

INTERREGNUM
SUMMER FESTIVAL
WORLD TOUR
2020

~~~~~ FEATURING ~~~~~

(by number of appearances)

**MIRAMOSSCRIME**  
**ASTHESPARKSFLY 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"

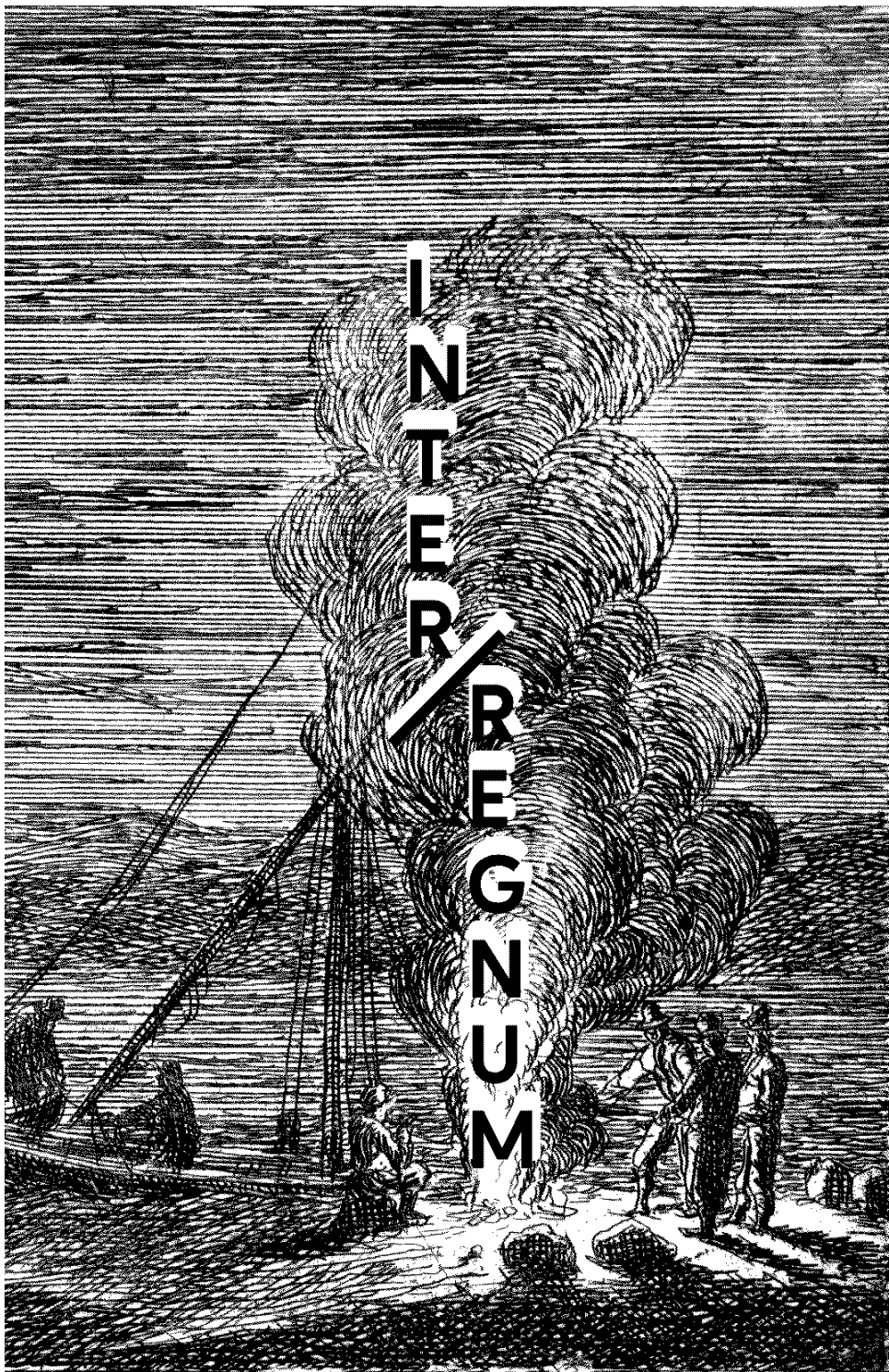
and introducing the

**CONTENT WARNINGS**

ADDICTION, BODY HORROR, DEATH, VIOLENCE

assembled by **BONES@mzx.io**

<http://nez.one/interregnum>



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

INTENSITY

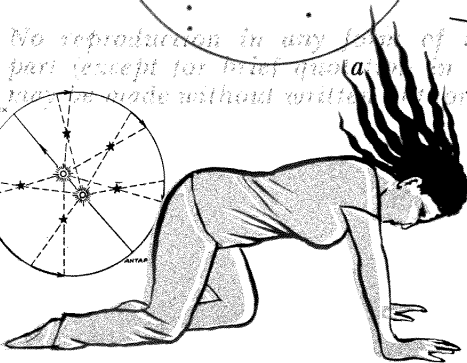
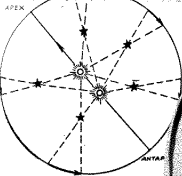
Unseen Companions  
ECLIPSING BINARIES  
*contact binary*

● GOOD  
○ POOR

ASTRONOMY

ROBERT H. BAKER

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ORIGINAL  
MAIN  
SEQUENCE

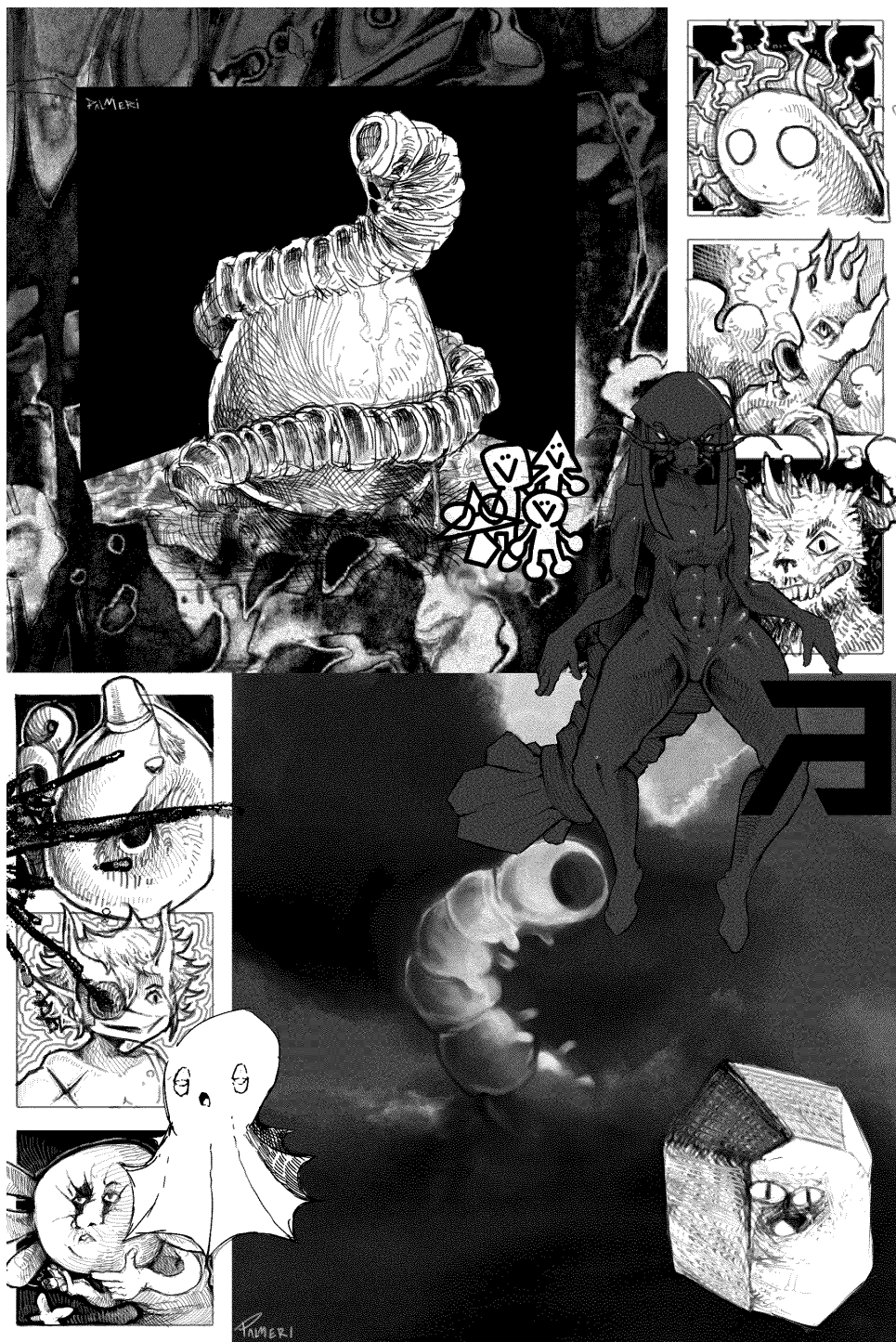
SEMI-EMPIRICAL  
EVOLUTION TRACKS



## 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 landscapers tie them to their trucks,  
stomp down and pull with a great roaring  
while and spinning tires/ roots 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.

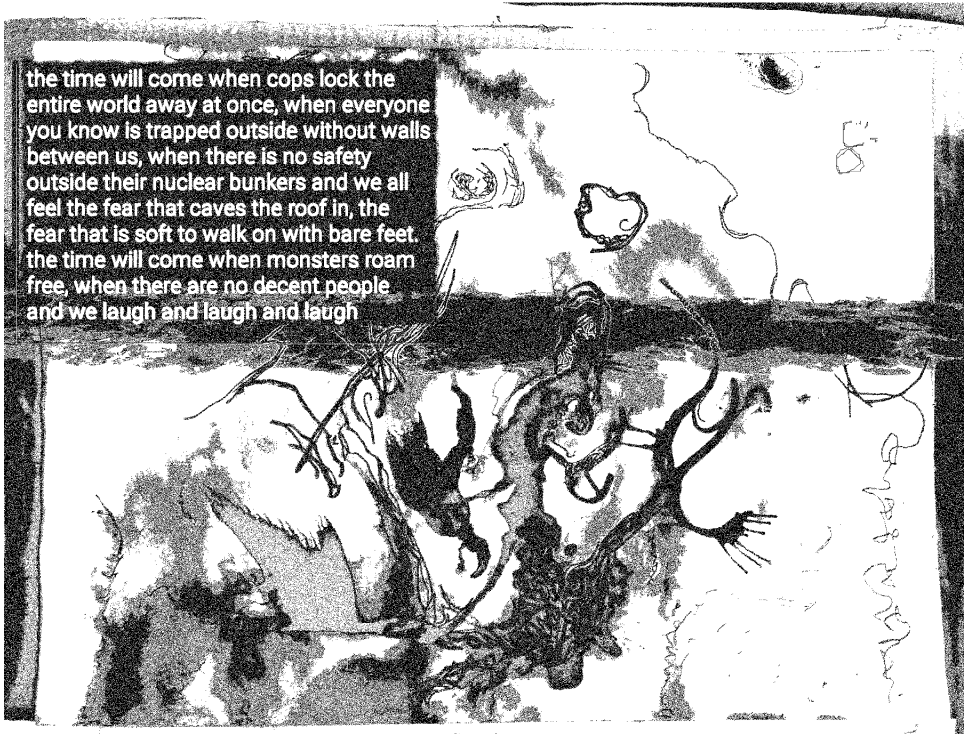


# Godfear

Woe like impotence  
and reverence like  
certainty.

The water drop ripples  
over eternity, confirming:

being a person  
is its own trauma.



the time will come when cops lock the  
entire world away at once, when everyone  
you know is trapped outside without walls  
between us, when there is no safety  
outside their nuclear bunkers and we all  
feel the fear that caves the roof in, the  
fear that is soft to walk on with bare feet.  
the time will come when monsters roam  
free, when there are no decent people  
and we laugh and laugh and laugh

**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 LOVE HURTING  
I LOVE PUNISHMENT  
I WANT TO BURN



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

**I AM THE SHEEP**

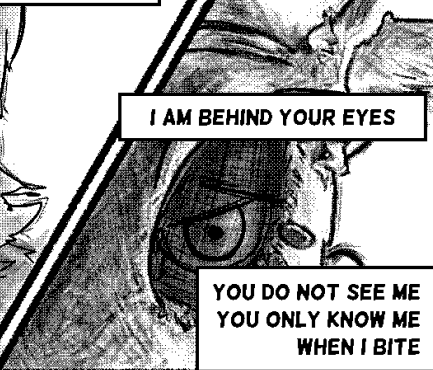


**I AM THE WOLF**

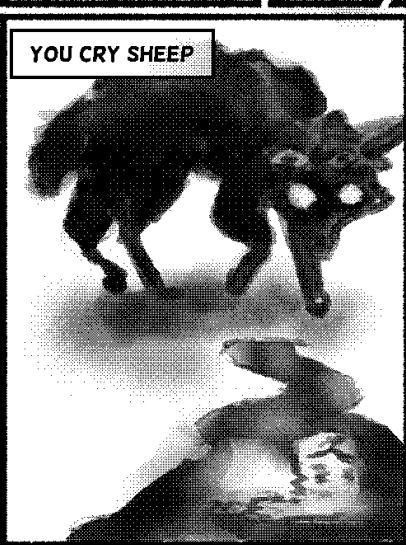


**I AM BEHIND YOUR EYES**

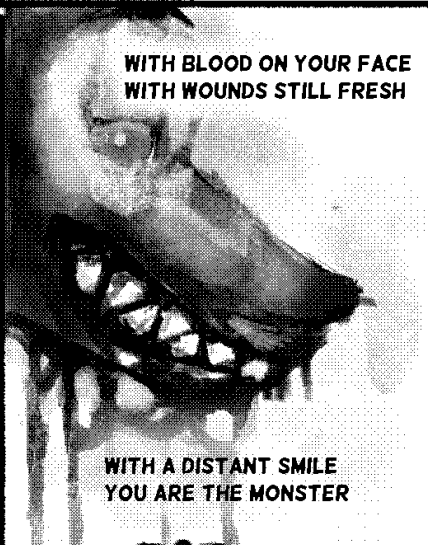
**YOU DO NOT SEE ME  
YOU ONLY KNOW ME  
WHEN I BITE**



**YOU CRY SHEEP**

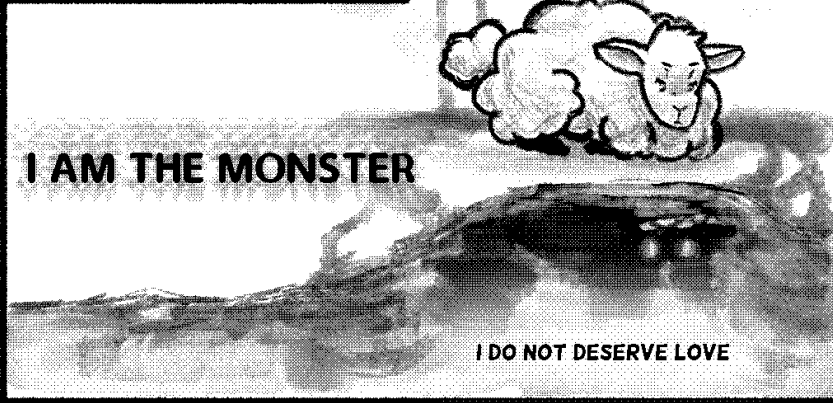


**WITH BLOOD ON YOUR FACE  
WITH WOUNDS STILL FRESH**



**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

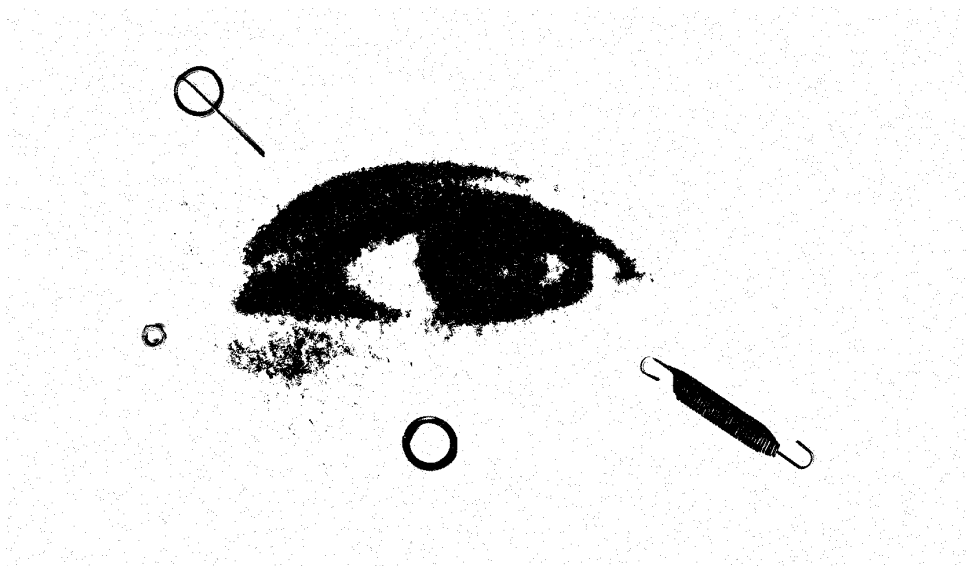
i'll turn the lights off and pretend im  
her

if it gets you to acknowledge me for  
once

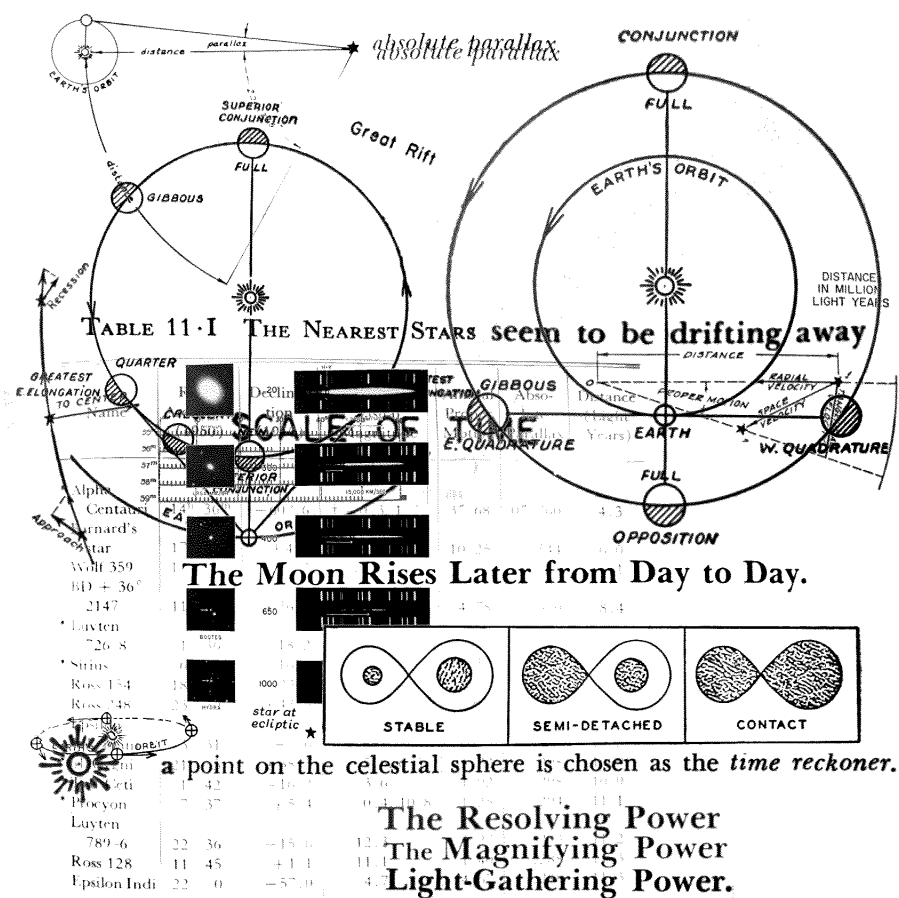
please look at me

please just fucking look at me

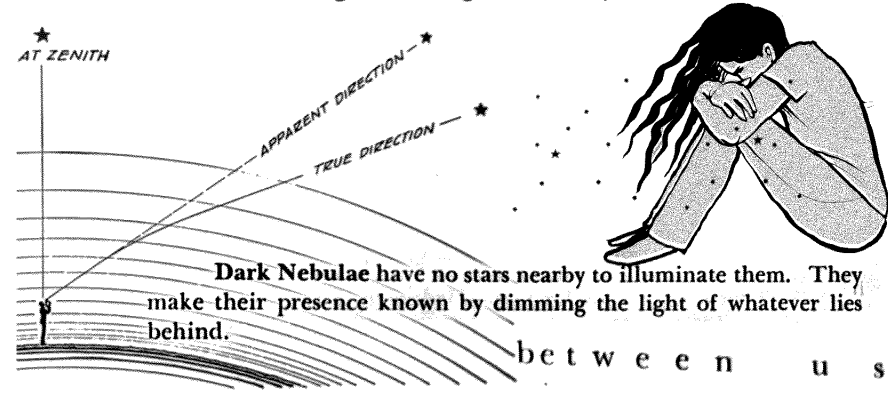
VOID



SOFIA



some rise to great heights; many move down-ward:





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, its 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 slippery. 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.

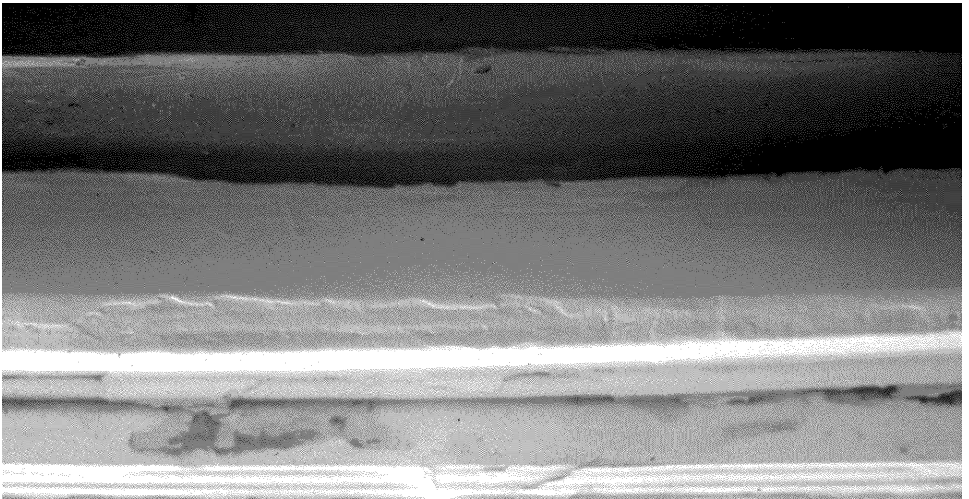
They are silent witnesses. Or maybe not so silent as their green screams to me.

Linger here they say.

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

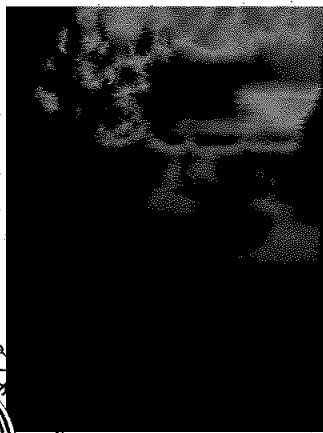
I feel you like a hole

and I am all one without you.





inverse combustion insect repellent



temporal lobe warp dome



hypertemperature furnace society



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.

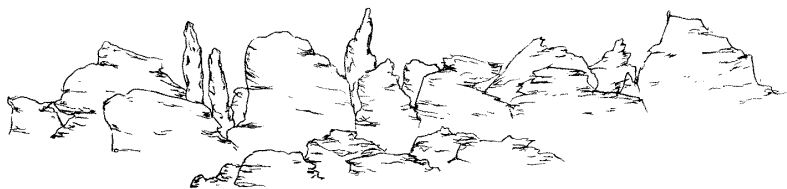
Those Royal Heights, for whom  
all spineless heads bowed, have  
cast their wicked, holy spell  
on all heartbroken souls:

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.

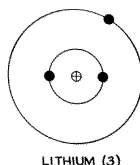
Stood then to prove again, Love and  
Youth's new Ancient Trial from the  
Loyalists' footsteps:

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



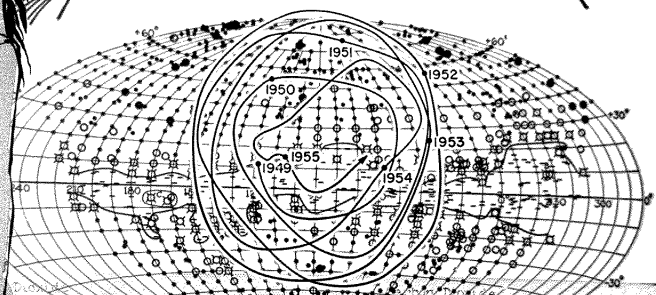


HELIUM (2)



LITHIUM (3)

the year of the outburst.



The Energy Required  
"Other Consequences of Mass Loss."

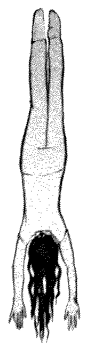
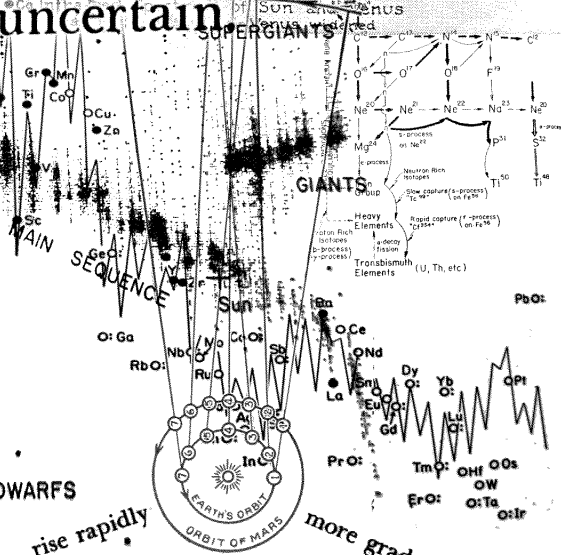
Between Brightness and Magnitude

by excessive twisting, they can exert **SPECTRAL** pressure

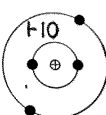
Equally Intense  
highly uncertain

ABSOLUTE VISUAL MAGNITUDE

-5  
0  
+5



NEON (10)



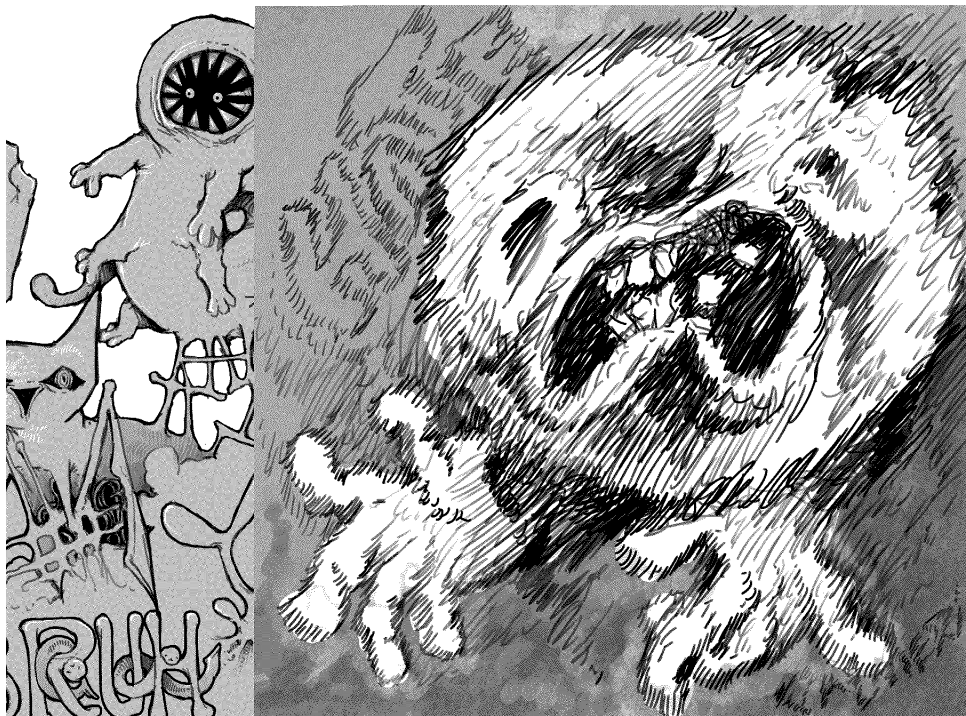
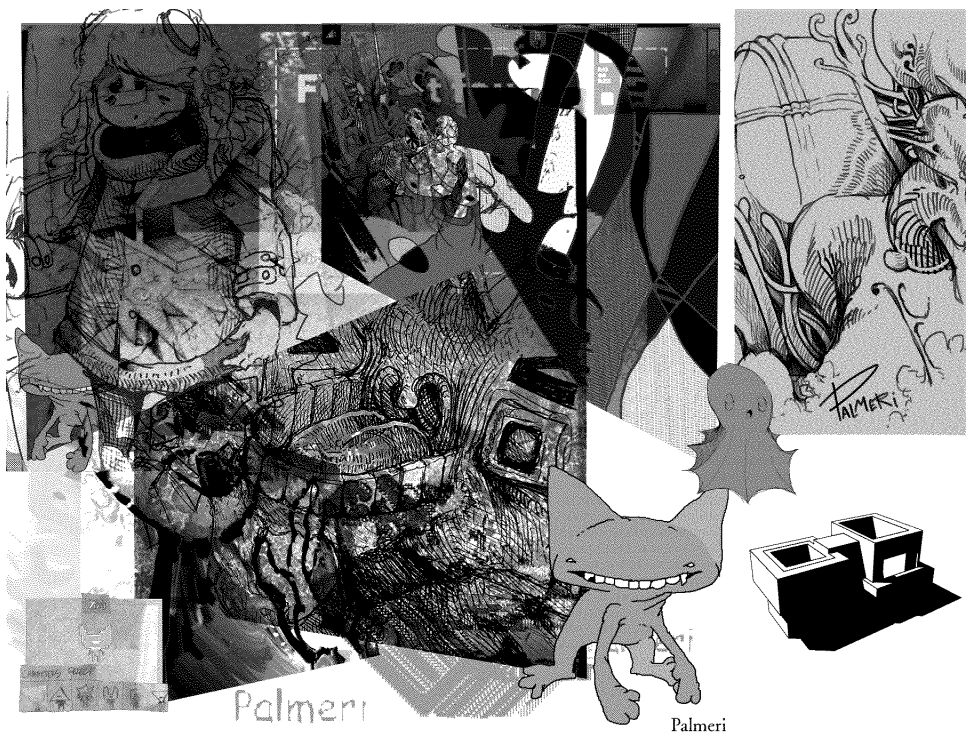
BERYLLIUM (4)  
+15

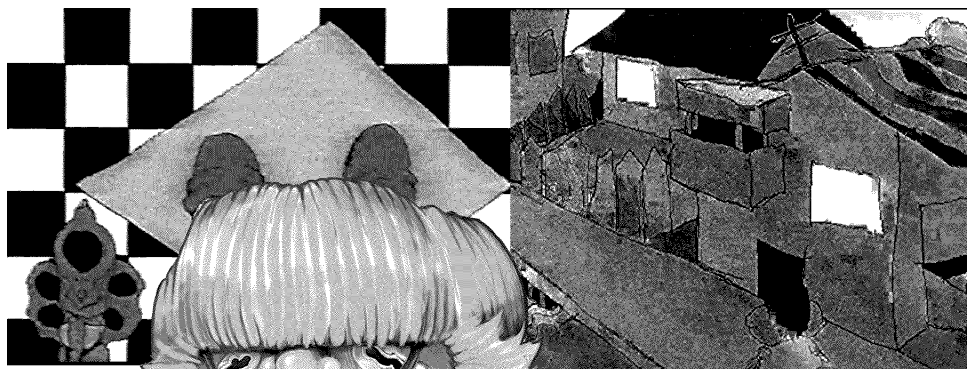
WHITE DWARFS

rise rapidly

more gradually decline.

O B A F G K M





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

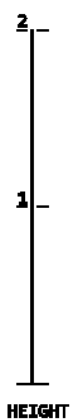
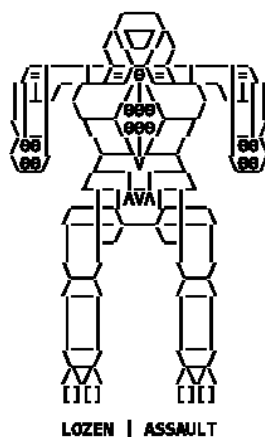
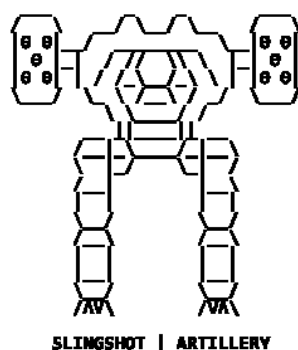
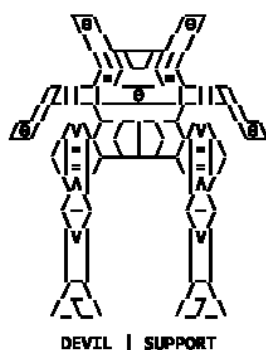
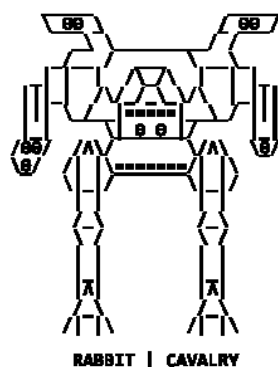
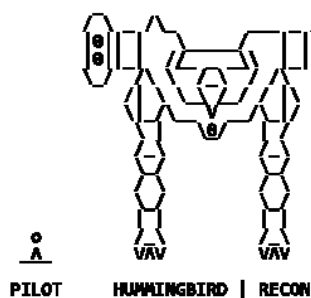
I'm sorry.

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

# /// // MECH BAY /// //



| NAME        | STATS                                |
|-------------|--------------------------------------|
| -----       | -----                                |
| -- MECHS    | -----                                |
| HUMMINGBIRD | ATK 1, DEF 1, SPD 5, HP 4, SENSOR 2  |
| RABBIT      | ATK 2, DEF 1, SPD 4, HP 4            |
| DEVIL       | ATK 1, DEF 2, SPD 4, HP 6, CLIMBER 2 |
| SLINGSHOT   | ATK 2, DEF 2, SPD 3, HP 6, SENSOR 1  |
| LOZEN       | ATK 3, DEF 1, SPD 3, HP 4, CLIMBER 1 |

| /// SKILL ROLLS |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| ROLL            | SKILL        |
| -----           | -----        |
| 5+              | ROOKIE       |
| 4+              | EXPERIENCED  |
| 3+              | VETERAN      |
| 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/-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:

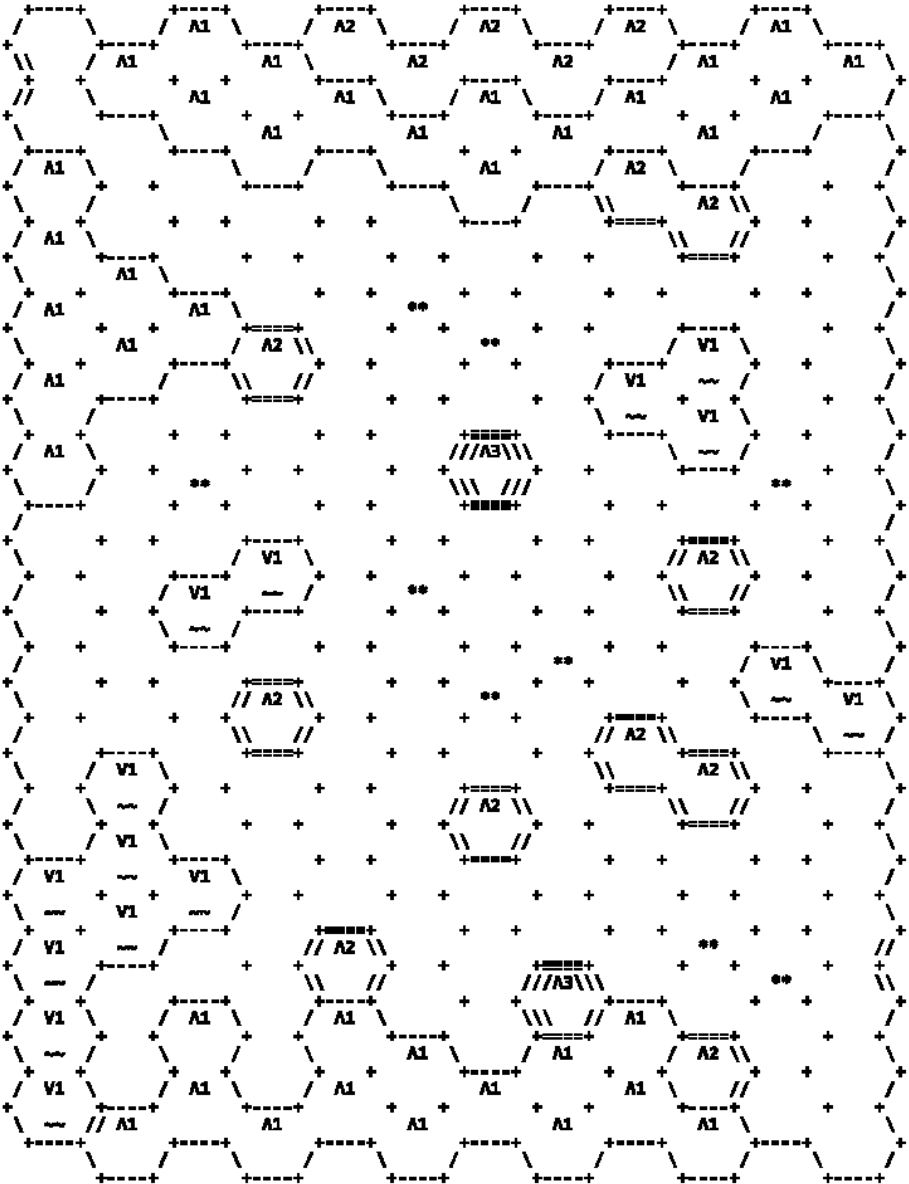
- Attacker rolls D6s equal to attacker ATK + stat bonus.
- Defender rolls D6s equal to defender DEF + stat bonus.

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.

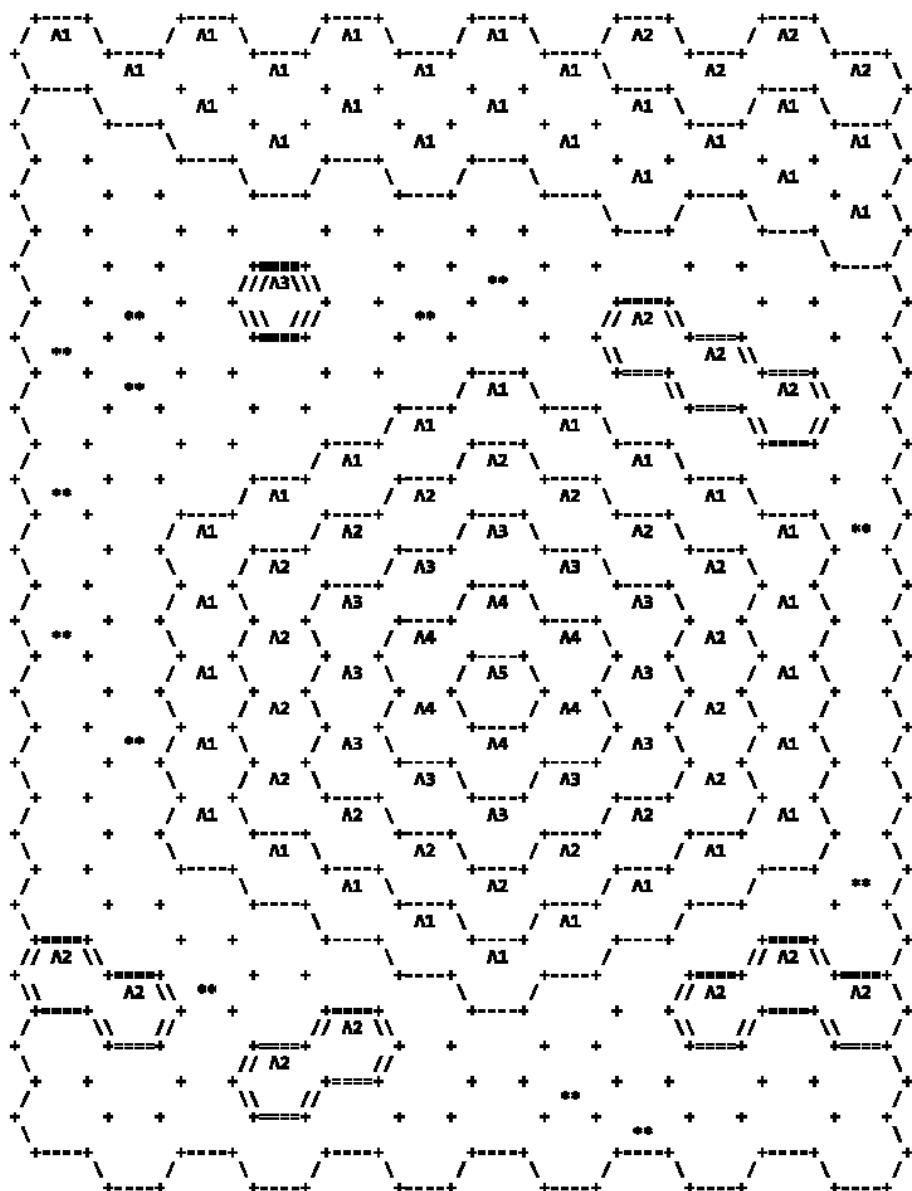


HOODOOS



A HEIGHT  
V DEPTH  
~ WATER  
•• ROUGH

# PYRAMID



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 unintentionally. 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 queasy 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

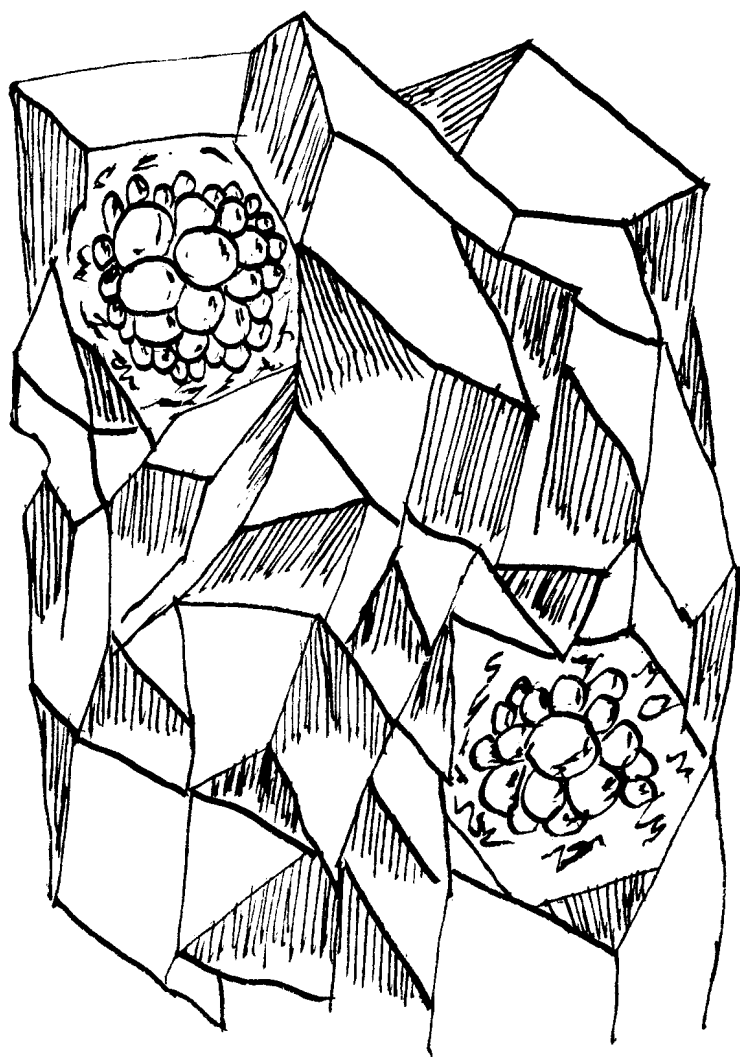
mortal men play god, with you at the  
center; false prophet, beg for  
forgiveness (repent. repent. repent.) oh,  
pathetic and wasted devotion — damn  
you

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



**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.**

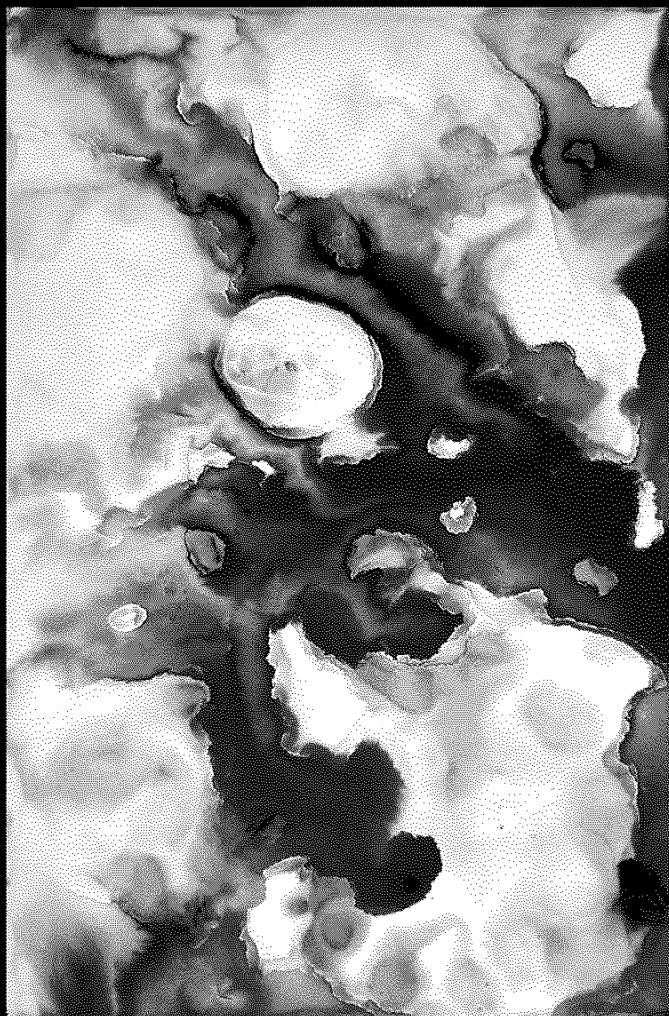


## Three Dreams

### 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.





ORIRIDRACO