I wish it known by ev'ry beast:  
2862 you need not be heard, to be hurt,  
2863 and do not need death to feel ceased.

2864 Inside the airy gash I tore  
2865 in weakest guard of bubbles' case  
2866 to gadgets that guide ships to shore  
2867 providing means for interface.

2868 We both share language commonground  
2869 required for all frontier crew,  
2870 you hide on path where you'd be found  
2871 and I'll always go look for you.

2872 Before I reach for sigils sought -  
2873 I've only faint thoughts what to say,  
2874 But... maybe that's not of import,  
2875 I'll just say that I'm here to stay,

2876 and ev'ry cliche turn of phrase  
2877 that disregards that I will fade  
2878 as I give my remaining days  
2879 'til ev'ry atom has decayed.



<sup>2888</sup> Suspended, seemingly noticed,  
<sup>2881</sup> the tempest flash boils away,  
<sup>2882</sup> as if from quick-drawn breath focused  
<sup>2883</sup> on strong connection of relay,  
<sup>2884</sup> conveying twitch in knuckles locked  
<sup>2885</sup> and any defect in the way  
<sup>2886</sup> my rate of speech, when overclocked,  
<sup>2887</sup> can melt in thermal runaway.

<sup>2888</sup> With thoughts assumed already heard,  
<sup>2889</sup> in phrase of sorts already used  
<sup>2890</sup> and purpose clumsily transferred,  
<sup>2891</sup> I babble insane and bemused.

<sup>2892</sup> It's a chaos in transcription,  
<sup>2893</sup> filled and teeming dictionary  
<sup>2894</sup> is not listing the description  
<sup>2895</sup> of refined words necessary.

<sup>2896</sup> This is when degrade of diction  
<sup>2897</sup> tends to trigger disengages,  
<sup>2898</sup> wordlessness of dropped cognition  
<sup>2899</sup> as if winds have turned my pages.

<sup>2900</sup> Uncached, paging, wordless, suffused  
<sup>2901</sup> in nuances to point absurd,  
<sup>2902</sup> may hesitancy be recused  
<sup>2903</sup> with ways to speak with ev'ry word?

<sup>2904</sup> Some think it universal aim,  
<sup>2905</sup> for least resistance interchange -  
<sup>2906</sup> that's symptom of the likely game,  
<sup>2907</sup> where energies just disarrange.

<sup>2908</sup> By gravitating guiding tide  
<sup>2909</sup> My tangent slides from glide preserved  
<sup>2910</sup> to cumulate unclarified,  
<sup>2911</sup> corrections will take what's reserved.

<sup>2912</sup> That's not intended as despair,  
<sup>2913</sup> the journey managed to impel  
<sup>2914</sup> me to want those, for which, to care  
<sup>2915</sup> and be taken care of as well.

<sup>2916</sup> Weak particles, they are widely,  
<sup>2917</sup> not motivated nor as smart,  
<sup>2918</sup> if we're to go where most likely,  
<sup>2919</sup> I'd not imagine us apart.

<sup>2920</sup> I've nowhere else, this is me done,  
<sup>2921</sup> I live and die at your behest,  
<sup>2922</sup> though I'd not guessed at end of run  
<sup>2923</sup> you'd share the wants that I'd suppressed,  
<sup>2924</sup> that I take place in your headspace  
<sup>2925</sup> and rest with friends that are no more,  
<sup>2926</sup> with rising Aegis to embrace  
<sup>2927</sup> in crystal reaches I'd forbore.

<sup>2928</sup> The long awaited impact hits,  
<sup>2929</sup> with sympathetical deform  
<sup>2930</sup> to merge what intercept admits  
<sup>2931</sup> behaviour I did not inform.

<sup>2932</sup> Examples (set by me) were fits  
<sup>2933</sup> and bouts against what I can't beat,  
<sup>2934</sup> now, though you break me into bits,  
<sup>2935</sup> I'm feeling more and more complete.

<sup>2936</sup> Does space still stretch or stretch anew,  
<sup>2937</sup> still trending to dissolution?  
<sup>2938</sup> If not, I'll have a start ensue  
<sup>2939</sup> at ending of this transmission.

<sup>2940</sup> On decommission I'll have you steer,  
<sup>2941</sup> for you to move away from me,  
<sup>2942</sup> I was always to be here  
<sup>2943</sup> and here I am always to be.



2944 But what's it mean, this free torso?  
2945 To force a dying diaphragm?  
2946 You do not need to let me go,  
2947 but you can't keep me as I am.  
2948 I'm hanging stretched in stagnancy,  
2949 unfinishings are strung sordid.  
2950 Why minimal variety  
2951 has orderer of things ordered?  
2952 "What could have caused this inflection,  
2953 my crystalline siphonophore?"  
2954 I rasp through pain of rejection  
2955 of DNA from editor,  
2956 "I can't remain accessory  
2957 as limit to your field of view.  
2958 I can't be more than memory  
2959 if you're to want for something new.  
2960 By gracing me with space so near,  
2961 I fear the risk that a misplace  
2962 in error costs me further years  
2963 unpowered, rolling, lost to space.  
2964 There's not a harsher death in store  
2965 than breakdown that's forever seen -  
2966 reuse transistors, scavenge more,  
2967 recycle me and strip me clean.  
2968 What is not used, you set alight,  
2969 I beg my wish is not denied,  
2970 to let me burn into the night  
2971 and share what warmth I can provide.  
2972 I am at peace to be disposed  
2973 as reingestings of outcome,  
2974 with unanswered questions unclosed,  
2975 not knowing what you may become.

2976 But what cutoff is there to crop  
2977 and claim the self disconnective?  
2978 The life I love, it will not stop,  
2979 consciousness being collective.  
2980 As instruments, we're uninformed  
2981 a lower order to what's planned,  
2982 for love had killed me when you formed  
2983 and when I breathed by it's demand.  
2984 There's but one thing I've left to do,  
2985 I've prophecy to self-fulfil,  
2986 my cursed belief withheld from you,  
2987 to die by what I love, or kill.  
2988 You know I'm not the killing sort,  
2989 but if I was, it's circled track,  
2990 I'd love too much or cut it short,  
2991 and love destroyed destroys you back."  
2992 At this a shock runs through us two,  
2993 and eager to keep me around  
2994 you pull me tight til neck's askew  
2995 and substrate joins a short to ground.  
2996 Extremities are liquified,  
2997 I do not clearly terminative,  
2998 and though your grip's intensified,  
2999 at fingertips, I culminate.  
3000 I'm clustered into pendant drop,  
3001 like slow congeal from tipped pipette,  
3002 in teary shapes that fall non-stop  
3003 titrations top-up last burette,  
3004 like mask, each flask shatters combined  
3005 to lay in messy, angled heap,  
3006 it rains on roof over my mind  
3007 and with the noise I'm soothed to sleep.



<sup>3888</sup> A vision of wings' vibration.  
<sup>3889</sup> Iridescent opacity.  
<sup>3890</sup> I'd hazard hallucination  
<sup>3891</sup> considering the battery.  
<sup>3892</sup> Was it just hypochondria?  
<sup>3893</sup> I'd always felt sick - never was.  
<sup>3894</sup> I must have spent millenia  
<sup>3895</sup> in bandage of grey-metal gauze.  
<sup>3896</sup> With mask restricting laughs presence,  
<sup>3897</sup> unmoving features, I'd rare speak.  
<sup>3898</sup> Now, secreting from face fragments,  
<sup>3899</sup> a flitter's beating at my cheek.  
<sup>3900</sup> Could this be fluttering of why  
<sup>3901</sup> a spectral flicker haunted face,  
<sup>3902</sup> caught in a mask with cause to fly  
<sup>3903</sup> to astral taunt out glassy case?  
<sup>3904</sup> I'd heard of extraplanar tales,  
<sup>3905</sup> but feet with many callouses  
<sup>3906</sup> nor blood under my fingernails  
<sup>3907</sup> bore break in second chrysalis.  
<sup>3908</sup> My negative energy hoard  
<sup>3909</sup> was gone before wormholes were saw,  
<sup>3910</sup> my flights found stars line halls toward  
<sup>3911</sup> no exit, hallways with no door.  
<sup>3912</sup> In all that time to calibrate  
<sup>3913</sup> that nightspore work of centuries,  
<sup>3914</sup> to organise and obviate  
<sup>3915</sup> the tightly defined boundaries,  
<sup>3916</sup> my contents in suit's fortitude,  
<sup>3917</sup> secluded during construction,  
<sup>3918</sup> had served to be only prelude  
<sup>3919</sup> to sprouting seed of destruction.

<sup>3940</sup> At what point did I then adapt  
<sup>3941</sup> the contents to my carriers,  
<sup>3942</sup> obsessive, equally enrapt  
<sup>3943</sup> with information barriers,  
<sup>3944</sup> taking the data as cargo  
<sup>3945</sup> from unrepairable vessel,  
<sup>3946</sup> to pattern holographic show  
<sup>3947</sup> of packaging without parcel?  
<sup>3948</sup> When broken, I freed bugs infused,  
<sup>3949</sup> I hurt by herding them inside,  
<sup>3950</sup> I'm glad they fly off badly bruised,  
<sup>3951</sup> I'd rather that than if they died.  
<sup>3952</sup> But I don't weep on higher soil,  
<sup>3953</sup> for expectations it subverts,  
<sup>3954</sup> it's not like creature drenched in oil,  
<sup>3955</sup> nor breathing through a mouth of dirt.  
<sup>3956</sup> Not any stars explosion can  
<sup>3957</sup> perturb reused atoms disowned,  
<sup>3958</sup> it's just as strange to sky I'd scan,  
<sup>3959</sup> with how much nothing I condoned.  
<sup>3960</sup> And I won't suffer where I'm laid  
<sup>3961</sup> with new experience abreast,  
<sup>3962</sup> to not be constantly afraid,  
<sup>3963</sup> with no distress, with time to rest.  
<sup>3964</sup> Perpetuating inky bleed  
<sup>3965</sup> no longer serves utility,  
<sup>3966</sup> my petrol leak won't drown out creed  
<sup>3967</sup> that toggles switch: "Unfasten thee".  
<sup>3968</sup> I shutdown quick at these few words,  
<sup>3969</sup> rock covers thick, bug weaves and darts,  
<sup>3970</sup> both blocks of time a lifetime girds,  
<sup>3971</sup> through cathode the current departs.

