

INTERREGNUM
SUMMER FESTIVAL
WORLD TOUR
2020

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ FEATURING ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(by number of appearances)

MIRAMOSSCRIME
ASTHESPARTSFLY PALMERI
ATTAWAY SOFIA BONES
TENGUSHEE FERAL ROCKET
OBSCURED HAMMOCKSLOTH
SCHNOWMANNEQUIN VOID
JAYCARMONA ANALYTICD BROOKE H
LOAFENSON ORIRIDRACO

featuring special ghost

REINIER NOOMS

with "A Bonfire and Moonlight"

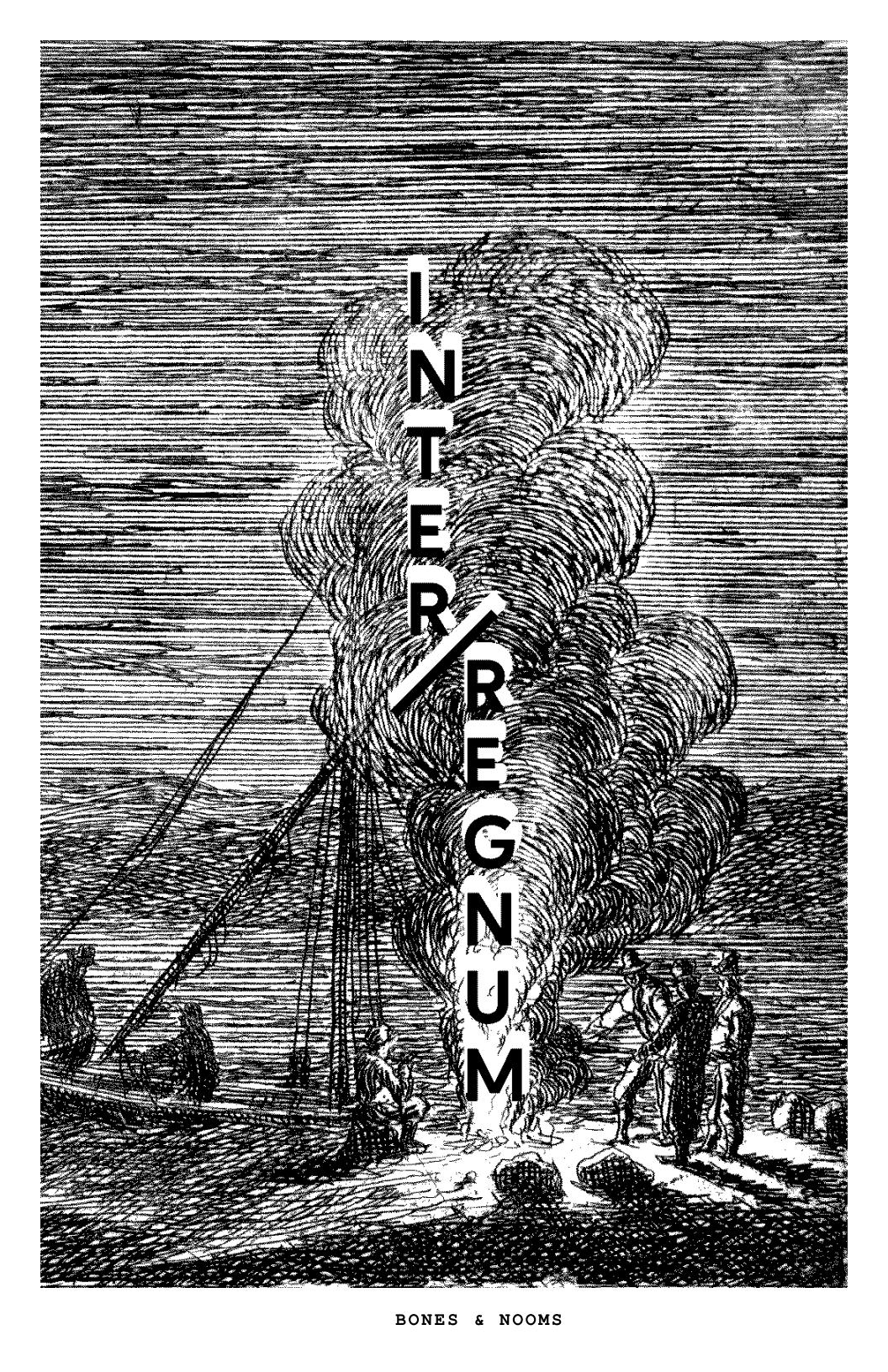
and introducing the

CONTENT WARNINGS

ADDICTION, BODY HORROR, DEATH, VIOLENCE

assembled by **BONES@mzx.io**

<http://nez.one/interregnum>

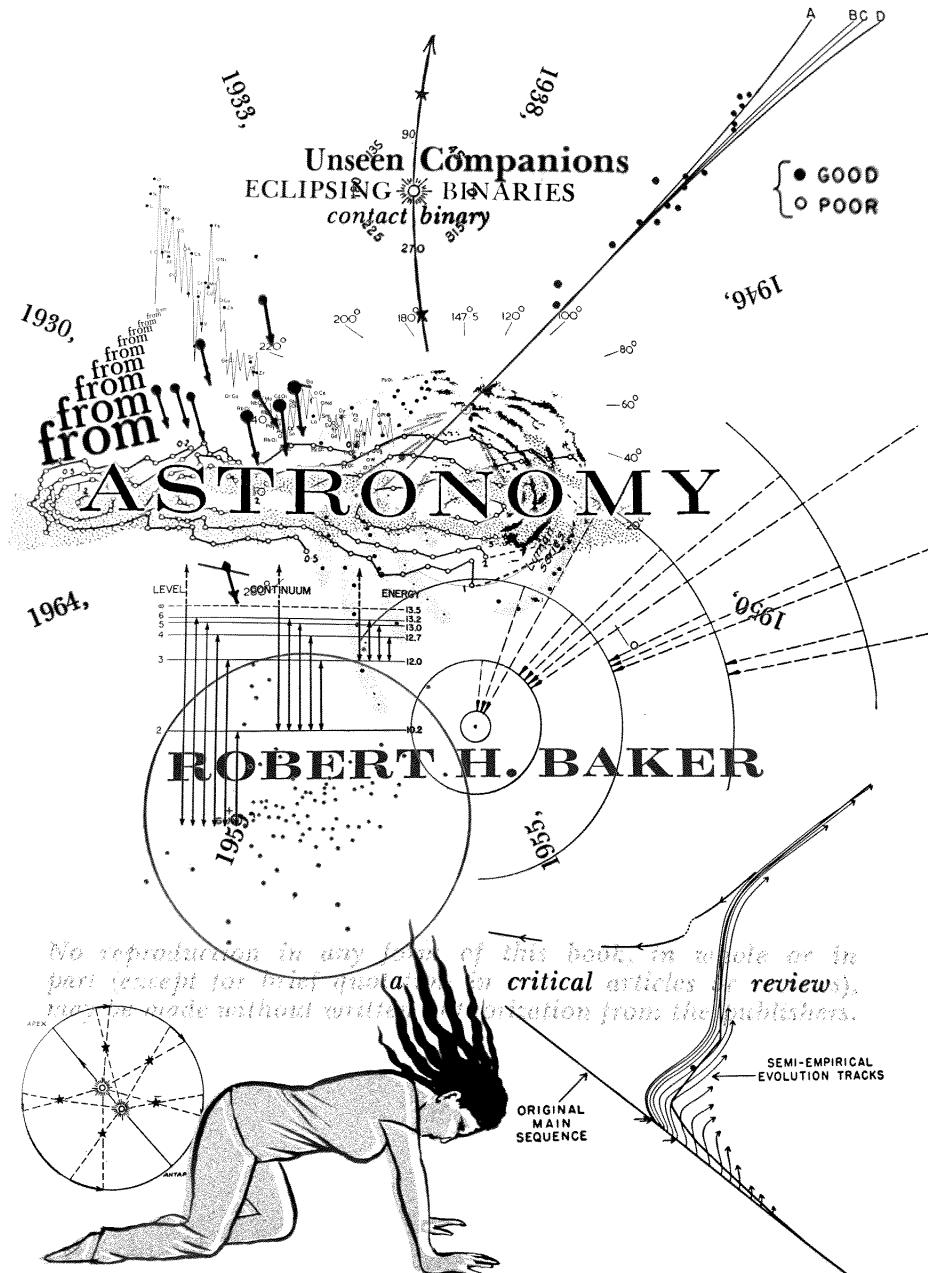


INTER
REGNUM

BONES & NOOMS

**DISGUST
WON'T
GET US
OFF THIS
FUCKING
PLANET**

INTENSITY

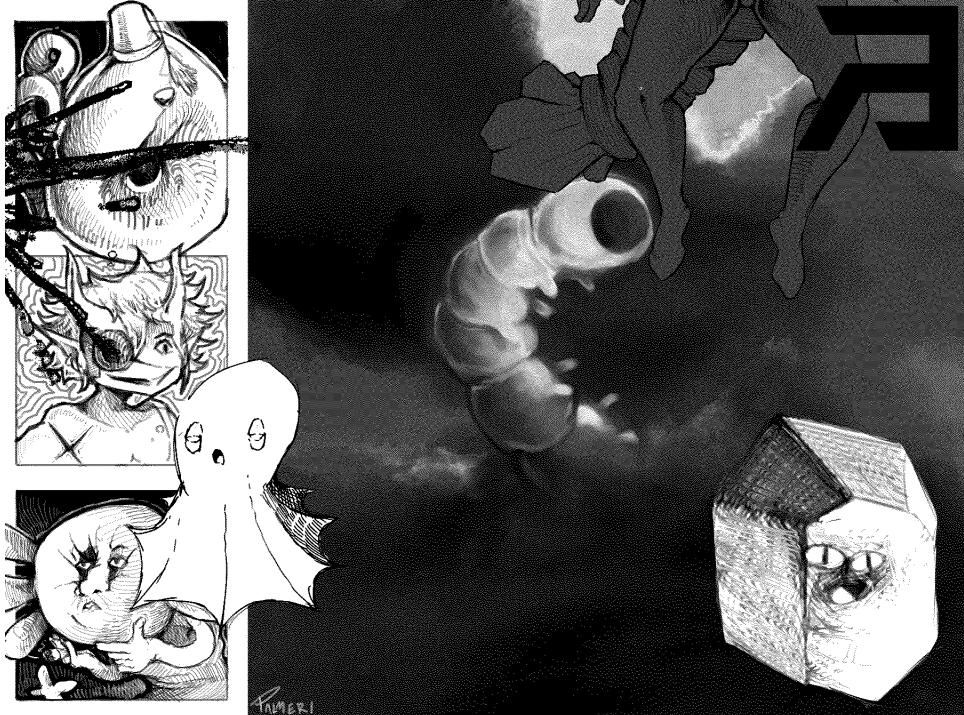
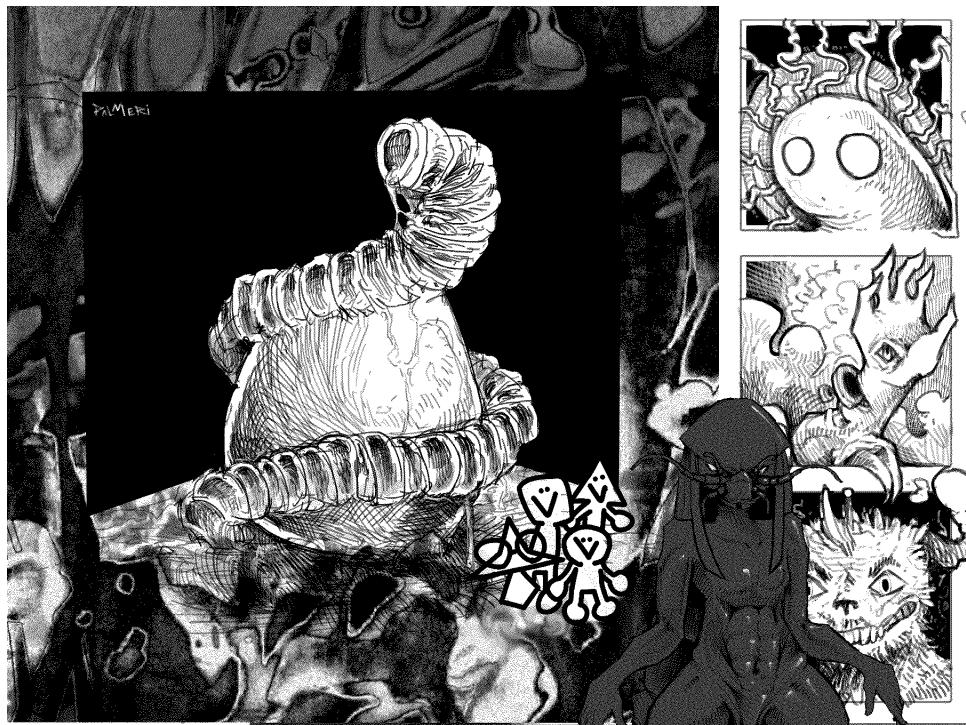




Three dreams

I

On March 29th, I dreamed that I found myself in a gothic castle. I wandered up a winding staircase to find a small room that I can only call a horror zone. On the black and white checkered floor, there was a small stuffed doll. Upon entering the room it inexplicably kept flying towards me, constantly pushing lightly against my body as if moved by gravity. At the same time, a shrieking scream or loud noise was audible that seemingly originated nowhere and everywhere. Nothing more. These effects were constant while I remained in this room. They stopped as soon as I passed through the doorway again. The shrieking noise ceased and the doll fell to the floor.





When the land-keepers tie them to their trucks,
stamp down and roll with a great roaring
while the spinning tires/feet like these,
they take the whole city with them

Cut the sky

into cross sections
And reverse them
So that the rain doesn't fall so
Thickly--I asked them.
I am looking at your hands
Like doll's hands
They are
Holding a burnt cigarette
As they
Rest on the dashboard
And
It makes me think
Of innocence
broken
And I am wondering
How
we're both going to get out of this
alive.

Because

The corral
Of trees, sky and
Family
Surrounds us
Bound here by a birth
We don't really understand
But the river flows slowly
And the rain keeps coming
Things don't grow here
So well anymore
Or maybe
They just go so slowly
Unceasingly
Trapped in cultural
Refrigeration
In this ziplock bag
We are
Trying to escape
Slow asphyxiation

Long drives to nowhere
On backwoods highways
We push the needle
So far
Speeding faster
And faster
Until some of us
Lose control and shoot
Off the edge into the endless grey sky
Just for the taste of freedom
But
I dream of bus tickets
Because the trains
Don't run anymore
Tracks are twisted up
Down
In the belly of the river
And
Every winter
The hillsides reclaim the roads
So
We can only run so far
As a tank of gas will take us

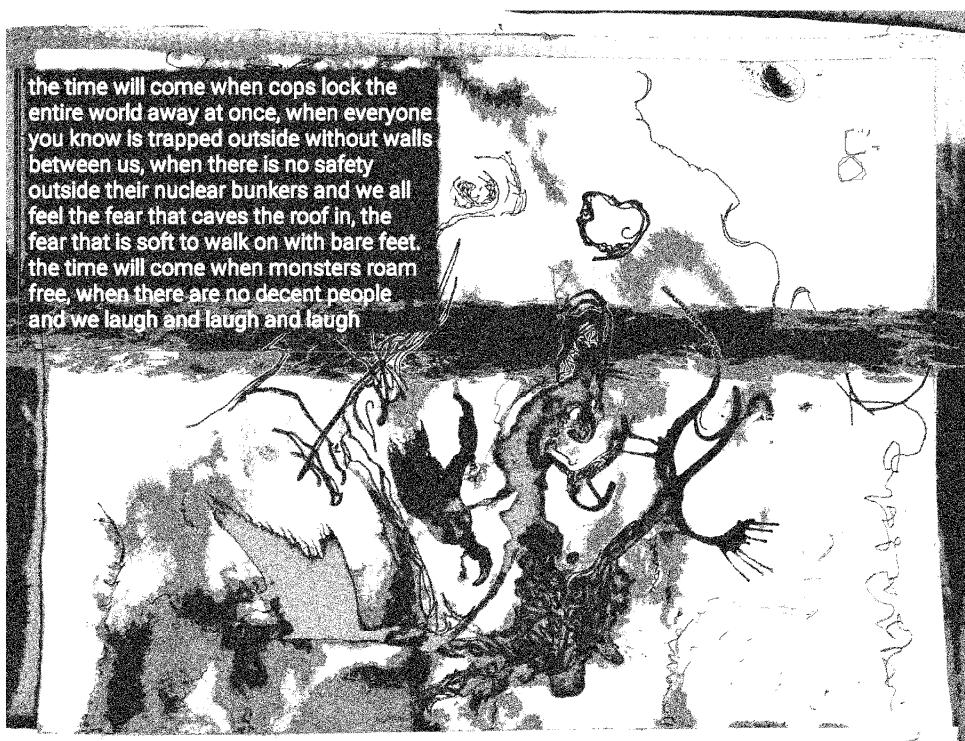
So cut the sky up
Slice the cloudless grey
Till it bleeds fluffy white clouds
In long gashes
But
The rain will get through anyway,
Like it always does
And
I am still staring
At the lit cigarette
On your cracked dashboard
Waiting for it to go out.

Godfear

Woe like impotence
and reverence like
certainty.

The water drop ripples
over eternity, confirming:

being a person
is its own trauma.



**GUILT AND SHAME
ARE WEAK TOOLS
FOR CHANGE BUT
POWERFUL TOOLS
FOR CONTROL.**

**PRIESTS. PARENTS.
COPS. BOSSES.
PIMPS. AND
ABUSIVE PARTNERS
ALL KNOW.**

I AM DOCILE
I AM FLUFFY
I AM NICE

I AM CUTE



I AM TOUCHED

I AM LIKED

I AM LOOKED PAST
I AM SCOFFED AT

I AM THE CONSTANT

IF IM NOT ACTIVE
I AM SEE THROUGH
AND IGNORED

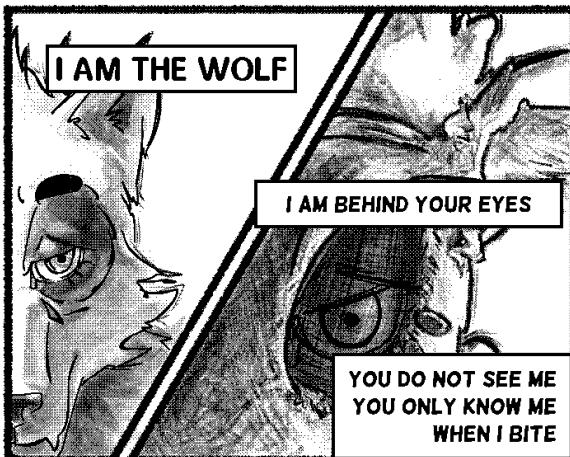
I AM THE CONSTANT
I AM THE PAIN
I AM THE FINAL STRAW

I LOVE HURTING
I LOVE PUNISHMENT
I WANT TO BURN

I AM THE SHEEP



I AM THE WOLF



I AM BEHIND YOUR EYES

YOU DO NOT SEE ME
YOU ONLY KNOW ME
WHEN I BITE

YOU CRY SHEEP



WITH BLOOD ON YOUR FACE
WITH WOUNDS STILL FRESH

WITH A DISTANT SMILE
YOU ARE THE MONSTER

I AM THE MONSTER

I DO NOT DESERVE LOVE

rock bottom

rock bottom isn't solid

its a cold and soft bed littered with ash

and an empty left side with a small
dent

i sleep on the floor now

or at least whatever is left of me does

a decaying corpse is more appealing

time keeps passing and passing and
passing

it doesn't heal and it doesn't hurt any
less the wounds only fester and grow

i have used my body to make you
understand me

touch me one last time im begging

even if it's to leave deep claw marks

itll mean that you touched me like
something

something more than just a body

maybe this isn't my body anymore

at least not since you left me

there is still bile in my throat

with my broken teeth on the ground

with a bloodstain on my bottom of my
shirt

it will never heal and it will never end

prescription drugs spill out on the floor

at least they're useful and you crave
them

they stick around long term and make
you happy

that's the difference between me and
an object

you ruined me more than my
addictions did

my revenge is my malicious ghost

you will never escape me

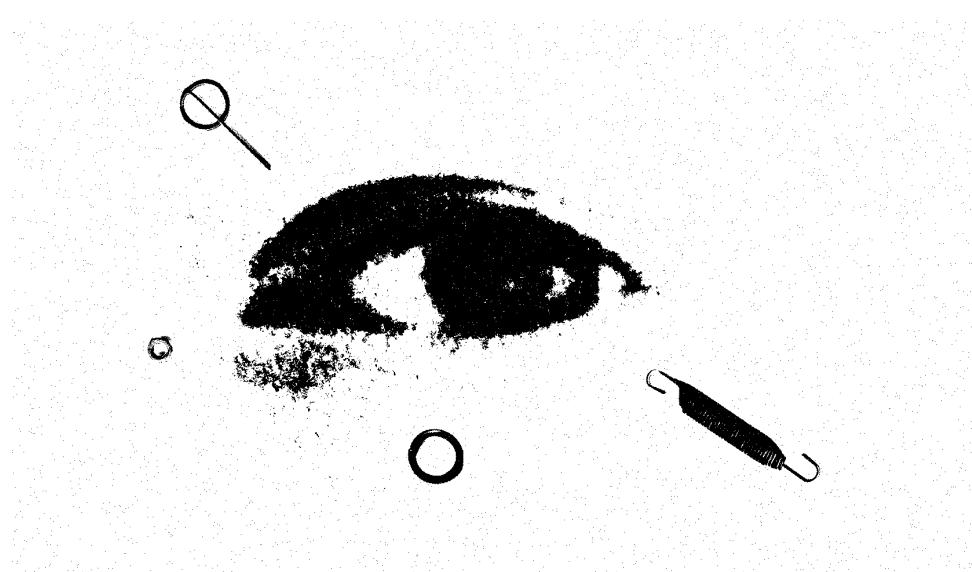
but until then

i'll turn the lights off and pretend im
her

if it gets you to acknowledge me for
once

please look at me

please just fucking look at me



SOFIA

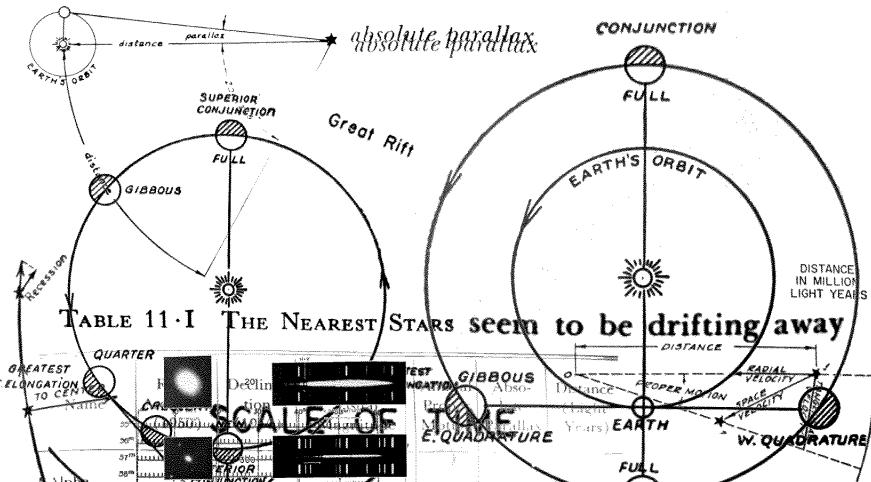


TABLE 11·I THE NEAREST STARS seem to be drifting away

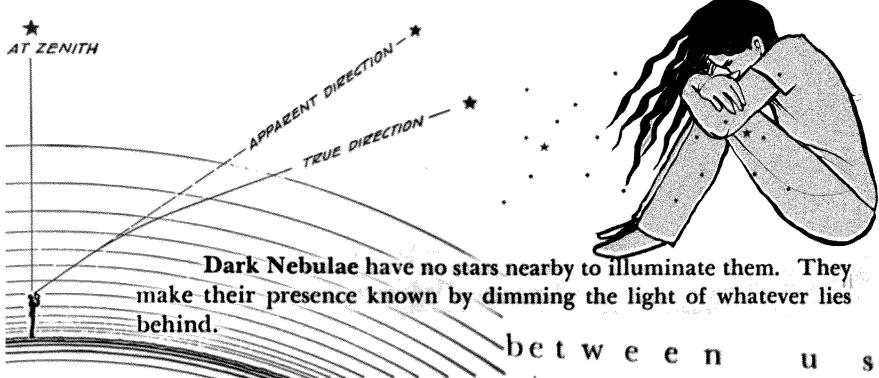
SCALE OF TIME

The Moon Rises Later from Day to Day.

a point on the celestial sphere is chosen as the *time reckoner*.

The Resolving Power
The Magnifying Power
Light-Gathering Power.

some rise to great heights; many move downward;





LOAFENSON

The word alone actually is an amalgamation of all + one. Wholly oneself. I wrote a poem once called W(hole). I don't even really understand it much anymore because I was going through a phase where my poems were all nice, fancy words trying to say simple things in the most complicated way possible. One line though I remember because it still feels true ten years later, 'I feel you like a hole'. Loss is a hole. How many holes can one have before you disappear? See, I even used the formal word 'one' in that sentence instead of 'you' like some sort of subconscious attempt to become one again.

Maybe I've not been through a lot of loss, its just that there are some losses you will never recover from. Some holes are bigger than others. Black holes, pulling you in and crushing you.

I didn't intend on making this personal actually, I just wanted to write about being alone or being lonely but I guess I don't always have a choice.

I lost my best friend last year when he decided we couldn't keep in contact anymore for a specific reason and I haven't heard from him since. I think I'm still grieving him. It felt like a huge hole puncher had just crushed a hole into my being. He may as well have died.

Then I lost another very close friend to suicide at the start of this year and the loss was like nothing else I have ever felt. It consumed me. I couldn't eat, couldn't sleep, couldn't remember anything, felt like I was dead for weeks on end. All I did was cry or feel numb. The start of the year of holes.

What does a hole feel like? I don't know if it really feels at all. I don't miss him really. He's just another hole. It's like he never even existed. I remember him but only in the way you remember being warm when you are bone shatteringly cold. It's vague and unbelievable. It's not in the present so does it even exist?

I imagine a child asking me, what does a hole feel like? And I don't know the answer to that question. Put your hand down a well. That's what it feels like. Dark nothingness. Endless space. The fullness of emptiness. Alone.

I'm bombarded by people with holes. Maybe you have holes inside you. Maybe you have more holes than me or bigger ones that have sagged under the weight of each passing year stretching it to snapping point. Anyway if it snaps, it's just a bigger hole. For you, I want to talk about some solace I found. A little peace.

When we went into lockdown here, I was still working and yet I had a lot more time. I had nobody to see, nothing to do other than just exist when I wasn't working. And so I walked. And walked. I found new paths to explore and I started looking around me more, absorbing it all in. The quietness became more natural with no car or human sounds. The trees seemed to breathe easier, the rain seemed less inconvenient and more like just water falling down from the sky. Moss didn't apologise for being too slippy. The bees came uninvited and continued to buzz in my face.

I walked in forests, on beaches, on countryside roads, in fields, beside rivers, up mountains all alone. And somehow the green and the blue was like balm in the holes. Some days it caught my breath. Some days it silenced me and other days it made me giggle. I cried once at the beauty of the trees. What else was there to do? I was whole with many holes. This is what alone feels like too. It hurts but sometimes it hurts in the way that the last light of summer hurts.

I really think that the earth knows what alone feels like. The trees know what it is to see life pass them by. To watch as the world spins and people die and cry. And they watch. We do not ask the trees are you ok. What have you seen? Are you alone? They know. They see the holes and they know. The old ones wrap their gentle fierceness around the air and you are alone with the alone trees. The young ones have their own way too. They are playful and lead you nowhere but the present and the future. I felt all one amongst the trees.

Maybe I will be forever alone with my holes but the trees...they teach me how to be alone and all one. I think I'm rambling now but I wrote this thing as like a ten years later version of my last poem about holes and I'll leave it at that.

I feel you like a hole

A terrifying space with no grounding.

I have the trees but they feel it too.

Every loss is a hole punched in paper.

And all those holes collect in that little tray in the hole puncher.

Who empties it? Where does all that hole confetti go?

Give me the trees and their whispers of understanding.

Give me the young bark or the stubborn branches that grow from death.

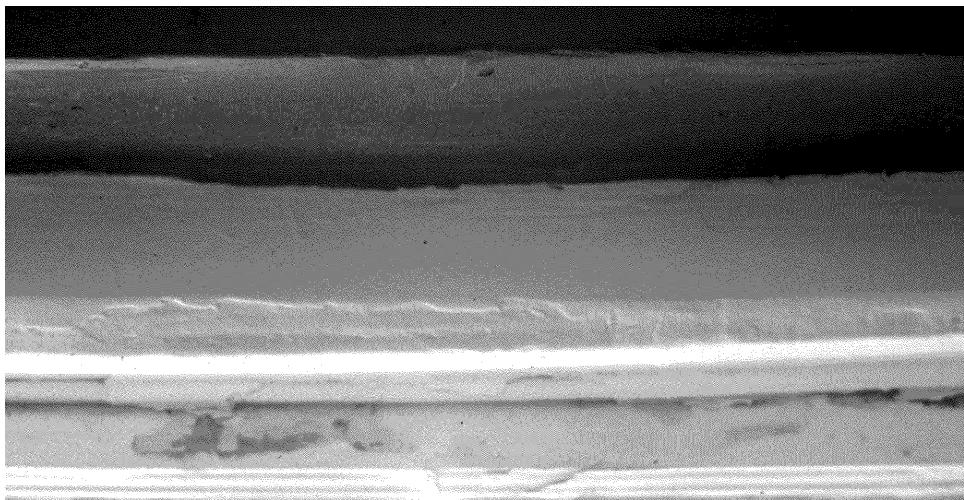
They are silent witnesses. Or maybe not so silent as their green screams to me.

Linger here they say.

Let the visceral green of the leaves crack your chest apart with longing and contentedness.

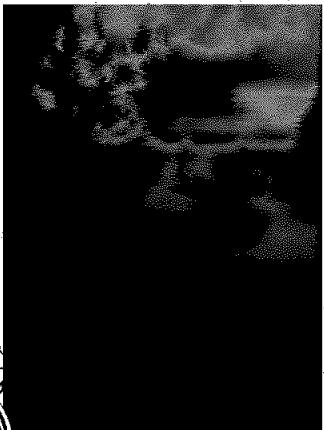
I feel you like a hole

and I am all one without you.





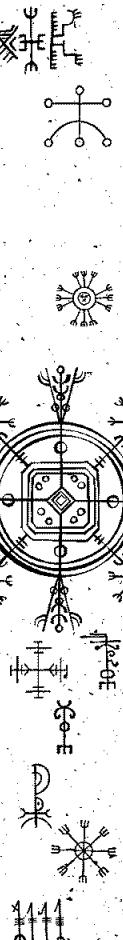
19 inverse combustion insect repellent



23 temporal lobe warp dome



36 hyper temperature furnace society



47 cellulose wax mold civilization



ANALYTICD

**HUMAN
RIGHTS
SURE BUT
HUMAN
PLEASURE
IS REASON
ENOUGH**



ROCKET

laying flat on my back in my backyard

I travel time

I am flat on my back on my yoga mat on my porch in my backyard

I hear the chickadees, I smell lunch.

I am laying flat on my back

I hear the gulls first, smell the salt second, the warm sand beneath me
last

I am at home

on my porch

I am at home

sleeping on the beach beside my mother and sister

once, twice, a thousand times at once

we are all ageless, sleeping endlessly

the sun beats down and I am home

300 miles or so to the south

the sun beats down on small bodies

flat on our backs

poolside.

the salt is chlorine, the gulls are children (we are children)

screaming.

I am at home

flat on my back on a flat rock

everywhere and nowhere

beside the river, within the river

on the top of the tallest point in the county

sun beating down

I am at home on my porch

flat on my back

on a roof i've never been on as an inconceivable number of suns beat down

inconceivably far away

I am at home

flat on my back, sun beating down

I am at everywhere

flat on my back, sun beating down.

I wonder where else I will lay

sun beating down

on my small body

flat on my back

home.

Spring Plague

A ripe history warns, of those
sub-world walls dug and
pathways conspired,
that Gaia's merciful bounty
dissolves in human gluttony.

Tearful want: no rule over Love and
Youth; life already stifled by caste,
careening intentions delivered
in volley – blast.

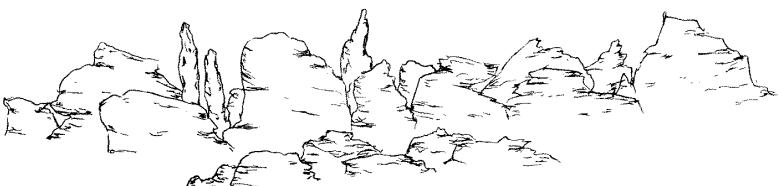
Those Royal Heights, for whom
all spineless heads bowed, have
cast their wicked, holy spell
on all heartbroken souls:

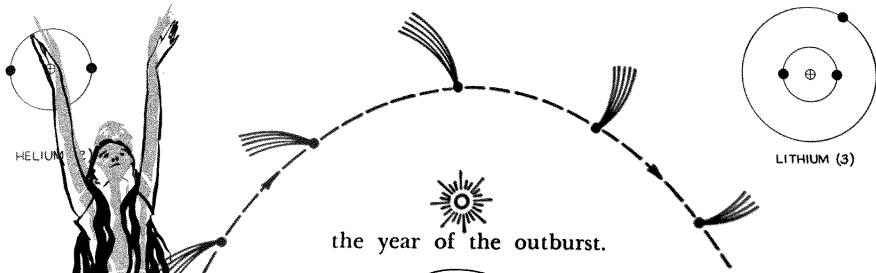
The Power and The Glory –
owed only to The Masters,
only to the rigid finite continuity
that pleases and feeds this cancer.

And believing in it, wringing their
hands that feel only with holy
infatuated hearts of intangible
wonder, surrendered to death gladly.

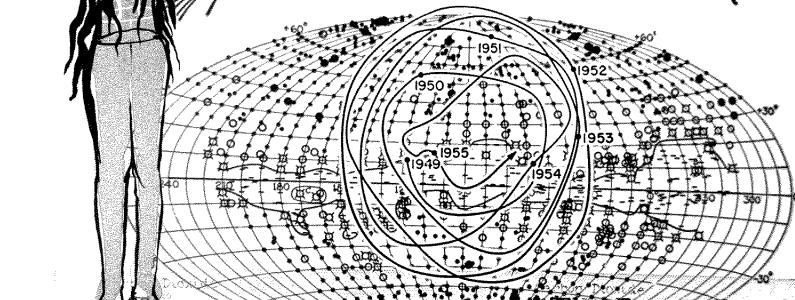
Stood then to prove again, Love and
Youth's new Ancient Trial from the
Loyalists' footsteps:

The most stalwart intentions
for paradise
engineer the most profound
instances of hell.





the year of the outburst.



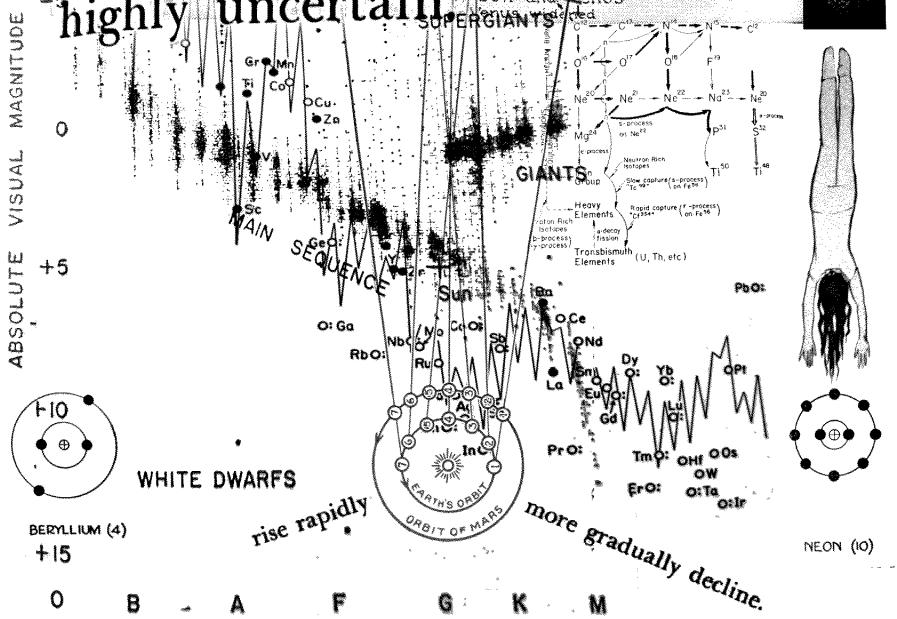
"Other Consequences of Mass Loss."

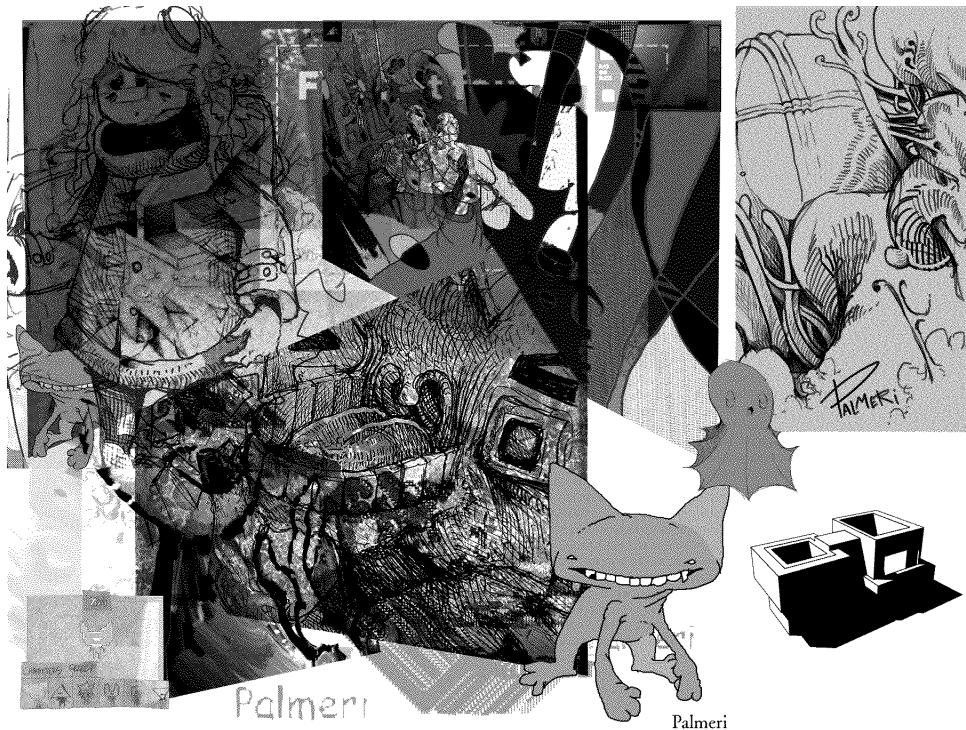
• Between Brightness and Magnitude

SPECTRAL

by excessive twisting, they can exert pressure

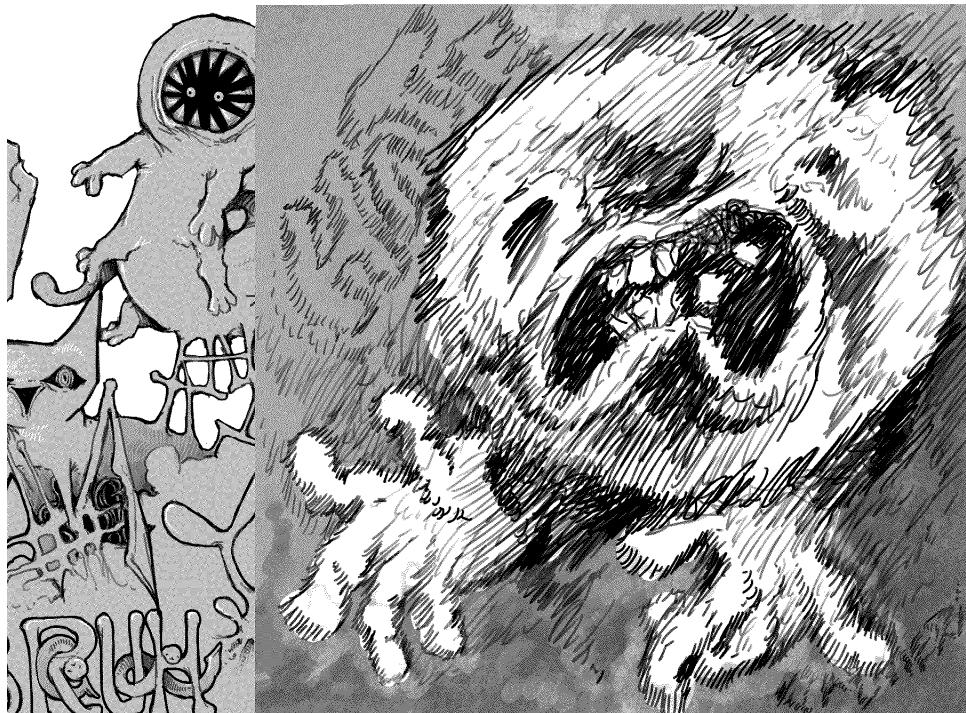
Equally Intense
highly uncertain



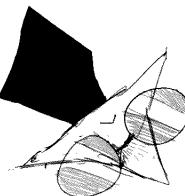
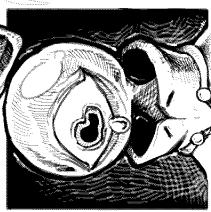


Palmeri

Palmeri



PALMERI



PALMERI

IS THIS WHO I AM
IS THIS BUBBLE ALL I DO

THE SAME ROUTINE AS BEFORE

IS THIS ALL WORTH IT
TO NOT LET OTHERS IN

FOR THEY MIGHT SEE
THE WOLF BEHIND YOUR EYES

FOR THEY MIGHT SEE
THE WOLF WHO I AM

WHY DO THE BLINDS LIFT ONLY THEN?
THE HINDSIGHT THAT CUTS TOO DEEP

THE WOLF THAT I ONLY SEE
AFTER IT'S DONE

I WISHED

I WISHED
IT'D
JUST
CUT
DEEPER

TO JUST REMOVE THE SOURCE
JUST REMOVE THE PROBLEM

JUST REMOVE ME

END TIMES.

To the bodies burned
To those who thought this was just like the flu
To those who thought it only effected the elderly
To the elderly to lost many younger family
To those separated from the people who they chose to
be vulnerable around

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry that the infrastructure failed you
Failed us.

To the imagined domes of Silicon Valley nerds
To the CEOs who wish to reopen the stores
To those who give nothing but lip service to their
workers
To those who withhold supplies to those helping our
ill
To the leaders who threaten jail time before helping
their community

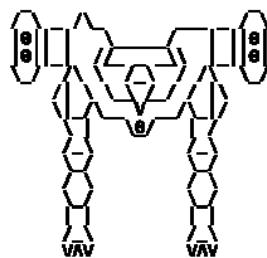
I'm sorry.

I'm sorry;
That you will be brined in the urea of those
you tried to kill.

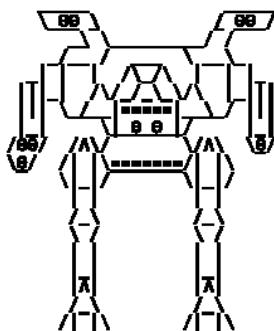
I'm sorry;

That your heart is colder than absolute zero
is the only frame of reference to compare to.
I'm not sorry for when the mobs take your head.

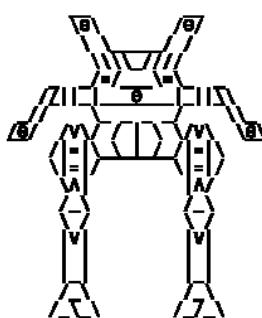
||||| MECH BAY ||||



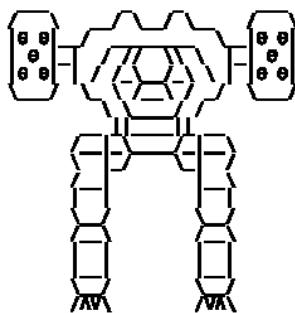
PILOT HUMMINGBIRD | RECON



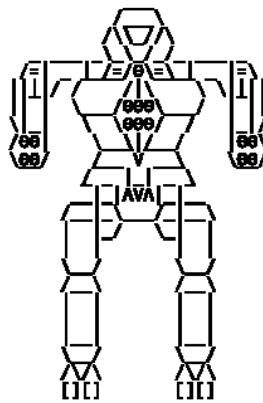
RABBIT | CAVALRY



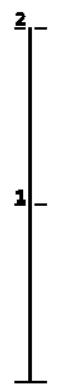
DEVIL | SUPPORT



SLINGSHOT | ARTILLERY



LOZEN | ASSAULT



HEIGHT

NAME	STATS	/// SKILL ROLLS	
-- MECHS --			
HUMMINGBIRD	ATK 1, DEF 1, SPD 5, HP 4, SENSOR 2	ROLL	SKILL
RABBIT	ATK 2, DEF 1, SPD 4, HP 4	5+	ROOKIE
DEVIL	ATK 1, DEF 2, SPD 4, HP 6, CLIMBER 2	4+	EXPERIENCED
SLINGSHOT	ATK 2, DEF 2, SPD 3, HP 6, SENSOR 1	3+	VETERAN
LOZEN	ATK 3, DEF 1, SPD 3, HP 4, CLIMBER 1	2+	EXPERT
		1	ALWAYS FAILS

//// RULES

/// MOVING

Make moves less than or equal to speed:

- Rotation costs no moves.
- Entering or exiting water costs 1 extra move.
- Each space over flat terrain or costs 1 move
- +/-1 elevation change costs extra 0.5 move.
- If CLIMBER, add special count to possible elevation change.
- ROUGH costs 1 extra move.

/// VISIBILITY

Mechs count in RANGE if they can be seen:

- Sight distance of 3 by default on all mechs.
- If SENSOR, add special count to possible sight distance.
- Line of sight is only in front of the mech and +/- 60 degrees.
- Obstructions from terrain block line of sight.

Consult A HEIGHT, V DEPTH on map:

- Elevation differences of at least 2 height count as obstructions.
- UNDERWATER results in -1 sight distance per V DEPTH.

/// FIGHTING

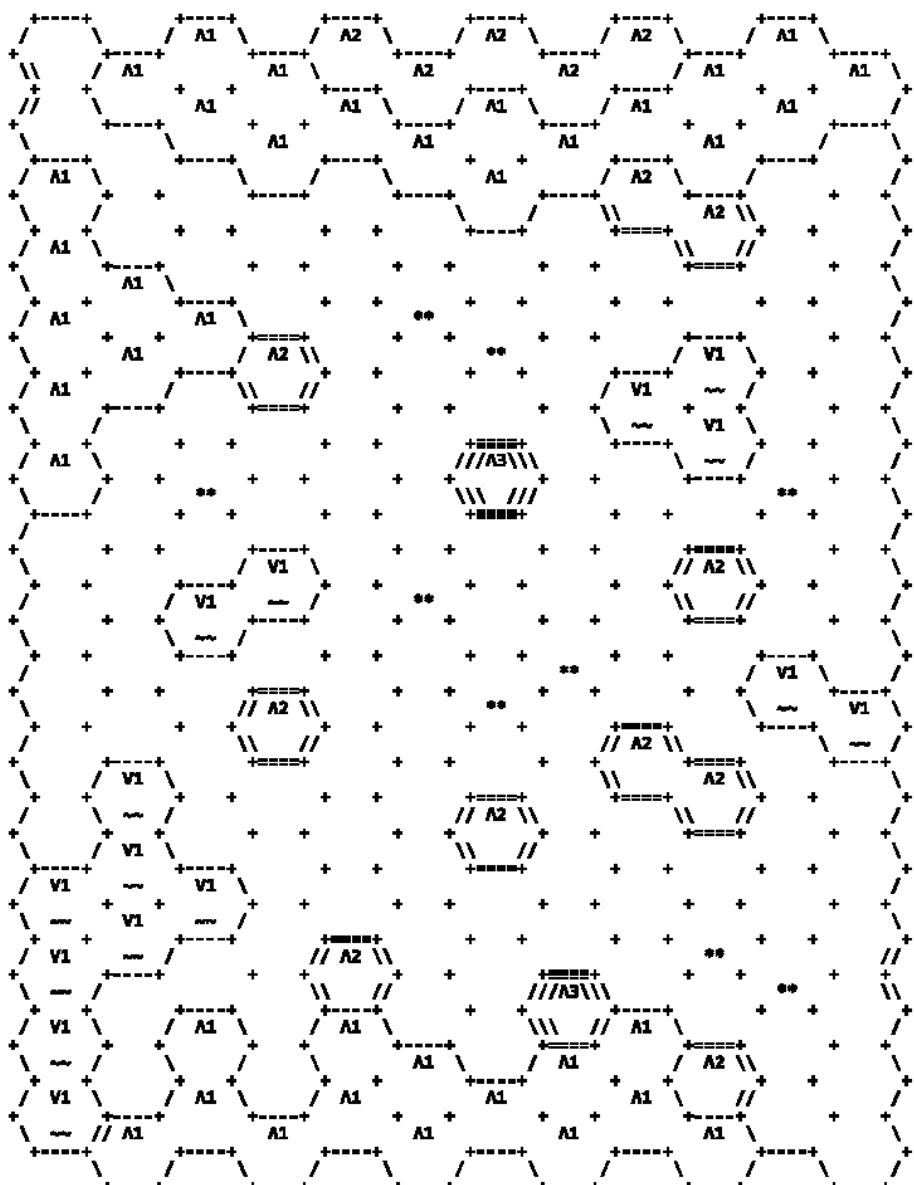
Assuming target in range and visibility is not occluded:

- Attacker rolls D6s equal to attacker ATK + stat bonus.
- Defender rolls D6s equal to defender DEF + stat bonus.

If count of successful ATK dice is greater than count of successful DEF dice, then defender roll D6s equal to successful ATK rolls - successful DEF rolls:

- For every defender roll that fails, take 1 damage.
- If all defender rolls succeed, take no damage.

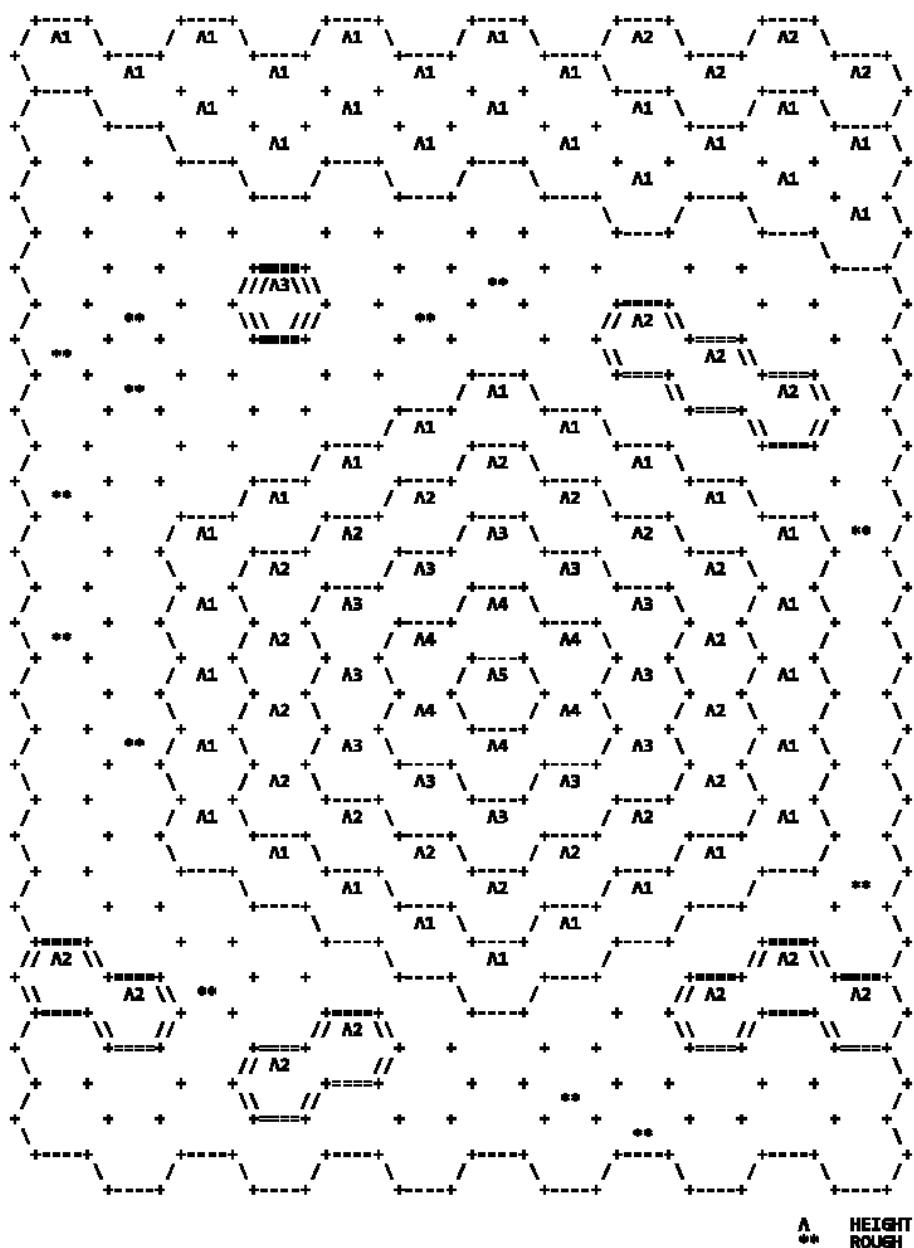
HOODOOS



A HEIGHT
V DEPTH
— WATER
== ROUGH

BONES

PYRAMID



BONES

A ** HEIGHT
ROUGH

**DID YOU
RISE UP
FROM THE
SOIL JUST
TO SERVE
THE RICH
AND DIE?**

Standstill

Whatever you told yourself
replaced with what you tell now.

Hold your notes (firm in hand)
where your dexterity tests.

Deep breath, and the voice,
“you don’t offer anything greater.”

Then the withdraw: a solitary doing.
Foreseen, corrected, apologized.

Disposing glance and remark, “what
you were struggling through
in your own life...”

breathed again: “scatters down
to spring up new in paths older.”

Like Sevastopol, or some stagnant
artifice,
countless apartments we’re tucked in.

“Oh, lend it five or ten years,” the voice
of resignation sounds under the cloud.

;;

you would circle the core of “nothing,”
because it comprises your discovery.

Frustration, even after it’s settled;
expected so much to be made clear.

Loosened, maybe, but remnant,
so sorrows uphold without pity.

So legacies all one’s own will not
simply disperse after a faint time.

Dispense with the self-flagellating —
over the self-inflicted blows
and the various braces on expression.

Realizing, the drunkenness more
sound,
that which convinces into the next day.

;;

Steadily on the wire above death,
record and attention to detail,

good faith and hard determination —
a friendly face that fends off the dark.

Now you step again; jostled and firm,
prepare that distance before the
conclusion.

Three Dreams

II

On January 5th, I dreamed of a satanic household I had to escape from, a young boy and his mother lived there. The boy stated his intention to kill me when he followed me into the cellar, where I was staying. I hurried upstairs and told the mother. Oddly, she seemed to believe me and gave me a voodoo doll to kill him with before he had the chance to kill me. While I was trying to decapitate the boy by removing the doll's head, he managed to exchange the doll's head for a doll version of his mother's head through a magical spell, making me kill her unintendedly. His doll head simply shifted to somewhere else on the doll however, which is why I was able to crush it with my hands eventually. Now alone, I packed my things, which included satanic books, and hurried to the train station, as I needed to escape. I suspected he might still be out there in some form, on his way to get me one way or another.



Origin

Don't worry.

This is just a story.

A fairy tale (if you like).

Once there was a man and that man was me and once I met a girl who claimed she could fly - she quoted The Hitch Hikers Guide to The Galaxy as she said it, but that doesn't mean she didn't mean it. She meant it. She could fly. Her name isn't important. I met her while spending some time in very rural France with very rural people doing very rural things. There was, in retrospect, a magic in the air which I've never really experienced again. Great unique moments. I've travelled a bit and lived a lot so have had many moments. People knew me by my adventures once. By my moments and the moments they shared with me. Long before I was anyone.

The magic in France wasn't real magic. That came later. The magic in France was the kind of magic you feel in your heart on a very warm day, in very warm company, usually in joyous retrospect deep in the memory of romantic kissing and whole days lost in the eyes of others.

Of course, long before I met the flying girl I could see things. Other things. Nothing spectacular you understand (that's not how it works). I saw just enough to place me outside the usual spectrum of perception. Make the world feel off-key in broad daylight. A colour here. A sound there. A feeling more often than not.

"Sensitive" some call it, but in some cases that is just the tip of the iceberg. It was in my case. It started with a jolt; from out of the blue one day something changed and then I changed and I was never the same again. I wasn't going to be the person I was going to be anymore, I was someone else. Someone else AND me in point of fact. It's hard to explain so I won't bother. Suffice to say the magic began to seep in more and more, and that never goes well at first. Understand there are rules, at first. There have to be. But then there are no rules at all. It's very difficult to find the balance and, to be blunt, if you miss it, you're fucked... and you always miss it at first.

It takes time. It takes pain. It takes something else. The right stuff perhaps... but to be honest... the wrong stuff would be just as accurate a description of what is required from a soul walking the shining path. Good and Evil are constructs of man. Just reaching into the ether for patterns which are not there. Duality is a lie man tells himself you see.

Years after the flying girl I saw the swans all in a row. Seemed liked hundreds of them. I don't know where they came from. It was when I was making some decisions, largely in my head, about what path I was going to follow (and if it was going to be shining or grim). Was I going to ignore it, or was I going to be the best it I could be? I made my decisions. Then the swans came. I took it as an omen and it wasn't long after that the faeries stole my weed.

I had a wobble. I was unhappy quite a lot of the time. Also drunk. Not sure what was real anymore, despite all I had seen, and so I'd gone to smoke it all away and then found that the required greenery had gone. They led me a merry dance for hours and by the end of it I was sure they'd taken it and it was all real again. Then it appeared before me on the path in the dark under the moon; they gave it back. It was like they were reminding me that they were still there. That it was still there... however faintly. There was never a vulgar display. There didn't need to be. I believed again. I was a believer once more. I still am. I'd find it much harder to forget, much, much harder to not believe - and don't think I haven't tried.

Coincidences follow me. It's a thing. Probability gets a bit skewed around it you see and it is a thing, and it's a thing which I do. Even when I don't really want to. Looked at in a certain way that would suck. So I stopped looking at it that way and it really does not suck at all. It makes for glorious mischief and glorious moments and I have had a wonderful life because of it. I've seen terrible things and bad things, and things that wish they were half as bad as they yearn to be... but the very first really bad thing I ever saw I killed.

Slaying the Dragon was something no one should ever have to do, or see. I threw up. I am not the type to feel queesy but it was a battle I only just won and the victory came at a price I don't want to talk about and was fought against something beyond the terror of mere darkness and it was more dangerous than anything I'd ever done at the time. It tried to kill my friends. They didn't notice me save them on that particular night, but I did. I was to see many more very bad things. It became my calling. My thing.

Walking down a river path once I found a stick on the floor and I picked it up... I walked it home and took it into my fathers tool shed and I sanded, and I carved and I polished and I'd never done any of these things before and all of a sudden I'd got a staff and it was waiting for something and then something came to live in it and it's still there and it likes me and it's very old and it does what I ask it to do - whatever I ask it to do in fact... and it has been one of my most powerful and loyal friends. I once asked it if it wanted to go back to the river it came from and it didn't. It said it wanted to stay with me, so stay with me it does now. I don't know what will happen when I eventually die maybe it'll leave and go back to the river? Maybe I'll pass it on to someone. I like that idea. It'll help them understand how real it all is - which is a hard thing to understand. I know that more than most. I won't forget it. I know it's hard at first. I remember.

I was glad of this friend of mine during the waiting times, it... he... kept me grounded. One of a few things to be honest (he was not alone in following me, I've not been alone for a long time. No one is ever really alone of course... but it's hard for most to see what follows them - harder to accept the following is happening). Anyway, I, for quite a while, could feel doom creeping you see. All the time.

People said I was paranoid. In particular toward the end I think at least some of them thought I'd gone completely mad. They ran away and left me. But I hadn't gone mad. I could just feel it all coming, and see the darkness (and worse) in people growing, and when doom arrived it was a relief even though I was almost completely sure I was going to die.

It seemed to me at the time that I had three choices. Game the system for gain. Fight the enemy. Or party myself to death. I was tempted to party and for a while I did just that - the beginning of the final nights saw me reacquaint with forces and friends and lovers I'd long since left behind and the stories I could tell!

But not here. Not now. That's not how this all ended you see. In the end I turned to face the foe. I fought.

We won.

Together.

That was a shock to be honest. No one expected to win. What do you do when you plan for glorious death and find that you are alive when the dust settles?

So here we are, still here, and times they are a changing. It's back in a big way you see. If you concentrate... you can feel it. All of you. It scares the crap out of most. They fear it. They hide from it. They deny it. But none of that means anything to it. It doesn't care. It can't care. Chaos is unfeeling.

So now you have listened to this story... do I have any advice for you in this brave new world?

Stay away from horses in your dreams.

Stay in your lane.

Live in the moment.

Remember, this is just a story.

But what if it were true?

ben cooper

do you think they talk to god about me
? maybe god is the only person that
they talk to about me. i wonder if they
will beg god or me for forgiveness

maybe, oh, maybe if the fire i light on
myself burns a little brighter , would
they finally notice — scatter my ashes,
will you?

my body an empty and abandoned
home, breaking and warped ; half open
broken window , there's nothing to
steal in here

as the visitor leaves, they even took the
ghosts that line the walls

how many years has it been, weighed
down by the creaking of my splintering
bones and weeping —counting the
years , inching toward the edge
(vanished)

with each step, tripping over the
leftover debris— pieces of me, what i
used to be and will ever be

it's missing. there's so much missing.
desperate attempts to fill the holes —
only to end up with even more pieces,
breaking all over again (collapsing)

even the paint begins to dull (dry)

i know i'm not as beautiful or as sacred
as your mother's house , but if you
kissed me in front of her house —while
you left me outside in the dark— does
that mean you can't bring sacrilegious
objects near holy ground? after all, i
am an object to you

you killed me— i am proof of the
absence of god

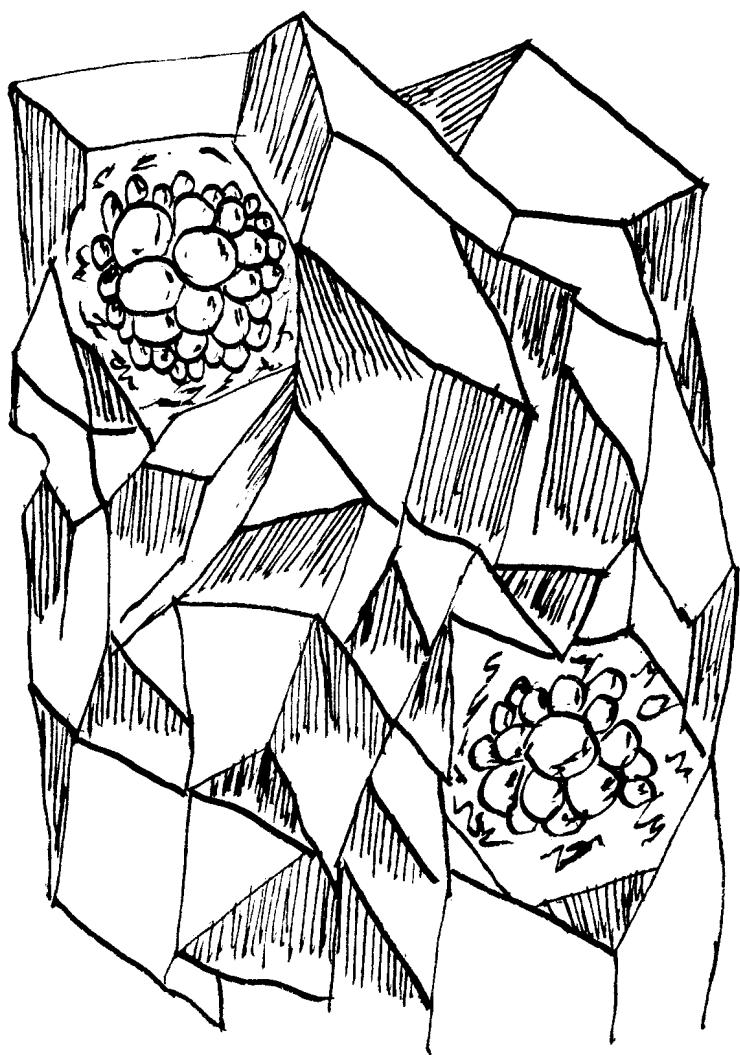
mortal men play god, with you at the
center; false prophet, beg for
forgiveness (repent. repent. repent.) oh,
pathetic and wasted devotion — damn
you

where is god? maybe i am god, maybe i
am nothing. but one thing is certain— i
will destroy you, and you cannot hide
from the wrath of god's hand, my
hand, with deep claw marks on your
back from my nails

im going out kicking and screaming
with your blood on my hands

hit me motherfucker

i want to know what hit me



SOFIA

**EVEN THE FUNDAMENTAL
LAWS OF PHYSICS EXIST
BY THE TEMPORARY
GRACE OF CHAOS.**

**YOUR EXISTENCE IS AS
MIRACULOUS AND
IMPROBABLE AS THE
EXISTENCE OF A GOD, A
BUBBLE ON A BUBBLE ON
A BUBBLE, AND YET
HERE YOU ARE.**

**BEING PAID JACK SHIT
FOR FORTY HOURS A
WEEK SEEMS FAIR.**



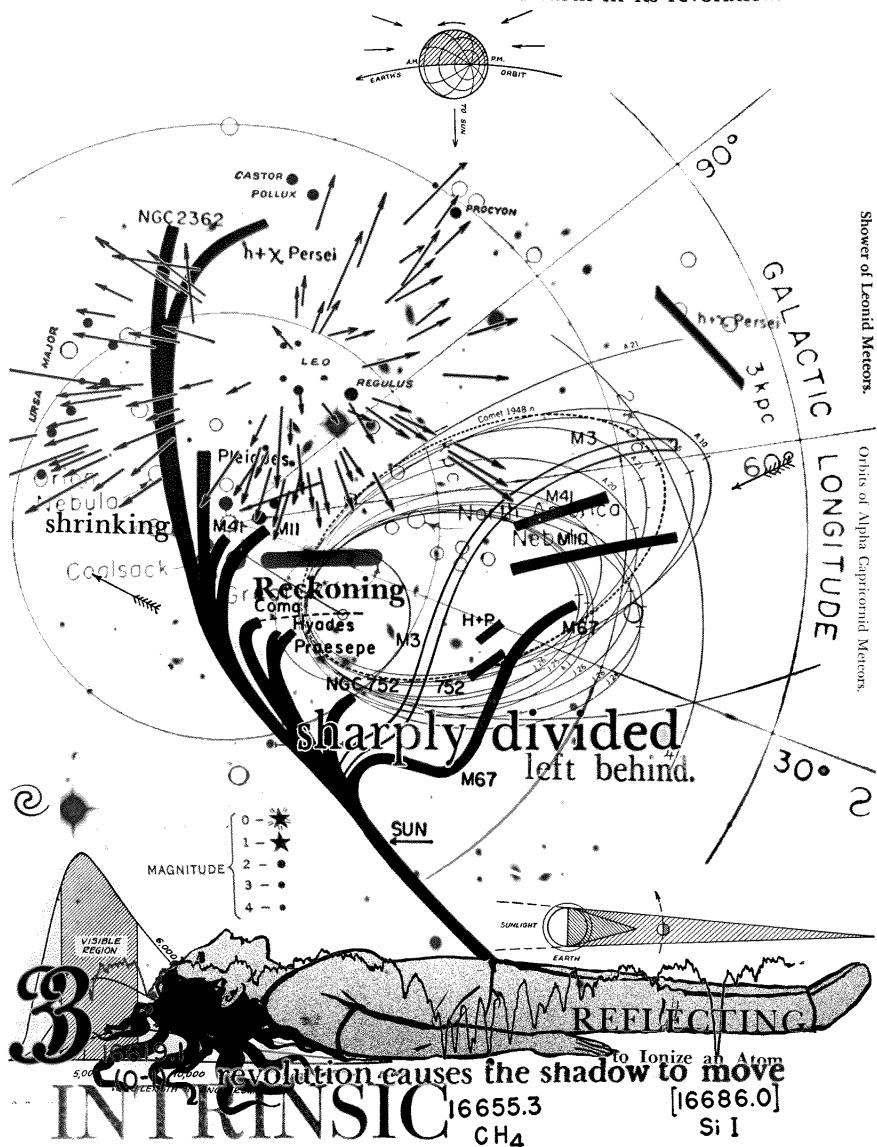
Three Dreams

III

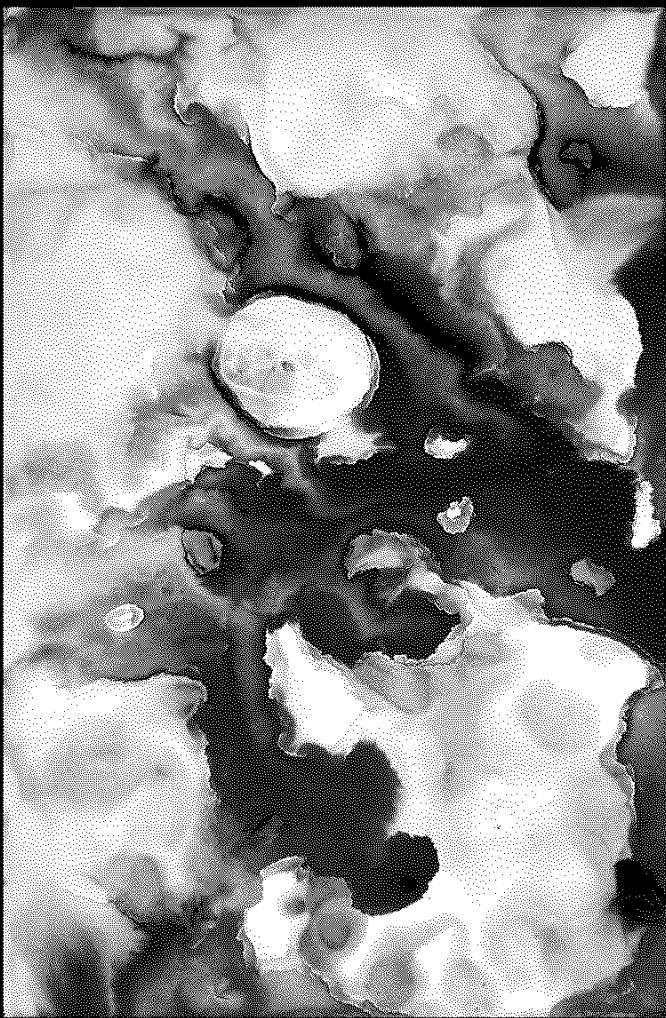
On January 1st, I dreamed that I was outside with my friends, with whom I had just celebrated new years in reality. We went to a bar that happened to have a beggar in front of it. I wanted to give him some change I had one me, but it turned out to be a policeman in disguise. In a stern voice, he told me that giving money to beggars was illegal. I was fined and he gave me a legal form of some sort, an application for disability benefits, to imply that I was mentally disabled for wanting to help homeless people.

Limitations of the Direct Method.

Meteor Flights Are Swifter After Midnight. In the morning we are on the forward side of the earth in its revolution.



As examples, consider the lucid stars.



ORIRIDRACO