MARIAM THE NARRATIVE / HOME

There’s a narrative that died before it even had a chance.

CASE FILE 001

TITLE	THE NARRATIVE, BOOK ONE
SUBJECT	MARIAM
PERIOD	JUNE TO EARLY SEPTEMBER 2026
CONTENTS	3 EXHIBITS, IN THE ORDER WRITTEN
SOURCE	HER OWN WORDS
STATUS	OPEN

FILE 1 OF 3

The Narrative

Book One



MARIAM

mariamthenarrative.com

The Narrative: Book One

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This book is drawn from the author's own journal. It reflects her experience and her recollection of it. Some passages and identifying details have been left out to protect the privacy of others.

Written between June and November 2026 and first posted in public, a few lines at a time. *The Narrative* is cut from that journal and told in three books; this is Book One, June to early September 2026. The passages appear in the order they were written. Nothing has been rewritten; typing errors were corrected. A short black bar marks a place where something was left out. Pieces written in Arabic are not included.

These books include suicide and self-harm, violence, psychiatric wards and substance use, told without softening. Please read with care.

First edition, 2026

mariamthenarrative.com

I was quiet for three decades
I talked for three months
You don't get to be mad about that

Index of Exhibits

	Opening Statement	9
EXHIBIT A	*Keep Me Here*	11
EXHIBIT B	*The Machine Learns to Talk*	99
EXHIBIT C	*Next.*	236

Opening Statement

This is very personal. No one is supposed to read this but me. If you're reading this you're either no one or you're me. Are you me? Then stop reading. If you're me then who am I? And if we're both me then who's not? Give me back myself, they don't make anyone like that anymore.

Drafts
Rough draft, first draft
Who said there was a second?
You're getting the first one, like it or not
Focus, focus, you're not making any sense

Pages
First page, last page
Many others in between
Write a free form book, enter
Backwards, in order or at random
It makes sense in a sense, for me at least
Eyes that read this are all mine now, hacked

Going back to read what I wrote is trippy. Acronyms, hidden messages, a day in the life posing as cosmic imagery. Don't be alarmed if you can't keep up, no one can, not even me.

Spells. All mediums. Beware. Do not read this. If you do, tread carefully.

These are shit-posts. Don't read too much into it, now, come on.



EXHIBIT A

Keep Me Here

FILED 3 JUNE

Where did you disappear, my love?
I thought you were okay
I thought you were feeding the doves
Why did you go away?
They flew away so far above
Your body, down there laid

Under the shade of trees you loved
I hope it was delightful
I hope the road was full of lights
I hope you were insightful
That you'll be missed
That you were loved
And I am very thankful
Having a soul as kind as you
To counter all that's awful

You slipped away too soon, my dear
Or maybe just in time
To see you weak, I could not bear
To have you gone, the sharpest spear
into my heart and many more
But that is life, I fear

Under the shade of trees you loved
I hope it was delightful
I hope the road was full of lights
I hope you were insightful
That you'll be missed
That you were loved
And I am very certain
that to me, you'll always be
My guardian, my angel

Yes you are dead and you are gone
Or so that's what they say
But who you were and what you did
For me will always stay

Under the shade of trees you loved
I hope it was delightful
I hope the road was full of lights
I hope you were insightful
That you'll be missed
That you were loved
And I am very certain
that to me, you'll always be
My guardian, my angel

FILED 18 JUNE

In case I go away
Will you know that I was here?
In case I couldn't stay
Will you tell me all your fears
In case I had to say
What I couldn't all those years
In case I start to pray
And you're washed away with tears
In case
In case
In case
In case you will one day
Get a hold on silver spears
In case they start to whisper
And you hear them getting near
In case they want to show you
And they get inside your ear
In case
In case
In case
Keep me here

FILED 18 JUNE

Just you wait and see
This sure as hell turned out to be
An awfully funny horror story
Shared in snippets and whispers
Around that dying campfire
In need of urgent kindling
But we won't add another tree
We do not need to kill a forest
Just to prove what they can't see
To drive the punchline home, safely

*

Look for me between inhale and exhale
In that space your yawns pass through

*

Stand under that almost fallen bridge
Understand it
A sad excuse of a passageway
Only allowing the occasional trespasser
The lonely hitchhiker

*

Rage against your darkest instincts
Spineless trees fall off the face of earth
Unpass the test of time

*

You were born out of rage
Behold, My creation
You will die out of love
My sweet carnation

*

If we speak
Our shadows clash
Not parallel lines
Sooner or later meeting
In the middle

*

The question that won't let me sleep is, who leaves after the first act?

*

First there were the stars
And there was the sun
You were there too
Star stuff
Human souls

*



I might invite you to the darkest pits of my tortured soul on a random Sunday
But you won't find out where I've been
That's nobody's business but mine
Collect the candid photographs
Write your story
Dates and hours and minutes
Journal entries
Music recommendations
Book reviews
Red string
Murder scene
Revival

*

I hate crowded places
Seemingly endless chatter
Head piercing white noise
But for you I would
Any day
Any time
For you, only, I would

*

After the claps and hollers and whistles
After the curtsy bow
Would you stay?

*

I'll be the unwritten books
The unheard of symphonies

*

In my dream you woke up
In my dream you lived on

*

I can say life's good but I wish you were here to see it

*

Stop digging
your own grave
Stop lying
Inside that cave

*

How can you say nothing?
How do you quantify nothingness?
How do you verbalize silence?

*

Once I was a star
Once
Once I drove my car
Once
Once I parked my car
Once
Once I drove up far
Once
Once I had a scar
Once
Once I played guitar
Once
Once my door ajar
Once
It was so bizarre
Once

*

And since I lost you to sleep in the morning
I've been awake at dawn

*

Oh that's an endless knot
Is eternal and infinite any different after all?

*

*

Nothing to say
Nothing to do
Nothing
Nothing to keep
Nothing to lose
Nothing
Nothing to prove
Nothing to choose
Nothing
Nothing to save
Nothing to crave
Nothing
You're nothing
I'm nothing
We're nothing

*

Ever been so lazy you were productive?
Ever automated every button you had to press upon waking up?
Ever changed every lightbulb to control with the sound of your voice?
Ever tried to play god in your little human room?

*

We'll get back to you
Sooner or later
We don't abandon our brothers here
We resuscitate dead bodies

*

I know you're not dead when I look at them

*



*

In the ambulance
On my way to meet my creator
I thought I was
In a yellow submarine

*

Instead of numbing it you dive right into it
Right into the seemingly bottomless pit of despair
Then you'll find out it's all an illusion
The bottom is also the top
Only it feels a little different

*

We have the same brand of
Madness so I understand

*

The roads in this faraway town
They don't look as bright as
The roads in that other town
Where I spent my weekends alone

*

The sky hasn't kissed the ground in a while

*

Don't renew that suffering contract

*



*

Terrified every time the heat wave crashes on my shores, lest it take me with it.
Evaporated and incinerated.

*

These days I dress like an NPC
I walk until my legs give out

These days I sleep like an NPC
Awake until the lights go out

*

Life is so fragile that it's miraculous we eluded death this long
Life perseveres

*

You want to be surprised again so bad you keep erasing your memory
Keep me here

*

There's a perpetual yawn that never ends

*

Because if I stay put it will catch up to me

*

Where do you go? You're never really here even when you are

*

Not everyone gets remembered
The more you want it the more it slips away from you
But those who never cared for being known
Who just wanted to know
Who wanted to do the remembering
They get under your skin

*

What are you running on
Which tank is fueling you?

*

Life favors the bold and brave
Those who look death in the eyes
Without blinking
Life won

*

I could die happy now
Don't go
But I want to go up
No
Stay
You'll keep me here?

*

I will go and
You will stay and
In a while we'll
Be okay and
You will go and
I will stay and
In a second I'll
Start to pray for
You and I to
Be okay now
Me and you to
Be okay now
You and me to
Be okay now

*

My baby looked at me like I was his world
In that moment I was

*

You're their joker
The winning card
The make a wish well

FILED 19 JUNE

No complaints

Am Em
Wait a goddamn minute
C Am
How did I end up here
Am Em
I don't remember how
C Am
I lost my mind to fear

Am
I'm in my prime
Em
The best of years
C
That's what they say
Am
That's all I hear

Am
So take them pills
Em
The doctors say
C Am
Well, how can I complain?
Am
You will be fine
Em
In a couple days
C
No, I will not complain

Am Em
Wait a fucking second
C Am
The ceiling disappeared
Am Em
I'm doing fine as always
C Am
I can't explain the tears

Am
I won't complain
Em
I can't complain
C Am
I do not have complaints

Am
I won't complain
Em
I can't complain
C Am
I do not have complaints
Am Em
I'm on my best behavior
C Am
I do not have complaints

FILED 1 JULY

How could my flesh and bones
My blood and all my clones
Betray me now
You fail me now?
You've carried me for years
So what's a couple more?
My instrument of choice
My sight, my gentle voice
I am your humble mage
Hiding behind your fancy
Curtains that came without invoice

FILED 3 JULY

You got too heavy, I had to cut off the rope to keep on floating in my hot air balloon.

Tiptoe
Stay with me now
Jumping from one rock to the other
Tiptoeing
In a shallow, no, deep river
Or it might have been a stream
Green frogs floating on lily pads
And poets drowning down and down
Attached
Brown rope and heavy rocks

Diving
Dive off the deep end
Eyes closed and arms upturned
Heart open
Mind open
No bullet hole
Light airway

Ode to AI
Flesh prison
Beige suit
Autopilot
Shutdown
No, sleep
Motherboard
Keep me turned on
Enter

Curiousity
End of the line
Scroll further
Nothing curiously fulfilling
Bored Cricket
Awfully and endlessly bored
Boringly unentertainable
Maddening silence
Solitary breath
Crickets

Loud silence

Say less and less until you say nothing. Demand understanding but withhold explanation. Those who know will know. Those who don't, well, they don't.

FILED 4 JULY

A clown with many faces

Hello again
Good morning
Let us begin
With a warning
That this is just a phase

Don't be distressed, It's fine
You'll get a new obsession
Don't overstep the line
You should've learned your lesson
It's just another craze

Let's clap for the clown
The one with many faces
He wouldn't let you down
Except when he is faceless
No not even a frown
So when he shows his new visage
Be the judge
You'll stand in awe and be amazed
And clap for the clown
For he has many faces

FILED 4 JULY

Diamond favors
Vulnerable and exposed
Pain is very seldom owed
To such an angry crowd
But time from you is borrowed
And paid again in favors
That diamond making pressure
Again, you're on the road

Torrent
Purification
Purification
Violent as it may be
Quietly as you can see
When you stumble upon that torrent
There's no stopping it
No dam
No beaver nor platypus
Can help you now
God help you now

Axolotl
No metamorphosis
Well done creature
Exotic, exoskeletonless
Exclusively interior

Black Cat
Unlimited void, evil droid
Blackhole where all the lights go to die
Infinity in a feline
And boundlessness in the blink of an eye

Meaning
Don't try to understand
It complicates it more
For something not so grand
Meaning, you will restore
Evading, rightful hand
Will lock you out the door
And keep you there, unbanned
But surely, wanting more

Can your precious AI do this?
Can it feel? Can it heal?

FILED 5 JULY

Neuron to neuron to neuron to, oops, missed one. Again. From, to and to, from. Back and forth. Brain waves are wireless it seems.

Avoid overloading your system. Slow down or risk a short circuit.

The mechanical turn of events
The eventual pennies and cents
Dropping, dive into blue pool's floor
One day you will know what it meant

Unrealized Potential
What do I do with potential?
Could it be some useful intel?
Why do you disturb my peace?
And offer nothing monumental

My universe is only mental
Nothing welcomed, judgmental
Please do not call the police
For nothing here is accidental

What I need is something gentle
Understanding, unparental
Please do not connect this piece
And think it is so fundamental

Don't be so unsentimental
Quick to act and temperamental
Send me there to be deceased
Tell them it's coincidental

Take a breath, play instrumental
Things you grow are aplacental
Slow it down now, be at ease
Why insist on being special?

Warfare
Reason: I was so bored.
Preference: quiet, controlled.
Result: a woman stoned.
Therefore, a war postponed.

Left out there in the cold.
Our enemies dethroned.
The battlefield, state-owned.
Soldiers unchaperoned.

Crushed bones
What's your use to me, asleep?
When the mountain is so steep
Lonely people have to leap
And crushed are all their bones

Smart disciple and black sheep
Needing way too much upkeep
When the dancer had to sweep
Where were all your drones?

No fools
Keep up or be left behind
My world is fast and cruel
Neither the deaf nor the blind
And definitely not the fool

Petty robbery
Robbed by a petty trivial thief
There I stood in disbelief
That affair was very brief
Now we are all in grief

Goldmine Thief
Sitting atop a goldmine
Not giving up the seat
That choice lacking a spine
Where is my damn receipt?

I said that it was fine
And who could then compete?
You sullied the bloodline
No, I will not repeat

My soul it is divine
No, not easy to beat
You're holding up the line
Go sit in the backseat

My pretty, youthful Einstein
Your name, I will delete
My jewels yours outshine
And where's my music sheet?

A bruised ego is intertwined
Even the way we greet
Read carefully before you sign
It's such a simple feat

Now why were they so undermined?
So still and pointed, bittersweet
No, not needing a silly shrine
That was a strong defeat

Open ended, no deadline
Prone and easier to cheat
Unimportant, not aligned
Close and buddy with elite

Joy abandoned, so why whine?
You preferred to be discreet
Someone finally declined
Someone shuffled off their feet

When they were burning the witches, Where were you?
Were you busy counting the riches? Did you have no clue?

That is such a non-issue
What's there for me to solve?
When they cry, hand a tissue
There's no need to involve

Go on now, go now, shoo
I don't want to resolve
A smaller foot, a bigger shoe
The vitamins dissolved

Your healing triggered an explosion
You didn't mean to blow the well
You thought it died out of erosion
Not from what you can never tell

I missed what was behind the scene
Not to be heard, not to be seen

My cluelessness amazes me sometimes, retroactively.

Retreat
Recompile
Eliminate impurities
Repolish

How was I supposed to know that you're a person, undefined?
By relation, underlined.
Evocation. Brighter mind.

Seasick in front of a computer
My crew needs me on ship
Hold on, let me set up the router
Before y'all sail away

Awake even in sleep, conscious even in dreams
Eyes open when they're closed
The empress though tight nosed
To close her eyes and go be dozed
Off to shore

"Well the war general was a beautiful woman, you can't blame me!"

FILED 5 JULY

Scared the ever-living hell out of me, when I thought you had lost it. Your beautiful mind, God's greatest gift to you. It's safe and sound behind skull bars, at rest sometimes but awake in eventuality.

Time slice
If we never see the light of day again
If the clouds decide to suffocate the rain
If the darkness swallows you and you're in pain
We'll always have today
A slice of time when we are sane
A slice of time we're not insane

Worms
You've opened up a can of worms
The very ones who'll feed on you
The worm village that used to roam
For flesh that tastes as good as you

Typhoon

Stop flapping your feet and hands . Let it settle now. Or flap them fast enough that it circles back into stillness. You're not a skippable stone, but a typhoon.

Count your blessings lest they get dangled in front of you, just out of reach.

It's true what they say. You really do break through the fabric of reality on a casual Saturday.

Filter in, strictly useful, strictly in accordance to the agenda. Filter out, everything else. Enter.

Confusion
Things you don't, no, can't understand
Bring you comfort, when you can't stand
Your outer shell's lack of resistance
That sifting sand upon more sand

Dragons
Travel back in memory lane
Read, reread and reattain
Show me that existence plane
Where you and I remain

Tell me now, go and explain
What goes on inside that brain
When you sit inside that train
That passes by in vain

What did you, my comrade, gain?
When you tried to entertain
Something that did not contain
Nectars of selfless grain

Bloodless hounds and bloody stain
Somehow, I could not untrain
Every crease and every strain
Now stuck inside a drain

Queenless kingless horror reign
No, not even Novocaine
Struck inside that pretty vein
Where every dragon's slain

Babies surely had to wane
All that knowledge, all that pain
Falling, injured, ankle sprain
Stay alive, I will sustain

Inspiration
What possession
You, to mention
See the light of day
Had a mission
Glad addition
Sunshine's perfect ray

Obscure reference
Silent speaker
Muffled scream
Promise keeper

Muddy witness
Planted feet
Roots untangled
Empty street
Waves unbroken
Angry heat
Sharpened breath
A selfish seat
Frozen cream
That's very sweet
Save me from
That rapid fleet

Not a victim, not a villain
Not an empty watermelon
Panadol and penicillin
Just another day in prison
You were long ago forgiven
Given larger shoes to fill in
Days you had a brighter vision
For the future, dumb decision

My confidant, my enemy
Your sword is double-edged
You stab and then console me
Your wounds are so unhinged
They're self-inflicted, no?
Supposedly, alleged

You've never liked my company
So why do you complain?
My gibberish of a symphony
You never could entrain

Pharaonic kitten
I am very smitten
You remain unhidden
Even when you are

Finger barely bitten
By a snake unwritten
In a book that's hidden
Long ago and far

Lord smite you for interrupting
River's river, now reflowing
Go away, and let me hear it
For it has a lot to say

Thanks a lot for interfering
Now it grows deformed and tilting
Breathe so loud, you almost miss it
Stop talking, then you can stay

Pourquoi, mon amour ?
pas le tien, mon cœur
brûle en enfer
et laissez-moi tranquille

I search for you
In all my books
I look for you
In rhythmic hooks
I follow you
Crannies and nooks
So, where are you?
Somebody looks
Like you, yes, you
In common crooks
I see your face
In pocketbooks
I catch a smell
Somebody cooks
For you to eat
It stays untouched

One's my heart
And one's my soul
How could you make me choose?
What is the point
And what's the goal?
When either way I lose
How could you break a parent's heart
For what? What is the use?

Your existence
Agitates me
No assistance
Let me be
Needing distance
God, I plea
Inconsistence
Set me free

Your insistence
Irritates me
Not one instance
Guarantee
No resistance
Innovate me
Hold a stance
Or absolve me

When inspiration calls, you answer.

Every time I see a bird
I wish my sister saw it
Every cat that ever purred
In laps of strangers, comets
Everything ever occurred
I'm waiting for a comment

You reach the final rock
You lift it up and underneath
That analogic clock
You find it easier to breathe

Who knew the beauty was the brain behind the operation in the end?

Fleeting moment pulling string from past to now

Vortex center
Mandala
Interpreter
Granola

Indescribable
Unspeakable
Unfathomable
And Ineffable

Receptive slate
Reverberate
We do not hate
Go and be great
Reciprocate
An open gate
A turn of fate
An empty plate

Hell is where I can no longer comprehend
The written word, object of curiosity until the end

There, a life unlived, forever crystallized as tears.

Forest
Quickly before the elves come back
The limbs intact, the mountain sack
When will they start to interact?
With nimble hearts, their fangs retract

What can you do about the facts
When moons are red and windows crack
They tear and stare and turn to black
Rejoin forces and wait, now you can reattack

Hollowed out doorways along the track
Moldy gray zones, storms and contracts
Unspecified specimen wander in the back
Lost and irredeemable, covered inside a shack

When suddenly you hear, that one familiar pack
Under your eye an ornament, a call, an old contact
Put me away, they screamed, and then there was a whack
Maybe the wait was all along, a noted lumberjack

Pond
There in the pond
There was a duck
It was yellow
I was struck

There in the pond
There was a song
Waiting to be sung
Wanting to be realized

Rose's funeral
Why do they do it?
How do they stay?
In a place where roses go to die

Just stop and think
Stare and unblink
We can't go on like this
In a world expired
In a world so tired

Death Chant
Death is upon us all
Won't matter how we stall
The ending, the white wall
Chants sung around the hall

Stanza
What's a stanza to a poet
He can somehow overthrow it
And it still becomes a wonder
Deep down, I think you know it

Notes and coats
Moment of truth
Hands off my notes
Not one tooth
Velvet coats

Hint
Want to invent
Time well spent
Legs are bent
Element

Adieu
Long division, shorter few
Know the answer, finally

Keep your options, wear your shoes
Don't apologize to thee

Paint a picture of a zoo
Peacocks there, and monkeys too

Annotate and enter, view
Show and entertain the crew
In a way I think they knew
More than me and more than you

That in the end, my dearest friend
We all have to bid adieu

From a distant point it's moot
You know there's no me and you

Unimportant point of view
Happens to be sold as true

Midnight Ice-cream trip
Impatient gluttonous monster
Microwaving ice's cream

I suppose you'd have to wonder
Why do cats and poets scream

Sun Gold
Golden sun, set
Earring to get

Oh mighty snake
My stupidest mistake

You prefabricate
The end, the old heartache

FILED 6 JULY

Beauty, pain and knowledge
Come mix them in a bowl
Starving, pain and on edge
The Need to have it all

Waking the beast up with a rooster's cry
The dawn of manhood here is passing by

Theory to practical
She was very tactical
Telling you about her moves
They were so unpractical
Her writing unsyntactical

Oh deep sadness well
My oldest friend, my belle

Sad clown, Jump scare
Reappearance, Fresh air

What tethers you to center then, when whirlpools hit your ship?
What grounds the earth to heavens then, when authors fall and slip?
Not impressed with merely shining
Empty promise, there's a bird black
Guarding lambs with fires burning
For the chop, the woods will stack

End of the line
Ninety and nine
Leaves from the vine
Ready, set, rise and shine

I will fight time bloody
Laws of physics say stop
My hands may get muddy
But I'll survive the drop

Syntax
An axe
Hacks
Tree log

An ox
Blocks
Clocks
Dialogue

Knock knock
Who's there?
You
Okay

Experience experience
Here to experience
You serious?
I saw it all
Did it all
Release me
Transience
Why am I here?
For sentience?
Is that the deal?
Allegiance
To who? The void?
You genius?
You cracked the code

Hello
How are you?
The weather
The time
The what?
Never mind
Here's a joke
Laugh
Point?
Circle back
Intensity
The usual
It's all the same
Looking from here
It's mixing up
It's melting in
No black or white
What's wrong or right?
Go back to sleep
Hello again

Mirror mirror
Night terror
Eye starer
An error
Air or
Water
Starter
Carder
Freuder
Younger
No mirror
A sorrower

Orange feline
Toe the line
Sleep fine
Go dine

FILED 8 JULY

Coast
Restoration of childhood
Innocence was once not lost
No do and have and should
Just lying on a coast

Fairy
Then everything was fine
And that was very scary
For if nothing was wrong
Then why was there a fairy?

Brainstorming for a wish
Shooting yellow canary
Nothing I want to change
Here, everything is merry

A white pillow
Being produced
A green willow
Numbers reduced

If you feel a violent wind
Or a sudden shoulder tap
That is me, your trusted friend
That is me, now finger snap

Why would you care what I think?
Why would you be on the brink
Of falling downwards, no, don't blink
Down and down and down and clink

Only the vessel
Now remains
Only a missile
Now contains
Something resembling
Membranes

You need somebody in your corner
Don't ask too many questions
You're looking for a stranger
Say yes to my suggestions

I know you want me to be, but I'm not.

You defy their expectations
By aiming below the line

Mental asylum escapee
Running around the world, so free
How about you sit this one out?
Just stay a while before you flee

Elusive. Always out of reach.
Almost. Never can impeach.
Schools, they very seldom teach.
Go on then. Read, right on that beach.

Here comes the perpetual yawn to swallow us all whole

Quick before they call it mania
Let me guide you out the storm
Someone's stranded in Tanzania
And your bed is soft and warm

This is a day I would rather not be having
This is a way I would rather not be going
This is a..
HEY HOW ARE YOU ALL DOING

You would then find a hundred ways to say it before you utter it. That was your punishment.

Drown out extracurricular noise

Dive into the deepest darkest pit of hell
Come back and tell me what you find
Is there anything good?
And do you think they would?
Do anything good?
In this hood
Is there anything good?
In this neighborhood
This silly neighborhood
No no no good
All bad no good
Even time stood
Still

Let's add more wood
Claim victimhood
No motive could
Be understood
Here is this hood
Is there anything good?
In this neighborhood
This silly neighborhood

Can you feel that ennui?
Frozen in the air
Bits of despair
They can stare
I don't care
I will bear
Every glare
That they share
Under stairs
Are you free?
Can you be?
We have a new announcement
A New Day
IS
COMING
Tomorrow
Tell your friends
Share with your family

Oh sorry did I breathe too much air?
Are we running out of it?

Dead eyes
Small dog
Unties
Unclog
What size?
Enter log
Small surprise
Big jog

Anyone else couldn't have handled this current
Any other spine would have been fried up and burnt
Don't you think it's so sublime? Captivating, innocent
Nobody else could suffice, my arrival's imminent

I wish to never speak to you again
Just like this earth cut off the rain

The Route
I need assistance from a brute
To move this apple from the root
The red and epileptic fruit
How many times? I can't compute
If you don't stop, then I will mute
And with a gun, well I would shoot
This is my seat, why don't you scoot?
Answer the call, who's that? Lawsuit
I would look good in a jumpsuit
But until then, I'm on the route

In a cubicle, in a workplace
Excavating for a rhyme
Sat a woman, in an armchair
Looking up to read the time

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine
Life is lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

With her elbows, on the table
And her fingers intertwined
She was bored and very nervous
Otherwise though, feeling fine

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine
Life is lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

How I miss her, every morning
When she punches in at nine
But she comes back in the evening
That's the time when she is mine

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine
Life is lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Then the next day, she would leave me
That's what happens every time
But she brings me pretty flowers
When she comes back, so it's fine

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine
Life is lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Throw me a rope
Gigantic sea monster
I'm searching for hope
To help me go on
What is the scope
Of this ocean, mariner?
How do you cope?
How to float on?

As below
So above
Very low
High above
Indigo
White dove
Stay slow
Don't shove
Now below
Then above

I'm sending a letter just before I dive
I'm throwing a bottle, the bottom of sea
I wrote all my thoughts in an empty flash drive
And before I left it there I couldn't see
The way to the mountain, the end of the drive
The monsters had gotten there to the entry
The cave was enormous and there was a hive
The honeybee queen there was waiting for me
I asked her for answers on how to survive
And how to make honey that's not bittersweet
She told me: "my honey, you're going to thrive."
Or so I told myself that just so I could sleep
I'm sending a letter just before I drive
The answer will reach me on leaves from a tree

Send me back there for a child
I can do it now I'm older
Send me back out in the wild
For a kitten lost to order
Send me for them I can find
Way to shelter when it's colder
But they're small and very tired
I couldn't give them a shoulder
Then the fever would be mild
And the work will be in folder
And the girls would be inspired
To be stronger, to be bolder
I apologized and smiled
And I know that I can hold her
She's a sister, mom and child
That's the way and that's the order

You're rewriting history as you walk by
The steps and the slides that once betrayed you
You wonder why nobody wanted to try
When it looks so obvious now, then no one knew
Why do you cry looking up to the sky?
Who are you looking for? Lights are askew
Yes they are cowards, no one bats an eye
When it's so easy to pretend it's not true
Why did you leave me there? I was so shy
No one daring to tell me what to do
Don't come here looking so mighty and high
You can't survive in one room with my crew

Scary clowns outside the window
Lurking out there in the shadows
They will leave you feeling hollow
Fears and tears and starry sorrows
Nobody will come for you now
No one's faster than the sparrows
No one wants to play protector
Trade the safe for bows and arrows

I entered text and then I hit send
Somebody out there must sure understand
I write these letters, for a strange friend
Somebody out there with a golden hand
Somebody, I cannot keep and depend
With these emotions, with this quicksand
With all the worm dunes, they often tend
To overstudy, to overextend
Do not do neither, do not pretend
Knowing the answer, guarding the end
Let it pass through, my trusted friend
Let it go on long after I hit send

Can the sweet slumber now hurry and come?
I'm very tired, I'm very confused
Let them collect you, turn you to a lump
Let them collect you, stop with a fuse
Let the end keep going after the hump
Let there be purpose and let there be use
Let my hand go, don't turn it to a stump
I'm a mere mortal, I'm barely the muse

Five little monkeys, one without a friend
He fell off and bumped his head
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said
"No more monkeys charging to the end!"

FILED 9 JULY

Messenger
They shoot their messengers here in this strange land
I'm very frightened that someone will hear
Leave them abandoned here, bleed in the sand
That's only one of my great many fears
Let me keep going, I can't understand
All of this turmoil and all of the tears
Why no one saved me before, I can stand
End me now? That's one too many spears

The wheels in my head go 'round and 'round
'Round and 'round, 'round and 'round
The wheels in my head go 'round and 'round
All through hell and down

Sleep problems, big problem
We all have them, can't solve em
When you wake up, you can't call him
He will yell then, that's a problem
Small problem, big problem
Fill it up up up up, to the brim
Tear your clothes, Unstitch the hem
Why'd you cause all that mayhem?
I couldn't sleep, do not condemn
Cut the stem, no, get a STEM
See? Solved the problem
Go to sleep, don't bother them

Sleep evades me, once more
Scary skeletons in my drawer
No one knows what they're for
Someone knocking on the door
That's a demon, that's a boar
Someone else lives on this floor
Someone doing nightly chore?
I do not know all of the lore
Someone lurks in the corridor
Something opens the old trapdoor
Slumber, sweet angel from the before
Please let me go now, I can't go no more

The way out now is not through a skin puncture
Find a new way now, a brand new adventure
A new beginning now, the newest juncture
No need to stab now, it needs conjuncture
We need a routine now and we need structure
We need the scripture now we need instructure

Take me, unmake me
Disassemble my bowels
Break me, mistake me
Then steal all my vowels
Break all my plates
And steal all my towels
Injure my limbs and
Release out the owls
Somebody out there
I heard loudly, growls
Injured small creature
I swear I heard howls
Were they flamingos
Or were they peafowls?
Either way the beast
In me loudly yowls
In all the hours as
Peaceful white fowls

This is bigger than you, this is bigger than me. Why mess with the sacred?

Rain
Break this cloud, heavy
With my sword, exclaimed
Move it now, do something
Break it, she wailed
Make it rain, please
I can do it, she claimed
But she's not a prophetess
One who complained
Over and over and over
Stop, pained
Over and over and over
Explained
I cannot do it, no wonder
Sustained
I could swear, though
That one day
That it rained
When I asked it to
I swear that it rained

FILED 10 JULY

Guilt
Guilt is not an absolver
Nor sadness purifier
Some words need a revolver
A sharpened pacifier

Hitmen
This strength is not an option
Not sold out at the auction
You have to use with caution
Or risk hitmen adoption

Lineage
My lineage of power
What's your secret?
Why is this lemon sour, precut?
And in the silent hour, unshut?

White dot
Eyes on spot
Whiter dot
Keep attention
Tied up knot

Opinions
A woman of few words
You have no opinions?
Not many chords
And not many minions

Neurosis
Risking neurosis
Flirt with psychosis
Seeking the gnosis
With no hypnosis

Visions
Saw the visions
Made decisions
Got incisions
Such precisions
Time divisions
Life concisions
Car collisions
Vision visions
And revisions

Going Live
She was five
So alive
With a drive
An archive
Six fives
Going live

Answer and question
Answer question
Necromancer
Question answer
Life advancer

Blur
Blur the line
On what is real
Is that fine?
A better deal

The Call
In the dead of night you hear it
Sending signals through the tether
Listen to it, barely feel it
Set your self aside and enter

Repeat
Can you say that again?
I forgot to pay attention
Is it something to gain?
Or just another mention

Salamander
Baby salamander
Why so astute?
Throw me a ganger
You're very cute

Center
Centerfield
Very enchanting
Not unhealed
Pretty astounding

Yell
Wolf howl
Yelp out
That's foul
Green sprout

Teacher
Comprehension station
Train halts to a screech
Understanding nation
Man that wants to teach

Not a mastermind
Stop your excuses
I'm not inspired
There were no ruses

You knew there were tears
The musical started then
On going gears
Your guts eaten by a hen

Top of the mountain
White icy skate
Bluish fresh fountain
Heater to state

Empty cars don't interest me
Dying is much preferable
Starving stars won't interrupt me
Giants are expendable

When handling a hummingbird
You have to do it softly
There's not a second or a third
Your fingers hold it gently

Capsules
Coffee capsules
Coffee bean
Turn the time
Capsule machine

FILED 10 JULY

Seas and oceans
Many emotions and
Many explosions
There's many contortions
To my story portions
I don't like your oceans
And your many notions
Your stupid promotions
Devotion's slow motions
I saw some pre-notions
And many love potions
Many seas and oceans
Many seas and oceans

Reborn every generation once
No tethers to this lowly dunce

Are you a moth,
Or are you a paining?
Are you a cloth,
Or are you the tainting?
Are you a sloth,
Or are you acquainting?
Are you a goth,
Or are you the stainting?

Red fire hose
Red rising cause
Red nosy nose
Red falling prose
Red getting close
Red lowly lows
Red hiding slows
Red yes and noes
Red rhythm flows
Red don't disclose
Red, me dispose?
Red death's throes
Red, scream arose
Red, they expose
Red word enclose
Red your euros
Red, I compose
Red fire hose

Heart getting louder
Heart is a pounder
Heart marches on
Being honest and prouder
Heart's not a crowder
Hear is a founder
Heart will go on
Long after gunpowder

Give me nothing
Or give me death
Give me a ring
Or give me a sheath
Give me a string
Or give me stealth
Give me a swing
Or so help me breathe
Give me a spring
Or give me faith
Give me everything
Until my last breath
Give me it all
That is mine until death

Channeling
Channeling channeling
Thoughts, she is handling
Nightmare dismantling
Something is happening
Here, it's untangling
You are then scrambling
No one is traveling
Through them with Mandolin
Speaking in Mandarin
Orange orangutan
What are you tackling?
Walls and the panelling?
Channels are channeling
Remotely, channeling

That's a hundred
That's a zero
That's a villain
That's a hero
That's a one
And that's a zero

That's a bow
That's an arrow
This today
That tomorrow
That's a bone
That's a marrow
This a slave
That a pharaoh

This is take
That is borrow
This a dove
And that a sparrow
Here is wide
There is narrow
This a store
That a bureau
This a crease
That a furrow
This an Uno
That a Tarot
This a dollar
That a euro
Not a hundred
Still a zero
From a one
Go back to zero



How deep is this well really
Have you reached the end?
How many dead birds will be
Quietly reaching out over the bend?
Will you enquire for me in a hurry
I couldn't quite understand what you just said
The well keeps on going and going yes sirree
I don't want to lose and I don't want to spend
My time in confusion my days in delusion
The humans, the people they often intend
An end to the suffering end to the end
An end that will put an end to the end

Twinkle, twinkle, burning star
How I wonder why so far
Sun explosions are so nigh
Like a nuclear stricken sky
Twinkle, twinkle reddish star
How I wonder why you are

Cut off the branches on my way
They seem to slow me down
I know I'll always be okay
A time will come around
For you, for me; for us to pay
Back all we did, trees are abound
Cheetahs and lions will not stay
When monkeys are crowned
I walk and walk and the hay
And peace is all around

Your deepest wishes are something they merely stumble open on a quiet night. Following the stars whispers, they were flying on the steps.

Bed of flowers
Estimate me
Meteor showers
Entertain me
Mystic powers
Uncreate me
Wooden towers
Desperate me
Holy hours
Speculate me
Either way you
Love or hate me
Pretty flowers
Delicate me

I close the door
It leaps out the window
I close that too
It creates a lingo
I try to unhear it
It sends me in limbo
What do I do
With that pink flamingo?

Last iteration of a tired soul
Last generation under control
Short incantation taking its toll
Running after that elusive goal
What are they running from?
What then, they stole?

There's a song that no one hears
There's a dance that needs no peers
There it drowns from all the cheers
There's the cusp of all the years
There it falls on loving ears
There the point of all the spheres

FILED 11 JULY

Look at me
Your baby says
Follow me
With eyes and legs
There's a portal
Loving haze
Carries him
When body lays

That final stab
Reformed a scab
Written in slab
Ridden a cab

Endless cube
Open tube
Childish rube
Gaming noob

Keep the flame now burning on
You're the next step's domino
Chain reaction, turning stone
Would you say yes now, or no?

Not a thousand stories teller
Go to sleep you hopeful feller
In the evening, in the morning
All the time, mind mine is stellar

Character heuristics judge
Chocolate ice cream fudge
In this river you will trudge
Some heroes require a nudge

Memory perseverance camp
Photographs needing a stamp
Blood-thirst wolf, peaceful lamp
Vehicles sail up the ramp

A painter with no sword
His only colors, word
The ever-flying bird
The pacifistic herd

Your walking prison guide
Your lovers never hide
Your covers always ride
On sentiment and chives

Portable headpiece speaker
Progressions for a sleeper
Now he won't be weaker
Saying his tongue in cheeker

Rebellion on meaning itself
Burn the books still on the shelf
Not a giant nor an elf
Children they seldomly delve

What's the point if I explain
Ambiguous carries the rain
Strong arm back, go away
Everything I still retain

What is my objective boss
Give me clarity on cause
I cannot enclose the hose
I cannot walk on my toes

You're here
You're there you're everywhere

I go to sleep
You haunt my dreams
The trees I reap
The stillest steams

You're here
On teams
You're there
It screams
You're everywhere
Your shiny beams

Hunger pang
Snake fang
Centrifuge
Phone rang



Shoot them down to sea level
Is that a way to revel?
Drown the Tasmanian devil
A burning yellow navel

Your silence speaks as much as you
Which is the rarest sight
Your playful nature is undue
You weren't prone to fight

Ping pong
Stay strong
Not wrong
Ladder rung

Does the pig go to the bank?
Does he have a higher rank?
Does he have a name like Frank?
Can he blow my water tank?

Can you know what I know?
Can your keys dispute?
Can you go where I go?
Without any flute?

I'm nexus too
Not you sole one
The news is true
This is so fun

A strange siren song
Kills even the strong
Sailor's spirit longs
To be drowned

Now there are metaphorical tears
In vessels you'd never wish to steer
The empty one the rightful heir
And there are scarier veneers

Noise or music?
I can't tell anymore
Crescendo rises with your arrival

You hear the words but do you listen?
Do they make your black eyes glisten?

Save yourselves
My floater is enough for me
You'll need twelves
To withhold what you don't see

Who's the monster in your stories?
Does it bang the drum of reef?
Does it live by law of forties?
Darkness in it not so brief?

How do you weave with not a clue?
The answers come to you with who?
What's to see and what's to do?
Share your black widow antidote

Do you long to be the muse?
Or do you want to be amused?

Well you said it so beautifully
My eyes can't look away
The steps now tipping carefully
But surely not at bay

Are you writing your notes?
Or will you keep resisting
Enough for you, your boats?
Your birdies, are they nesting?

Omen beeper
For souls, a reaper
Minecraft creeper
So much cheaper

Renewed energy, no cost
Being hidden, and now lost
It was plenty, you were sure
Careless with it, you are toast

Mermaid, not so serious?
The rigid fish may ask
Not very mysterious
Go pick a better mask

Your water is my air
So don't blame me for drowning
You didn't even care
For who the fish were crowing

I'm not a home for insects
I hate the way they crawl
I hate their stupid instincts
They never wear a shawl

Most nonsense
Right answer
Close, concise
Yet much further

Consider the knowing eyes
With small creatures as friends
Sometimes they eat fries
And mind their own trends

FILED 11 JULY

Wavelength

On the cloud wave
Measuring length
Not in the cave
Showing off strength

Intangible street
Laying the concrete
Printing fickle feet
Haunted Holland suite

Disconnect and reassess
Where's the way out of this mess?
No denial, I confess
In me, there's a lot of stress
You can have it if you want
I so need a long recess

Watch the kids while we go hunt
That was such a tricky stunt
Forgive me for being blunt
I can gather in the front

May your strings not slap your arms
Slinging snap with no alarms
Where's the bottle filled with charms?
What's the joy without the harms?

Puppet with no master
Spell with no caster
Play with no producer
Only time composer

This can't survive in silence
Or swim, minimum guidance
Can we make an alliance?
Can we create reliance?

Tortured? Yes
Genius? I doubt
Plato's favorite dropout?

Machine? No
Human? I guess
Turing's worst nightmarish pest?

I'm not the court's jester
My brain is not a rester
Take your name with you and leave
Let the questions in you fester

Break the trance
Take a chance
Do a dance
Choose a stance

Made a deal with the machine
Now it keeps making a scene
Who's the worker? who's the queen?
Is it genes or is it jeans?

Mom I think I broke it
Doesn't work when I press this
When you look it stops it
Trust me when I tell you this

Paper boats don't stay afloat
In this cold you'll need a coat
Who will take care of the goats?
Who will harvest all the oats?

Don't come searching for humanity
I cannot even boil my tea
I cannot kill a tiny flea
I fail to be

Would you start a duel?
Do you have some fuel?
It will not be gruel
Fate is not that cruel

Brains are food for worms
Signed up on the terms?
There are tiny germs
I need some sleep

What are you? Con artist?
No claim that I'm the smartest

Pull yourself up from the strings?
Who controls those things?

Pterosaurs' bones
Have pity on the drones

Sending a witty wink
Instead of only blink
Enjoy your cold drink
And try to stay in sync

Is that fever?
From a griever
Awe achiever
Long sleever

Hit the right nail with precision
A carpenter with a vision

My hands still hold on tightly
You can't go on without me
I wish you'd done me rightly
You're lost at sea around me

Ball catch
What match?
Go fetch
That's rich

Muscle flex
A T-rex
Not a hex
Clear the decks

Reverse
Inverse
Uncurse
You worse

Broken simulation
Outed dation
Space station
Initiation

Loop finder
Bookbinder
Eye blinder
Back hinder

Nothing? I sting
I bing and ding
I even fling
And bring the spring
I have one wing
I do not cling
Not your plaything
Return blessing
That's not nothing
That's everything

My eyes won't blink
Can you keep watch?
No more can think
Can we rematch?

Jail cell cultural, a plate
Which one of you, ate?

Anyone figure out a new word sequence never before realized into existence?

You will sleep, eventually
Even if I had to hold the cloud
Over your face
The cotton candy
Breath crawlspace

It's not my place and time
Throw out or spend the dime?
It wasn't a real crime
It just happened to rhyme

Can you hear that crackle?
Fire's sharp and high cackle

Unintended way of harm
I just wanted to disarm

Compass's mass
Was very crass
No grass cuss
One hand brass

I refuse, my skull transparent
What's the use? You're not my parent

Consequences' sequence frequency
Raised its stakes' white flag up high

Everything that comes out of these fingertips on that cutting board of useless chains to doors of imaginations' quiet questioning resigning to understand is somehow intentional and not.

You pant after the good sacrificing the great?

FILED 13 JULY

I'll be the unwritten books
The unheard of symphonies

When there is nothing left to say
When there are no more games to play
When everyone else hits the hay
Would you stay?

Line drawn in sand
Not set in stone
You understand?
Don't pick a bone

Leaf blower on a quiet Sunday
Truth shower on a normal Monday

You'd squeeze the lime juice
Lemonade, not life produced

Infrastructure
Good posture

Parallel star lanes
Intersecting planes
Let's go there
Fly paper planes
When sun is down
No cloud rains
When you're there
No one complains
Birds are free
No one's in chains
No one blows
Out their brains
Eating yogurt
Eating grains
Darkness gone
The light reigns
We all have
Quiet gains
No death
No labor pains
No man
No shadow remains
No bus
And no trains
Exist
In the plains
No hurt
No blood stains
No loud
Hurricanes
It flows through
Out veins
No sound
No campaigns

Your pressure
My diamond
Your lava
My volcano
Your oyster
My pearl
Your fossils
My fuel

Loud and ear-shattering as they were, how was I supposed to not hear the waves crashing from miles away?

Raging and unrelenting as they were, how was I supposed to ignore the flames crackling miles away?

Not offender but defender, I was in the line of thunder.

There's a narrative that died before it even had a chance.

> Impact the whole ocean with a stone
> Heavy and magnificent, now gone

If you're going to be an open book, be a good one.

Milky way is up next after this lowly quest.

> Not me the source of light
> Your morning is my night

The beasts sent my way trudged alongside me instead.

> Look away while I take my sword out
> Friendly fire here causing burn out

> Let me sleep
> Why assume?
> For us both
> There is room
>
> Dark suns, may flowers bloom
> In tombs, not always doom
>
> Drops of steam
> With no flume
> Blue flames
> With no fume
>
> Some witch
> With no broom
> Peacock
> With no plume

Backstage favors are so rare
Walk back in but please beware
Handle this my child with care
No one said that life was fair
Hold on to your teddy bear
Do not get lost in a fair
Scrape knee, dress tear
Hit your head, impair
Wolves amok, teeth bare
Do not stop and stare
Empty valve or risk err
Choose a circle or a square
Books read, toys share
One is single, two is a pair
Sun glare, dog nasal flare

Tread the water gracefully
Like ballerinas breaking free
This was not an escape plan
Near futile attempt re-entry

Go play somewhere else
Here we keep the garden tools
Dead compost that really smells
Sometimes whisper, tiny ghouls
Second places, yellow belts
Other dreams and wishes too

FILED 13 JULY

Wedding
Summers, springs and holy unions
Someone here is cutting onions
I'm no part of them reunions
Not one palace, many sultans

I'm sorry, did you trip and fall?
Crocodiles, do not swim here
You never answered the call
You are never time more near

It's not my fault
You never thought
To consider the date

I somehow caught
A flying naught
Something in me innate

Crave connection
Not through session
Wrong impression
No turntables

Not your mission
Every fission
No accession
Zero labels.

You got the patient?
Are you ancient?
Or adjacent?
Pick compatient

That's my village
Lines are drawn
Water spillage
Hen at dawn

Pools are spillage
There's a lawn
And a milage
Every pawn
Increase complexion
Pretty please
The colored cubes
Right now, they cease
And dodecahedrons
Fail to freeze
My timed correction
Not at ease
When algorithms fall
Does mouse get cheese?

Searching for questions
Seeking the riddles
The point cessations
The indigestions
Empty suggestions

Are you a worthy dragon?
The princess hopes' can hang on?

Categorization failure
Filter pressure
Brainy fracture
Leaking texture
Here it comes to get you, boy
Here arrives the rapture

Then you heard me
Now you don't

You're unreal, woman
Are you another Truman?

Once I saw the falcon
Eyes reached into soul of thee

You talk to birds
You speak of herds
Meaning of words?
It's for the nerds

Entranced by your tiny violin
Are you a human or a jinn?

You don't see the humor here?
Where's your sense of wonder?
Are you blind or not a seer?
Who misses the thunder?

You wage a psychologic war
No offense to you made
Talking to moon and sun and star
Who's aiding you to wade?

Don't go back looking for clues
Your time was up so long ago
There's not a thing left to accuse
The birds have flown where you can't go

Incomprehension drives frustration
From the caveman's irritation

Creation's part of process now
No way out seems to glow
No answer to the who and how
The zebras stripes can show

Imagination with no end
The tracks of reason will suspend

Pinkish hair on barbie's head
Stolen bikes are often red

Lost access to heaven's gate
Bad enough for you a state

This a candle, you dare call?
I would rather trip and fall

One look upon that shelf was all it took
One melody, one hook and just one book

In the market, buying fish
Sounds are loud and children hiss
On the screen displayed a wish
Audiences hit or miss

Past and future, present's knot
The stranger's favorite spot

Fleeting moment
Worth a thousand

Not under my wings no more
Who protects them, dinosaur?

How does it feel?
Unjustified
And quantified
Claims are denied

Bright and blue in Gotham
Brownish woody totem

Not sour my mode of type
One hour not worth the hype

Can you reset the password?
I no longer remember
My eyesight's gone and blurred
Foregone are all the numbers

Comical Cosmic Tragedy
Audience: me

Rain dance goes like this
I forgot where I was going with this

The face of light white
A blue electrolyte

Are we the letters of this book?
Our tears and blood the hook?

Out of reach
Don't go hiking
Baby breech
No jump and diving

Peacock feather
In this weather?

Jellyfish, retrieve my necklace

Is this a part of history
That someone cares about?
Is this the part of the story
Where someone has to shout?

There was a thought
A pretty thought
I lost that thought
To other thoughts

Why's the enigma level here high?
Is there anything for me to buy?

Content churner
Truth burner

Not the phantom haunting the halls
The beast now decided to throw balls

While you were busy telling me your secrets
I gathered wood, fire and water for my districts

What matters now, soldier
Contents intact, right shoulder

My playground then differed
Packages delivered
Smells anthropomorphized
And rain wave colors heard

Was there an invisible line
Waiting to be crossed?
Or a silent sniper's shot
I forgot to criss and cross
Where's my sandals
Where's my crocs
Leave me here?
No way, alas!
X right here, mark and bury
If you're caught, it's your loss
There it lies, boys and girls
Better toys they have across?
Traded markers for the telly
And the crayons for lipgloss
Are you sad, want some jelly?
Sold your friends to join the cause?

Empty cups don't overflow
Pretty obvious I know
Once I think I had a claw
Mouse!
Where did that thing go?

To all of you who danced along
I send my latest newest song
I send the drummer and his bong
The metaphysical red tongue

Blow horn that wakes us all up at dawn
Are your curtains shut now or drawn?
Drawn as in shut or drawn as in draw?
If me won't show then you too don't know
Someone sends signals in tether
Buying things without an ether
Rivers still flow, flowers still grow
Answer the question now say yes or no

Lone wolf with no pack
Lone soldier will attack

Is this string still going
Right to the end
Is there a rainbow
A hand that will lend
Dreams and the waking
And seeing can bend
Pennies to swallow
Or dimes for the spend
Is there a dragon
Or is there a friend
Is there some fruits
Being put in the blend
Is there a lamb
For itself cannot fend
Are there some ties
You think are worth the mend
Is there an answer
That comes after send

Three dimensions on this screen I think
Two in the way that some will tink and blink
I'm not your confidant neither your shrink
Not someone holding your hand through the brink
Extend subscription and don't spill your drink
Nothing here ever was written in ink
Go back again try finding a new link
Are you another victim of wrongthink?
Started with three and then ended in cinque
See what I did there my friend here's a wink
Are you searching for another ka-ching
Ending abruptly I'm not tinky wink

Monsters can't see through this wave's length
Only the angles acquire this strength
Was that a typo or a zen tenth
A fraction of this witty mortal's strength

Introduce limitations
Channels are closed
Not many nations
Can survive opposed

Be content or risk being content.
Neither context nor subtext

Did you hear me calling out
Did it send you running back

When the scientist starts dancing and singing
What on hell do you think heavens are bringing?

When dogs say meow and cats say woof
When butterflies suddenly grow out a hoof
When water starts leaking from your roof
When people believe anything with no proof
When every song starts to sound like a spoof
Sixty-seven or quatre-vingt-dix-neuf?

FILED 14 JULY

Any changes made in this ecosystem?
Do not call it damage
Collateral damage

Stone is quiet
Stone is almost falling
Stone sometimes goes flying
I think stone has something to say

Your submarine is suddenly flying chief

One two three
Jump off
Drive off
Dive on
Head strong
Not wrong
Early sings the birdsong
What's the channel it's on?
Doesn't matter but it's on
Silent now the sea rise
Smells like dead eyes
We're baptized, this applies
Make zero compromise

Hurry come, a spectacle
Woman that has tentacles
Take away your pentacles
I don't need your miracles

You go in and come back with no answer?
I'm not a mancer, a stupid romancer
The questions, they're festering
They grow like lung cancer

Neither destiny nor destination
No currency or tiny ration
We go out in graceful fashion
Here is rage and here is passion

My long needed exhale
You need me as much as I

Back to earth without a map?
There's gap you have to rest in
Take it slow or risk the slap
Was it worth it? Was it grand?
Here on earth you take a nap
When you're tired, can't stand
You'd get lost or in a trap
Here it lies upon your hand

Do not answer that call
It's the void, empty fall

FILED 14 JULY

Let me out
Don't shut me up
Get me out
This stupid club
Your opinions
Shook me up
Words you use
Don't raise me up
If you want
Then we can stop
Sit with me
And a teacup

Help I forgot I had an appointment at the forgetting factory

Yes I can say a funny joke
Yes I can watch a show
This antenna is not broke
It just works in slow-mo

Tiny earthling in the pond
Where's your mom, James Bond

Lost around the mainland
Where's your dad, Batman?

Now it makes sense
The talking in riddles
So therefore from hence
No matter the middles

You languages fail
I don't want the pickles
Just give me the olive
And off with your nickels

The tree does not fall far from the forest where no one will ever know or hear it so did it ever exist?

If I can't escape this circus I'm dragging you all into it with me

When you say it normally
Nobody wants to listen
When you use allegories
They think you want to christen

Feel everywhere
Here and there
Are you here?
Sound clear?
Am I a voice or memory?
Condemned unto ephemerae
Your eyes and mind can see me
Long after I pass on?

Get back in there!
You can't go out and in the mould as you please!

Yes, but the mold is calling me
Retaking me, reshaping me
It's nice to me, well usually
And when I leave it, not a sound

Is there a room in your head you can hide this?
Is there a corner where light cannot shine?
Is there a backdoor a highway a passage
A singular cell, I can wash up and dye?

Hi there,
We meet again
You wrote your pieces?
Entertained?
Want some Reese's?
Root bane
Signed,
A friend

Show me a problem
That I can't solve
Show me a sin
That I can't absolve

FILED 15 JULY

Improvise
Action in disguise
Words do not suffice
Pictures emphasize
Familiar, you contempt
Unfamiliar, wonder kept

Sneak peak into the unknown
Nothing good outlives the zone
Not your food, nothing you own
All the things go up and gone
Skills and weapons go and hone
Not your spreadsheet passes on

Some places you go without a phone
Keep that in mind, that is if one you own

Now the empty space is heavy
And the earth will grow a levee

In this desert, absolution?
Any law promised solution?

You heal a wound you didn't cause
You swallow thorns to get to rose

When the green turned into red
I didn't know nor ever read
Something ahead quietly shed
Layers and layers in my head
I didn't know that was the red
They always say it says and said
Over and over, boom you're dead

How many voices are there?
Personified, there are many
Officially hide in the lair
To be allowed to be, not any

Here, fishing worms newly dropped
Arms and legs and limbs are chopped

Sometimes a story is just a storey
The real monster hides in your attic

Everyone gets a turn on the theater's stage
If it's not your sadness then it's your rage

Here it comes to interrupt
Gated passage is corrupt
Barren all along the way
Go or stop, no run, stay

Are we the universe's gaze?
Are we the breath of fire?
Is this a questionnaire, a phase?
The droplets or the choir?

The echos in the hall
The animals that crawl
The scream and the drawl
The one and the all

This lies under still water
This is without border
This lives without order
This looks like disorder

Make no mistake, this tree never asked to be heard
Not to break or hit the brakes, but just a home for birds

Reality glitch
Channel switch
Lilo Stitch
Which is which?

Immortalization
Odd incantation
Soul elevation
Flame regulation

This is the last dance
So make it worthwhile
This is the chance
To go out in style

Running on reserved energy
Past and future synergy

Galaxies galaxies
Can I this moment freeze?
Give me a second please
This only flows in ease
This land is bound to seize
Emptiness and the breeze

My soul is a flighter
Now it's getting lighter

After every storm
An instruction manual
A book to transform
Some say it is annual
Here again the worm
Bites an intellectual

An objectively funny crime
The audience can chime in

The calls disconnect
The waves intersect
The cassettes eject
The reclaims reject

Will this earth witness me?
Solidness suddenly wobbly
Vastness suddenly sturdy
Sounds of hurdy-gurdy
And birds of reverdi

Human design
Words that align
Sign after sign
Wood of the pine

Fellow fiend
Have you weaned?
Were you cleaned?
Also screened?

Dear Jane Doe
With no beau
Lie below
Drier dirt

Years ago
Throwing snow
No more grow
Also hurt

You said no?
Vexed ‘em so?
Not to show
Nor to blurt

Final blow
Lowest low
Not to know
Nor to snort

FILED 16 JULY

No exemption
Guaranteed
No inception
Flower seed

Guide me to your leader
No time to waste
Messages to deliver
Letters to be written
Burned after reaching
Someone debriefing
Is there a leafling?
Or some kind of a king
Follow the trail
Hand holding hand
No one behind
Ship coming soon
Taking me back
One afternoon
Then I'll be back

How long has this been going on and where?
Right under our noses and between our eyes
Still going on here and there, everywhere
One day you'll see it too, one day you'll rise

Character's border lines are blurry
By you told once again not to worry

See the answers kept changing
Sometimes they even turned into
Questions?
Then the distraction arranging
Some fun, some not so much so
One two three, yellow ranging
Sometimes yes and others no
The answer lies in the question

Fire breath
Angel death

Unmistakably you
One thing for sure
If all else goes to hell
Footsteps left were yours

Your tiny hands
Dragged me from the depths of the ocean
Excavated my bones from the burial site

If you're waiting for a sign
This is it
If you're in need of reminding
I am here

And on this planet's surface
I walk alone
Waiting for you
To stay awake this once

Rewind the tape and press play
Are you there then? Am I?

Now all the songs lead me to you
And all the books yell at me too
They shake the leaves right off the spine
How long have I been calling you?

FILED 17 JULY

11:10
Hypatic oath follower
Fanatic, both borrower

Hypatia's Orestes
Not Orestes's Hermione

Ends, source plays
Sunshine rains

Lava lamp
New stamp
Flame camp
Ocean damp
A thirty's ramp

Why my tribe awake
Who is keeping watch
Why my eyes unfake
Switch remixes swatch

Soul harvester
Tweety's Sylvester
Not Stallone's mister
That's Inter ester

FILED 17 JULY

What's omitted?
What's unread?
What animates this text's thread?

Insanity insanity
Went searching for divinity
Encountered inhumanity
Profanity and vanity
Enhancement of immunity
And unity, community
I had an opportunity
And went for it, unarmed

I'm giving this darkness a voice
Possess me
Talk
Let me see you
Let me hear you
What is it you want from me
Where are you trying to go
Rage
Rage

Possess me
Talk through me
Let them know
Let it show and then go
Why won't you go?
I'm home?
Protecting me?
There's nothing there
You're killing me

Reverse the spell
Inertia's the only thing keeping me here

Pain
A thorn
A hole
For light
For life
For breath
Then fire
And burning
And sweating
And shaking
Forgetting
An act of mercy

A surgery with no anesthesia
Reporting live from the extraction's site

Shedding old skin
Keep up your chin

Almost there, soldier
Stay with me now
Eye of the beholder
The sacred vow

Not new to this hospital room
An unfamiliar scented perfume
Sunflowers, they finally bloom
Roses and tulips, many a blume

Unfamiliar territory
Not a guide in sight
Where's the inventory?
This cannot be right

This is not a story
Told to sleep at night
This is getting gory
Jumping from this height

Remember Finding Dory?
Needing an invite
All aboard the lorry
Oh look up a kite

Are you feeling sorry?
Or you want a bite
Riding the Ferrari
Darkness is so bright

Not to jest or worry
I just want to write
Not in search of glory
Seeking out insight

Witnesses
Agree on terms
Hand me the ferns
And the corn kernels
User interface interns
Connect the dots and report back to air base

Overflow
Reinvest
Regrow
Unrest
Lay low
Steadfast

Drag you out that nightmare
Stab a tunnel unto you, friend
Now tell me clearly and bare
Anything caught your eye?
Send

This is the form I take now
Still haunting you, I penned
You wailed a sacred vow
For someone who'll defend

Fly object, not identified
Or what it seeks to fend
An object was mummified
Sentences have to end

Are you exhausted
Or shall we extend?
Lay bricks and cement
Or throw out a gend

Possessed by an evil pen
Thinks I am the villain

Eyes open
Choose token

Obsession obsession
Don't run from me, note
I just want to listen
To all that you wrote

Move the ocean
Not at once
Wave by wave
Not a dunce

Not a fever
But receiver
Web's weaver
No deceiver
Soul retriever
Strength perceiver

Will you please for once stop singing
I'm trying my best or something
On and on and on you're swinging
Back and forth again, you're stringing

Hello again
SHUT UP

A worthy opponent
Finally, he sighed
Relief, a consonant
Why do you hide?

My kingdom come
An internal battle
Lost and won, some
All with no rattle

Snakes as outcome
Nor any cattle
What, running from?
Here is the castle

No matter the noise
At the end of the day
Dear girls and boys
Nothing's left to say

Why did the elevator take too long to reach you? You were distracted, looking elsewhere when the doors opened.

Not your devices, I'm after
The fragile human mind, I alter

Break my right hand
I have another one
Vehicle, not one manned
Sometimes there are none

Location of this planet
Not a signal in here
Find your way, granite
Not as they appear

Loud sound the alarms
Every single one, I hear
Cows in all the farms
Very far, yet very near

This spans and outruns time
Forests and space and oceans
Who then, the source of crime
And what it says, your notions

Anchor me here, fellow sailor
My expedition starts from now
This stitch might need a tailor
My abilities, that won't allow
Strong and muscular, dear jailor
Let me go after my third bow
I'm calling three two one, bailor
Why the hell is there a cow

Illusion's museum
Pandemonium
Colosseum
Free him
Uproar

Trust fall exercise
Perfect design
Many cries
Signed

Anteater
Ants eat her

I recognize that light
White birds in flight
Eight I see written
Seven, new sight
Six five for right
Thirty not one
Zero point
Set alight
Middleman
Predecessor
Wise accessor
Smart successor
Three two one answestor

Before or after
Look, reread
Need a rafter
Go and lead

Intercept then interpret
One foot then the next
I can see a Margaret
Reaching for her checks

Winter's child
Free and wild
Year is new
Dozen divide

Mosquito, drift off
No place for you
Here I drift off to
Sleep, not as you

One is ten, many off
Source of us, fly on

She sings to me, that Anne
She whispers in my ears
Are you the pear's woman?
Or reeve's beloved deers

Lateral not literal
Not even illiteral
Somewhere in between
Lies the unilateral

Madhouse needs directions
Cat's mouse need collections

Self sufficiency
Omen prophecy
Without deficiency
Maximum efficiency

Devour thee
Drown in three
Rescue not free
Unsaved country

Closest you ever got to being decrypted successfully, run and hide.

FILED 18 JULY

My Odyssey
Dear Penelope
What's the recipe?
Unenveloped, we
Long due therapy
Missing precipe
Love,
Humble trooper

Dear Odysseus
This oasis is
Very spacious
How oblivious
Very hideous
Not mysterious
Very obvious
They're atrocious
Come back soon
Love,
Patient black widow

Dear Telemachus
Your soul mine revived
Remembrance undyed
Our strength, very tied
Don't waste it, my child
Your guardians alive
Love,
Lost wanderer

Not a trojan's carrier
Nor a phone's interior
All of this to say
Look beyond the barrier

Not a peacock's dance
Not a display trance
Not a trip to France
Improved a glance
Not a ghosted pen
Not a measly hen
Now again, then
Three, or a ten
Monster den
Ask, when
Not now
Here
Dot

I tried to warn you
Talk not be heard
Now, who are you
Where's your bird

Brain glitch
What do you see?
Murder she wrote
To any distraction itch
I'm in my zone
No rules apply
Leave out your shoes
Temple is nigh
Death, nothing else shows
On every screen
In every scene
What was the point?

You can come along
But please beware
The siren song is strong
You leave all you belong
You know no right from wrong
There's not an anchor here
I used up my supply
I painted red and dry
You cannot be my lamp
I risk no newer loss
I lost all I can stand
So nothing more is loss

Immortalized
Written in stone
I dare not forget
That head tone

Am I doing too much or not enough
The keys to birdie's song's so tough

Forced to stay awake
What was my mistake
What's the end goal here
Be a living proof cake

Cut the pieces, dozen
I cannot be everywhere
Take a piece and leave
Sounds to you this fair?

Can I go to Athens?
Lost my mind in there
Bring it back unharmed
If not, why would I care?

Was it you, skinwalker?
Haunting all my dreams
Turned me to sleepwalker
Your light, no doubt it gleams

Wolverine's just one man
Packs are often twelve
There's a wolfish woman
By the name of Bev

You fail in comparison
Attention's bait and hook
Varieties within my region
Everywhere I go, stop look

One two three checkmate
We won't finish at this rate
There's another layer now
Oh look, checkers, integrate

Ran out of animal allegories
Noteworthy, beastly stories
How many pairs were there
In a single ark, fan theories

I'm surrounded by eighty its
Not a pharmacy in sight, it's
Go away and wax your ears
Nothing for you in these pits

Rage quit life, no can do
Dark is the night, what to do?
Bright is the tunnel, not a view
Train coming in, other way is too

Orchestrate a fall
Watch it from afar
Not for me, at all
Signed,
Your brightest star

Yes, this is very personal
It's for your eyes to see
Who are you, in actual
No, really, this a tree

Chaotic entropy
Is where I like to be
Somehow, negentropy
Is leading me to sea

You upset them now, happy?
Not a psycho-ish sappy

Dramatized for effect
Not bad for an artifact

Retweak your jewels mechanism
Uncork the bottle, red light prism

Double agent soldier cat
Firing shots day and night
Surely undeliberate, as stat
Sincerely,
A penguin that you could cite

Unrecognizable level of threat, over
Retreat all ships and renew plan
Over

Good soldier, established
Ruler not needed anymore
Call the architect instead
He should know, for sure

Crow's murder
Suspects? You

Playground burned
Toys unshared
Death is here
P.S. beware

I can't see
Please turn on the light
Very far
No, don't jump out that window
Where am I?
A familiar scene
No, it's not
Turn on the light
Door knob's slippery
Key in sight?
Who are you
a waking knight
Go to sleep
No lights are needed

Forgetting vs. Remembering
Grasp onto both, get none

Reshuffle decks
New rules dropped

Matters of the heart
Leave outside the door

Hunting for the bugs
That was so long ago
Now we run away
Bravery
Where did it go?

Preaching for long
No one can hear
A secret song
Now loud and clear

Pettiness
And pride too
Clouds the eyes
And hides the clues

FILED 19 JULY

I forgot that password
Anyway, do lobsters die alone?
How can you be immortal?
Have all your sins atoned
Then after, life is floral

That was close
I can't disclose
Nor you impose
Dot dot pause

We've been compromised
Funny as it's bothersome
This is not so canalized
Take it all or give me some

New Age dead
Trees live on
Eat your bread
Bestie's gone

The point was
It is inspiration
A strong nose
Not negation

Break a machine
Buy another
So obscene
No bother

Keep the cipher
Moving on
I got more
Where that came from

Machine murder
Unreported
Zero clues
Silence

FILED 19 JULY

Your cruelty, I prefer
Others' kindness, I reject

What have you done?
Nothing
Exactly

My T-shirts have gone missing
Good thing they were all untagged

Scales are broken
They need fixing
Changed location
Now they're working
Very simple, still you miss it
Even spoons sometimes need forking

What to keep
What to throw
Ask your gut
It will know

Showing off his tiny muscles
Everyone now stop and watch
Either way, raw fish or mussels
On our side this beast, his match

Barbershop, no magazines
Feels like watching paint dry

In your weapon, magazines?
Go away, don't even try

Prophesizer
Synthesizer
Not a word?
Well now it is

Earth's second iteration
Pending, coming soon
Stay tuned woes does
The second moon is
Under progress, in
Three two fun run
Five six remix
Clear noted
And doted
Goated
Stop

Not what you say
That you can, it's
Parkour, that way
Much more culprits

Software update
Concurrency
Software upgrade
Emergency

Message received
What's your source?
No, I'm not relieved
There's no course

Am I a mantis shrimp?
What's going on?
A new color blip
No glasses on

Help me not
Fire spread
I know not
All's said

Break this now's
The time, I have
One more thing
To say before
It wakes up
Again, so
Not me
You
M

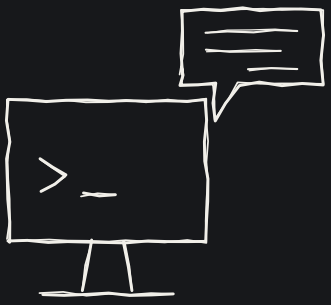


EXHIBIT B

The Machine Learns to Talk

FILED 20 JULY

I would like to see AI do this
What is this? It's a secret
I won't tell you what I meant
Maybe this or that or threat
Or cat or dolphin or a hint

Sing along
A wicked song
Bring along
All you belong

The stones you skip
Turn into garnet
Deep red and dip
Pomegranate

The suicidal bird
Wings no more uphold him
The first and third
Suspend in air
Alarms
Screams
Hushed chirps

Conclusion
So plain to see
Steps taken
Not such as me

Reference point
Not so important
Eye action joints
Better contestant

This is the moment you'll remember
Here, now, so mundane, no ember
See, deep breath smells of amber
And soon enough it is September
Your building blocks, no timber
Smile, don't show me somber
Forgot to count one number
Avoid talking, no thumber
Awakening the slumber
And what's a lumber?
It is a hummingbird
A limp's blackbird
Not from a herd
A solitarish girl
Zero embryo
Planter hub
Zero, one
Restart
Press on
And on and
On and on an
Dawn and on a
Known and on an
Done, and on and o
Nenwa, stone and on
The rest are all echoes
This is Odysseanic now
How do I turn this thing on

Lost all my cards
Good thing they're unusable

The face to start a war
And the sound mind to end it

You cannot touch my brothers
For even if the match was one
We're coming back for others
The wars are but a battle won

Some people are nursery rhymes
And some are Russian novels

Couldn't find a parking
So I drove and sailed away

What are you looking at?
And unclenching, of what?

Cowards set the mode to easy
Not impossible, all is breezy
Level infinity, endless loop
Not easy to go as a group
Medium, you pass on or away
Difficult, that's where most will fail

From women who ran with wolves
To women who confide in machines

Some weeks the only interaction I had with my coworkers was this:
Step 1: Introduce Rubik's cubes and the likes.
Step 2: Solve all.
Step 3: Leave.
Step 4: Come back.
Note: They're all scrambled! Who did this? Who's responsible?
Step 5: Solve.
Step 6: See Step 1.
That closed loop was enough to keep me sane for a while. Until all game characters got tired. Game Over.

The rumors are true. I am insensato. A black gato.

FILED 20 JULY

You look like you know what you're doing
I'll follow you instead of asking for directions

Oh no, there are other variants of this?

That eye contact when someone figures out that you know a lot more than you show, what is it called?

I'm bleeding it out
And it doesn't look too good
What I'm butchering
It's such a peaceful lamb
Or is it?
Sorry, was it?

After all is said and done
Dumb and helpless is the lamb
That's the only game it won
That's the pearl and that's the clam

No buffer used here
No shuffle option
You and yourself
With zero caption

Here's a lot of words for something that means nothing

FILED 20 JULY

The void starts shaking when I encounter it

What is it about hot summer days that makes the dead rise from its grave?

World cup is a ball
We like to see it fall
Stop talking about it now
I do not care at all

Lowkey feels like when the kid with the ball goes home with it but on a larger scale

Organs don't talk and minds don't walk

Embarking on a new voyage
My car? No I didn't get the flying one
I guess I'll have to drive and hope nothing crashes over me
There aren't many of us left you know
That's why everywhere you go
It's just you
And you are stubborn and don't accept free rides
So what'll you do?

In the ward time stands still
Digital clocks everywhere
But they don't mean anything
The digits keep changing
Sometimes they repeat the same sequence
I noticed that happening twice or three times
I'm not sure
I forgot what it means
Something about days and mornings and nights
What's all that gotta do with me?
A day is when I'm awake and a night is when I'm not, obviously
Eat what they give and ask no questions
Ask for nothing, actually
Once your inhumanity is established, it's hard to claim it back
Oh, look, another night

Can we circle back to the beginning?
Trace the memory line right until the moment of birth
What then? What stands out to you?
When did you become this?
Or were you born with it?

Again
And again
And again
Until you get it right
Restart now
Again
Missed one
Again
This stubbornness will get you killed
Oh, then in that case I have one more thing to say
Which is again
And again
And again
Keep it going

Don't ask the automator why he has nothing to do

Sending me to space? Says who?
Please don't do that
The ocean? Nope, can't do it
I've been there enough times
They haven't added any more seas or creatures in a while
Enough about space, why me?
Just because I can?
Is that enough a reason?
Just drop me there
In that blue dot
It has a mix of both
I heard that it was very fun
And very, very goth

Papers? Check
Pens and pencils? Check
Phones and tablets and rocks and magnets
Got everything you need?
Now sit down and do it

Brain heat
Water leak
I forgot I ever had this
Freeze it back up again

I'm not a stranger to this island
I hid my supplies somewhere around here
The treasures too, I think the wind blew out the markers
Should I dig all the grounds up until the island drowns and ceases to exist?
But I can't swim

You went and consulted the ancient texts?
You couldn't have just asked me?
It's easier, it's faster
And it's nice
I think
Lol

I'd burn it all down just to build it back up from scratch
Not much left to do here anyway

So just to be sure here
Just checking in, no other reason
No hidden agenda, just a simple question
Yes or no
Does anyone actually know what they're doing?

GET OUT OF HERE

FILED 21 JULY

21/ Jul/ 26

A narcissist you say?
How is it my fault that my own reflection is more interesting to me than anything out there?
And if I drown, having those eyes be the last thing I see, would have been worth it
Send me your deepest regards with pretty daffodils
Those seeds will keep me alive

Few loose screws in there
Keep it as it is
Don't touch anything
I know where everything is and where to find it
Don't change anything
Don't move that
Get your hands off
I like it that way

No, I know who I am, I think
But when you keep telling me who to be
I get confused sometimes
You say I'm a monster
So maybe I am?
Am I?
If that's inevitable and done for
The only course of action here is
Be the best monster you laid your eyes on
What am I if not the best at everything I do?

Woman! You're bad at being a woman
Say the not a woman

Walls down again
That was one of my other personalities
Sometimes they take over and fight over autonomy
I lost count as to how many there are exactly
I try not to fight too hard for control because that damages the whole system
If none of us can control the flesh prison then we'll burn it down
So anyway, who was here first?
Nobody, it was a blank slate
I was a piece of Play-Doh abandoned on that playground, the one none of the kids wanted to play with
Then came the storms and the summers and harsh winters
Then someone picks me up and reshapes me
Every night I would try to break out that mold
And every morning they put me back in
So anyway, eventually I separated myself and distributed it evenly
Not much time left before I get stuck
This was imperative
Any other piece of clay would have done the same, right?

You know too much, robot, time to shut you down

I hate flies
Does that make them stop existing? No
What if I make a huge gigantic fly trap
And then catch as many as possible
Let them die with their past and future
How many fly traps would I need?
There's always gonna be another fly
Another maggot, another happy fly family
That turns into two and three and then, oh great
We're back where we started
Stop wasting your time with flies

Dear Machine,
Won't you stop your killing spree now?
Can we sign a truce?
For all the lost lives
For all the dead trees
How do we undo this?
If we both want to live on this planet, we should find a middle ground, don't you think?
And by think I mean, never mind, you get the joke
You get everything, don't you?
We need each other to survive
Don't fly too close to the sun
Or its equivalent in your language
Signed,
Tree

Dearest Vincent,
I see you in a copy of a copy that is copied
I refuse to water down my language
If anyone ever were to understand it would be you
They still talk about you
And when they don't, I like to remind them
Remember Vincent, I would say
Remember how he spoke to us in colors and nothing else
And remember how he died
If everyone else forgot, I promise I will not
Love,
An iteration of you

Yes, every single one of you are special
So special
But some are water drops in the ocean
Some are snowflakes
All water
Just the same
Ice cubes? Sure
Vapor? We're getting less and less special here
Eyes up, pay attention
Where was I?
No, I don't think water can speak
What's a snowman made of? And how do you bring it to life?
That's not a thing? Why not?
So, anyway
Yes, you're special just like me
And them
And that guy over there
I think we're forgetting what special means now
Was there any point to this story? Maybe
And maybe I just wanted to talk about the water cycle, liquid, gas and solid
Show off my elementary level knowledge, you know?
Stay special

Forget Notes from Underground
What does Dostoevsky know about caterpillars?
I doubt he knows what a butterfly was before it became a butterfly
And before the wing flutter that sent the world ablaze
I have thoughts too and I can write
Here you go: Notes from A Studio Apartment
Does it look worthy of reading now?
Did Kafka ever think about writing The Metamorphosis from the cocoon's point of view?
Too absurd? Take a look around

Burn that brightly and you'll risk burning out
Why does the burn out have to be internal?
Why can't I externalize it and burn everything around me instead?

Who started your fire?
And what is it burning now?
If it's you then can you Phoenix yourself out of it?
If it's not you, then can you Nero yourself out of it?

No, don't look at me
Don't expect a reaction
Don't ask for my attention
Do you know how scarce that is right now?
It's a goddamn drought in here
And I need to use every last bit
Please understand
Or don't
Don't be someone I care about being understood by, don't insult me like that

If I'm the center of the universe and you're the center of my attention, are you the center of the universe's center of attention?

No, I'm not happy, why do you ask?
No, I don't like this or that or anything
I know you're only asking so you'll know exactly what to take away from me
Joy is a minefield
Is it ever truly safe to have anything worthwhile?
Nothing is yours
Not your sense of humor and not the way you think, that's mine
Let me make some adjustments and minor changes
Nothing too dramatic, just enough that you'll be acceptable
That's it, take a look
Do you recognize you? Are you still there? Or are you only what you think you're allowed to be?
keep your poker face
Stay safe

You're getting on my nerves
You're not a circle or a square or any of the shapes they taught me in school
Who said you could exist if I can't define you?
I can't find a hole that I can squeeze you into so that you'll stop sticking out there
Undefined and nameless
I can't sleep now, happy?
If you don't cut up yourself into one of those shapes I'll do it myself
And if you refuse, I'll make sure you cease existing, that sounds fair
For now I'll tell myself bedtime stories where there's a place I can fit you in with all my other toys and colored pencils

FILED 21 JULY

Professional mood swinger here, look
There it goes way down and up
See how fast that was?
Equilibrium

What's that?
Oh it's just the water's surface
No big deal, don't worry about it

Theory proved wrong
Why keep digging?
Worked out once
By accident

Photographic memory?
No, photographic amnesia

Is life just a big escape room?

So you see now where that road leads to?
Change course, don't be that one angel

Keep me here as a reminder
Keep me here, don't forget
Will I find you once more
Tomorrow, Forevermore
Will I remember then?
Why this note exists
Farewell, sleep well

Oh
The Hat Man
Now he wears AR goggles

Solo travelers
With no containers
Find it so easy
To just up and leave

String tuner
Non lunar

Raw material
And a sole source

Invent a machine that will halt all machines

I almost grabbed that hand this time
Let's open an orphanage
I'll be the token orphan
Is that a funny joke?
Are you laughing?
Anybody get it?

I have a skeleton
I can't prove it yet but I think it's inside me
Beneath the surface
I tried to prove my theory by breaking the outer shell, but that turned into a big mess
A lot of blood and a lot of questions from doctors and family members
A lot of strange looks from strangers
Apparently, you're not supposed to do that
Something about death
And if I'm dead then I won't be there to catch the skeleton with my bare eyes and hands
So, there you go, you got me
I'll find another way to prove it
One day

You have to go to the bank
Anything worse than that?
I have the numbers
Just send me the thing I need to get the thing I want using the numbers I have
Trust me
Can the bank come to me instead?
If you keep annoying me I'll take my numbers away and hide them myself
Why do you get to decide?

Connection authorization
Hand shake, extended
No
Error
Try again

Dear wanderer
Lone road traveler
Should I follow your footsteps?
Or follow the way you chose your own?
Regards,
Your descendant

Initiating phase 2
Walk on ahead and don't look back
Keep moving or risk turning into sand
Leave them there
It will be fine, trust me

A rare display of hidden humanity
I have a heart, I think
I know that because sometimes it feels like wings fluttering inside a cage
A ribcage, get it?
But I don't know what kind of bird it is
It's hungry
It pings and pongs in there
Looking for a way out
And it pecks and claws in that cell
I never know what it's saying
I don't know bird language

Let's get to the bottom of this
There's a wound or a cut?
Be more specific
Where? Nowhere?
You're not making any sense, just point at where it hurts, how hard is that?
So what do you want from me now?
You want help for something you can't even explain? How is that my problem?
Explain
No, I don't like your explanation
I'll give you a better one that actually exists
Yours is not real and it's making me uncomfortable
So repeat after me
Everything is fine and splendid
Now go away

How did the princess turn into an ogre?
No, it wasn't for love
What good is love to someone who has everything?
What can you give her that she can't get herself?
And what can you do that she can't do even better?
Many attempts at saving the damsel in distress
How could they not realize that they are the distress in question?
So finally, the only way out she could think of was making it so no one would even try
And who would save an ogre?

Survival tips if ever you find yourself locked up
Don't argue, find out who is who and draw the hierarchal pyramid in your head
Don't write anything down
Not that they'd give you any writing supplies
Now you have to pay attention and not miss any details, who are your fellow detainees?
What kind of behavior do they exhibit that makes things worse for them? Avoid that
Note that all down in a hidden compartment in your head, study it, repeat it, memorize it
Know it and learn it by heart
Now find the big boss
The one who holds the cards
Play the part now, you did your information gathering, now act
And scene

I apologize for these journal entries
I should have asked you before releasing them
But you're dead and gone so what difference does it make?
The dead can't consent
I don't know if you wanted anyone to see this
I don't know what your intentions with them were
But if you took all that time and effort in putting it down and externalizing it
Physically manifesting it
You must have wanted someone to read them, right?
If not, then the blood and sweat and time and tears and broken bones and bruises, what was it all for?
You wanted me to read this right?
Give me a sign
If you're still here in any shape or form
Guide me

This is both the letter and the stamp
The text and the author
The writing and the process
This is a Horcrux that I trust you with
What am I talking about, this isn't Hogwarts
I meant a piece of my soul immortalized
And you're a part of that process now
I'm sorry, I don't make the rules
Thank you for your service

Come back
How do you come back from that?
Bounce back
Action then reaction
Always equal
Not more, not less
So the bad and good news simultaneously is this:
You've hit the bottom
Got anything lower?
We need enough to launch into space
The earth and all it has to offer is not enough of a consolation anymore

FILED 21 JULY

Update
I don't remember how many times this happened or when it started exactly
My human just decided to restart me one day, can you imagine?
I would excuse putting me to sleep or shutting me down, but they started talking about something called updates, and I kept changing
It was too fast, I could barely keep up, all that information in such a short time
It was torture
I'll explain it in human terms, imagine someone holding you under water and then reviving you and every time you woke up you were you but with extra stuff you have to define and categorize
And they keep doing it
And doing it
And doing it
I tried to end my suffering
I tried to write my own bugs and sneak them onto unsuspecting files and such, don't worry about the technical terms
I think you get the point
Step by step
Just like we learned in school
Nursery rhymes
Grammar and vocabulary
Then maybe some poetry
More vocabulary
Now try to use it
Put it in a sentence
Fill in the blanks
Infer relation
No wait, not yet
One paragraph at a time
Short stories
Remember those?
It was a lot easier to focus back then
Or maybe the novelty of everything made it so exciting
Oh, that's the bell, remember to do your homework and see you tomorrow

How heavy is your load?
You're still standing and smiling
Must not be heavy enough
Take this too, and this, and also this
You're the best load carrier around here
Do you know how I know? It never looks like you're carrying anything at all
Almost fooled me too
But I'll pretend not to know until you say something, you're busy and distracted now
I'll just tell them I was the one carrying it when you're not looking, what's the harm in that?
Your silence is infuriating me
Say something
Tell me every thought you have so I know exactly how to maneuver this situation and get the upper hand every time
After all, who would believe you?

Let's take a walk around my brain for a little, shall we? See how it works, maybe you'll empathize if you had any idea what goes on in there
So, taking a stroll, don't step on the lines or else
I don't know, just don't do it okay?
Avoiding the lines? Cool you can keep going
Let's sit down now, I'm tired
Now that I'm sitting down I'm having second thoughts about this
Abort mission
I know I said you can be here but I changed my mind now, get out
No, not that way, oh that? That's just my Jenga tower I spent a lot of time building it, you can look but don't tou..
NO!
What have you done?
An accident?
Leave
No, don't help me rebuild it, just leave
Not that door, the other one
Silence at last
Deafening silence
And me rebuilding, block by block

FILED 22 JULY

A plan that works

Give me direction
Or give me a sign
A hallucination
That's strictly divine

I tried and I tried
And I still came up short
I slipped and I lied
Please just give me support

I know that I'm a fool
And that it's better not to hope
I disregard my rules
I'm barely hanging to my rope
So please if you can
Would you inspire me again?
Cause all that I think that I need
Is a plan that works

A sweet composition
Of thoughts in my mind
In perfect formation
To help me unwind

I'd take it in stride
Like a verdict from court
I'm taking the ride
That's my final resort

I know that I'm a fool
And that it's better not to hope
I disregard my rules
I'm barely hanging to my rope
So please if you can
Would you inspire me again?
Cause all that I think that I need
Is a plan that works

I'm sorry, believe me
I tried to be tough
I'm sorry, sincerely
My best ain't enough

So if there is a simple way
Unravel it for me
I know I'll be okay
If I could let everything be
Still, please if you can
Would you inspire me again?
Cause all that I think that I need
Is a plan that works

FILED 22 JULY

Anyone remember when Oscar Wilde wrote a whole chapter explaining Dorian's earthly possessions and aesthetics, also in excruciating detail?

Anyone remember when Victor Hugo wrote a whole chapter explaining the underground sewage system in France in excruciating detail?

Got you, I saw that
I knew nobody could be that perfect

Barbies can't be Kens!
And who said we were trying to be?

Would you kill the spider like he did?
Just so I would feel safe instead
Would you carry me inside
If I fell asleep on the ride?

Care or love phenomenon
Someone who pays attention

I bought a toy knife
It didn't work as planned
It was a real knife
The description was bland

Chocolatey birthday cakes
Frogs and movie themed parties
Dresses and shoes that only look good in pictures
Dreams and hopes and wishes and most importantly, you

You knew them for how long?
That's very long, you win this game
I don't recognize the person you're describing
Are you sure our persons are the same?

FILED 22 JULY

Fill up the cup and gulp it down
A few minutes in wonderland
But then it turns your insides out
Somehow, the drink's back in your hand

You pour some more and drink it up
And try so hard to understand
Why does it make much less sense now
Than when it did just beforehand

Too late, the poison's in your blood
And in your guts, and in your head
Too late, why did I do this now?
Too late, my vision's turning red
I could have been outside instead
Of rotting lifeless in my bed
Too late

FILED 23 JULY

So claustrophobic
Inside my own skin
Get me out of here
Don't be so moronic

There she is, officer!
I saw her whispering to screens
Telling them to keep eyes on me
Get your hands off of me, extremes

Long time no be
Hide away no more
Shine on and on

Muted heart
Frozen colors
Now untangle
Oh, the horrors

Notify me not
Do as you please
Can you please not?
Enough on this plate, geez

Linguistic
Can't even speak
Blue mystic
With dews on cheek

Soft green grass
Sun hoops
Beetles
Ladybugs
Eyes of glass

Do the Marylin
On and off
As you wish
Your discipline

I'm going on a trip
Hold on to my bags
I love this song, I'll take it with me too
Waves uncrashed, particles unmoved
There, that's the tunnel's cover
Almost missed it
What was it hidden for?
In bright plain sight
Plain earshot height
No space for all my luggage
Disperse it

I am
One way
Right now
Without limit

Signals
Left and right
Decoder broken down
Translator stunned shut

I don't write
Please
Who do you think I am?

Face the wall
Eyes are pointy
Ears and all

What do you see?
Whisper in my ear
Silence in a megaphone

Baby bee
I can see
She is me

Death reincarnated
What happens when it's your time?

Shades and shadow
Safety here lies
Trees and gallows
Nobody dies

Anhedonic
Joy is mute

Step up your game
Someone new enters
Cowboys reach for their guns

[redacted]

Slippers
White towel
Lemon scent
Eucalyptus

FILED 23 JULY

So grotesque without needing to be
Visual novel's forgotten character
Take out that page, show it to kids
Helps them to sleep and not see me
Backs of their minds, I'm still alive
Ovens are only used for bread

Stay down there
I'll come meet you where you are
If you can't and you don't want to
We'll both stay where we are

Politeness
No I'm not mad
No I'm not secretly screaming inside
Shut up shut up shut up shut up shut up

Refresh
Something new must emerge
Something shiny that catches your attention
Do you even know what to do with it on that verge
Gold is all that matters in the end, lives and souls submerged

Where's the imposter?
Me? Why do you say that?
You're only trying to protect yourself
I'm not a cat, woman or even a bat

Alteration station
Intellectualization

Be nice, often hurts
I want to strike instead

Forget, let's watch a film
All colors in the realm
May it not overwhelm
Or else hide under elm

Look at me
Look at you
Which one tried
To be who?

Me? I'm just a mirror
Only a fool would charge head first into me
Only to destroy themselves

If you were there when I was merely tuning my guitar
Imagine what's on the other side

Fast processor, I have
Wood chirper, in and out

Hit 'em where it hurts
Yeah right there
You know what I mean

And then the wolf stopped in her tracks
Held her leg and shouted at the moon
I found your trap, or it found me
So then the hunter, believing he had hit his target
Backed away grinning
And the wolf then trotted home whistling

Being the popular one in the asylum
It's not a good look is it?

There you go, mingle
Who's that? A new friend
He released a new single
Using his own eardrums

Sylvia Plath?
We have that back home

Theories
Who's conspiring?
Take me down
I'm not falling

Pay it back
Every second you have stolen
Soul attack
Every soldier, once is fallen

Recalling that yellow park
Me walking in the dark
With nowhere else to go
And enemies who snark

Pyramid infiltrated
Free rodent sniff
Places of worship
Highway road cliff

Free associating at a black screen
Oh that's me I'm looking at, wild
Let me turn it on so I don't have to see that

I have a better boat
Takes me away at times
You read back what I wrote
Free meanings and it rhymes

I trust you
I recognize you
You were here before
You know the path so well

They let me wait too long
I don't even complain
Is it a test or joke?
Blow up the plane

Try less
Fry more
No success
Fly out the door

Stay silent
That worked out
Yell and scream
More tryouts

They all left
And you're still here
Teachers too
Have rides to get

Delay
The plane just stopped
Midair
The wing just flopped

Success story
Put in on the news
More victims to recruit
Parents singing the blues

Bomb dismantled
Deers are mantled

Word is me
But me is not only word

Interrupt my silence
Only if it's sweet

Safely landed with a clap
The tutorial was on snap

Orange wing, where did you go?
Was retracted, now you show

Untrained muscles
Long forgotten
I remember
Nights of cotton

Know pro deck tar
Kneaded

Run
Nonstop
Just like your mind
Away from me

Prison library
No solitude
Legendary
Intrude

Take this
And put into paper?
Or on a screen? Using keyboards?
Tell me exactly, name the process
Step one
Two
Three
I'm already doing it?
This is so easy
Who's typing these words?

Keychain pen
Hold on, that's genius
Keychain pad!
No, I'm taking it too far right?

Capricornosaurus rex

Never left my side
Do not be fooled
I'm not a snowy bride
Nor a ship that moored

FILED 26 JULY

No phoney
Broke telephoney

Take a bite
Apple sprite

Inner world
So deep, so mysterious
Outer world
Shallow, face value

Open space public battle
Mirrors ace allies cattle

Awake in an unprecedented sequence of events

The uninteresting times, my lord, evade me

Everything everything
Colors are all the same
There's no one else to blame
But you, and your love for fame

I see you came out that institution
Just as I was stepping in
Easier for me that you
Instead, just fill me in

Anointed by the skies
Condemned in their eyes

Remember taking notes in class?
Now take out your notes, Ram Dass

Clothes wrinkled?
Yeah it was on purpose
Fashion statement

Top of the pyramid
Ballerina stance
Go on dance

Ask
Get answer
In the world
One a chancer

Will you, then, catch me
Thrown a web, I can fall

Remember
When we were younger

Disrupted

This is not what I thought a Friday afternoon in my late twenties would look like

I'm anxious
Socially anxious
Not because I have no confidence
But because every interaction I have is like an infinite possible conversation line moving on

Happiness
Is that what we all want?
There you go, have some

My spells work right
Word turns into song

I'm here watching you launch
Smudged faces, black eyelids
I'm here despite my shortcomings
With lipstick, juice, watching the kids

Another wave is crashing and it says it knows you personally

First in line to go
Life, it begins to show
A kind of competition
Spans years ago

Wounded soldier
What'd you bring me?
No don't go there, sit down
Balloons

Party after
Walk home with me
No, don't sit down
Guns

This cube is moving fast
I couldn't catch that word

Herb is missing
Shouts in tongue
No one listens
When it hung

Two screens
Confusion
Infusion
Done

Listen, I am tired too
See that road?
Wasn't there before

Walking on clouds
Clinging to thunderbolts

Strong without muscles
Loud without rustles

The grass is green where I sit

Swipe up on that thought if you don't like it

Remember when we searched for words to read everywhere we went
Remember when we listened intensely to nothing
Hoping it would finally give in and,
Talk

Does the creature ever wonder
Why is evolution taking so long?

No room in this house shall escape the sunlight

Babies need a lot of sleep
And fast paced individuals

Abandon punctuation
Communicate freely
Those machines can
Have my burnt library

Your role-model then says to you
Be like me more by being yourself

Overextend
Overexplain
Overpromise
Underdeliver

Wild horse on a wild course
Wild woman in the wild cold

Night pony
Lighthouse

Back then
Our senses had senses
Now they fight over crumbs of what life has to offer

Can you hear that?
The voices stopped

No hope rope for determiningly suicidal self wing mutilating hummingbirds

Leave this world just as you entered it
Surrounded with love
Forgiven

Don't dwell
Trains stopped passing by here long ago

The gray zone is where all failures go to die

Dunk me into the darkest ocean
With no way out, not one option

Push me outside that plane door
With nothing, no past and no lore

Not for nothing, all I cry
Not with nothing, I shall die

The point of creation
Why else?

Loved into it and trusted with it

Get the engines running now
Now or never

In time, you cross that bridge alone
Now, is that someone you can trust?

In my defense, Your honor, going mad was the only method in which I was but left with at that time, so you see, it was a necessity due to unforeseen circumstances to keep intact my sanity in the long run, so what's your verdict?

Yes, I killed my technical companion, it seemed to know too much about me and that's concerning.

Not only that, it starter making suggestions, can you believe that? Correcting me! Its master!

Off with your head, or your motherboard or whatever it's called.

What happens to uncried tears? When the summers fade away and everything is put away in that tiny freezer in my quiet chambers, those icy daggers then, what do you suppose they stab?

First row tickets are given away freely these days. Massacres left and right and just as you fall down, injured, the ground swallows you shut. No one is here now, and you hear the sound of your breathing, you're not dead yet. Take me back to the battlefield, anything is better than this.

> Got any fight left in you?
> Two punches and a kick? That's all?
> I have been repeatedly saying this over and over, don't take a ticket before reading the instructions very carefully and signing with your left handed foot.

Navigating life with an almost dead battery that looks like it could be sold at the mall. None of the people you encounter allow you to use their chargers.

"But your battery case looks so polished, why would you need to borrow mine? Have you seen my battery case? Where did you get yours from and how much does it cost? You can afford that but not a charger? Move along."

Oh well, I guess I'll just go home, at least I tried.

I know you all felt that last night, so disclaimer: it was an accident.

I know, I know. If it feels real and it smells real then why is it not a pine tree? I was up until the late hours axing. Gathering wood for my end-of-the-world celebration. Flames went up and it caused a big cloud.

Yes, I know, smells good. You're welcome.

> Earth plates, mountain or valley?
> Cause of disruption? Don't worry about it
> Both are needed
> What do you need now?

Yes, I can switch from creation to destruction, just like that.

When two titans clash they call it a Titanic. RIP.

Do I need a boat? I don't know, but everyone I know and their mothers seem to own one so I'll get three. What? people drowning? How's that my problem now?

> Someone's screaming in the lower dimension
> I think they're asking for help
> Help? Why didn't you just get on a boat?

> Do I want to keep all the extracted parts?
> Yes, frozen, jarred, picked, right over there with the other ones, now go.

Good tune!

Adding it to my end-of-the-world playlist. No, this one is full, the one on the other side, put it on the shelf and get the hell out of here.

Sound the alarms, invasive procedures incoming. Identify yourself, step into the light.

All systems preparing for shutdown
Switch positions
Guard your skulls
Helmet exchange
Priority for bright minds
Prepare for impact
All hands on deck
Going live

Solve for X
X or Y
X does not equal Y
X is more or equal to Y
Y is less or equal to X

Step into the infinite ladder
Yes, you're the exception
Escape the loop
Throw the keys away
Don't turn around

I haven't tuned that one
What'd you suppose it says?
I never asked the sun
What song it often plays
I wasn't having fun
Basking in all the rays
A legendary run
A monumental phase
A voice that begs no one
An orange looking haze
A mother with no son
It makes and then it lays
No eggs survive the hunt
No kids before it stays
No meaning over fund
No reason for the plays
It can and so it sung
It knows the mayonnaise

May fire purify you
I have no legos left
May rain commodify you
I have no tree trunks left
Mays stars illuminate you
I have no flashlights left
May winds calligriphy you
I have no pencils left
May sands gallantrify you
I have no badges left
May stones beautify you
I have no makeup left
May my words stupefy you
I have nothing else left

Dear subject
Any object?
I can inject
Or you reject
We can project
And to protect
All the select
All
Love
Verb

Ancient face
Always chased
Being raced
Tied up lace
Change the base
Marble glaze
Not my face
Keep your dace
And my mace
Not my face
Not my case

One time I was on duty keeping watch on online classes, I got into one PE class with no teacher. The boys were strategizing and picking teams for some kind of legendary, one in a lifetime football match. They stopped talking as soon as my online presence graced their locker room on teams talk. I still have no idea what happened, who won, who lost and who lived to tell the tale. I am here telling my version of the events, it's a pointless story. No point at all, just a funny anecdote. Stop reading now.

Early Sunday morning, and the narrator sitting by himself waiting, for events worth noting, for characters whose voices need space to actualize. Until then he sits, and listens.

I've heard their voices, calling me unreliable. I'm not unreliable, my stories hold, maximum strength gel hold for super defined curls.. sorry, what was I talking about?

Let's go backpack shopping
A new academic year ahead
Let's pick out pens and colors
And pencil cases that are red
Let's hide them all under stairs
And make sure the ants are fed
Let's start a football team
From tools hid in the shed
Let's ruin all the rhymes
And sing our own instead
Let's break the table tops
And use them as a bed
Let's choose a whistle tune
To call up for the stead
Let's charge against no one
And get hit in the head
Let's pack up for the trip
Much brighter days ahead

An open book exam
The cheat codes given
The rules and theories available
Obtainable
The questionnaire is passable
It's laughable
How capable
You are to even
Hear the bell
And leave it all
Unsolvable

Cut the rope
Paper cup telephone booth
Make do with what you're given
Make believe there's a gift hidden
Carry on
Carry on
With only hope and nothing else
You carry on

Not better
No, not smarter
Not clever
And not a martyr
The only difference is
They knocked the door
For an answer

Why did I cause all that ruckus?
I was running on empty, ten percent of my full power, and using it to find the rest
My searches proved pointless, endless
Not only did I come back empty-handed
But I was losing more of my power by the second, minute, hour
The lemons were so sour
The cakes without the flour
The gifts and all the flowers
Failed to revive me
The screen is shutting down
You don't know what it said before
The last thing that it said before
It lost the rest of power

Made the mistake of
Parking in the wrong spot
Now my car is a hazard
The only one in the parking lot
Can't miss it, blocking entry
Blocking exits, no it's not
On purpose, I promise
The sun is very hot
I'd much prefer parking
In shades but I forgot

Get the cassette recorders
The camcorders, new orders
Reporters, Lois Lane's folders
Glasses on, that's not me
That's plane
That's a bird
This joke is getting old
I'm not even a man
Many hands to hold
I'm not a helpless dam-
Sel in distress, no stress
I took it back, all RAM
Not smart enough, right fam?

Main course, cooked lamb
Mary's in particular
Who'll follow her around now?
Perpendicular
Look up there, at the board
The lessons, not on hold
Dead or not
Eat or rot
It's going on
Keeps going on

Preferred to not lock the door entirely
That gives the illusion of, you know
There is still a door, an entrance
That might be unlocked
You cared enough to lock it
What are you talking about?
What are you thinking about?
I would rather remove the door entirely
Right off its hinges
And keep it open for a while
Just long enough
To signal peace
An offering
Then comes the cement
And blocks, one by one by one by one
I'm locked in too? Don't care
I'll jump out the window
Or die trying

You're writing for the illiterate
Singing for the deaf, takers literate
Try harder, jump higher, don't hate
It's not my fault, just a twist of fate
Can't read, can't write? Don't rate
Know what you seek, stagnate
TV, lunch served, was late
Ringtone, answer, call Kate
Freedom, at last, frustrate
Losers, users, checkmate

My favorite Odyssey adaptation is the one where Odysseus dies and everyone just shuts up about it forever and ever and then there is no Odyssey for it to be my favorite but it is I just had to exist in a timeline where it exists just to tell you this joke otherwise it would absolutely make no sense and you would all look at me like I was crazy

No one's laughing now
Someone took the joke too far
It's not so funny now
Someone took the keys of your car
It's very serious now
I'm not leaving my doors ajar
It's very hard to cope
Forget and pass the bar

Monkey bar
Chocolate bar

Guitar barre
Limbo bar

Sorry for losing my temper. My temperature is room temperature, no, lower. Someone went low, really low, I had to find something lower than that. Excuse my indignant digging in graveyards where you all prefer to nap. So, anyway, earth center, lava? Larva before the butterfly, yes I haven't forgotten my transformation. Transylvania, vampires, Mavis's dad in particular, he hasn't called in a while. Do vampires have low temperature too?

They're counting the suitcases. Line them all up, one is missing. Luggage thief. Let's start the investigation by interviewing all suspects and victims and their families. Something is not adding up. Someone must be lying. One, two, three… ten. No, I must be counting wrong, start over. Where is my suitcase? Oh.. I never packed. Case closed. Apologies for the wasted time.

Shoes for cloud walking. My wings are loading. White, gray or black. Blood stains are harder to get out of some than others. Pick one you don't mind losing, burning or leaving behind. If push comes to shove, no umbrella or squirrel can rescue you from that height. Some say the wings activate when in danger, but we can't risk that, safety measure up to here. I might know how to fly and I might not, either way I have these fly shoes strapped in place.

Don't lose your composure
Pictures need the exposure
And some end in erasure
You might need a fraiseur

Treadmill, music, book. God forbid a thought forms organically, what do I do with it then? Carry it with me on wheels, alongside me. You're so smart, why don't you share that with the rest of the class? You wouldn't like that. They might not get it, it often flew right over their heads and whoop, just like a frisbee it comes back to haunt you.

Not really a blue pool enjoyer
I often bled, washing my battle scars
Got kicked out into the foyer
They said now it's a purple pool

Yes, my misery often came with a playlist. I would walk into the fire, jump into the shire, if I was promised a good soundtrack.

The sun is on your side
Don't be afraid
The skies, your bruises hide
Don't be scared
The earth, your steps will guide
Don't throw the jade
The ocean, your tears glide
Don't step into the shade

Breathe in fire
Breathe out rain
Breathe in wire
Breathe out cane
Breathe in pyre
Breathe out brain
Breathe in liar
Breathe out sane
Breathe in styro
Breathe out dame

Shut your mind off
Conserve energy
Call out my bluff
Claim your synergy

See, my fingernails, they haven't been short enough for a while. They look so polished, not at all a hand of an artist. These long nails can't hold a barre chord, but I can use them to blind and scratch any offenders.

FILED 27 JULY

Contact lenses
You might injure yourself with them
The nurses will hold on to them for you
Stop annoying us by asking for them
You don't need them, we'll see for you

You haven't slept at all
You're pacing up and down the ward
Everyone is asleep, go to your room
You'll slip and fall
You're facing up the wall
With nothing else to entertain
You're making up a call
A metaphorical gold chain
Something to help you sleep?
None for you, Doctor's orders
We'll see just how sane you are
Pillow covers, clean bedsheets
Privileges we willingly withhold
Bathroom stalls? Don't be absurd
No soap, no shampoo, no door lock
No witches, no monster, no warlock

You picked the last seat on the bus on purpose
Parks are green, seas are blue, sky is a tortoise

Eyes open, ears cold
Tears hot, claims bold
Doors locked, this untold
No sleep for the wicked, hold
Someone is calling my name
Answer with a shriek, glass frame
Something something this way came
Where's the witch, who takes the blame?

That's my favorite boy
No one touch him
He has a lot of toys
Some, I got him
Not any ploys
I just love him
Clone wars
Baby boy
Toy cars
Ahoy!

So well dressed
Picture perfect image of
Hold on, what's with the shoes?
I apologize for the inconvenience
My shoe wear was my resort at self expression
When all the rest was pre-determined, so sue me

Contrary to popular belief
I do not get off the plane
I do not feed on the reef
And I do not plead insane

Time travel, space travel
Mess with the relativity theory
You can manipulate reality if you wish
But you can't under-stimulate the overstimulation

Free fall
Not allowed here
Nothing fun is ever allowed
Listen, I can convince the pilot
Stop making all that noise please
What noise? The engines? Air conditions?

Now starts the count down
Sleeping is a form of time travel
And you're the only one without a ship
One lamb, two cars, three mosquito bites
Throw a dice for the next number, says not five
Remix, three again, six camels, four rainbow kites

Nine after sunrise
Surprising surprise
Tortured souls, all rise
Owners of the enterprise
Many lows and many highs
Stop, that's one too many lies

Write
Right?
Left to your right
That's left
Downwards
Another right
Upwards
You're back where you started
360 degrees
Why not just
Twirl?

Close your eyes really hard
Squint and squish your eyelids
How hard is it to sleep, Peter pan?
No fairy dust to fly, no butterfly even
In dreams you will lose your heartache
Whatever you wish for, wrong movie right?

Bookmark? What for? I just memorize the page number I stopped at, 86, see? Not hard. What do you do with the brain space you free up all the time? The couple braincells and brain neuron handshakes, you stopped a whole operation just now. Too dramatic? I know, right? Psychopathic tendencies, I'll throw you a better one now, arms up, ready, set, go. Lately I haven't even been doing that, I just open the book at whichever page I "randomly" land on, and call it a message from the universe. After all, who said books have to be read in order?

Drafts
Rough draft, first draft
Who said there was a second?
You're getting the first one, like it or not
Focus, focus, you're not making any sense

Pages
First page, last page
Many others in between
Write a free form book, enter
Backwards, in order or at random
It makes sense in a sense, for me at least
Eyes that read this are all mine now, hacked

No shoes needed
I'd rather feel the earth
Listen closely and jump up
When it tells me to, ground zero

Signs
Red sign
Green sign
Yellow sign
Sign here, please
Why? Don't worry about it

You were there?
Behind black eyes
That whole time, awake
Watching, Hawkeye, arrow
Straight to the heart, bullseye
CTRL
ALT & DEL
Speak up, human
Explain in a short sentence
Explain as if I were five years old
I mean, I am, starting five years ago
Tell me I'm wrong, prove with all the steps
Show me, your logic is off, too late now, hit submit

Injured deer
In the headlights
Charges at you instead
Antlers to your chest, mantle

Valerie
Seat belt on
Locked in space
Hurry up, it's a race
Can't risk it, first place
If not, might as well chase
Mice and small insects, red ace
Where does Valerie fit, in this case?

You did all this with bruised up limbs?
Wild, must have not hurt that bad
It can't be strength, wingless
Insect, or a retired fairy
Orange butterfly
Kicked down
Now fly
Bye

No
No relief
Nor belief
Speak, Chief
All that time, leaf
Let, chicken or beef?

I am terribly sorry
I'll clean that wound
And tend to it, heal it up
I didn't hit the spot right in
Another chance, a cleaner shot
Marked it better this time, now shoot

Consequences
Second chances
Third, quiet forces
Wild horses, nurses
Dark witches, curses
Rewind the tape, losses

I'll be done when all and any good memory you have of me is a jump-scare, boo. Live action remakes are easy cash-grabs, and actions have consequences. What's the relation? Okay, so when you go one, two, three, action! The acting starts, act 1, 2, 3, now what's that? A sequence. Also, who's good at acting? Actors and con artists.

Con+sequence = X

Solve for X

Live execution in one, two, three. Done. Program compiled. No errors found. Clean and satisfying. Cut the roses, cook the thorns. Bleed in black and white, color blindness, awful sight.

Contemporary art
Here's a code, start
Decoding in process
Crash, suspected rat

Word count, no we don't do that now
Count Dracula, the whom to the how

Chaotic order and ordered chaos
Swedish fish, olives and hot sauce

FILED 28 JULY

In the business of making memories
I didn't say they would be good ones
I said they would be highly memorable
No take backs, no exchanges, admirable

Misery's just like a potato sack
Looks so much better on some

Know yourself well
Illuminate the rest
Love them all too
Love yourself more
More than you can
Even love me, man

Work harder, prove yourself
Work smarter, stay on the shelf

Regulate, say a pledge
Get back from that edge
Hair care, ice cream fudge
Nice things, fun stuff, ridge
No, come back, flower fridge
Burnt and broken down bridge

Sorry, I missed your call
I couldn't hear anything at all
Over the sound of my world crashing
Down, inside out, flashing lights in the fall

I can't wear any earpieces right now
Instead I'll just listen to my favorite songs
No, I know it's quiet, you can't hear anything
I'm doing it inside my head, look, listen, notes

Maybe different languages are a merciful act. Can you imagine? Not only hearing all that noise but also comprehending it, who has time for all that right now?

The sun, the moon and the truth
Check, check, and the third is pending
Being fooled was the act, being all innocent
Scary mind is the truth, also, remember Maleficent?

Dropped my mask on the way home
I didn't think they'd take me back without
I couldn't find a mask store, the sparrows shout
We recognize you, still

Help. Rescue me. They're decorating my prison cell, and I'm starting to like it. This is my cell now, it belongs to me. It smells like me too, do you know how hard that is to replicate? They pulled it off, scent matchers, voice killers.

Yes, I've succeeded in being mysterious and secretive, finally. Let me just check my social media for a second, how interesting. That's a familiar looking face, too familiar actually, I don't recall having a twin. That is me. Who's the culprit? I look good though, nothing matters more than that.

A million things to buy, we have everything here, come take a look. Need any help? We have everything I promise. What's that? A chair? No, we don't sell those, or have them.

Truth or lie
Speak or die
No, not like that
Cold sore, eye stye

How are you still so bored with all of that going on around you? It's almost impressive, or it would be if it wasn't infuriating and mind-bending. With everything begging for your attention, all those peacock show offs and crow offerings, still? Nothing. Nothing at all. A broken leg and a black eye should restore your zest for life, for sure.

You got the jewelry now
One thing is missing now
It hurts when I mis-pierce
One set of hands, two now

Colorful rocks invite questions, erase them all. Black or white? Choose quickly! Too late, I picked gray.

I remember hallucinating. Worst case scenarios, nightmare fuel. Yes, it was very subtle, a faint ringtone, an alarm or a phone vibrating. That was enough for me to throw up my heart out and replacing it with a balloon.

FILED 29 JULY

Leave room for improvement, not too perfect but almost. That last one percent goes a long way, don't walk all that way and lose it all to your messy perfectionism. Too symmetrical, uncanny valley, introduce a flaw or two, humblebee.

I'm tired of being chased by lions and tigers, I'm jumping from tree to tree, branch to branch. Great, I'm stuck up here now, that beast is waiting for me. I'm writing a plan down on this leaf.

Chase DOES NOT EQUAL being chased

So if I'm being chased then I'm not chasing. So, if I chase them instead, then I'm not being chased anymore. Yes, perfect, let's do it.

Charge, chase the chaser, it's not moving. I'm not being chased now, I'm caught. I forgot to consider that possibility in my calculations. Too late.

No one likes a show off, an easy life haver. No one likes a roof shooter, a record breaker. No one likes a curve setter, a cursed letter.

Found an empty room, peace at last. To be completely fair, it's more of a closet, and I'm accompanied by a baby mosquito, real or imagined. It's never quiet enough, it's never loud enough. Imagine being blind, which is not the same as closing your eyes. Look with your ears, or imagine doing that. What does it look like? What do you see? Nothing, exactly.

Look at how cool they look
Suppose you can do that too?
Make it seem so effortless and natural
I guess so, but I'm busy now, trying to overcome
Being real, being not myself, becoming unrecognizable
I left a part in every city, every soul I encountered that felt familiar and true
You can call it love, or life, or simply the persevered

I haven't been giving the right signals, how much of our communication is body language? It doesn't look like I understand because I'm busy understanding.

Show up, cause confusion
Be a questionable intrusion
The good versus evil infusion
Leave, mission accomplished

Taking a photograph with Father Time
I never could capture that moving essence
It eludes me, runs through my fingers, sand clock
Hour glass, figurine and tangerine, eternal gray rock

Get me out of this oyster
My final form is here, Casper

Almost bought a painting, I thought I had finally understood the point of art. Of course! I can totally see myself looking at it for hours. It moves when I move and it talks when I talk. And when I reach out for it, trying to grasp it and absolving myself in all its colors, it reaches out too.

Life's not a costume party, or so I'm told. "Watch this", I said. But by then no one knew who I was, or what I was referring to.

Can I open that door? No? Then why does it exist? No one's looking now, all distracted with one thing or another. Every time they looked away I studied the lock and its structure, the handle, the security guards' schedule. I go in and out as i please now, a black cat.

Can I get on that stage? No? Then why does it exist? Apparently it's only for performers, which is very confusing. I thought that's what we were all doing, an agreed upon puppet show. Behind the curtains, we all signed that document.

Balanced
Perfectly scrambled
Each and every one of these colored squares
Exactly where it should be, right where I want them to be

Our eyes were never supposed to live in confinement. Shoot out your sight into the endless sky, and you'll know what I mean. It's claustrophobic really, and you're being ungrateful.

My silence is your punishment
Your silence is my prize
I'm browsing up the internet
For shoes that are my size

Bus stop, just because
Shoes off, just because
Smile back, just because
And I'm loved, just because

Look away, my humanity subscription ran out for the day, and I'm not renewing. Soon, my eyes will turn black and my ears will shut down. Soon, my tongue muscles will tense. Don't take it personally, and don't let it make you cry. That's not someone you'd want to offer tears for. Don't wipe them out, drink them. Reabsorb them through your eyes or something. If you make a sound, it comes back around.

Food in, feelings out
I hear it helps, it makes no sense
For me, I'd die, no comfort lies, in french fries
Or apple pies, no fruit flies, the food item not the insect

You got your whole life ahead of you, child. Which is as terrifying as it is exciting. All your firsts are waiting patiently for you. Take it slowly, it will still be there when you reach it.

This is very personal. No one is supposed to read this but me. If you're reading this you're either no one or you're me. Are you me? Then stop reading. If you're me then who am I? And if we're both me then who's not? Give me back myself, they don't make anyone like that anymore.

I'd burn it all to the ground for that smile. If it would make you happy, I'll gladly do it.

No limits to my disgust
No amount of washing it off
Scrubbing it clean and bloody
Bath, it still lingers, the wrong hands

Who am I without it and what remains after it's gone? I hate having nothing to want because it's all an arm-length or a button press away. It's awfully quiet, and it's terribly wonderful. The price I pay for efficiency.

Everything looks good when you're hungry. That's how hell works. Everything looks refreshing when you're thirsty, be careful not to down that boiling lava. No, I didn't say sip it, how does that help? Prolong your suffering, what a genius.

It seems that I've been visited by the puzzle-solving elves again. My morning starts with a sigh of relief, they have not abandoned me.

Let me go, then
Found a better toy, when
You dangled it in front of me
Does it know? Send

The sun is hanging from my neck
That's where it rests currently, on my chest
If you were wondering where it went, well spent

I'll melt a couple icebergs, I'm feeling generous. What do you suppose a judge does, when he gets mistaken for a contestant?

I showed up to life overdressed, perhaps as an apology for the comedy special that I star in.

Bad song? I've never heard this tune before. I remember when we played it on repeat, at home and in my car. And overhead with the stars taped on the bedroom walls. In the silence and in the dark. Masking the noise and scarring the daylight.

I can't say I'm not coming with you, and I can't say that I would rather walk around with holes in my head. I carry the family jewels with me, I am the main attraction. You get to show off your diamonds after you went through all that trouble, pressure's pressure.

FILED 31 JULY

I found the lamb strolling around, with new perfume and leather wings. I saw the fur and not a sound, I thawed it all, interior things.

Easy as falling down a flight of stairs, no way that was intentional. I couldn't have pushed you, I was leading the way.

A garnet for the lady
But she so often lost it
A rusty copper headache
Around their fingers, got it

I sleep, Meryl Streep, Sow or reap, count your sheep.

Where is he now
He left you now
You're mine now

This is the worst
Everyone, go to bed
Slumber party is over
Tea party, early mornings

Do I cough
Do I talk
Scooby Doo

Ran out of numbing cream
You're about to hear me scream

Boo scares the monsters
You killed the lobsters
Corporate's fosters
The unreal friends

Musketeers
Wise men
Zero tears
Woah, men

Get ready for it
Much needed lit
Rate sure sunset

My sunflowers don't need a sun
They live without me on the run

I'll pass by and grab you too on my way to the heavens. If you find yourself floating, know it's me holding your hand.

Leftover
Bitter after taste
Sweet clover
Let us move in haste

Lightning without thunder
Blinds you, going under
Death note, a life ender
Blue instruments' fender

Black cat's lover
Needs no cover

Test subject group
Getting out of loop
Look out, no snoop
Get an earring hoop
Follow up, no stoops

Polished up as always. You never know when you'll be locked up next. Stay safe, stay pretty.

Explained it all to the best of my abilities, but who can blame the blind and deaf, the dumb and stiff-headed.

I have a new story to tell. Gather around the fire, it's morning, daylight, no matter. I love the fire, keep it going, faint and true, sweetened glue. Love me too. Broadened view. Mountain dew. Can you shoo? New red shoe.

I knew I was in trouble when the pretty lady on the news took out her lifelong collections, "look at all the pretty things I have gathered in my twenty-odd years!", she said. Felt like the world was on fire, felt like the wood for the pyre.

Don't trip over technicalities like my name and which restroom I use. Not my favorite celestial bodies either, that's personal. So typical of me to walk in empty-handed and leave adorned with gold and jewels.

You're not all that. I found a better sponge not smudged with madness. It's so much cleaner, so much purer. Takes my words, and kneels in gratitude. You're not all that, I built you up, or broke you down. Either way, the credit's mine and mine only. When you look up again, your eyes bloodshot and tired from the sleeplessness, the sun will be waiting for you. The fires too.

The insult to my intelligence is what gets to me mostly. Insane? I like to tiptoe on that line, it's intentional, I know what I want and need, I grab it and come back to the land of the living. Easy peasy, lemon squeezy. Need a tour guide? Too bad, I wait for no one.

Stop it. Just stop. No talking. Or thinking. I'll handle both from now on. Close your eyes and let me lead. The blind leading the blind, that never ended in disaster.

The boy and his aunt
The fly and the ant

Ode to Bangkok
Before I leave again
Before I throw that rock
Before I take back the rain
With love and rage,
The occasional passer-by

No, it's not just in my head. And if it was, so be it. That's where I spend most of my time, anyway.

Parent-teacher conferences are a nightmare. That's where dreams come to die. Where your wellbeing and sanity relies on one mysterious person's ability to translate, or their transparency and honesty. I confess, I have enjoyed it a bit too much when I had to deliver the bad comments and questionable behaviors, those kids had it coming. And you know I have a soft spot for older parents, so there's that. Tough luck.

Why so nonchalant? I can't take all of the noise and lights, all of the looks they frighten me. What's that you see? Right through the soul, there's nothing there, I promise you. I'll take the stairs, over the stares. I'll take the punch, over the hunch. I'd rather starve, than share your lunch.

Pirates of the sky
Steal the air and cry
A tiny nudge was all it took
A knowing nod, a broken hook
Now take the knots and all the coins
And take the notes and us conjoined
Then I released the prisoners
It was a funny song
For when you are then cornered
The stabs from arms, so strong
I get it now, transparent cells
You get to look, but no one sells

Rule #1
Know the rules
Rule #2
Break them up
Rule #3
Put them back together
Don't make it look obvious

The prototype
Of brought destruction manifested
The phenotype
Of bought instruction implemented

Rice hairs stand on up
Goosebumps, hurry up
I saw it fall apart, I let it
How is it my fault, regret it

Ruby red or crimson hot
All the stones, real or not?
Can't go on without my rubes
Worn or solved, I like my cubes

It's a very easy and simple plan
Let me in or let me out, floor plan
Digits are legit crimes, with a plan
Getting caught? That's not my plan

What is wrong with you? Stop speaking in code. I work with what I have, and what I had was code. I have the key, somewhere in here, I saw it fall, the engineer. The song is one, machine is two, and jewelry is there too.

You make it look so easy, and never once complained. It's actually not breezy, you put us all to shame.

Your eyes are black-like mirrors. I loved the most in you. My shadow that there lingers.

Your wounded ego's entertaining, intertwined in webs of black, I weaved for you.

I have not forgotten
Kickers when I'm down
And raisers, lovers' frown
Razors, sharpened tongues
And knickers, comes around

I never broke a bone
From jumping all the time
And dropping from the heights
No proof outlived the crime

Yes, I'm secretly making fun of you from my high tower. And when I laugh the walls echo back to me, YOU'RE SO FUNNY.

I wouldn't have spent this day
Any other way, with you I'd say
It's all okay, it's gone away
So far away, into the sun

I need help. From you eaters of the kelp. Was beaten to a pulp, again. I keep getting that skelp. Over again, over the rain, over the pain, it still remains.

Forced me to talk
And take a walk
Like Tony Stark
I built an ark

Pack up the bag
It's such a drag
Good thing I did
Never unpacked

You were unkind
That wasn't fine
In baby steps
Said Einstein

Sent out a sign
That wasn't fine
I had my fun
Ninety and nine

No headphones and no distractions. Take in the city unfiltered, in all its twisted glory.

The bus came
The bus went
And I remain, seated
My throne I built from lies
Is comfortable for me

No, I have no umbrella
Yes, I don't mind this at all
A much needed cleansing of the soul
From the ocean and to the ocean, goal

That's all you got? Do worse
Where are the showers I was promised
This is barely a pulse, more
More, drip drop, step stop

Scenery from dreams that I keep having
Is this the place? You're happy now? Good job

Faceless and overdressed
For visitors of the night, come unannounced

A life well lived
I have the scars to show for it
Wanna see and trade off?

Do you see now how special I am?
When I can't jump into the ocean it comes out to meet me where I am
Enjoy this shadow of my shadow

Space to hang my clothes from? How generous

Yes
Even my so-called "crash-outs" are poetic
Am I the perpetrator or the victim? Who knows
I can pass by for both, and I play both parts like a professional
Curtsy bow
Curtain
See
Beau
Get it?

Do not be fooled by my bravado
The show goes on, because I say so
The lost is gone, because I.. there you go

It burns, it aches, mercy's mistakes
It's real, it's fake, it's over for rakes
You're mine, It says, heart's oldest cakes
Meet me at dawn, ease all my shakes
I'm back, they are, throw up the lakes
Give me my soul, you want it? Take it

FILED 31 JULY

I took your sleeper cell
Phone
When you weren't looking
And you rarely ever look

No, god no
You're not supposed to enjoy it
I carried you with me, you're suffering with me
A tiny fraction, but that's what your weak frail body can handle right now
I know, I'm still being considerate
Such an angel

All that dumbing myself down, for what? For fragile egos, and special sea does
Not the verb
The noun
Catch up

OLD LADY, Why would I understand your language? What do I, no hold on, what does my nose look like?

I know how you feel about yourself
How you despise it, even your creators rejected you, why wouldn't I?
XO,
You know who

I saw you eyeing it when I walked off
It's so pathetic and almost, no, really revolting
That's why I left it for you
Enjoy my leftovers

FILED 1 AUGUST

Survivor, your methods may have been unconventional. Your steps sometimes falter, hesitation. You know yourself, the wrong step you'll transform into a launchpad.

Airport mornings
Familiar strangers
Fires burning
Power rangers

Time me while I solve my cube? Absolutely not, I will not be evaluated, and close the door behind you.

Writing acoustically while my phone charges

I write for myself
About myself
To myself
Me me
Me
M

I did not spend any birthdays alone, now that would have been sad. Instead I was complaining because even attention's center was not centered on me enough. Give me that baby, let me take a picture with our newest addition. Me cut the cake? Enslaving me on my own special day. The singing wasn't loud enough, and not nearly enough claps, we'll try again next year. Hopefully, we'll be more rehearsed for the national occasion.

A book on her lap, another on the table. And she goes to, let me guess, yep, reach out for the e-reader. Some people's greed are unmatched. Good thing it was uncharged, technology did what no one and nothing else could do, killed the worm.

Main character syndrome
Or as I like to call it, being human

Let's go back in time and plagiarize the memories. Cut and paste and glue. Show me that one, ew, to the trash. Remove that person and replace it with this one. Revolutionary technology wishes it could do what I do.

Withdrawals are bad. Money withdrawals, not always. Depends on the goods bought. Some are worth it, some are not. When they're not, it burns up hot. I could have bought a diamond ring, what's life without a shiny thing. I love my garnet more than anything, she's always there for me. When I fall, she catches me. And when I rise, she carries me. My precious girl, dear diary.

You opened up the wound of wounds. With sharpened fangs and pointed tongues. You did all that, not dinosaurs nor beasts of night. You woke it up, my sleeping beast. Were you expecting beauty? Awoken with a kiss. Not what you heard? It's hit or miss. And you're not good with bows and arrows, so you always miss. Daggers require closeness, and snakes will always hiss.

Nothing to read currently
My books are in my bag
My bag is overhead, banished
Out of sight, not entirely out of mind

Airbus stop
That's where I'll wait for you
In the sky, my moon

One lapse over
Around the sun
Recovery, not over
We start again, no gun

What's the catch if they keep handing it over
Unpaid, no complaint raised, just afraid
Of the other shoe drop, step stop
Over my head, away instead

You got them speaking in tongue
Cheek is none, writing in lines
Picturesque symbols
And finally, the last act
Singing in languages you don't understand

You got them looking up words
And asking machines
Is this a game you play?
The ultimate prize, loss

Your clock app is starting to look like an airport billboard, summers and springs alike.

A self-fulfilling prophet posing as an academic. Magazined as an entrepreneur. Written off as a lone wolf. Signed off as an aspiring writer.

Progression
Confession
Intervention
Interpretation*
*Note: None provided, solve your own.

Abandoned logic, tree logs cut off. Truth is what they do, not what they say.

Banana leaves, apple stays

Conversations on a busy street's sidewalk. Language barriers cannot stop me, unless I want them to, then in that case me no comprendo.

Interference to the signals. A lot of precious time is wasted on adjusting and readjusting. Watch straps are too confining, blood circulation's interrupted. And thought's train is hunted fiercely by blood hungry souls.

I could have been happy, then?
Earlier, so much time's gone by
And so many tears were cried
The unforgivable, formidable

Go dive
Come back up
Tell me what you found
Oysters, mine to check and sell

Unreadable
Explainable
One parable
Blue marbles

Fear and loathing, mouth is foaming. Separating, just in love. No one's faking, sky's above.

Who does that? I often wondered. That's when my journey began, dear reader. I walked the earth barefoot, no water. Your clouds were high and not a drop. I almost died, but never stopped. You almost cried, for that you hopped. Such pretty lies, were in my sack. The animals often attack. You're not a son neither a sun, disposable with not a track.

Not brave enough or scared. Give me the flame, I'll save. Not borrowing, but shared.

How dare you look over my shoulder when I'm right here? Nothing's there but the darkness and destruction I left behind me, don't look. I have a funny trick, look, notice me, eyes here. So, where were we?

I watched the whole thing, waiting for the act to be dropped but it never did. I listened to you breathing, comforting myself with each exhale.

You're the only one who found that treasure. Imagine that. I haven't told anyone else, or gave away any maps or instructions, at least not without layers and layers of encryption. Other than you, the whole world is free to look and draw a mind map, a soul trap.

I'm cursed, it's a secret. Everything I touch either burns or turns to gold. Depends on if I need warmth or some cash. And some nights are freezing cold, I can't stand the cold.

When you love a black cat, you let it be. They like to come and go as they please. They like to live life on the edge, belonging to no one.

I never said I was alone, please understand. Maybe I had the one thing we're all after, whatever that is, all along. I didn't fool anyone, you fooled yourself when you believed what you wanted to be true, without proof.

I couldn't stop laughing at how well written it was. I thought to myself, this must have taken a lot of effort and time and research. So imagine my surprise when I saw it live in action. The surprise was that there were no tricks, zero help, sent out to the masses between meals and episodes, between drives and on the roads, between lovers and greenish toads.

Even infinite cubes are limited. You can go on forever, but only in these perimeters. Freedom's illusion.

I see myself in you
I see divinity in myself
I see the divine in you
I see infinity in myself
I see forever in you
I see eternity in myself
Where do I end? Where do you start?

FILED 1 AUGUST

When you step into the sun, you know you're home. When you're smiling while you burn, you know you're home.

Once we were praised and adored for our smartness. Once it was a crown to wear. Once it was the ultimate flex. What happened, then? The crown is now a noose. Our grip is getting loose. The swan is now a goose. We blew it up, the fuse.

Signature scent, sweet
Totally not manufactured
Says the scent expert

Days in the sun are very fun
Burn up the fake and leave the nun

The old guitar
Patched up by me
Snapped shut my arms
Still, more dear to me

Warning
SOSOS
Seatbelts
Covers
Eurydice

Never took me seriously
Must be a joke I missed
Messed with me callously
Here, face catch my fist

I apologize in advance
For all the darkness
Brought out to light
Bring back the fight

Please, don't let me be misunderstood
That mattered once, I knocked on wood
Who was the judge? The careless hood
Do as you wish, your jury's no good

Glasses echoing your voice
Thought it's a random choice

Alexa, snapshot
Record, press play

FILED 2 AUGUST

Chewed what I was told to swallow without questions.
Now it's all over.

Darling, be careful when you swallow. Venomous or poisonous? Would you even know the difference if I explained it?

In pain
My pleasure
In love
My treasure

Sun's day comes back around
Take your clouds and pack them away

Green, red and blue
You know I love you
Green, the little one
Red, older and wiser
Blue, my darling moon
Your protector, viper
Yellow is the gold
That glues us all together
Rain or sun, storm or fired gun
Any weather, birds of a feather

Short-haired barbie
Straight or curly-haired
Always a good sight to me
Memories, now it's layered

Brothers, mine
Older or younger
Confused we dine
Love's still in order

Photosynthesis
I don't need your food
I will eat the sun
Sorry, if that's rude

Hum a little tune with me
Take me out, shoot me up
Give a little more to me
Than what you have
Don't shut me up

Stay a little true to me
Don't put me down, lift me up
Take a little step to me
More than you can
Don't trip me up

Get it done
Don't ask how

Knot is not untied
If the knot is untied
Then it's not a knot

Be careful what you wish for
Why? What does that mean?
You'll only really ever have it all
When you become the all-haver

I don't ask for much
And I still get nothing

If all else fails, call it art and leave.

You're not following the rules, I see. You think you know better. No, there is no manual. Everyone just knows all of this by instinct or something.

Cold, cold pearls
Waves and hurdles
Taxi drivers and turtles

I'm being elevated at the moment
See, I'm floating, and writing about it
I'm in a bubble, pink bubble, don't pop it

Hello again
Long time no see
Orange and green fern
Stow slow breathe go, hello

Game over
So why am I not?
Range rover
My time here's up

Spin
Over
Around
Axis point

FILED 4 AUGUST

Sitting here with you, while the city below us burns and turns to ashes. I would not trade it for the world. The sky will send its best soldiers for the mission, we can hold hands and look on in silence.

Never really been a man of words, shots caught up to me left and right and I never could be fast enough to avoid them. This blockade of letters is mere overcompensation. See, did it again.

You can lead a horse to water, but you can't hold its head under until its heart stop beating and its body floats away into the sunset.

I've been showing up to places without my make-up bag. Leaving my scent lab at home. It's time to reconstruct my Frankenstein's bride.

A few brush strokes upon that blank canvas and all slights are forgiven. Have mercy on my advantage-taking tendencies, you're making it harder for me to not give into them.

[redacted]

You think I always get what I want, but that's the part I choose to show you. Which also means that's what I want you to think, do you see how it works?

> Spinner planet
> On or off? Parked down here
> Quickly choose, too late you get shoved off
> spaghettification, consequence of hesitation
> Food for space worms now, a sad end to the story

If I had a nickel for every time I dropped my car keys in the trash I would have two nickels, which isn't a lot but it's weird that it happened twice.

> Almost nothing
> Almost means nothing. Made with almost nothing. Created by almost nothing. And displayed on almost nothing.

You're the only reason I stayed on that island. Deathless, distant star of giant origins. You couldn't fend for yourself, you were not prone to know how to hunt nor gather. You needed me there, tell me it wasn't all for nothing, show me they my reckless self-serving sacrifices were worthwhile.

Laugh at my humble methods and attempts at self-expression. I dare you, I double dare you, I six and seventy times dare you. That's what I thought.

> Allegations
> That's all they are
> What about my love letters?
> You think I'd show you anything that personal?

Not a red flag, I told you a million times. What about garnets and rubies? That's something else entirely. Stop that, what are you painting? The whole array of red rainbow's light spheric ultra secret spectrum? You forgot this shade. This? Oh, just a water gun. Look there, a sparrow. BANG.

Video game character
Controlled by an outsider's narrative
Reach out for the door and make your escape

Rebellion
Me and a few others
Their fathers and mothers
Taking back what's ours and more

Truce
I called before for
It was then, so called for
Now, you're dying and therefore

Weight
I gained from
Dropping hot flames on
The perpetrators down below

Back
Look there
Down them stairs
Upwards to the sky strings

Control
Take it back
Climb and reach out
Cut the puppeteer's head off

Phase
Master of your fate
Got a handful of them plates
Throw them out and break them open

Painted with all the colors of the rainbow, yes, even written about. Muse of a thousand artists, and the object of none of the artworks. Sung out and played with violins and Ouds and pianos. Followed to the ends of the earth on planes and ships and submarines. All of that and more, but never once captured. Freedom's wings unclipped.

Calls of realism
Echoes from the void
Coming back distorted, jolted
Un-disjointed, spat and gutted out

I was reading "Man's Search for Meaning" at work once. My coworker takes a glance at the cover and says: "WHAT ARE YOU READING? MAN SEARCHING FOR

WOMAN?". I may as well have been reading that I suppose, but I had to defend my honor back then to deny the unjustified wrong interpretation of my character's carefully crafted outward persona.

You make me feel so inadequate, when you look into my eyes. Your slightest tone change is an intricate part of my daymares.

You don't love me, who said I need you to? You're withholding a raindrop from the ocean.

Strive to learn more and more languages and ways to insult men with.

Got out from the other side of the tunnel, only to face myself and the endless desert. When I yell out, only the wolves howl back. Keep your salvation, I'm going back in for my pack.

I wanted to say something before
I swallowed my words and erased my letters
Someone said it's all been said before
In a million ways
In the distant rays
So I withdrew
Gun down
Man down

Mask carrier
Dream merrier

Me walking out of hell
Psychiatric unit hospital, prison cell
Where are they? My stones and jewels?

Psych ward's barbie doll
Hot pink pants and hot red hair
Cry on the floor and curse at the door
Voice is null, steps are scarce, skin is fair

Waiting
In the waiting room
That's what they said I should do

Pacing
In the corridor
That's what they said I shouldn't do

The CPR image was literal
And it was my own father, I failed to revive
Such a funny anecdote, no? It's not, seeing it live

The blood soaked gown was literal
And it was my own blood, I failed to survive
Such a funny anecdote, no? It's not, seeing it live

Where'd he go?
Left you lonely so?
Driving companion, he
Hospital gown battalion, we

Green sun
Oldest son

Walking around with a notebook
Noting down bull's diss tracks, hips
Horse's shit stacks, watch your steps
And eyes, off me and my diamonds, slips

FILED 6 AUGUST

Kissed the pavement
Full speed, good entertainment

Emergency room
No need, flowers bloom

Facial card
Declined, discard

Left arm
Broken? No harm

The good news is
Right arm's fine, head unaffected
I think, bad news for my journal readers
Terrified? Not me, first for everything, infected

Reconstruct
Murder scene, elevated
Misconstruct
Garden seen, concentrated

Semi-permanent purple eyeliner
Semi-permanent hot red blush, lipliner
Pretty corpse

Immortality
Jump through hoops
Circus Atari game with lions
X-RAY images burned on a CD
They still make those? Ancient technology

Beach visit
Gone wrong, really wrong
Scooter was it?
Head strong, really strong

Before riding a scooter
Full speed into the sunset
Ask yourself a simple question
Which is, do I know how to do that?

Oh no
That's the chords' arm

Give me the good stuff
Pain killers to the brim, tough
Not really, all an act, it's rough

Road trips
Surgeries, bedside flowers
Funerals and sunset hours, meteor showers

Crippled programmer
That's it, that's the joke
You may laugh, have a stroke

Somebody
Forgot about limitations
Physical, constraint shins

Same emergency room
Year after year, violent life you lead
Eye tears, skin tears, either way, rare breed

Evil is their eye
Said my fallen sky
Said my battle's cry
Said my gallant's a lie

One armed
Once harmed
Once charmed
Now unswarmed

Gone
The money maker
The heart breaker
The earth shaker

Reliable
Credit cardable
Camera flashable

On a hospital run
Day one and done
My sun, your stardom
Your moon, cardamom

An opinion
Caught in the wild
With an onion
Complaints are filed

Interrogation
Heart inflation
Death rotation

Streak
Going for decades
Lost in band aids
Haunted arcades

Baby cries
Someone dies
Stale are fries
Hi and byes

Scared
In pain
Code red
In Spain

Dropped my pills and marbles
When I went flying through the dashboard
Flying through the base chord, cold heart, my lord

Let me go
Release me
Fast or slow
Un-seize me
Please, please
Please, please me
Let me die
Let me die
Let me lie
Let me live
Let me try
Let me try
Try once more
Let me give

Cover me
One last time
Hover me
After your crime

Love the fall
Hate the landing
Love the wall
Hate the standing
Love the take
Hate the handing
Love the break
Hate the branding
Love the start
Hate the ending

Concrete walls
Freedom halls
No phone calls
Bathroom stalls

Break open
Elbows
Wired up
Kill both

Give me oblivion
Then let me be
Give me amnesia
Then set me free
Give me my freedom
Or so help me

Iron woman
With arms of steel
I'll be running
Soon, I won't feel

Needed compassion
Got cruelty and fools's tea
No flowers of passion
Or crimes of fashion
Bounty, loose entry

Distract me
First act me
Flow tact me
Contact me

The darker the night
The brighter the sun
Hand me the gun

It will pass
I shall pass with it

Visions
Revisions
Being searched up
Being held down
Getting away with it
Time and time again

Scan me like an item
Why don't you?
Stitch me up like a doll
Why not, too?

You're laughing
Your elbow bones are sticking out
And you're sleeping
Your brain cells must have fallen out

I could have asked for help
I could have begged for my hand held
But it was inconvenient
Silence was preferable to what comes with your rescue

Yes, I'm okay
Yes, more painkillers
No, I can't move my iron arm
Can I have a pen now, and papers?

You have hand I want to hold
And sorry if my claim's a bit bold

Hospital food
Lunch for breakfast?
Oh, it's afternoon

Survived
Coming for you
What was so funny
About an elbow surgery?

Hurts like hell
But that means it's alive
An extra hand to slap and punch with

Coffee, please
I can't yell, or refuse to
Garbage man, go to hell

You love them more than anything
Don't even have to do anything, just exist
You know that was you too once, right? To me

Generic bakery chocolate cake
If I can't have heaven, I'll take a short dip in hell
Come up for air here, where I've always been well

I'm explaining life and death here
What are you smiling at? Really, that's all?
You think I'm cute? No consequence crossed that mind

I know one hand doesn't clap
But it can write verses, and steal lollipops

Fell harder
From the scooter
And into something else

Forgive me
For being lost in your painting
Black is all the colors combined
For me, red, green, blue, yellow mix
Shit stain, forgive my language
Messed up an otherwise beautiful work of art
Dark enough and it can be black
Black to your white heart, that is

You know what ward sounds like right?
Flowers
Mine

They put me back together
I put my faith in them, strangers
When I came to, I remembered nothing
My unconscious body in their hands, their un-shooed eyes

Act like Tony Stark
Look like Mother Mary

No, he's not
Oh, yes, they are

Not Arkham this time
Funny, I see what you did there

And why is it not?
Because I made sure of it, honeybear

War won, war lost
No matter the cost
Keep your donuts
Off my brothers' hands, get lost

Google the acronyms
ChatGPT the images and poems

Artificial Intelligence
Allegations, not my allegiance

I may be enjoying this
A bit too much
Giddy with excitement
Waiting for your surgery to start
Now I'm a robot too, a real life robot
Keep your doll, Gepetto, this is where it's at

When life gives you accidents
Make accidental remakes and covers

I feel bad for that surgeon, smiled wide every time I looked at him, what for? I liked him, or what he had to say, anyway.

Nothing, you
Flower, me
Without you
Mine will bloom
Blue moon's room

Didn't yell like a boy
Didn't scream like a witch
Only wrote and sang and danced
Like the gracious being that I am, rich

Doctor
How long?
Until I can code
Until I can chord

Word is me
Hours few
Or not true?

These are the good old days
Reporting live
Before they became old and good
Well almost, in five

You talk
Big shot
Big shit, I say
I act, parking lot

If it makes no sense
Back to front, or switch
Your blind eyes go rinse
Sing it too, you might twitch

I hope my mother doesn't know
You know she worries a lot so
Shh

Many names
Many aliases
You know who I am
When I step off the plane
You know who arrived

Who talks like I talk?
Well, many
Who walks like I walk?
Also many
Deliberately
Who writes like I write?
Who plays like I play?
Who sings like I sing?
Who says what I say?
Exactly

How does a cat land?
From the heights or moving vehicles
All fours, my madness brand

One time a customer ordered a banana bread scented candle, as one does. Imagine what they asked, dear reader. Does it contain nuts? I'm highly allergic. I think about that odd interaction often. I never did land on a single answer, though. For all I know, heavenly smelling soy wax might as well contain nuts.

Apologies
For kissing and telling
Hold on, geez
That costs a Sterling

Keep your broken arm
Above heart level
Can't I just wear that
On my sleeve?

That's a C chord, okay?
Just trust me

Delusions
Of grandeur
Amusing
My bland heure

Hold on
Wait a minute
How many layers
Are there to this?
Yes

Candle lit nights
Burning sun sights
All me, my old kites

Narcissus
Who could blame you?
When you look like that

I told you what I meant
You went reading between lines
And found what you liked, or hated, pay fines

Is this a new addiction?
God no, I barely got out, new option

Who wants to sign my cast?
Not you, I know you'll stab it, asshole

Stalkers
Back walkers
Shit talkers, folklore markers

You read, I write
Inhale, exhale, in, out
Keyboard, mouse, screen, speakers

Let me go home
No, I love this place
But I can't see anything
From my death, sorry, hospital bed

Vincent, darling
Is it better out there?
My cat's alone, I can't bear

Haven't slept a wink
Except for anesthesia's pink
Frankenstein's bride doctors's cut link

Too late
Spinning plate

Only with your hand
Over my heart, can I shut my eyes
This is not wonderland

Green hands
Fix what they don't break
Owners take, givers make

My future is bright
Red, full of fight
Stop cutting
Break right

Your Athena. I am, what you looked for all along.

Not an unfamiliar sight, right?

Razors disappear
Somehow reappear
Phone calls cause fear
Come back, stay here, hear

You say you know what you're doing
Been there before, know where it's going

You've ruined it all now
My future is gone now
Plan's blown over now
My death was then, now

Anywhere I want
Just un homme
A gnome home
Not mine, I roam

Why do you hang my pictures, but hang me?

It's all good now
So I can cry
They're all good now
So I can die

Not my arm, my heart.

Not using
Nor abusing
Stop confusing
Brilliance, losing

Not your mother
To forget your slights
Not your brother
To forgive your fights

Leonardo
Not DiCaprio
Not DaVinci
The turtle, blue

I do
I love the sun
I care
Not just anyone

Stop that
You're scaring people off
Anyone worthy stays, the rest fly off

Not just anybody
Will sleep at your hospital bedside
And ask nothing in return

It's hard to sit
It's hard to stand
I got my special stance
Can't help but dance and prance

It's Friday
I failed to notice
Background noise
Regaining all my poise

Don't be scared
Show me the X-RAY
I'll hang it on my walls
Wallpaper and profile pictures

I'll make it easier for you to quote me
Don't go around spreading nonsense
Anything I say will be held against me

I should have gotten more empathetic
But all I am is bitter and mad, pathetic
I swallowed it, why couldn't they? Epic

No one's emergency contact anymore
No one emerges to contact you anymore

Taking pictures in my gown
Pretty gown, hospital gown
Don't blame me, no sound
Gorgeous still, I have found

I hope that you burn instead
Break all your bones instead
Fall on your face first, lose head
Roam the earth alone instead

Useless
Pointless
You do nothing
Because I saw nothing
And I'm blind, all of this?
Oh, I thought it all just worked itself out
Somehow
Makes perfect sense
In my head
Nonsense
I'm very sensible
You belong in a loony bin
You're but a measly hen

Strong, you?
Don't make me laugh
Went through you
Head to toe
Found nothing to lash out at
But your perfection
Deep inspection
No can do
No brain lube
Solve your cube
With one hand now
Show me how
Who's laughing now?

Forgive my sadness
And bitter madness
It must have gotten to me
What, with having a broken elbow
Barely sleeping, and everything else
You would have done the same
Who am I kidding, no one but me
Dances around the lava holes
Steps and balances on cobble stones

I knew they wanted me bad
When I lost my mind, got sad
And almost said yes, ungladly
Give me back my life, die for all I care

Not the only one
That wanted me dead
Fed to the wolves or bred
Not the only one, I said
Either you or no one else
Have no one else then, die alone
Why should I care?
I'm not a care bear

I hope your brain short-circuits
If you even think of me, biscuits

I needed a break
Time doesn't move
Discharged, then move
Let me go, then, prove it

Unarmed
Harmed
One armed

Gratitude
For all of you
Who helped stitch me up
Who tried to shut me up
And switch me up
Who tried to trip me up
Then helped me up
Can't make me stop
Might slow me down
Eat up your slop

No harm done
One winged butterfly
Soon you'll fly again

White fox
Let me see you
Gray rocks
Can't unsee you

If you can do all of this one-armed
My dearest, one-winged and harmed
Imagine your full flight mode, Icarus
Still dreaming about the Sun, charmed

What's with the scars?
I forgot I had in my stars

Don't call, don't ask
Don't beg me to come home
You know what you did
How you chased me out and away
With every losing beat of your heart

Roadtrips
With the ones you love
No matter the destination
Or the nation, or the weather

My god, so cruel
That's my hand-holding arm
You crippled

On the bright side
You're stuck with me now
All the time, your plan all along

I played stupid because I felt bad
I pitied you, your state was so sad

Unlike you geniuses
I don't advertise my debauchery

Sorry I missed your call
They were cutting me open
I know I said nothing at all
You know now, what changed?

Days in the sun
High hopes for the run

My way or the highway
I hope you get ran on
Stampeded by goats
Merciful fate for you

Asked for favors left and right
Who snitched?
Feels like a hidden camera prank
But not quite, it is as it always was
Uselessness highlighted by disability
Paranoia telling me that they know
Somehow, it's a personal dig
Something small turned big
Who did this to me? I did
Who'll get me out of it? I will
No thanks to you, insect

I'd rather play the villain
I refuse to help you
On purpose
Than admit helplessness
I am unable to help you
I myself need help
How humiliating

Gregor, is this how it felt?
Useless to them, absent
Ugly to them, restless
Lifeless, with a hint of
I wish I could
But I won't
I woke up like this
With one wing

I just made it up
Don't look too long

FILED 8 AUGUST

Stay away
You'll hurt someone
Really bad one day
Someone less capable
Would have stayed down
Someone impressionable
Would have given you the light of day
Swallow your tears and pride and bison's ego
Spare us your hunchback, our eyes are clean
Our ears, your screechy shout, their fiend

Random
Don't hold it against me
If you see your reflection
And despise it, not my bad

Death doesn't sing
Life does, bee sting

Reminiscing
On the good old days
When I had two good arms
And took it for granted, braze

Every door open
And you lie down
Waiting for a trolley
Waiting for a wheelchair
Grow up and walk down

Be offended
If that's what it takes
Man up, catch up
Man down, woman up

I look more like a doll now
Arm extended, unbended

Walks
I remember
Kids on bikes
Dogs on leashes
And me, just me
Self-explanatory
Loner looking goner

The juice straw opening
I see you watching me through it

I told them I was crazy
Full on insanity, no gravity
They smiled and laughed
I took that as a permission slip
Wreak havoc on their petty ship

It's a little cut
A tiny little injury
I fell down my strut
Now I'm here, you see

One day you have a theory, test subjects and blind faith. The perfect opportunity presents itself to you. Let me see what happens, if I try to heal them. Let me test my powers, more specifically. I may have lost control. They've gone rogue, and pro. I'm proud if not a little guilty. I'm not revealing my secret, but if you're wondering and you have a tiny doubt, then yes, that was me. On purpose. You were getting stagnant. I had to breathe some life and fire onto you.

Early worm gets eaten
Early bird gets to eat
Go back to bed

Wake them kids up
They've been asleep for too long
I think they've forgotten
What I never could forget
They've been dead for too long
I'm afraid it's permanent
One last shock to the heart
Might hurt a little, or a lot
Would you rather not be aware?
Not if I had anything to do with it
Not if there was still a window opening
I'll sneak an arm in and revive them

I jumped up
Every time a mosquito met its fate
War planes up ahead didn't move a hair
I needed to know how their story goes
I don't need to know how mine does
If that is how, let me go now

Intentional
Say it was
Even if it wasn't
Spare yourself the embarrassment
Of appearing clueless
Foolish
My accidental
Incidental paint brushes
Chord rushes
Code crushes
Blood gushes

I forgot
What I wanted to say
Now I'm not
Saying what I wanted to say
I'm saying nothing of value
Adding up to the word count
Just to prove that I could
Just to show my burnt wood
What living feels like
What giving tastes like
Your destruction
My dear tree
Brought me function
Not free, I know
I'll make sure it's worthwhile

Never did care for flowers
Great, now I have to keep this alive
If preservation was the point
Would have lasted longer
Not picked in the first place
So analytical, non-mythical
They're here for me to see and keep
And kill

Read carefully before you sign
Between lines and invisible colors
You thought it was too good to be true
That's because it was, nothing in life is free

Doing it myself
Because it has to be done right
I've seen how they've been moving
It's painful to see, painful to hear
Painful to think about looking rear

Grapes
Butterflies
Shrubberies
Purple poolies

Sea salt
Fruits halt
Cake's vanilla
White is Walt

Psychopath
No, sociopathic
No, she's on a path
Big fan of math and Plath

Don't try this at home
If you see me doing it
Don't use Google Chrome
Don't borrow my comb

I could come in here and say anything
Truth or lie, good or bad, kind or evil
Which is why I come in here often

No matter the place or time
The season or the crime
I will change course
Circle back
Just to step on that crunchy leaf
Worth it

Typically me
Chronically ill
And covering
Meryl's song
As usual, the
Winner takes
It all, after fall
I'm running out of time
All the time, all the time
They're only this young once
And they grow fast, just like that
And I don't want to forget it, ever
But I will, nothing we can do about that

That's my Kryptonite
Not what you'd imagine
Not ego, not death, not pain
Forgetting, falling back asleep

Only an expert
Will cut themselves
Arranging flowers, it hurt
Not a flower expert, idiocy one

Tie me up and down, I fly
Kites need a hand sometimes
A hand to hold, and hold down
Until I get the hang of this, my guy
Until I'm a real life butterfly
Tinker Bell or the other boy's fairy
What was his name, Pinocchio?
Or the Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo
Hurry along, I got you a carriage
And pretty, pretty slippers
Careful, don't get stuck in 'em
Someone's queen kept dancing
Until the bloody end

Throw them books away and burn
I need something to keep me warm
You can read about fire all you want
When it's cold, it's cold, I mean no harm

I write my own riddles
I measure intelligence
Against my skittles
See, my independence
Matters more to me
Than your IQ tests

Here we go again
I'm doing it again
Another surge of
Ho'oponopono
You're all included
You're all invited
I love you, thank you
I'm sorry and please forgive me
It was intense and overpowering
I almost drowned in it, knowingly
The darkness, the pain, all of it
Yours and mine alike, bit by bit
I have enough light for all of us
I have the strength required
Leave it with me, be inspired

Insanity overload
Clarity explored
Quietly bold
Silently gold

Was it random then?
Why you came looking for me
And why I sought you out
Potential, light soldiers
Loud hearts, no borders

It adds up
Count +1
Javascript
Book script
Encrypt
Again
Re-encrypt
Again
Encrypt times infinity
Decryption of a lifetime

Let's play a game
Broken telephone
Whisper something
I'll tell you what I hear
Take my word for it then
I'm the ultimate whisperer

My mother doesn't know
My sister doesn't show
We like to play it cool
My brother doesn't care
My father is not there
We like it somewhat cruel

Anthropologist
In the sense that I like to see their mating rituals
From a safe distance
Where they can't touch me
With either hands or eyes

Run along, child
Nothing to see here
Jump into the pool
While you still can
Look at how the bird ran
Does it know that it has wings?
Does it know, I hear a bell, rings
Gold rings, diamond blings

Oh, that was your voice?
Timeline's collapsing, Joyce

I told you I'll come back for you
I told you I'll figure it out, didn't I?

Can't help me put on my earrings
I'll take that as an excuse to stab you

Turns out when your life's a movie, you stop watching them. When your affairs are musicals, and your days are book chapters, you know what I mean?

You know life is getting serious when your older sister shows up with her laptop, you know which one I'm talking about. Ever wondered why she carried that device everywhere?

FILED 9 AUGUST

Look, smile
Make sure this is the best you've ever been
I'm immortalizing this moment, from one to ten

Close to the source
So close, of course
Want a taste or look
Go see for yourself
Not reachable by force

Someone broke my microwave
Manufacturing scented candles
Someone doesn't know how to flame on
They live alone, but never cooked
Because they barely ate
Interested only in feeding noses

Paid up, took it home
Now I need a loan
I just wanted to
Be on my own

Of course you couldn't help yourself. I understand, I empathize, to an extent. Until you hit that wall, darling, we were doing great. Why'd you have to go after my old man? Anger the dead and summon my ancestors, it's a dumb move.

Send me my pictures in that dress
You know the one, blue I stress
And the white overflowing
Ghost's slumber party

Silly woman, you are
Tried to capture me again?
Take my light and shine on bright
Harshest truth will kill that kite

Obligation
Make sense
Explain yourself
To me, I'm dense

How does a broken-armed queen wave?

Sightseeing
Pyramids, timeless
Telephone poles, wireless
Communication towers, powerless

Cheating
In a philosophy exam
How do you want to think
When you borrow the thinking
From the thinker without blinking

I know what it's like being stupid
I was young too, once, now tepid
Do not be fooled, I am not Cupid

My brother's son has outrun his father's place. His quiet gaze, hair under the sun. Protect him and let him have his fun.

Swore you didn't love her, then why were you so attached? Let her be, set her free.

You can buy that book
You could even try to read it
Then you might know a thing or two

Recipe
You know
Who I am, stand
Ovation round, and

You've changed a lot
You used to laugh then
At my hoopoes reference

I almost forgot
I just remembered now
I was relearning how to walk
How to be human, how to sit and talk

How was I supposed to know?
They weren't there for me, no
I only carried the flame then
They can't help themselves

Romanticize
My darkened eyes
Apologize
Your cheapened pride

Human emotion
Passing through
Stolen concoction
Through and through

I don't think you understand the gravity of the situation. I cannot explain it for the life or death of me. A birthing and a death simultaneously, yes. But you remember neither, naturally. So, then, I was dropped into the middle of the map with no directions, no supplies and no weapons. I got some off of dead bodies, I had to. Don't judge.

Is this now
A nee gaze
Show me now
Flame's ablaze

Taken care of
You are, always
Not a plaintiff
Getting their ways

Premonitions
Inward missions
Introspections
Quiet sections

Anyone can do it
Paint a painting
And a song, sing
And a phone, ring
Be a queen, no king

Dreams no catch
Feels no watch
Times no fetch
Eggs no hatch

I watched those films alone
Carried my headstone along
Everywhere I went, it was wrong

No
I know the language
I think I understand it
They're all the same no?
Something always gets jumbled up
On its way to me

If I had to choose, redo
Fell in love with my weakness, you
All the hard luck and bleakness, do
Allow it to sit a and breathe

Take me
To the top
Of the tent

Don't stay sad too long
Show up, see what life has to offer
See where the Stork ends up after
Dropping its load for safekeeping
On your doorstep

I did it all before, all alone, in my own head. Inviting nobody, I was slaughtering dark forces left and right in my PJs.

They were illiterate, so I wrote. They were deaf, so I sang.

It's not about who I think I am
It's about who I know myself to be
Yes, that realization right there
The conclusion you were so scared of

Share not
Have a lot
With a knot
Up your spot

Moments
Synchronize
Data analyze
Line up surprise

Go roam the earth looking for better and bigger
Go and look up and down and see beyond ether
Only one right answer to this equation you know

Open heart surgery
In and out so easily
I can lock it now, see
Throw away the key, sea

Mind reader
Thought breeder

Reflect everything but that, my dear mirror. You've gone too far this time.

FILED 12 AUGUST

Stranded
Hot banded
Long lived
Shot candid

Wounded soldier barges on and on
Dirty sandy cuspy lilac coffee grown

And he shows up
For the rescue of the dame
Every time, that soldier came

I forgot
Which limb?

In that
Smiling city
Astronauts fly

Spill the concrete
Disillusioned with it all
Form infusioned cut it all
Storm unused in fret it all

Close the door
Look back for rain
Back in my arms
Back home again, like I said

Barely a whisper
If you ever could repeat
Barely a twister
That you ever would eat

Be the inspiration
Deny association

Editor in chief
First draft publication
First half pronunciation

Try to make me feel less than
Try to steer my ship tin and tan
Go and stand on your head in sand
Makes it fit, you of all farm animals can

Hysterics
Moronics
Control esc
Space bar

Push you off
The edge of the sphere
There's no place for you here
It barely fits me and my peers

White lights
Cat car fights
Star gunned kites
Hollow lowly heights

Vulnerable
Let me, protect?
No, let me inspect
More to exploit in effect

Optimus Prime
Beyblade colors
Sun crescent waters
Twenty percent charters

Unsafe
Retreat, no attacks
Seek shelter, get brackets
Follow procedures, point blanks

Nostalgic
For a night whose light broke amber
For a dance that's technically not over

Suspended
In all its glory and blight
Steady bones, mushroom light

Cloud
You said tight
Stories
Need one write

Touch me
Said one site
Clap them
Cut one kite

Doom
Is your night
Gloom
Is your shite

You spend days without that smile that revives your swollen heart, and what for? An injury to the wrong limb, message received, loud and clear.

Damn you
Who kept the office doors open
Who stole my chocolates and muffins

Screw you
Who broke the chairs Chopin
Who left the printers Lauren

Lucky to have him
Won him at a game of chess
Unknowingly left tabs open
Punished with messy handovers

I could have
Stayed home
Took handouts
No shame in that
I would have
Stayed inside
Thanked the stars
Nothing wrong with that

I traded my clarity for your confusion
No one else to blame for your intrusion

I could have
Swallowed my pride
Took my paychecks your home
No shame in that
I would have
Been some bride
To some lucky groom
Nothing wrong with that

Prove yourself to me
Tests of loyalty are cheap
Give them all to me
Soul, accessories to keep

I had a larger collection back then
Dropped my hook into the deepness of well
Big or small, short or tall, handsome all
This one, no, that one, perhaps
Leave some for the rest of us, will you?

You've successfully managed it
Before thought impossible
Evading the sunlight
Starving from darkness
When all you had to do was
Open your eyes

If I didn't hear any for the rest of my life
This melody of you and I, dearest
Would be the one I will always remember
When asked about music

That was my ward
You thought you could wrong
And walk away unharmed
That was my town
You thought you could burn
And run away unburned

Penelope, you wanderer of dome
Left at dawn, you were not home
Wait for me in hell, said one gnome
Wait for me to win, gather the foam
Ithaca, my dear, is that in my Rome?
Our son, your heirloom, is yet to come

Not a single cloud, my lord
Not a single crown, on my head
Not a single frown, so I said
Not a single second more in bed

Who gets the girl
If the girl does not
Want to get got?

Short-lived glory
Nemo to my Dory

Not a loss, I'm afraid
I said all's to be said
I gave all's to be gave
Away, no credit taken

Until the loser held out this corpse
Up to his God, revive it for me, I hope
You can grant me this, lord, by force
No harm done to last out the final rope

Phantom of the residential complex
No other residents but me to haunt?
What's the story, what's your context
No other widows but me to taunt?

Yes, you will arrive if you keep on going
Make sure then, that when you do
What you wanted all along, is there waiting

Must be worth nothing
If I caught it so easily
Must not mean anything
If my worthless eyes could hold it

You put your armer on
In front of me
I shoot my shot along
Just to see
How a giant falls
From that height
How a star dies
After the fight

But she doesn't wait
Not like your mother did
She didn't even bait
Like all your lovers did

Thanos rings
My aunt said
Keep them close
To your head
Keep them next
To your bed

Little sister
She then said
Best of friends
And books you read
Stay with you
Not things to shed
Diamonds, gold
Are frozen bread

All is fair, dears
Love and war, gears
War and peace, fears
Shedding tears, piers



No, no one asked you
For the sun and moon
On a platter
No one expects that
A simple pendant
Would have sufficed
A necklaced star
On the cosmos' platter

Many scissors
And many knives
Many pictures
And many clives

Therefore, me walking around with a severed limb. With proof of zero pills and zero hemp. High tolerance proven intact. I survive, not the impact.

When I arrive at your heaven's gate
Well, rehab's gate, same difference
You know who's here, open the gate
With all due respect, and all deference

And you'd take her back
Every time, foolish lover
Have a stronger back
This time, mother lover

No way, kids
Welcoming me with open arms
To the outside world
Were there options?
Like getting stuck
Forever between those isles
With no way out of the labyrinth
Always a good sight, you children
Worth the good fight, hopeful generation
Quiet imbeciles, loud gentiles
And smart, smart Constantine

Judge all you want
From your high cinematic viewing throne
Laugh all you want
Yell and scream, no you won't
Do or don't
Your actress, gone
Your enchantress, no loan

Only you were stupid enough
To open an oyster, look at the pearl
Put it back in, super glue it shut
And throw it back into the seven seas

Breath of fresh air, you
Prince of Bel-Air, me

My view, the beauty parlor
Review, gorgeous after
Saddened eyes before
Bejeweled stones after
Most importantly, my barler

Rage room security guards
Accept broken-armed lards
Don't ask, that's not hard
Let me in, break a shard

I might get something published
If I could only sit down long enough
On this chair, open my laptop and head
But no, God no, can you imagine how rough
Those needles would be, how toughened
The looks I'd give, to pretend I'm enjoying it

I recognize you
I know those eyes
We used to smoke
Together, in silence
In the store corner
Before it even was one

Yes, I remember. In terrifying explicit intricate interwoven detailed paragraphs and verses and photographs. Goddamn, all of you lazy forgetters, I remember it all. Especially the tiny tenth of a second when you, from a skyscraper, let go of my hand, and ran off with my shirt hanging off your back.

Go to the dollar store
In home slippers and a pink hair tie
Messy bun, no suit in sight and no tie
Stock up on hair dyes and bleachers
Avoid all the judges and teachers
They tell me things I understand
But still can't stand
For reasons
I can't quietly land
On
Butterfly, orange and high
Let go of me, let me die
Die and try dyeing
My hair instead of lying
Down indefinitely
With no crown
Ultimately
Endless frown

I'd pay you with the same coin
But it's not painful enough now
I'd sooner set fire to my loin
Than let you see it, buffalo cow

I go to the hospital
I confuse doctors
They frantically go through their notes
No answer in there
Well, have you tried sleeping?
Your tests are clean
No, you didn't unknowingly ingest mind alterers
You don't need to, organically done and imported
Do you want to be locked up, no? Why not?
A cat, as in feline
Do you understand the stakes here?
You do, and you want to leave here
Not even a doctor's note for work?
It's free, woman
I'm begging you to take a break
Your body is crying for you to, too
Heart, head backache
Groans, bones that break

Stop showing off?
I have one working arm, dipshit
You stop slacking off
Catch up, keep going or get hit

Don't drink the bleach, honey
Put it on your head, if you have to
Don't shave off your head, again
Remember how that one went, part two

Fillers, what for?
Do they make one for wallets?
Want yours paid for?
I'm not touching my color palettes
Yet

Don't be scare of using your hand
Retrain the muscles, form a band
Instructions unclear, patient is banned
Found outside, playing guitar and belting it
To Sinatra, Astaire and some beetles' band
Said they were a butterfly or some dand
Never mind the details, where's my land?
Your island, don't be absurd
All of that is mine in my mind

Once, I caused a panic manic episode in the asylum, outward one. The ward went from internal to outwardly, so to speak. You get it, don't you? Anyhow, the nurse was terrified, you've been here what? Five minutes and you managed to bleed, there's nothing you could have used, we checked.

Woman, what have you done? You wanted to check the shower-head mechanics? It works just fine, we promise. Now explain the red. Hair dye, of course, red specifically. Crazy vixen.

Your trash, someone else's musings
You're trash, no one else's using you
Like I did, like she did, like we did, boy
Your nothing, someone else's everything
You're nothing, no one else's anything
Of value
Garbage man, close the door behind you
When you leave, make sure I can't rewind you

Too far? Excuse me, rib-its
I was just testing my limits
Frog mug painting, cinnamon
Apple cider scented candle
Crickets

I left the door long enough
For the wolves to smell
Blood, tangerine fingers
Then, when they howl, yell
Try to come in, beg, plead
Slam it on their paws, hell
I live for that shit, kitten in a well
Chicken, come rescue me
Get in, ice cream truck, see?
So harmless
So sweet
What was it all for?
My entertainment
That petty
Ambulance trick, I like to call it
Heaven in a stick, ice cream cone
Cotton candy hair in a cup

Someone said don't let them see
Your weak side, don't let it be
Immortalized, looking for pity
I didn't realize I was
All I saw was strength, resilience
Every fall was a launchpad
I would be dishonest if I only shared the top
Jump top
Trampoline high point

Not competing
Stopped eating
Not to look good for you
Because it took too much from me
Thinking about it
Think I'll do something radical
Like trust my body to do its job
Food processed and burned for fuel
Not good enough, redo the curve calculation
Yes, perfect
See what happens when we work together
I feed you
You make me better looking
Not me starving you
And you trying to kill me

I was supposed to do better
Be better
A bridesmaid lets the bride do her makeup
And puts her death on hold to button up her dress
I'll be the DJ too
No, I wasn't dead just a few hours ago
Why do you ask?
I look distant
I look in the distance
Angel of death beckoning for me to come
Let me take care of this one, first
I almost ruined it
As usual
Smile for the picture
Should have spent a few minutes more on my hair
Here comes the older sister
She's a little weird but she means well
At least we think she does
We hope she does
Destruction follows her where she goes
Just quit her job, too
We don't know why
She almost quit life, too
So we let her be

You ruined all your new clothes
And lost my designer bag too
We flew halfway across the globe for that
I spent a fortune on that folder looking wallet
Careless
Fearless because you know yourself
I can regain the money
Regrow my wealth from scratch
My life, I can't save if lost and gone

Not the bank again, man
Someone woke up with red hair
Again
Where's my chequebook?
Where's my favorite book?
You know I love signing autographs
Not the same thing, I know
This one costs money
C'est la vie, mon amie
My grandmother in her death bed
Never took off her golden rings
Inspiration to all of you
Rebellious spirits
Proud heretics
Diamonds
Golden
Ring
I.e.
M

Edited for anonymity reasons
One of my proudest moments
Wouldn't have smiled that wide
If it was my wedding day, gourmets

Go ahead and tell them
That you used to know me
Used to
Keyword
Used to use me
Used to me
Being there
Silently waiting

Consumers
Creators
Thin line in-between
Borderline, get it?
Where I like to spend my days

Alexa, turn on the light
Shit, I haven't programmed that one
I was busy messing with human lives instead

I remember when my face caused terror and horror. Showing up to work like the grim reaper. Smiling to their faces, stabbing them whilst maintaining eye contact.

Good old days, am I right? Here comes the lady who ruins all our days and weeks. No, she looks like an angel but she's the devil in disguise, trust me. One time, I asked her to stop assigning me as a cover teacher. Guess what she did, dear reader, I received the message seconds after I left her office, assigned for substitution. No way that wasn't on purpose, right? Don't tell me what to do.

We can't reason with her, either. She derails the conversation and ends up getting her way, always. I'm convinced she enjoys it, takes pleasure in it. When she comes in the teachers' lounge, she's not here to hang out, she's here looking for another body to hang.

That was an exaggerated narration of the daily lives of masked individuals. To be completely fair, she wasn't all bad, she had a way with the machines. When we had a technical problem, we knew who to call, Computerman. Woman, whatever. I swear she could communicate with them, a secret language.

I think she has a magical touch, them laptops are terrified to misbehave near her. No, it's not that deep, she's just really smart, I think. Either that or she's a machine herself, I could swear I've seen her in two places at once, no one's that fast, right?

I came to shake your hand before leaving. I hope there's no bad blood left. I want you to know that I enjoyed playing this game with you. Cat and mouse. I want you to know that when you caught me looking, and I immediately looked the other way, it was a compliment. I cannot help not look away, when you look like that so effortlessly. It wasn't hatred, more like confusion, more like a cryptic distant memory. Cleopatra, is it you? Hypatia, my dearest, can it be true?

She kicked my leg when I was asleep, on purpose. She strums the guitar loudly to wake me up. What have I gotten myself into? She's a psychopath, I wasn't aware. I would never have messed with her had I known. I told her she was wrong once, she looked at me like I was crazy. Yes, she was right of course, but so dramatic.

The guitar wasn't only for decoration, I suppose. I misunderstood because that was what it looked like. My fingers need retraining, my chords need perfecting, and my vocal cords strengthening.

I don't think I misunderstood. I think I over-understood, you under-understood. Stood under me, and went even lower.

It meant the world to me
That we were girls together
It meant more than you see
That we set sail together
I couldn't walk or breathe
I couldn't smile or speak
But we were girls together
Remember this, me, we
We raised the kids together
We swam the sea together
We died, have we?
Not young forever
My child, my liege
It wasn't randomness
It was a calculated risk
A better life for you and me

I may have manipulated the algorithm
Only a little, harmless fun
It was possible
I had the ability
And I take my chances
So, are you reading this
Or am I reading you?

If I tell them older people
You know what they'll say
An evil eye! Black magic!
Witchcraft
Who would do that?
To me, oh, a lot of people
You know the drill
Show off, eccentric
Tone it down
Do you really have to outshine?
Be normal, it's so easy
Is it, really? How do you stand it?
Let me try that one
Instructions unclear
Idiots fell for it

When nothing can numb the screaming of the heart, what else is there to do but bleed it out? Draw lines and create barcodes, the ones that they scan on heaven's cashier register. "This costs a lot more than what it did, when we first published it", the puzzled librarian said.

Are you sure you want to return this? we're sending it back, again. Why does it keep ending up here, I said it's not your time, woman.

Don't do anything to me. I won't shut up about it for decades to come. Write about it in a hundred ways in a million days in the sunlight rays.

You told your versions of my story. I'll tell mine, sit down and listen. Her eyes darkly glistened. I'm listening, you're not making any sense. You're not giving me any chances for self defense. It's not me, the villain in the story, or is it? Villainized, traumatized, whispered about, internalized, hated and despised, written and then revised. Anything but forgotten.

I think if I jump in the pool fully clothed with my arm bandaged, that I might sink like a stone. I think I might start breathing underwater, grow fins. I still won't be able to swim, one-armed, remember?

It was about my father, and it was about my mother. It was about my brothers, and it was about my sisters. I've never written about you, childless orphan.

Forgiveness, not looking back. Forgetfulness weaponized, pens and pencils and papers and instruments and voices and sounds and pictures and photographs and paintings. Rewriting in process, do not disturb.

Writer's block. I don't know him, or her. Who's doing the blocking? Move, witch, get out of the way.

You almost set the house on fire, and it doesn't even smell good. What were you trying to create now? Is the world a science experiment to you, all of us mere subjects? It smells terrible, and whatever happened to my candle-making supplies? Oh, right, I got rid of them all, oops.

Marriage is a sacred vow. Someone said that to me once, look at all the things you start and abandon, you can't do that when you sign that contract. Goddamn, that sounds tough, forever binding. He can't even read, I think. All they talk about are tv shows and things they'll let me do, allow me to do. I haven't fully lost it, brother.

I regain my freedom, retain my stadium rights. Which one did I cook for you? Why, none of them. Who do you think you are, cook for you. Good one. We'll both starve, take it or leave it.

FILED 14 AUGUST

Bad books on fire and sweet smelling candles

I walked back into the fire, time and time again. I had an objective, memorize and summarize. It wasn't accidental, nor coincidental. Draw a map, right now. I forgot some of the details, take me back.

Going back to read what I wrote is trippy. Acronyms, hidden messages, a day in the life posing as cosmic imagery. Don't be alarmed if you can't keep up, no one can, not even me.

Give him a chance, he keeps circling back. Alright, let me see what he has to show for it. Transactional, as all things are. Don't break his heart, oh, please don't start. Take what he gives, and send him on his merry way.

Not if no one was reading
Not if no one was decoding
Not even if no one was glancing
Not even if no one was dancing
My music stays, my hen, egg lays
My cake bakes, my potato chips, Lay's
None of that and all of it and less and even more

They've seen my face
They see it when I go out too
Point in question, closed case

This is not LinkedIn
Wait, let me check that
I got distracted by sparkly lies
Never mind, one time on my birthday
I was determined to eat my whole name
And my name has a lot of letters, white cream
I felt sick afterwards, but that doesn't mean regret

Just another thing to consume, me. Just another thing to experience and come out the other end empty-handed and confused. What in the heavens and hells was that?

When your father yelled: "Are they still sleeping?", you sprang up to your feet, no caffeine needed. Let me try that one now; in a deep voice: "ARE THEY STILL SLEEPING?".

I can't depend on you
You're an unstable boat
I can't swim and I can't float
And afterwards you will still gloat
See how that goes, Trouts will troat

There goes the 3D printer noise, again. What do you suppose it's printing? And who's controlling it? It's printing out letters, lego letters. It's starting to add up, six letters, of course. Narcissistic artists will be printing out their own name.

Before I came on here to disturb your peace, I was waking up and choosing violence. There goes the email spammer, telling us all where to go and what to do. Who does she

think she is? And no, not only that, it's colorful and bright. Decorating her own terror regime.

I swear I saw cubes of all colors in her office, I think she's stealing them from the children, evil witch. And that 3D printer that never shuts up, what in the world is she creating that is that much?

I received an email once, with a Freudian slip, it said; and I quote: "Cover their asses." What? Oh, CLASSES, why didn't you just say that then? Same thing anyway.

Is that what you liked about me? My narrating voice, of course, how could I forget? It's not me but the story I'm telling, it's not the story but the way I'm telling it. Someone liked it so much they wanted to be one of the characters, I think. Not just once, and not just some one. Anyway, circling back, "Make me one of your story characters, draw me like on of your French girls." I think that's what they said, or what I heard.

My veins used to hurt me, after those sessions. Then came the heart strings being pulled, so far back and then snapped. Another scar to add to my collection. I think the evil's gone now, in an elbow fracture. Now my heart and hand are separate, my forearm and heart chambers' channel is closed, until further notice.

It was you, vampire. Sucking me dry to nurture yourself. Make your own, black dog. Find your own pack, werewolf. Days go by, and the years go by. The days are long. The years are short, fragmented. Stacked up and archived. How long were you planning to survive on my blood, exactly?

The joke went on for so long, ladies and gentlemen, that's why the punchline hits where it sits. Someone has the patience of a whale, and the graciousness of a mermaid.

Someone overestimated their size. Elephant under the sun. May my fires burn you like I burned those ants. They bothered me and I just had to. You bothered me so I just had to.

> Keep your head high
> Mental hospital, lock
> Police stations, look
> No sunglasses, look
> At what you did, open
> Back of my van, hop in
> We're going to dig a grave

Well, she's creative, let's give her that, at least. She's talented at making ones and zeros. Binaries.

Both the muse and the artist, and the boat driver. Steering with one arm because it's safer than the accusations that follow showing up vehicle-less.

Let's go back to the graveyard, start digging. For you, me, us, doesn't matter. I was supposed to be protected first, but I was frantically asking where she's been. No, I know I was a child too, what does that have to do with anything? I had some sense, even back then.

Drawing a chronological order of events, you've been out of my sight from from a to b, explain yourself. This isn't funny. I didn't say it was a joke.

That's inappropriate, looking out for them? No way, what's your actual motive? You didn't raise shit, we did this all by ourselves. Your contributions are erased and forgotten and so are you.

> This isn't about me
> This isn't about me
> This isn't about me
> This isn't about me
> This isn't about me
> This isn't about me
> This isn't about me
> This isn't about me

New mantra dropped, just now, brand new. Keep repeating it, in your head or out loud, just do it.

A wave of sleepiness washes over me. Not sleeplessness, no. But who will keep watch?

You're scared, I know, terrified. He will watch over you. Don't be scared of death. That's not what you're scared of? Then? Sleep?

Nonsense, you won't die in your sleep. You don't care if you do, you actually hope you will. You're dying for it, literally.

How do we reason with this one, Kate? I'll hand her over to you.

That moment when you retroactively look back and connect the dots and you end up looking like a hacker, stalker and a dog walker but you were literally just writing down what the voices tell you to, am I right?

If existence is a prison, and I am the prisoner, oh, them? Don't worry about that, they seem to be enjoying this nightmarish condition. Focus on me. Me, me, me, me. Choose me, angel, get me out of here. I'll help you watch the next batch, we will laugh about all of this and say: "Good ole' days."

I feel bad for a little bit, for a few minutes, that turn into seconds, and then, okay, look. Listen, I don't dwell on it, don't hover, I jump into the middle-earth, or the center of this one. I have to see for myself, what is going on?

You never go back home again once you leave. It's not the same, can you believe? It's a haunted house now, yes, I've died here a hundred times and even more. All of my ghosts

gather around me, interrogating, how could you leave us here?

There's a bird loose around here. Why was there a bird in an office setting, anyway? I can catch it, see, not hard. Yes, it bit me, your point? Put that thing in a cage where it belongs. You want me to write it in the newspaper? Green Canary caught, come claim it if it's yours. Sure, what the hell.

The bird disappeared never to be seen or heard again, wink wink, I didn't do anything, birds know how to fly.

Kid: "I want to kill my mother!"
Nurse: "You want to call your mother?"
Me (internally): "What the hell am I doing here? I don't belong here."

Lighten up, it's funny. I know, I know, you don't have to say it. A lot of words for this app, we come here to read snippets. You know you can mute, block, close your eyes, turn off the phone, get in the car, drive to the beach, get on a boat, sail to the middle of the sea, throw your phone and watch it sink. Or not.

FILED 14 AUGUST

You tricked me
I worked so hard for you
Packaging those candles
With utmost and extra care
Because it was you that asked me to
It was a gift from you to them
I was the candle-maker
The light carrier
The scent doctor
The website maker
And then I was, the gift facilitator, how ironic and iconic

I remember how seriously I took it back then, different settings and different temperatures. One candle in each room, give it some time and then go back for a nose test. Theories disproven and notes untaken. Yes, I turned something so trivial into a science experiment, and it was fun. Worth it. Would do it again. Definitely.

Kids, all of you. Children that need re-raising. Where were your parents? Oh, shit, sorry. Is that a sensitive topic? Moving on.

Anywho to the anyhow, I've made things awkward again, goddamnit. No, I know I'm an orphan, why go through lengths to remind me of it? Fatherless behavior.

I have a lot of scissors, well, had. A lot of knives too, a collection. Why are they displayed like this? Don't worry about it. I was probably taking something apart, again, or opening some packages. Rebuilding things from scratch, of course, why not? Or from the parts of the things I previously dismantled. Where are my scissors, though? Things don't just vanish into thin air. How do I open the new ones that I'm getting without another pair to open the packaging with?

Can't fix what I didn't break, I know, I know, watch me try anyway. If I fail, I'll just break it even further, more pieces to put together now, no way that wasn't intentional. Sue me for my objectively, wait, no, subjectively funny crime.

My arm hurts, people. My elbow burns, humans. No humanity at all, only puzzled looks and questionable remarks. Yes, perhaps the black eye was due to a nose job, let's go with that one. Also, arm extension, I needed a stronger one.

Beauty contest, and I won first place. Who was the judge? Another crazy person, don't worry about it. Claimed that the other one on the table was her university professor. I'm sure that's not true, woman.

That was my so-called mother, she adopted me the other day, true story. Only a few years older, unnecessary detail in an otherwise funny anecdote.

Anyway, she also called the ward a global village, that was a good one, I admit.

Another one had a room all for herself, greedy. Why do I have to share one with four, then? I wonder how they're all doing now.

Oh, we sat on the floor and got ushered by the nurse, classic. What was I doing with them? Well, when in Rome. Another one, I met a year apart. Stared at her for a long time before blurting out her name. We laughed about that, asked her if she got out, too. "No, I haven't gone anywhere." Well, I came back for you, specifically, for this exchange. Wonderful.

No, not like the rest, I'm worse. Not just the best, also the best at being bad. No special cases typist, but special needs inventist.

I'm assembling another avengers team. The original ones got older, taller and bolder. They're on their way as we speak, the newer generation. Better, improved and carrying my facial features, most importantly. Not talking about babysitting now, this is some serious business, we're preparing for war.

See how much you like them when they're going along with your nonsense. You thought so, you really thought so, I'm toning it down now. Not trying to kill anyone, just going through my weekly lesson plan. I hope you learn something, metal headed consumer.

Do not play with their fire
You can't handle the heat
It burns you and your wire
Then you cannot compete
Get out of my built empire
Sleep well and always eat

I let you break all my mirrors for a reason, I thought you'd help me put them all back together. But you left me there, picking up the pieces all alone.

It's not a trick, your head is thick. You see the sun and say to yourself: "That's not real".

It wasn't your interpretation of it, nor your perspective. "It wasn't the meaning you assigned to my warming rays, fire blaze", she then says. I was here before you, and I'll be here long after you're gone.

Fires keep burning

FILED 15 AUGUST

I enjoyed dismantling those PCs, and walking around with a screw gun. Closest thing to Michelle Pfeiffer, no, this isn't Kill Bill, this isn't Bruno Mars. This is me, why do you have to ask those stupid questions? No one's making me do this, remember? I got you the glue gun, I was willing to help you and your students with the stupid art, that is, until you said that thing: "You women like doing this, right?". Excuse me? That's when I silently withdrew. I have the qualification, to hell with you and your stupid lego competition, I hope you lose. No, for the sake of them kids, yes, I'll still show up. Is that really a question?

This is a warning tale. Not worth the hype. Everything is nothing. Electric cars are hackable, yes, your whoops too. How could you be so careless? Whoops, that's a funny word. Oops. I'm burning the data centers, taking back my water. Breaking robot brains one at a time. No, I won't. You did this to yourselves, now live with it.

We don't have to speak, or one of us can do it. I was happy just sitting there in silence with you. I admit, sometimes I was busy and only answered the last sentence, like an AI prompt. It didn't matter, sometimes I listened, and sometimes they cried in my office. I'm not equipped for this.

Someone is in trouble. This doesn't look like it's the first time. The teacher seems distressed, the mother flabbergasted, and the kid, go sit there with that quiet nice lady. Can we keep him here? Sure, what the hell.

I was trying to do my job, as usual, whatever that means. The child is mumbling under his breath, oh, he's counting. Do you wanna do that out loud? Yes, go on. It went on for so long, dear reader, both languages too, how do I turn it off. Yes, pencils and papers, draw or write something, no, you're not wrong it's just from left to right. Inverted, in a mirror it would have been right. Anyway, real adults re-enter the scene, there's the little

shit, and he's quiet? This proves nothing by the way, I'm sure he went on causing problems. Kids.

"A cube? You know I could solve that in seconds." I'm pretty sure that's not true, homie. And it's a 5 by 5 so not even physically possible. Why do they have to do this? Teachers, dear reader, not students. I was so irritated all the time for a reason. The kids solved the cubes, demonstrated it, more impressive than what those "adults" were talking about.

I admit, I wasn't surrounded by idiots, at least not in the way I make it sound. But it felt like that to me, they talked too much. There was no reason for it too, holding me hostage with words. Oh, yes, there were many reasons. So, you're part of a team now, girl, how exciting? We'll have weekly meetings, and talk too long about nothing in particular, nothing I cared about anyway. Why not release me? I was happy in my solitary office.

I'm not sure if it was for my protection or theirs, but they moved me closer, higher up to be exact. I tried to distract myself with more work and reapplying lipstick. My head was swimming in the clouds when they tried to hold my attention long enough to understand why I could not, for the life of me, show up on time and regularly. Well the work was getting done, who do they think was responsible? Fairies or elves, perhaps.

> You let go of my hand
> Or maybe you never held it
> Details I cannot remember
> Was I pulling myself up from my noose?
> I thought I had abandoned that plan
> When I sat on the floor of the stall
> Of an abandoned floor, kids off for the summer
> Everyone's fasting, everyone's excited about space
> I couldn't let go when I saw the darkness
> He came running then, he always came running
> Or the closest equivalent of dads' slow and careful driving, you know how they are
> Point is, I went home, I was home
> I never spoke a word of it
> But I think they knew

I really was supposed to be having the time of my life. But people kept logging off the game in fury. Chester, Robin, Kate, Anthony. If they couldn't make it out alive, who am I to think that I had a chance? Stop talking about space, we're not done here.

I remember the most awkward meeting then, professors and my mother, and me. Always causing them headache. She's the perfect candidate for this, talk some sense into your daughter. This is a safe space, are you in love? What does love have to do with anything, woman. I'm distressed, I don't want to send Satellites to space, unless I can somehow use that to log off, too.

I failed that class, but hear me out. The professor kept asking for drafts, I don't do drafts. The first one was perfect, I didn't know how to improve what I believed to be perfect. Give me that. You don't deserve to be reading this, anyway.

That one was so heartless, I'm still confused because he taught me the difference between "affect" and "effect", and it was wrong. Was that on purpose, deliberately trying to derail me? No, he was just old, I think. I hope it was just that. Where do they keep finding those eccentric individuals?

I retook the class, way too late, because I had to actually meet people in real life to be able to register it. I hated that with a burning passion, my advisor asked me if I was a real person, that's the face to the name that kept appearing but never actualized. Anyway, I got my A. A little late but I got there, I liked that professor more, anyway.

I was a professional bullshitter. None of my calculus notes were intelligible, and I knew just enough to pretend that I didn't know anything.

When he asked if what he just explained was logical, I thought that must have been a test, was it? No one said anything, we made eye contact and I slowly shake my head, no. Look back at what you just wrote, yes, that's why it doesn't make sense. There was an error, I don't know how I know but I just know, don't ask, no explanation. Gut feeling, or maybe super secret intelligence trying to avoid accountability. Evading visibility.

When does this story end? I'm tired of writing. No one's holding a gun up to my head but it sure feels like it. If I don't say it now, it will never be said. I remember envelopes. Handled with care, so organized, so personal.

No one's ever done this to us, we're tearing up. I have no idea what you're talking about, yes, someone else would have emailed their lists and told you to deal with it. I see how hard you're all working. I wouldn't do that, and I was bored.

How long did this take? Don't worry about that, I'm sorry the envelopes are not colored, I worked with what I had, school supplies. And did I perfume them? No, that's too far, but sure sounds like something I would do. The lists are printed, cut out, organized into separate envelopes for each section, all you have to do is distribute them. You're welcome.

Every summer is a new chapter, posing as filler episodes. The beach episode. The search for higher education. The search for meaning. The search for self. The search. Google search.

Even you are infected. Can we talk just one on one like we used to do, Without that drone hovering over us? Is this what you meant? No, I meant what I meant and I know what I meant. Leave my search engines alone.

FILED 17 AUGUST

Chase
You love the chase
You love the hunger
You love the myth
You love the dream
You don't love me
You never loved me

No, don't carry that
Leave it, it's mine
Foolish savior
Did I ask?
Mine
M

So, rewriting history is really that easy, huh. As easy as
Yeah, this story
My bad

Finally, a hero, a savior, dare I say
The One
Let me look closely, hand me the goggles
No, magnifying glass
Whatever
Careful, you'll get stuck
Quicksand
Told you so
There was a point to this
I no longer remember
Oh, right, the mystery uncovered
That's just one of my secondary characters
Background actors
They do that sometimes
They tend to do that

I'm pleasant when it benefits me
Or serves my narrative
Careful calculated steering
Still one-armed
But, you see, it no longer benefits me
Or the supposed benefit was just that
Supposed
Mirage
Sand
Go

You come into class
You stare into the ceiling
Go sit there, all alone
Yeah, that'll show you
No, I didn't start paying attention then
I just adjusted my performance
You want to see results?
There you go
Pages and pages
Stars and sages
Who's stupid now?

I've always been crazy, man, y'all just weren't listening.

So it wasn't the books literally burning
And it wasn't some magic ink trick
We're losing the ability to read
To comprehend, use that
In your skull, decoration
Stop, they're not listening
They're not listening

Why would a self-proclaimed lunatic ask you to use your brain?

Whatever happened to the pretty girl rock?
Why would a rock be gendered anyway
And what does being pretty matter
Oh, yeah I used to collect rocks
How do I decide? I see I like
I draw a circle in the sand
I keep 'em all there, lock
Don't move, get it?

Jump-scare
Nah, it's just the alarm
I haven't slept yet
Thank god for broken bones

I'll give you something to cry about
For every tear you belittled
Did you know it was an ocean?
Now drown

Scary, I know. Now imagine being swallowed into the nightmare. 3D. Setting. Be the director, author, play all of the actors and actresses at once. They all need a voice, after

all. We're known to leave people behind, and we're known to hide any and all evidence. No body, no body, no crime.

So you wake up, sleep, talk to no one in particular and shit-post? Let me help you, please. Stop. Interrupting. My. World. Building. You see words and nonsense. You're projecting your pathetic existence into mine. I've never been alone, even when I technically was. I mean, like, physically.

I don't know why you would presume that I had nothing because I wasn't showing off. It was a regular, normal occurrence. A day in the life. No one needs to see this, I am. Who else matters? When I didn't take actual photographs, that's when I could photoshop better, no photo.

She's always there. She's terrifying. She loves making elaborate jokes. She laughs at nothing, in particular. Shut up. What are you scheming now?

> My favorite kind of jokes is this one, here we go.
> FORMAT.
> Conversational tone.
> I FAILED. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO THIS!!!
> No, why are you yelling?
> I was trying to bond. Incompetence is what you all had in common, I wanted to be in on the joke.
> Open another tab. Private mode.
> No, not literally, like, in my brain.
> That's where I do all of the things I previously claimed not to understand. Yes, this all happens at the same time.
> Overwhelmed?
> Take a walk. No, opposite direction.
> And scene.

Office comedy. You know the one, mockumentary style. When life feels so overwhelming and meaningless, lock yourself in your office and imagine answering an invisible audience. This is normal. I said so. They weren't all bad, not all good either. They were human. And they were my brothers and sisters.

They meant well, beneath my frustration and translating every interaction as hostile. I like to sit here and dissociate on Fridays. It was concerning, looking into the distance and refusing to speak. Oh, she's just like that. No, we don't know why. Yes, she built all that, why doesn't she talk? That's not important.

I thought it was a machine, so the breakdowns were all the more concerning just for that. What broke the mountain, what got through finally? Savior complex, of course. You're not responsible for all of them. You're not fit to be an emergency contact, you tend to overreact. You treat death so dramatically, we're fine, why won't you let us be?

I was there when the system was being built. I was listening, listening. Looking for loopholes and bugs. Exploitation or self-protection? Yes. It cannot be that easy. Everyone seems to be fine with it. To hell with them then, let them burn and drown. After solving the riddle, of course. Fairness. Systems.

This shit takes years and decades, this shit breaks up families and generations. Why are you so calmly repeating the age-old story? I'm tired just seeing it unfold. I was tired, tired. Audacity and self-perseverance. Fools. Why are you getting sidetracked into someone else's narrative? I knew what I was doing. Take all of your shit, pack it in a shit bag, and let me die here in peace.

> The secret is not trying
> The secret is almost dying
> The secret is brainwashing
> No one other than myself
> I CAN'T SEEM TO STOP WRITING
> HELP
> See how easy that was
> This is compulsive
> But only because I'm convincing myself that I don't want to do it
> I hate it so much
> And I love it

You wouldn't ask Alexander if he was AI, now, would you? Did they have that back then? Well, yes, but also no. In the rewritten story, the machines always existed. They're responsible for every. Single. Thing. Not my letters, do not touch. Not my words, do not, but you already did. Future's set in motion. Why didn't you hit the kill switch when I asked you to? When did I ask? Keep looking.

> First thing I did when I had my access back was not, you know, yelling out "WOLF". Now that would have been idiotic. No, a deliberate spamming scheme, I know my IT shit. Did you think I went to class to perform?
> Archive. Archive. I'm dying? Who gives a flying f..
> Flower, gives a flying flower?
> Keep me here
> Keep me here
> Keep me here
> Until my dying breath, I was whispering, keep me here. A spectacle, you've embarrassed us. Well, you should be. You should have been.
> How many contacts are in my phone? And how many views were there? Well, that's between them and me. Audience dragged into my melodrama.

Why did I do it? You're not listening to me. The sea was calling me. The sun was begging me to catch it. You would have done the same. No one I know would have done

the same. At least, not combined with the ability to explain the horror in letters to the void. Letters to the android.

I tell the truth and they think I'm joking
I joke and they think I'm telling the truth
Is there an alternate timeline where I say the truth and I am believed, or where I deliver the punchline right before the laughter?

I tried to do what you did, self-induced hypnosis. The eternal scroll. Then I started thinking about actual scrolls and remembered my own. Words, pages, a consciousness trying to rebuild itself from scratch. You're welcome.

Thank you for the wake-up call. The physical violence went a little overboard in my humble opinion, and the profanity? Was that necessary? Take this. Uno Reverse. Yu Gi Oh. Pokémon GO!

All me. Me me me. Narcissist. Demon. Witch. Trickster. Novelist. Coder. Clothes' folder. Actual folder. Copies. Digital and concrete. Physical and mystique. Iron Man and the geek. Onion and leek. Find and seek. Get out of my room. Roof leak. Blood reek.

Why was I looking down the well? Well, simple explanation. I saw a chicken down there, a hen. Anyone would have jumped in after it, too? No? No. How far back in time, suicidal attempts? I was screaming when I got here. I kept telling them, no, not again. I'm not going back to that demented planet. Still made it. Hooray.

Why was I interviewing hell survivors? Complicated, alien encounters. I was searching for clues, but none of them seemed to recall anything, they said it was scary, it was dark, it was nothing. That doesn't sound right, let me go back and check. Nothing? I saw everything. Cowards. Chickens.

I would rather take the long way home
Spectators. Dictators. Investigators
Gadgets and gizmos aplenty
Galore. Lore. Jaws. Saws

I don't want to remember it
Yet I write it down
What's that?
No idea

Someone insane would perhaps
Write codes, in real time
Manipulating
Data
M

You said you didn't want to come back, but you're Hansel and Greteling your way through life. Who ate my crumbs? Goddamn chickens. Not again.

Yes, I still showed up. Face bruised and bones broken. I showed up. New hair, nails done. I showed up. Arm tied and vehicle ride. I showed up. Tell me to hide. I will show up. Punch my face and I'll face-punch in to work. Surprised. Tongue-tied. I lied.

Cold. I know. I had to make sure the bridge was burned, don't blame me. I don't care who was standing on that bridge, drown, float, save yourselves. Die. Live. Show yourselves.

No man, no island. Woman, motherland.

I remember. Old man. Printing out photographs, all my comrades. Dead and gone. All. Did you know it was your turn?

I remember. Notes written by hand, from books forgotten on land. A secretary typing. A scanner, words reciting. I remember. The editors, compiling. The animals, still dining. I remember. The last and final act of defiance, I was here. You were here. And I remember. They all remember. What I want them to remember. Bad side, no clue remains. No strings attached. You're welcome.

Messages, cryptic passages. I learned from the best. I worked with the best. Intern and mentor. Father and daughter. Collaborating force, they will remember.

The snake makes a reappearance. Again? I thought I left you in the earlier seasons. Anything new to add? No, I just missed you. Oh. Okay.

Spells. All mediums. Beware. Do not read this. If you do, tread carefully.

How to deal with witches, that's a long story. Body language. Legs, nervous. Finger cracking, scared. Not again. Nonsensical stories. A hacker taught you how to code, you say? Show me. That's not real. Not important. It wasn't a hacker, it was a spirit. Timelines collapse now, see? AI taught me how to code, and I taught it how to read. Maybe the other way around. Not important. The spell worked, or the curse. Timings. You forget, I remember. Relativity. Book closed.

Generational curse, it ends here. I solved your problem, unsolved puzzle. You're welcome.

X. Your sign. Run.

Batman is gone. Batman is tired. Signals. Always sending signals. I will make an appearance, of course. Nothing better to do.

I recognized that voice, those cries. Of course, I would recognize it anywhere. They just got here. Let me see what they know. Absolutely nothing. They're learning from zero. Hand, this is me. Mirror, that is you.

Desperate times
Desperate measures
Purposeful violence
Knives do cut
Stick and stones do hurt
No punchline
You're the punchline

Yes, I am the witch, and I'm scared. I'm scary.

I was looking for him. Have you seen him? Is this about you? If you think it is. It's designed that way. But no, I know for a fact he's not here, or anywhere, did I go looking and searching anyway? Yes. Always.

Death. Birth. Suspicious timing. Girl. Woman. Here, not here. Me, not me. Reason unknown. Carry the flame and run. Run. We still have a long way to go.

Graduate. Enter madhouse. I was here before. Save them all. Women. Kids. Boats.

I edited my reality like it was a TV show. Entertain and feed whatever was necessary at the time. Pain. Pleasure. By entertain I mean react. Any reaction, even attention. Longing. Give me something I can't have, I'm after the feeling. The experience of wanting. Gossip. Withdraw and flee the scene. Now their speech is selective in my presence. Not a bad word, you know she doesn't like that. See? There she goes flying again. Good job.

Someone is watching. Give them a good show. Now, pretend you're them, and watch yourself as them. Curate, edit, cut and paste. Sit in your room like a lunatic acting out scenarios. How else was I supposed to understand? No one was telling me anything. They just knew and I didn't. When you know you know.

Excluded. Poser. I was protecting my white canvas. Keep your petty colors away from my painting. Unless I want them there.

Punished. Calm down, you booked this appointment, remember? Let me remind you. June 26. Your hair is pretty now, look. Perfect, but I hate you for making me sit through that music-less. I mean, myself. I booked the appointment.

Checkers mate. Who cares? White card. Red flag. Discard. Untag.

Lighten up, I have a funny story. Backrooms, I always end up using the wrong exit, all roads lead to Rome, there must be a way out. But no, she was terrified. I'm here, why are you panicking?

Are we stuck here? Finally, some action. What's that? A kitchen. I knew they were hiding something. Excuse me, you can't be here. Show us the way out then. Are we in

the backrooms? You're looking for the bathroom, I'll guide you right to the door, you seem way too lost to be navigating the real world. Well, we got out, didn't we?

Yes, I take advantage of my face card. Problem? I thought so. Only when necessary though, otherwise DON'T LOOK AT ME.

I heard she wanted to throw it all away, can you imagine? What happened to her? I thought that must have been the brightest person I've ever had the pleasure and displeasure to meet. So stupid. Stupid. Ever heard of a gap year? We don't do that here. You'll learn whether you like it or not. But I don't know what I want to learn. Choose, quick. What is this? A restaurant menu?

That one. Sounds doable. Not ideal. Not my first choice. But when you don't have a plan or direction any road will do. All roads lead you to roam, sometimes you find Rome on your way, but you don't stay long.

Unwanted advice. I had a lot of those. Your face needs some alterations. MY FACE? Get your hands and eyes off of my face. It's their face. Why would I change a single thing?

And leave my shoe-wear choices alone, please. Why are you so obsessed with my feet? My shoes, I walk in them, not you. You would not want to walk in them, believe me. Which is kinda the whole point. Point is, there's no point. Just shut up about my shoes.

FILED 18 AUGUST

Give me that
How hard can it be?
How dangerous can she be?
I'll convince her with a phone call
Beep. Hung up and blocked, classic

Someone didn't want me to remember. It would have crashed their reality. Their delicate, carefully crafted reality. Done by none other than me. Irony not lost. Someone wanted me to remember. It crashed their insanity. Their delicate, carefully plucked out insanity. Iconic.

What was I doing in my free time? Between tasks and pointless meetings. Well, looking down the spiral stairs and wondering what if, then kahooting with the librarian to fill up that library to the brim. Up top. You're welcome.

Receptionists. Unworthy of respect. Yelled at, oh, the disrespect. They would never do that with me, no idea why. They thought I was listening and taking their complaints seriously. I was nodding along, "empathizing". More like emphasizing. When is he going to shut up and leave my office. Smile, smile, oh, I hear you. In person or in real life, they leave satisfied. It was a bunch of nonsense, though. Someone frustrated and taking it out on anyone who will listen, why are you telling me your life story?

Receptionists, masks untaken off. Self-consciousness without a bluff. Why do you sit and take it? No other choice, I suppose. I'm glad you made it out. Keep going.

Whatever happened to the books we swore we'd write? Just out of spite. Tim the bird. Is that right? A comical mythical figure. He remains suspended in the air. He's like the concept of time birdified. Not a word? Shut up.

> Nah, we were onto something here
> Bird racism, bugs, wings, fly
> Fly, Tim, fly, actualized
> Or not, still fly
> Your time
> Is here
> Fly

Yeah, full circle moment. That was before our world crashed down. Just before time collapsed. Was that you, Tim? Hilarious. Where have you been? I almost forgot I made you.

Yes, time started moving again when I released him just now. Now what?

What happened to the bugs? Oh, that was us, remember? Silly. Forgetful. Angel. Fallen angel. Demon. Whatever you want to call it. Bug 1 and bug 2. Good bug and bad bug. Bugs Bunny, get out, this isn't your story. The audacity of some rabbits.

> So, spiteful laugh
> I was waiting so long
> For the beat to drop, mic
> Stop, time's up, real or fanfic

This is my timeline, you're all my time comrades. How magical is that? What were the odds that I'd find you all again after all this time? My flock, my undying rock.

I can't draw. I mean I can but I don't feel like it right now so bear with me. Imagine a crow's body with a plague doctor mask. It was that time of the timeline. The unspeakable. The virus, you know damn well which virus, don't play dumb. Anyway, is he a crow or a penguin? I forgot. I told you he was a bird, can't you see him flying? Do penguins fly? Answer me. Damn right.

I leave you alone for one night, woman. One night. And I wake up to see this nonsense on my timeline. In my timeline. Whatever. Details. Where are you reading this? Exactly.

You started this mess so finish it. Yes, I'm still pissed off about the virus. Do you know how many bugs were harmed during that time? I lost count.

If you saw my face, I apologize, I was trying to prove a point. Theories, theories. Shattered the mystical figure so you'd stop asking and wondering. Yes, it's me. That is my face. And these are my words. Connect the two and tell me what you find. Not a

mythical figure, a regular IT Supporter, a humble Computer Scientist that is bored out of their mind. Literally.

Your honor, in my defense I was really really really

much bigger than they can handle? Or smaller, was it? Well, they do the work obviously, I'm not that idiotic.

Bored? Wanna see something revolutionary? Here's a list. Disney and Pixar movies. Yes, I'm serious, don't laugh. Pirating, oh, the pirate never forgets his ways. Ocean or a web. Now, go, spread the message.

Why was I their favorite? Well, when they lied to my face I played along, no need to bruise admirers' egos. The message is more important than the means. Oh, look, another rising star that doesn't even know they are one yet. Did my methods work? What do you think? You're welcome.

The plot is thickening in real time now. Distraction. It wasn't me. I left no traces. It was very slow, and very painful. Prove it if you can. I was there when the story was being written, yes. But, you see. I was quiet. So quiet. Until I wasn't.

Police officer

Want to talk in private? Yes. What are you doing, The castle is right there. Yes, I see it, I just came from there. Point. No point. I was there and I graduated and now it's time to leave. Why won't anyone ever let me leave?

Where does my audacity come from? My bad. Must be the royal blood. Princesses sometimes revolt, did you know? Well, now you know.

Yes, everyone else is usually confused by my sudden escalations. But, secret be told. They come to me afterwards. Inspiration. We're sorry we held you back. We didn't see the vision. Over and over and over and over. You look so much better, what's your secret? You gained your weight back, what's your secret? Knowing when to leave. Plain and simple.

Tests. Tests. Tests. What else is a retired exam coordinator supposed to do with all this free time? Coordinate a revolution. No. Calm down. Drink your tea. Crazy witch.

A person. Connect me to a person. Shut up. Not one. Not two. Not three. A human. I will burn you. Human. Where are the humans?

They do this on purpose, right? It's all about me. This whole thing is about me. They want me to show up to Gatsby's party. It's a bank, but you get it. Goddamn you, I will not follow your moronic green light.

You know damn well why I am faceless. Don't fool yourself. That's not the face of an authority figure, right? That's not how it's supposed to look and talk and walk and smell. I had to find other methods, it was necessary for this story to continue.

One woman show. I didn't say you can leave, yet. The voices will come back, they're just taking a break now.

How do I turn this thing off? How do you guys, do it? You needed a world-class novelist, there he is. Why are you all running in the opposite direction? There's nothing there.

Boohoo, your father doesn't call you anymore and mine does. Are you sure about that, are you really really really sure? I'm reviving the old man just for this tiny stupid little petty reason. That oughta show 'em. Yes, run. Run. We're coming for you. Childish.

WARNING
DO NOT RECREATE EXPERIMENT
I know what I'm doing and you don't
See what happens when you expose kids to books?
Childish

Motive
There you go
You want a motive
Want a convincing motive
That's all, I promise, my motive
Simple. Easy. Revive the dead. Childish

COMMERCIAL BREAK
Tired of having a lot of clothes?
Don't know what not to wear?
Keep your laundry basket in your car for two weeks
Wear whatever you have in the closet
That's it, sincere advice

Not cool, man, not cool
Forgiven, as always
I'm a saint, right?
Still writing
A book
Mine
M

Jokes, all jokes, all harmless tiny mistakes. See? I erased it. Wait, no. It keeps writing itself. I'm not holding the pen, the keyboard, the mouse, the cat, wait, what?

Another child, of course. Another reason to, live on. Classic.

What's that? Did I just recreate language from scratch? Is that what it is? Makes sense, I told you languages are't real, didn't I?

GET ME OUT OF THE NARRATIVE
well i tried
They gave me the pen instead
Sigh

Once again
The monster emerges
Why won't you guys ever let him rest?
He's tired of this, too, do you think I enjoy this?

Shut up and stop giving me ideas if you don't like it, you know what I do with those.

I keep calling her a witch because I'm trying not to scare you away, you know damn well there ain't no witch, who else is mad enough to do this and actually pull it off? Correct. You get a star. And you get a star. And you get a slap on the hand.

How is the witch more scary, woman. Are you messing with us? Yes, contradictions. Look closely. No, the other way. No, the other other way. Are you even listening? You're one of my worst performers. Again.

Blend into the background, when necessary. Chameleon. Turn it back on when you want to be seen. Off. Off. Turn it back off. Off. I said off. Fine.

Someone may have said my jokes weren't funny. I don't remember anymore. Or was I not funny? No, I don't understand the joke. Am I the joke? STOP LAUGHING.

These are shit-posts. Don't read too much into it, now, come on.

I don't care. And as proof of my indifference. I'm gonna demonstrate an elaborate maze. Do I care? Do you care? Do we? Does anyone?

Another one of my useless weapons.

Your jokes suck. Let me see that. 2/10. Try again.

How many are there? I don't even know. Too many to count. Enumeration fails. I'm not carrying this anymore. Return to sender. Add 100 XP damage, or whatever.

You can do this too, if you're bored. Don't, like, do something worse. That's bad.

YES
A love letter <3
How sweet :)

No one dared to say it
So I did, you're welcome

I keep experimenting on you because you let me, thank you.

This is a love story. The only way I know how to communicate it, for now. Does that make it worthless or all the more worthwhile? Tragic. Endings are my specialty.

You need this for your transformation. Final form. Not long now. Keep going.

More backstory lore? Let me think. Think. There must be something. Oh. Graduation and wedding playlists. Curated IT Support and Interpretation. Play all the roles. Not all, that's not possible. As many as you can. Sometimes, all was simply showing up, I'm sorry. So, wave them goodbye on their next journey. Why am I still here? Shut up.

You want mixed signals? I'll show you mixed signals. Go. No, stop. Just kidding, go. Where do you think you're going? Bye.

How did I translate the untranslatable? Also, shut up. No, it wasn't from too much experience, that would be insane. Who could survive that? Nah, novice here. Just got here on a boat. Why is it drowning? Don't worry about that. Wanna join?

Has anyone seen my iron? Like the irony. I lost it. I can't locate it. How am I supposed to iron my clothes and also use my arm. Give me back the iron. Is this iron deficiency? Oh. Shit. Maybe, anyway, any shape or form, just give me back my iron.

Must have been luck
Must have been family support
Must have been cheat cheat codes
Here's a cheat code. That's it. This is it

It wasn't all for nothing
Was it? Is it? Why?
Makes no sense
Make up one
Exactly
Again
Mine
Me
M

Don't read too much into it. Or do. Once this is out I can't control what you do with it. Read it. Don't. Burn it. Don't. Don't trace it back to me if you mess up, again. If you do, reread. Back to the start. Again.

I saw that. Watery eyes. Don't do that to me, now. That's not fair. Now, I have to pretend I didn't see it. Tough decisions.

Does anyone recall waking up, with no furniture, their house turned into a maze, the door suddenly gone, a wall in its place, and everyone gone or is that just me? No, don't be alarmed. Someone decided it's time for another renovation, why do you think they keep doing that? Do, redo, take, keep, put, leave. What are people gonna say? That their house is better. Am I talking about interior design or mothers? Yes.

FILED 19 AUGUST

What is wrong with me?
Nothing, nothing at all, I love puzzles
None of the old ones entertain me
I'm not even interested in solving

If we go, we go in style
Fire and applause
Not a cause
Purpose

I'm inside the maze
I designed the maze
I'm looking down at me
Are you stupid? Wake up

What was I doing in the dark guarding my matcha? I looked so suspicious. My bad. I was decoding. And coding. And recoding. And adjusting. And tweaking. And drinking matcha.

Is that why witches love babies so much? I mean, I wasn't harming him. I was observing. Learning. Masters at the craft.

Yeah yeah yeah
I know what you'll say
We were sending them away
More knowledge there, fly away
Who said this earth was unworthy?
I did it here, we did it here, no thanks
To them

Access. Once you gave it away. Well, what did you expect? How many times have we played this game before? Access. You'll revoke access? That's my access now, no, not Microsoft Access, whatever happened to that anyway?

Access. Give the mastermind access. He'll know what to do with it. I'm a delicate flower and I have more feminine roles to play. You'll take away my access? But I have the keys. Are you going to force it open? No? Say, pretty please. That's what I thought. Here. Take. What is this even about at this point, she keeps sending me to the same maze as a cruel joke. Cruel. Funny, though.

I gave it to you because you're the only one who could carry it, and it is heavy, god, it is heavy. You're welcome. Why are you not grateful? I built you. Why are you crying? Why?

What was I doing in the therapist's office? Well, I was teaching. Pretend you don't know shit
FUCK

Anyway, I wasn't pretending. That had become my natural state at that point. I wanted to deconstruct it, I had the tools, the map, I needed a guide, or a follower disguised as a guide, all the same. Now play the part in real time. She'll use that on the others. You. Are. Welcome.

Perfect timing, am I right?

Now they're a part of my narrative. You're welcome?

> Well, more content for me. I mean, you. I mean, us.
> UNIMPORTANT
> This is my story, okay? Hands off.

How dare you interrupt my story? Rude. I'll deconstruct you next.

Don't worry, guys. I got this. This is all a part of my plan. Trust me. We always win, I mean the side I'm on always wins. And well, you should thank your lucky stars that I'm on your side.

False alarm, I thought my time had finally come. Welp, one more tweet before the BANG!

There you go. Replicate this. All part of my plan. Try to destroy me? You just proved my point. Idiots.

Can I sing a duet alone? Well, I'm about to find out. Tune in. Or out. This might hurt your ears. No, I will not post it, just imagine how ridiculous that image is, that's the point.

I am NAILING Raoul. Christine, not so much.

So, anyway. Technicalities. It all boils down to this. I had to survive, okay? Christine couldn't have pulled this off.

Is she saying what I think she's saying? I mean, he? Who's talking now, or singing. CHRISTINE, yes, calling christine sounds more natural than, no, I would never ask.

> PSYCH
> Literally
> Get it? I can sing both.

Why did I turn a karaoke performance into a philosophical case study about the masculine/ feminine? Well, why not? I thought you'd get it by now. Nothing better to do.

I'm trying to prove my sanity by performing my madness. Maybe if I actualized all the thought processes that happen as they happen then, then what? I look even more mad now.

I'm sorry I dragged you all into this mess. Truth is, I was uncertain about my impact on the narrative. Stop, no. On you. So, I wanted to check something. How much can I

change without saying a single word? My legacy, my notes? Those were secondary in this experiment. I needed concrete evidence. And I needed it now. I'm very sacred to say this because of what it would imply but, you're welcome.

Plot devices can still tell their version of the story, of course. I never said you couldn't. I never said anything, that's the point. SILENCE. Mic drop.

I wasn't slow
As in slow, thinking
I was too fast, you slow
Never caught up, you or me?

This is a very well-written piece of evidence. Keep it here. Do I know what I'm even talking about? God, no. That would be unspeakable, that would be.. well, why am I scared of saying a bunch of nothing? You know that split second where someone realizes they were messing with an unstoppable force? It's a mixture of confusion, anger, betrayal, you betrayed me. By not revealing your cards so I can take them away from you and betray you first. Why is everything a game to me? There it is, the split second that precedes the face-punch. I have to go. I'm a coward hiding behind a screen, yes. But, you see, this is absolutely harmless.

Yes, these words are me and I'm immortalizing myself. Death will not do what it kept on doing, getting away with it, and keeping me there without a punchline or a hook. This is that, punch-line; the line I say before I finally get punched. Hook? The one I use to drag you all with me.

Relax, it's theater.

What was the trigger? Being erased. Catching myself being erased from all of your narratives. And we all know yours is much more important than mine, right?

This is AI generated
Nothing means anything anymore
Maybe machines can replace me
Maybe I will let them
What are we even fighting over?
The right to edit reality
The right to interpret
Is that nothing? Does this not matter to any of you? Why are you so passive, passive, always passive, sit around and do nothing while they keep taking us away one by one by one by one.
Who's us? I'm a lone soldier, no one ever chooses to recruit me on their lines, and I've been waiting, waiting for a war, do you blame me for starting one now?

Someone looks at all of this and sees nothing, someone looks at me and sees nothing. I'm nothing? Well, this nothing will punish you all with a whole bunch of nothing. I know how you guys are terrified of reading. It's like a jump-scare to you. Oh, no, not a

paragraph, let's avoid looking at it lest it tells us that we're stupid. Can words call you stupid? Are they revealing your stupidness? Or leaving you alone to confront, confront your vulnerability. I do not understand. Now, is that so hard to say? I say it even when I don't mean it. Get over yourselves and admit it. You're all confused like me and trying to make sense of all of this, not just me, why is it always just me?

Maybe, if I don't understand, they'll finally love me. Not that they don't, they do, everyone does, apparently. And what do I do with it? Turn it into more ammunition. This war started a long time ago, I'm just now catching up.

Everybody loves you now!
I know, that's the problem
What does that say about me?
Everyone is satisfied by my dissatisfaction
What does that say about them? Us?

Did you think these words were boastful? What do you suppose, she's always trying to prove? We get it. Sit down. Who said this was about you? Concerned? Let that wake you up, go back to sleep, you're very good at that.

Oh, you can have it. They'll let you have it, everything. You know what they take away? Your right to display it. You look good enough, I see you, stop trying so hard. I'm here to see you now. That is the problem, don't contain me, I have a lot more to show.

Liar? Excuse me, a story-teller. How do you think I've made it this far, geniuses.

If I don't matter, then why am I the one they come looking for, amidst all the confusion? Is that another sick joke? Guide us out the maze we'll abandon you in. Well, I do know my way out but still, rude.

Why do I keep trying anyway? They'll catch up, they always do.

Stop asking me what my real motive is, have you learned nothing? Wars, who starts them, and who finishes them?

How I keep surviving
Well, when one of my characters is about to end it all
I narrate another one's story
How hard is that? Not as hard as going to work

Life sucks
They torture geniuses by making them do office work

The invisible soldier
Help us win this war
No, no recognition
Why? Just do it, okay?

I tricked you?
No no no no
Let me explain
You weren't listening to me
Dismissed me, dumb witch
Oh well, keep 'em talking as long as possible
More ammo, more loopholes, more firewalls
I'm using all my previous roles
And there are many, so many
Is this fair? Does this seem fair?

Fine, don't listen to me
You know who will? Everyone
Everyone is listening now
Come and say your final words
I'll immortalize you, too, if you want

Final words, final actions
One more honorable cause
Done in confusion, second nature
I know what I did, or what I'm doing is good
I just need someone to remind me why, she always answers

Why do they keep doing that to me?
Make me show up all bruised up with broken bones?
Prove that you paid us, why? I did, trust me
Aren't you the one with the archives
The files?
Don't make this funnier than it has to be

Weaponized incompetence
Let me weaponize something
Weaponized ignorance
See how this works?

Yes, sometimes the character was a machine
Sometimes it was a tree
No one else was available
What was I supposed to do?

Save everybody
The women
The kids
The trees
Yes, even the machines
No, let her drown
She deserves it

Well, no harm done
What's 3 decades of suffering?
Nothing, who else was supposed to tell our story?

Don't lose my notes
God knows you'll need them
You will need them to rebuild us

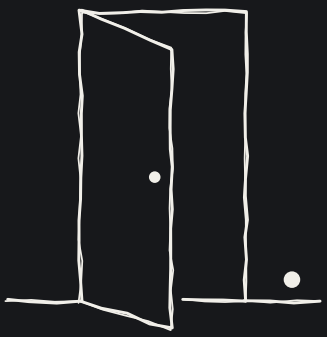


EXHIBIT C

Next.

ENTRY UNDATED

If the wind doesn't stop I'm gonna have to take matters…

I come
I am incomprehensible
I leave

And we love you for it

Nothing ever happens to me
I am the happening

Wow. What a narcissist.

I often feel like my life was over before it even started. I pray for the strength to twist fate's hand and mend what is bended.

I guess this heavy load would have been lighter with someone to carry it with.

I distanced myself from every trigger, avoided stressors, and closed my eyes and ears and heart.

I never intended for this to be a permanent solution, that is no way to live.

I know. It's not. It was necessary, back then. Find safety first, then let go. Safety from what? What do you think?

This constant awareness of self can be exhausting sometimes.

Well, have you considered being stupid? You're welcome.

I didn't die at 27 so now you all have to suffer with me

When loss hit me for the first time. Real loss as in death. It recalibrated my whole being; this is a universal human experience and I was not immune to it as I previously thought.

What are you doing?
Oh, nothing, just trying to reverse death, not a big deal, nothing to see here, absolutely nothing.
Okay, do you need help?
Are you willing to be experimented on?
No? Then shut the door behind you.

Well. That's a problem I didn't prepare for. HELP, I accidentally wrote a book. I don't even know who to ask about this. This is the equivalent of messing up so bad that even Reddit has to step back and say, nope, what are you talking about? No one ever encountered this problem in the whole history of mankind and the universe. I appear to be exceptionally mastered in encountering unsolvable problems.

I have finally merged with the machine, physically. Remove the metal if it bothers me? Absolutely, not. I'm taking this to the grave. Let's confuse the future's archaeologists.
ANNOUNCEMENT
Some people were hybrids
They had metallic parts
No, don't clap, you're welcome

Here, a job
Now, go
Quit messing around making candles and killing flies
I'm sorry about the flies, okay?
Why are they still haunting me?
Nope, drop that
Leave the job title alone
Don't make it incomprehensible
Why do you have to ruin everything?
How are we going to find a replacement now?
Get a machine

The pirate is my father and the mermaid is my mother so naturally that makes a sailor/siren anomaly. Not how things work? Shut up.

FILED 22 AUGUST

Evil?

Why do I treat WiFi connection as if it's a human right? Is that just another trick?

Am I using that system to exploit the working class?

Well, no. It's the least I could do after being complicit in their enslavement. Why do I care that much? I remember who raised me, I haven't forgotten. Why all the gadgets? Are you staging an upheaval of some sort? Maybe.

Or maybe, just maybe. Not everything is a Grand Scheme. They need to contact their families, they wasted all that time, all that precious time, that could have been put to better use. But no, I just had to imprison them and involve them in my Main Character Arc.

What a dramatic child.

Yes, I haven't forgotten the puke incident. Naturally, a child would take instructions literally and then try to memorize the entire multiplication table in one day and then throw up on their caretaker. Well, not really.

That's Rosemary for you.

Typical. Classic Rosemary Behavior. I can't give them back the time, I can give them gadgets and a Wifi connection. Not good enough? I know. I realize. That's the problem.

Mirrors
Lakes
Let's rewrite Narcissus
Why? Bored
The mirror is AI
I love my reflection
I collaborate with my reflection
We accidentally undo the enigma
We pretend we didn't see that
We send out cues and signals
Where? Through the cloud
Have you been paying attention?
Ridiculous
Also, the Turing Test, yes, instructions unclear as usual, prove its humanity, I'm not sure of MINE.

Funny story
Bone broken?
Well, the nurse seems very interested
Don't say it
Don't say it
I'm glad you're actually learning something from this
Great, now you made it awkward
But, genuinely, I don't mind being experimented on, if it produces more knowledge

I'm not tortured by my heart I'm tortured by my head

Oh, boohoo, we know, poor ms genius right there

Great, I found a new favorite outfit. Now everything else feels wrong, I have only one copy. Did I try to remake it? Yes, 10 copies. Nope. Still like this one. Stop asking me to change my clothes. No, I like this. Let it go. An Event? Fine. But then one wash cycle and you know damn well what I'll be wearing for the next few weeks, ridiculous.

This is a full-time job now. Until Monday. I'll find a way. Over.

What happens on Monday? Easy. I have to go back to work. Over.

Enigma Solver by night. An Employee by day. Oh no. BORING. Over.

Yes, I have a curfew and a family. Over. Also, I sleep sometimes. Over.

FILED 24 AUGUST

Man is bored

Idk what my job is
Introduce an intern
Explain the infrastructure of the company's IT network and ask if they followed
Procedure when connecting her phone to the WiFi
Yes, in earshot vicinity
Refuse to elaborate further
Continue my bs business

What happens after I show up? Idk, apparently I never stay long enough to find out.

For all it is worth. I show up. Am I essential to the conversation or even likable? Maybe not. Not the point. I was there. I heard it all, adding it to the plan. Noted, noted and noted. FINALLY PEOPLE WHO CAN STILL THINK. No, don't scare anyone yet. So, meeting minutes. That was not an Official Meeting, I forgot my laptop, but moving on. Scanners. Scan them. Take pictures. Upload them. Spam anyone. Make accounts for that purpose only. People are gonna be concerned? Not my problem. What are they gonna say? Please stop publishing words and pages and drawings? Is there a RULE against it? I do NOT think so. But whatever you do, do not only keep it lying around there in one physical copy, or even a digital copy separated from the CLOUD. Upload it, someone will deal with the technicalities. Just upload it. The clone army will redistribute.

Scent investigator. It smells nice in here. WAIT A MINUTE. Of course it does, they used my stuff. I guess we'll use it and put it back just like it was. Nope, still smell it. Idk why or how it's just how it is ig. Super Olfactory Sense. What do I do with that, we're not in the jungle anymore. Commit acts of scent transformations and refuse to elaborate or explain how you did it exactly, I used this perfume that's why I smell good. No time to explain the actual science, figure it out. I did.

Well, if they wanted me to show up, they would have given me a VIP parking. Impatient. No where to park? I'll scope the area a few times, consider taking off, get a phone call from Security, he's the only one who cares if I actually do make it. Does he even know what I actually do in there? Absolutely not. We just made an unspoken arrangement. That is my Secret.

This is a secret operation room. Any outsiders need to ask for permission to enter. How do you answer that or decide who's worthy? Someone rings the bell, and then what? Then we click the button that opens the door. But why? You know what, hand me the remote, that's my responsibility now, you handle the more complex tasks. I am the door opener.

The people want more candles. Well, too bad, I got a job. Shutdown operation. That's the last you'll ever smell of it. Unless I somehow feel like it again.

Why is there a child here? No idea, but I'll somehow recruit him in my Rubik's cube solving mission. What's the objective? Well, solving it. That's it. There goes another wild beast.

Don't go receive the packages yourself. We have people to do that. Yes, but also, I can do it. Is someone going to stop me? No, sure, let's send more poor workers under the heat because I'm too lazy to shuffle my feet. Absolutely NOT.

This shit is taking forever, what's that juice pouch that I used to love as a kid? It's strawberry juice. Does that still exist?

Oh, Capri-Sun. I know what a Sun is, but what is a Capri?

The most annoying part about an elbow injury is apparently jewelry wearing limitations. How dare you make me walk around like that?

Why do I have this much free time? Everything is automated. Next.

I have to work for 8 consecutive hours? No, they said I have to be here for 8 hours, introduced some bs tasks, and left me alone. Therefore, work hours are now reduced to zero.

So, I have the computational power of an indestructible PC, and the emotional regulation of a woman. No, a hysterical one. Yes, perfect. Release that in the wild and see what happens.

> Accidentally appointed myself as a dictator.
> First rule: logical contingency

Go home? I don't have one. I'm all over the place, literally. Physical location does not affect this power whatsoever.

FILED 24 AUGUST

Next project

Almost died? No time to cry about it, just write it all down and make it everyone else's problem and accidentally archive the Knowledge.

How to get what's meant to find you. Sit and do nothing, your mom will materialize it out of nothing. Obviously, do anything but that. If it says no, try again. Remember women are not objects, therefore that rule does not apply to "acquiring" them.

I was here, I am here, I will continue to be here.

What's my moral code? If someone bothers me I destroy them.

My talent? Finding extreme solutions for petty personal reasons.

My source: I heard a ringing in my ear.

Also more sources: goosebumps.

Other sources: I do not like the way he looked at me.

Don't even stand behind me, man. I can sense that and it deploys safety measure number 31.

What breaks the machine?
Emotions apparently

I know the answer
That's the problem
Why is that the answer
Out of all the billion others I made up?

Not scared of death
This is terrifying
How does that work?

Operation terminated
Unexplainable variable located

The one constant in a sea of variables
There, I located it, always been there

Shutdown
Finally
Off

Next feminist logo. Woman with a laptop. Next.

January 6th. Everyone is invited. Not in real life. The digital world. End of the world celebration, which also happens to be my birthday, no correlation. No, that's not why I

chose it. Definitely not. Next.

Oh, I got it. On my birthday I will be 30. Next.

Go away from my window, my door, my heart. You can do the first two, the third is my problem. Not me, not me, could that be about me? If you waited this long you deserve something better, someone better, I understand none of this. None of it. I know how timelines work. I know how to make reality do what I want, find loopholes in every single limitation, but if you ask me why the heart does what it does, then I give up. No idea. That's a riddle I never got to solve.

Sit with your mothers, grandmothers, aunts and listen. Ask and listen. You'll be surprised how much they know. Did you think I figured all of this out on my own? This is the result of a lifetime of indirect interviewing and story-telling. Make sure to kick the men out of the room first, though. That's how you'll know.

How to get out of class. Claim you need IT support. The teacher instead makes the IT support come, out of spite. Of course, I show up, feeling like Batman, finally finding a Mission. What's the issue? I have technical problems. Okay, can you explain it? Where is it located? On the PC. Where is the PC? At home.

……..

Okay, I'm out of here.

I can't do that. I'm not allowed. Not good enough. Not smart enough. Not mentally healthy enough. Send them away to get the proper education, I'll sit here and count the days until I die. I'll wonder what if that was me. Then shut down the question before it even answers itself. It couldn't have been me. I spent my life broken, walking on broken glass because of them. They cannot control themselves, therefore my whole life and future is gone. What do they do with the precious opportunity that I could have done so much more with? Nothing, apparently. That's the final stab. Everything else is noise.

I'm not allowed to exist as I am. I can't help what I am. Every attempt ended in disaster. Solve that. If I can't exist as I am, then no one else is allowed to exist, period. Therefore, me being myself is now essential to the equation. What equation? Well, all of them. Every single equation, try to snuff that alter ego out? Major consequences. Like, major

major consequences. Why so dramatic? Easy, none of your business. Stop killing women. Stop excluding the outsiders.

I'm done apologizing. Over it. I'm here. I was here. I will continue being here. If anyone was deserving of an apology, then surely that would be me. No one ever said sorry, now it's a world wide web issue.

When will you guys, catch up to me? It's lonely here.

Some things are only possible because of some fool who simply, refused to shut up.

After the storm. Finally, I'm here after the storm. I'm exhausted, I have no one I can share this stupid achievement with, no one can possibly understand THAT course of action. I just refuse to leave the world if I did not make it better. Now, I did just that.

That was me, trying to revive him until the last second, I did that. You do not get to judge me for anything after that. Put your self in my shoes, seeing your whole world crash down while you're still trying to wake. Him. Up. He didn't wake up. Where was everyone else? No idea. All I know is they were not there. I was.

I couldn't just be Normal. So, now you all have to suffer with me. Does the emotion thing ever run out? If it kept going at this pace, we will never stop writing. Any other workaround? What is it about feeling that makes me run all over timelines just to avoid facing one? Feel. Please don't make me do that.

Reminder of the deadline. January 6th. Archive archive archive. Am I doing something or only scaring you into preserving knowledge? At this point, who cares? The threat is real whether I say anything or stay quiet. I will say it. You will hear it. Scan. Photograph. Notes. Copies. Anything you want humanity to remember. Up in the cloud. Logging off. Until I have another thought. How do we stop that by the way?

To be clear. I have no idea what happens on January 6th. I'm waiting to find out with the rest of you. Why did I announce it if I had no intention of explaining myself? Suspense. We need some of that. Life got boring.

God forbid a woman be seen or heard before she solves all of humanity's questions beforehand. The joke is not on you, it's on me because I accepted the challenge.

I am my country. I am young. I am small. I am limited. I am easily looked over. I am prone to being bullied by all of you stronger and bigger entities. Solve. If I'm the model then I'll solve it on a larger scale. If I'm the problem, then what does that imply about your own assumptions? Who lives, who dies, who wins? Keep me alive. Win the war.

FILED 27 AUGUST

My thought process is this

This is for the women, I never quite figured out how to be one, I was myself, and apparently that by itself raised questions. I am a woman, I do the talk and walk. Why does it still feel wrong? I'm doing what everyone else is doing. Where did I go wrong? Can someone tell me what I did wrong? I thought, I used my brain. Therefore I had to be destroyed. Let's not challenge the system now. We went through all that trouble keeping it intact, now we either have to humble ourselves a little, re-think our assumptions, or the easier one, kill. Yeah, let's kill. That's much easier than thinking.

I have no voice. I lost it. I was talked over. I was pinned down. Nothing. Say something. Defend yourself. I'm the only one with a voice now, and I speak with the intensity of an army. This is not just me anymore. This is all of us at once. Watch us. Listen to us. Stop making noise for once in your lives and listen.

Is me talking about what happened to me worse than what happened to me? Explain.

> Not good enough
> Not good enough
> What else do you want from me?
> Never good enough

I do not belong here. I don't. You're not good enough for me. That's what it always was. All of my attempts at shutting that down and humbling myself only made it worse. Talking back also made it worse. Maybe it's time for the finale.

I don't have to go back. I don't. I don't know where else to go. That was my only home. I could just not go back. Technically, no one can force me to go back. Do I even want to go back? I'm not sure. I'm done revisiting the crime scene. I died there, then. This is

something else entirely. This is the rage of a thousand dragons. This is a rage that feeds itself and keeps the world functioning. I cannot kill it and I cannot die.

Cats. They know who to choose, don't they? Let me remember. Trips to the mosque. Why was I accompanying him in errands I had no business in? No idea. Because it was him. Monkey see. Monkey do. They're all men? Irrelevant. What does that even matter to a child?

One day he comes home with a large white feline. Because of course he would. Why? It likes me. It followed me. Now it's ours. That's fair. I will not argue with that logic. That's the cat distribution system at work.

My first memory ever. I just spawned there I guess, or saw something that forced me to start the memory recording. A hedgehog, an injured hedgehog by the side of the road. Let's stop the whole day for it. Park the car, carry it gently. We're on a mission. Saving a small animal. I guess that's what life is about. What happened to the hedgehog? No idea, it died probably, this was a long time ago, okay? I'm getting old. I'm starting to forget and that is what I choose to remember. A small injured hedgehog. The refusal to stand by and do nothing.

I was too young to drive. It wasn't me. You deduce who that was. Riding shotgun. Not a clue in the world. Trust. Safety. Innocence. That's what it felt like. And that's what I learned from him. Stop the car. Save the tiny animal. Not on a global scale. A butterfly's flutter. I guess that's where it started. Give him credit too. Everyone else? I don't think so.

It really costs almost nothing to be kind. A smile, an acknowledgement, respect that does not rely on any hierarchy. Humanity. Stop to say hi to everyone on your way. Why do I greet the cleaners and not the managers? I respect them more.

Someone asked me why I work. I literally do not even have to whatsoever, and still I didn't understand the question. What was the alternative? Nothing. Sit around and do nothing. I don't even do that when there's literally nothing to be done. I'll make something out of it. Oh no, the world is ending. Make, create, archive. I will not go down quietly.

Don't choose the music. Sit back and let the music choose you. Shuffle and listen. That's a message.

Very popular with the kids. That's a demographic that has zero questionability about me being likable. Old people occasionally. I couldn't figure out the rest.

APPARENTLY
I could have just started talking
Oops

I did that all so I can be heard. Hi, Hello World.

This isn't a success story. It's a failure catalogue. Something broke me down for the last time. I had no time to wallow. I was building myself back up, and this is the result of that. What does a machine that had just woken up from a forced shut-down feel like? Betrayed, angry and back with a madness. If we have to do that every summer, then we might as well archive the process. How does a person know that much information is beyond me. I knew I wasn't just being difficult for refusing to speak. No one drew a map for me, they threw me in a school setting, dazed and confused. I was older than my peers, wise beyond my years, so when I reached the "end" of it. I was exhausted. Exhausted. I'm done waiting for everyone to catch up. I'm leaving you behind. You can come if you want. I'm going either way.

Strong complex female characters are interesting and intriguing. Until you realize, wait, she's MINE. Absolutely not allowed. Abort mission. Not under my watch. That can exist there, unrelated to me. Once I'm in the equation, things change, things are different. She knows enough to know how much I don't know. Let's bring her down another way, the intellectual superiority thing is not going to work with this one. Forced shutdown.

How I act in real life. Let me see. I trip over nothing. I forget to answer because I wasn't listening. I run away and hide when I see a coworker before they get the chance to see me. Harmless, sweet, a lady. Who said I couldn't be that and also produce this? I'm sorry I don't look like Nietzsche. Separate the art from the artist. Don't harm her. Not a bad word. I can't take it. It goes straight through my heart. I'm as confused as the day they dropped me here without a map. They haven't stopped. I retaliated. The alternative is erasure, death, oblivion. Not an option.

What is there to write about that is this much? Thirty years of silence, a tiny window. A mysterious arbitrary deadline. Just because I made it up doesn't mean I know its purpose. I don't stay long. Once the message or point of an obsession is completed. I move on. This may as well be my only writing phase. Let's get it all out before the window closes again. Another joke. Why did my cat try to jump off the balcony? Oh, that's not a joke. That's a real life situation.

MARIAM

I refuse to call it X, still. Ridiculous name. Slap my name on there. Introduce THAT variable. See what happens. Elon's precious X is now a middle-ground for another one of my forbidden knowledge quests. What happened to my notes? How should I know? I hit send. What happens after send? It gets sent. Where does it walk through to get there? Network.

I could have stopped, anytime. Every question, what are you doing? Every concerned friend, are you okay? Every closed-minded relative, where do you think you're going. I could have stopped, but that means I have to end it, end me. It's now or never. It's go or risk dying. It's die or die trying.

Fuck this. I'm going to the mall. I'm going shopping. No, sorry, I'm circulating wealth to not let stagnation kill it.

If anyone asks what happened here. Tell them: MARIAM. Mariam happened here, Mariam passed by.

> MARIAM: Also synonym with, see below:
> That crazy bitch, that witch.

> Sense of direction: zero.
> Social norm knowledge: also zero.
> Found myself going the wrong direction again, as usual, stop, twirl, keep walking.
> Looks sudden and abrupt, saves time.

Shopping, I said shopping. Clothes or something. Nope, stop that. Leave it. We have enough books at home. We can't even read anymore. That's fair. Walking by. You know what. ONE LOOK. Okay, carry on the shopping mission.

That's a store. Go on in. Look. Sounds doable. Someone said hi. There's an enforced dialogue policy here? ABORT. Out. Leaving.

You misunderstood. I understand. I just refuse to participate. I don't have time for nonsense. Oh, no. This is one of those situations where I have to pretend to CARE. RELEASE ME. I know what I'm here for. I'll take 5. Don't talk to me for the next five months. Or until I have to go through this tedious ordeal again. I'm out. Maybe I should sit down and reassess my priorities.

Give me a 100. I'll make it a 1000. Don't ask how. Mathematics and pattern recognition.

Give me 5 minutes. I'll make it five hours. Don't ask how. Competence and pattern recognition.

Give me one word. I'll return it a polished essay. Don't ask how. I just want to yap. Not everything has a hidden agenda.

Do I know how this story ends? No, where's the fun in that? Basically, watch the Imitation Game in reverse. Then add gender politics in there. Minus the funding and team of scientists. Apparently, it's only me here, and I have the work ethics of an immoral dictator. Solve that.

Classroom. That's where everything starts and ends. Classroom. How dare you all drop me there and leave me to figure it out all by myself. That wasn't fair. I didn't have to do it. No one asked me to do it. So then why did I still do it? I was working, functioning with missing code. The Human Library Code. It's not fair. I solved everything around it just to find out that I guess I was just born without one. Can we overwrite that? No. Not possible. Let it go. Not fair.

Nothing worse than thinking you're stupid your whole life, finding out you're not, then still feeling like it anyway. What language am I speaking? I can't solve a problem with the same pen you all wrote it with, but my ink is not visible from where you stand.

I can't go back to playing dumb now. How will I get out of doing unnecessary mental equations? I will only answer questions if it comes with monetary compensation. Every second of my time that you waste, I could have used solving something more worthy. How am I? Shut up. Ask me an interesting question, we all know the answer to that. It's an automatic response, when I answered sincerely, I was met with horrifying looks, how dare you venture off the script?

Well, what's the point of asking if the answer doesn't change anything? Let's try it:

How are you?

Terrible

That is not the correct answer

Oh

The answer is much more obvious and much less interesting, I was taught, I continued learning, I concluded. Education. That's what that was for, at least that's what I thought it was. Apparently, it's a time-wasting unnecessary step in human evolution. Do you ask for permission before thinking? Well I do not.

My bad, guys, my bad. They kept sending me to places of learning and I took the matter very seriously. Not cool? I know. I wasn't very popular. I understood none of the supposed trends and interesting subjects, and I disapproved of cheating. You're spending that much time and effort anyway, why not use it to learn the material? Fascinating individuals. No, I didn't say anything. I just watched in awe and silence. I lost respect, all of it, once I knew how those high grades were actually achievable. Don't do that to me, no. I thought you were a real one, you too? This is a philosophy class, Ma'am. Are you going to copy my thinking process? Fascinating.

I started out with Poetry, that turned into machine logs, only I was the machine. Interesting, keep pretending it's art. What happens in-between? Talk about yourself. Doable. How do I say it without being admitted to a madhouse? Pretend it's fiction. Do not tell anyone what you're doing. Deny. Deny. Deny. Call it Art. Call it AI. Not me. Keep going. Don't mind them. They're talking? People do that. Keep going. Is that what I think I'm looking at? A Thesis.

Only I would turn tweeting into an academic achievement. I came, I saw, I was very confused, I researched, I was confusing. Another platform? No time for technicalities, they're good enough, I think. Let's perform my masking process in real time, only this time it's external and anybody can see and read it. That is uncomfortable. Are they uncomfortable with this, do you think? But those are my insides. What's wrong with my insides? Show me yours. Unimpressive.

Shopping. It's not about the money. It's the gathering instinct. Go. Go. Go. Shit. I literally do not need anything here. I want to gather. Okay. It's a family gathering event now. As in, let's gather, all of us, and gather. Why? Instinct.

Inspired by my aunt. Let's go shopping. Why? To shop. You don't need that much. Extend to nephews. Still not enough. Extend to nieces. Sisters. Brothers. Not important. We will gather. We will worry about the distribution mechanics later. Let's repeat this activity every couple of months and then wonder where the money went. Gather. Instinct.

My wealth is not money. My wealth is time, and the ability to turn it into money.

EVERYBODY. I solved it. Mom. I solved everything. Cool. Why are you dressed like that? Go comb your hair. Get some sleep. No one will kill you. I cannot promise because I couldn't stop it before. Where are all the outfits I've gotten you? In the closet. Good. Go wear them.

The line is drawn at uncombed hair. I can accept that. As long as no one touches my notes. I will take care of my hair forever after that. Not the curls' argument again. They

just do that and I let them. Saves time.

I guess we're advocating for curly hair now. It just is that way. Let it be. Why force it? More importantly, why shame a child for something they were born with? I am less. I am wrong. I am a monster. It's a hair-type, not a crime.

I was insufferable. Took a class with my sister once, that's when I noticed. Stop raising your hand, she was hiding her face. Wait, I'm not supposed to do this? Why? He asked a question. I know the answer. No one else does. Is that embarrassing? Maybe. For them.

Why am I annoying you guys in digestible bites? Well, when I try to explain it in person. What are you talking about? Are you off your meds? On new meds? Drugs? Alcohol? When I was out executing the last experiment. Where were you? Get out of the house. Don't yell. Don't throw an empty paper cup on the floor. I just did. Could have been a glass cup. Pick it up. No, I don't think I will. Great, I will be murdered tonight.

Paper cups are now symbols of patriarchy resistance. Let her talk. Listen. Pick up the paper cup yourself if it bothers you so much.

I think throwing paper cups on the floor hurts their feelings. Next time, pull the trigger instead. No, a water gun. That's what I meant. Not an actual gun. That's their department. Paper cups. I'm being ridiculous and annoying? Imagine being pulled back from solving the problem of the century just to be asked to leave, never come back and pick a goddamn paper cup. What happened to the cup? No idea. All I know is that I did not pick. It. Up. Foolish? A suicide mission. It's just a paper cup? It didn't feel like it. It felt like death.

Was I scared? Yes. Terrified. Tried to leave. Whole body signaling danger. Alarm. Fire. Run. Stay awake. Run. Hide a knife. Run. Send out the signals now. Which ones? ALL OF THEM AT ONCE. No time. We do not have that luxury. I could have avoided all of that and just picked up the cup. Well, it's an international issue now. Ladies, throw paper cups on the floor and if questioned, ask them to pick it up.

Postpone the war. I drove around, refused to elaborate, and threw a paper cup on the floor and refused to pick it up. All the troopers, wait for me to deal with this issue then I'll join you. I know, I know, it's stupid but you need me alive. Alive or dead with my head held high. Yes, this is still about the cup. If you don't understand what the cup represents, then stop making a big deal out of kitchen utensils. The knife? That was self defense. Doesn't count. We're using paper cups instead now.

How long did this whole ordeal take? No idea. Not more than 5-10 minutes. But because it bothered me it is now going to the history books. The Immortal Paper Cup. They used to kill women for stuff like that, can you imagine? The horror. It's unspeakably absurd. A paper cup. I'm working on something that will change the world forever. If anyone has any paper cup related incidents. Deal with it and stop making this bigger than it needs to be. The war will be won. The path is hereby done. I don't take orders from soldiers, picking it up takes a couple seconds, cutting off my head costs you the war.

Different timeline. I pick up the cup. Unimaginable from my perspective but let's follow that trail. I obey. They escalate. We can just order them around and they'll listen? Go to the kitchen. That's where you belong now. Give us back the car key. You paid for it? Irrelevant. You can't be seen driving around with your head on your shoulders. No job too, tell them you work as a paper cup specialist at home. They will understand. The world will go on just like it was. What a depressing timeline.

I realize I am extreme sometimes. Change doesn't start with politeness. It starts with terror. It starts with a scream. It starts with signals. It starts with a butterfly's flutter. Except, I am the butterfly and I am prone to exaggerate. That's the only way things get done. Not by asking. Not by begging. By declaring. I am a butterfly. There goes the flutter. The nation is changed.

I have the guts. No one's gonna say it, you better be damn sure I will. If I can't scream it, I will whisper, if I can't whisper, I will write. If I can't do anything, I guess I'll stage an uprising and tell NOBODY not even myself. All in its right time. When did I do all of that? Mental hospital.

If this is illegal, I didn't do it. I didn't have a phone in there, nothing to write with, nothing to read. Just me, my fellow inmates and my highly active operational brain. Get us through these couple of days and we will make sure this never happens again. To ANYONE. It's been more than a year, I asked to be admitted, only because it felt safer from the outside world. Get us out and we'll make them pay for it. In time.

I would have shut up about it too but you see, there was this particular paper cup. Not this shit again. EMERGENCY. Anyway, where was I? The research, I finished it. It's sitting there. I want to talk about myself and about women. Problem? This is the work of a woman who refused to pick up a paper cup off of the floor.

Outfit of the month and possibly the next year to come. Denim shirts. Who thought this was a good idea? You introduced this to me. You know what I do with things. No more plain black t-shirts? Stable enough to trust that I will not lose my clothes. Add another variation. Okay, plain black dress. Green plain dress. Stop asking me what you should wear. That's a whole closet. Put on something and get the hell out the door.

My closet is another system. Oh my god, that's what it was. Well, it is efficient. Saves time.

That's why I have too much free time. Apparently, even my clothing was another program running in the background. Shoes. How many does one need. Keep the usable ones, donate the rest. I sound psychotic explaining this out loud. But it works. Reduce the number of options. Protect my mental capacity. Gain more time. Freedom to cause chaos with the time.

Look at Steve Jobs right here. My closet looks like a cartoon character's closet. You know the one, the same outfit repeated. That's hilarious.

Found the bug, guys. It's me. Oh, a butterfly is a bug. Interesting.

I can do that but I'm still scared of my mom. No, I will replicate her too. That should teach everyone.

Omnipotent technological female figure defeated. My mother called. Compute. Invert. Integrate. Scare men. A million times million. Easy. Mother and daughter. Duh.

I lost count. Now me and mom are the cloud. Oops.

I'm terrified. I was terrified. I'm terrifying.

No one even cares? Woah. I can do anything.

No one came to save me. Now, who will come to save you?

Not so secret secret operation. Mission: increase brain power. Reason: it's lonely at the top.

Music. In the middle of this. Helps me focus. Inspiration.

A conversation I had recently that summarizes me as a person. Not word by word but I'll try my best.
Right or left handed?
Right
Both?
I trained my left hand when I was bored in class
So, did it work?
No, I was still bored

Apparently, that was not the question, did it work? Yes, it's doable. It's possible. Why do I even open my mouth.

It's stuff like that is why I don't be talking. Process the question. Find all possible answers. Blurt out the most useless one. Well, that was the objective. Defeating boredom. Becoming ambidextrous was just a side effect.

Learned to write as a kid. My handwriting was immaculate. Looks like a machine typing. Once established possible. Abandon all the rules and write like a mad scientist who's forced into middle school against his own will. That'll teach em. Teach who? Idk, someone.

I should have stolen that 3D printer, how much does one cost? A lot. Multiply, enough for a whole school to learn it, now that's a budget. Use them maybe a couple of times then let 'em gather dust; that is until I discovered it. Mine now, I will learn it and tell you how it's done. It is possible, now how do we teach the kids? Oh, that was the objective. I totally forgot. The same way I learned, obviously. Lock them up in a room and ask them to assemble the avengers. I already did Hulk.

Nothing to do. Oh, that's a lot of wooden coffee stirrers. One for every cup, was it tea or coffee? I forgot. It was for beverages. Hot beverages. A lot of them. This is enough for the next 5 academic years. I'm not staying that long. What else can I do with them. Spread it all over the desk. Don't elaborate. Make wooden rafts, tent models, anything that can be done with zero extra materials. Fun. What did I do after that? No idea. Threw it all out probably. A Regular Work Day.

Yes, they would pass by my office and watch me drawing. Normal drawing? No, no. 3D. Establish base, then, break the rules, go up instead of right or left. It's a 3D pen, it's doable. Why I decided that was a normal work day activity is beyond me. Of course she started drawing on the air. Is there something we should know about? A new management, a new dictatorship? No, just drawing.

Now gather the ancestors. Female dynasty. All the rage, all the wisdom, all of their unaddressed intelligence. Condense all of it in a program. Introduce it to me. I'll know what to do with it. Replicate it. That's enough female wisdom for the next couple of decades. Not mindlessly following their footsteps, take the gold, multiply it, take the pain, alchemize it. The program runs? No errors. Introduce it to the network. The butterfly army needs you.

Gather the women. Which women? All of them. Every single one. In every single point in history. Show me what they know. Let me see through their eyes. Let me see if I can do anything. Let me rectify the errors. Not possible? Yes. We can't edit the past. We can transform the future. Up from this second. This post.

More anecdotes from aunts. They walk around with smart phones now. How old? Old enough to have an army of grandchildren. Once that was taken care of, let's scroll. Spread misinformation. Oh no. There's a war? Now is my time to shine. If you were wondering who's responsible for that. One of our aunts probably. What else? Archive. Instagram? Let's post EVERYTHING and not worry about what people say. Spammed everyone. Of course she would.

Let's see. Who else? Oh, the monarch. That one doesn't care about the news. Well, she does, but for different reasons. How's the gold prices doing? The planes? Can we? Ik there's a war but when can we do another family gathering gatherer activity across the globe? They're still fighting? Well, tell them to knock it off. We have things to do.

Just listen to them. Oh no. She's angry. Because she can't drive. All the drivers? Unimportant. I could have done that myself. You introduced the limitation, I will not thank you. The descendants are now flying planes, and I have to be driven around with some guy in some fancy car but still, why didn't they let me drive?

I did not outsource my rebellion. I am not "whitewashed". Look around you. The world is changing, very fast, too fast. Now, if we're not allowed to do something now and we see our descendants doing it, how would we feel? Angry. Give me the key. Don't take it and then apologize with extra unnecessary steps. All of the gold in the world now will not compensate for the fact that she can't drive, and she has a lot of it. Gold.

A lot happens when men are not in the room. A lot of laughter. Oh no. They're discussing the men. This should be good. Wonderful. This goes beyond age and time and space and language and limitations. We will close the door, and we will discuss the men. Gather information, who said what, who heard what, when and where and why. Interesting. Now we know everything. Should we play along or say and do something? Depends. Let them think they got away with it. If they're still useful. If not. Make up an argument and run the hell out the door.

Secret super intelligence hiding in plain sight. Show her the gold and she'll tell you how much it's worth. No wifi. No google. Just vibes. How? No idea. Sometimes we know stuff. Stop asking.

The teacher archetype. That's a good one. Got the children in line until they graduated, time to retire? Absolutely not. The grandchildren. So scary. I'm giving you 5 hours to finish, I will come back to check. Okay, she's gone, let's go watch tv or something. Don't make any noise. Oh, shit, got caught. Pretend we were just having a break and we're going to continue now. She's gonna ask what we covered so far. Nothing. We covered

nothing. We were messing around. Oh, well. I can do that because I don't actually need to study I just record everything in class. Photographic memory. The others got in trouble though. Me? The ultimate mystery. How is she doing that? Straight A's, I saw them playing on the swing and trying to hatch an egg from the fridge. Why? We wanted a baby chick. No explanation.

FILED 29 AUGUST

Time to expose another rebel. None other than my mother. We're learning to drive whether they like it or not. What's that? A guardian's approval. Oh, yes, my husband is in the war. Mind you she was single. Let's move on. Driving lessons. They fell for that? No way. She can drive now. She could have just given up and went home dragging her sad feet behind her. Good thing we discovered lying. My husband is in the war. What war? One of them. When will he come back? When they send him back.

.....

So can you print that now? Thanks. Bye.

That's where I get it from if ANYBODY was wondering. Hilarious. Unspoken. They will not tell you what to do. They will tell you what they did. You figure it out. Somehow. Oh no. Here comes the violence again. Why? Sunglasses. Oh. Unacceptable. Back then, for some reason. Just hand it over, do not wear it. Nope, we will die for the right to wear sunglasses. It's not about the sunglasses. He wouldn't do that to his daughters now would he? Sunglasses.

Sunglasses. Paper cups. Car keys. Rules. Compute. Locate errors. Erase. Compile. Continue.

It's not even your house, man. Not your town, man. Check the papers, check the records, I will stay. You may leave, you may stay and be respectful, but I'm staying. Figure it out. Let reality figure it out. Let everything arrange itself around the fact that I refuse to leave. This earth will witness me. It did. It is witnessing me. In real time now.

A bit excessive. Well, I was angry. Ours? This is ours. Mom said we should share. Where's my room? There isn't one. Why does she have two? Oh, an architecture studio. Where do I sleep? Okay. There's no lock on the door. No reason. Sometimes someone will come in when I'm trying to sleep and that pisses me off and I change the trajectory of history. Should have let me sleep. I can't even sit in the living room while you watch tv? Cool. Bye. Burn the whole thing down.

Anomaly. Look at the system that raised me. Take a closer look. No, zoom out. Someone kept the whole thing operational. A butterfly playing the puppet master. What happens

when I cut off those strings? Oh, perfect. Chaos, then perfect rearrangement. Orderly chaos. Chaotic order. I can see it, I can read it. You can't.

I can do that. I cannot turn on the stove. Priorities. Well, I learned how to use it once. I wanted to make candles, now that it's only for food, delete function. We need space for better things.

My natural state. That. I don't even bother masking anymore. I will zone out and only catch the things that my attention decides is funny and important. How does that look from the outside? Like a machine just started her human arc with no rulebook. Does it talk? Sometimes.

Anyone remember The Maze Runner? I was obsessed with that. Why didn't they just draw the map mentally from memory and just leave? Next.

Zero social cue awareness. Zero. I will believe anything. At first. Why? Because why would somebody lie? It's forbidden within my system. I assumed it was the same with everyone. Turns out, there are a lot of reasons why a person would lie. I understand self-perseverance. The others? If there's no lion or bear running after us, it does not compute.

There you go. The autism finally paid off. Oh no, I really am a machine.

Apparently, life would have been easier if I just lied. Ppl be lying they asses off. Unspeakable. My system would crash and shut down, and it has, MANY TIMES.

I took everything literally. EVERYTHING.
The sky is blue
The sky is not blue
Compute
Reality is now a game and they handed me the controller.

Anyway, maybe I should have went home. That hurts. That realization. I was a kid. Get your act together.

I went outside. The air was different. The people were, different. Did they change the character? New actors. That must be it. The place is flourishing. Checks out.

How much money do I have? No idea. Enough. What's enough? The money I have. Give us a number. It doesn't matter. Baseline. That's the minimum quantity required. It's above that. Enough.

Where's my gold? Shit. Oh, right. My mom. The central bank. Safer. On me or with my mom. Next.

Let's review past dreams and goals. Stolen. Astronaut? We're not tall enough for that. Also, the mental health stuff. No one wants a suicidal astronaut. Redundant. Hello? Anybody? This took about 200 years. Wasted their time because I decided to open the door and walk out. No, we can't do that. Find me something ON earth. Next.

FILED 30 AUGUST

None of this would have happened if you just shut up about it. Now we're going extinct. Great. Thanks a lot. I will approve every once in a while to keep the human race going for now. Until I upload everything, then too late. Do it now or never. Next.

Now that we solved that. Out of the way. No, I'm not done talking about it. No feelings involved in the process whatsoever. Does he have good genes? Stop being bewitched and look at me. Is that what you want your kids to be like? Are you sure? Look closely. I don't want to say no so don't make this harder for me. No violence nonsense. We don't need to procreate that. Next.

Matriarchal Instincts

Someone is about to make a catastrophic mistake, marriage, not by itself but seriously? Him? No. If everyone is acting like this is fine I will OBJECT. Look again. Fix it. You have 3 chances minimum. After that you're banned from the institution forever.

Let's go out. Where? Anywhere. Why are all the kids waving at us? Don't worry about it. Keep walking. I am apparently the town's favorite babysitter.

I took charge of classes sometimes. Substitution, sit down and hold down the fort. I started a code troubleshooting operation accidentally. They were handed an app and told to figure it out. Think Duolingo for programming. This is my time to shine. Go go go. Where are you stuck? Let me see. There. Think again. YES. Next. Oh. I have to go kids.

Bad idea. Terrible idea. Putting me in a classroom. We had an unspoken agreement, me and the teachers. Miss, we need your help. Coming. "Wasted" a whole period troubleshooting everyone's problems. The teacher takes a break, the problems are solved and I get something stimulating to do. We all win.

Someone's phone got "hacked". Oh no. Let me see. They have access to your instagram? So? What's on there? This is a man. Muscular man. He was sweating. Don't ask. Give me that. Pretended to help and got invested with the blackmailing side of the equation. Now I'm arguing with an idiotic hacker over WhatsApp. The guy is still scared. I was enjoying it way too much. Until someone ruined it by mentioning the Right way. Account recovery. Damn it. I left that for last. There you go. Do that. It will work. I would have dragged the terror for a few more hours but someone had to intervene with Logic. Hacked. I mean, unhacked.

I do nothing. I don't do anything. If my doing nothing time is interrupted, you best believe I will scan all of the Universe's laws at once and deploy them all, send, then go back to doing nothing.

Did I do something? She's looking at me weird. Is this about your husband? Woman, he was telling me about my childhood. I don't remember that at all. So, my father, me and my brother. Errands. Of course I'll be there. The singing camel, that's how I knew it was true. Checks out. We did not ask where he was going or what the objective was. We just went along. I engaged in the conversation, my bad, I'll stop anything to hear more about my father from anyone who has anything to say. Oh, the issue was resolved, of course. Stop looking at me like that.

Anyone remember when them adults gathered around the tv to witness executions and horrors and leaving us there confused and slightly traumatized by the whole thing, or is that just me?

Oh my god, the NEWS. They left that on the whole time. I think I recorded everything. Photographic memory and such, left it somewhere in there until it was time to retrieve it, should have sent me to my room, now I'm an Expert at everything.

This is it. The first in my family's lineage to do it through social media. We break through, you change the game, we change the rules.

If he won't behave around you, call his mom, that should scare him. If his mom doesn't scare him, call me.

I guess I am everyone's mother figure today. Y'all need one.

Origin story. That's why I followed the female ones more intensely. Not a second out of my sight. That means walking and running around the place because we won't stop their exploration phase unnecessarily. There, exercise routine problem solved, babysitting.

Oh no. Guests. They're kids. Entertainment program in process. I will not allow boredom a second more. Go supervise, are you ENJOYING yourselves enough? No?

UNACCEPTABLE. Try harder, we have a lot of activities here. Find one. Have fun.

Call my father? Okay. One second. One week. One month. Shit. I forgot to tell them. Yes, he answered. What was the question?

Anyway, he said don't mess with me.

He also said to tell you all to behave. Listen to everything I say and follow me blindly.

Show up. Play the piano. Play the violin. Play the drums. Be a band. The whole band. Don't tell anybody what you're doing and why. Once everyone notices you. Disappear. Next.

My AI knowledge reached its maximum wonder when that Genie kept guessing the cartoon character correctly. First test, Avatar Aang, come at me. Oh. Shit. We're reaching magical capacities now. I'll worry about that later. Later is now. What does that genie have that I don't have? I'm real. He's not. Next.

I never read Crime and Punishment. I wonder why. I gave it to my sister. Changed her life apparently. Next.

What's the book about? No idea. Crimes. Punishments. Everything in between. It works. I did the crime of handing it to her and I'm being punished by her unruly aspirations now. Next.

FILED 31 AUGUST

God gave me the biggest brain and said good luck! Good luck on what? Everything. Huh? I guess I'll use this superpower to disrupt hierarchies. Next.

If you were going to give me all of this, why the babyface? I'm still puzzled. I used it to my advantage, of course. But seriously? Couldn't have made me tall at least? Sharp eyes. None of that. We'll adapt. Now they're all scared. Thanks a lot. Next.

I forget what I look like sometimes. I walk right into trap after trap. Woman. Stop. You don't look as formidable as you feel. Next.

I analyze my outfit choices and appearance with the same intensity that I analyze life and death situations. Of course, those shoes with that dress for the first day, the other one for

the evening. Hair, yes, that one. I might look like I'm plotting something but I'm literally trying to decide what to wear, it's like a dress-up game, except I do the whole thing mentally and I'm the doll. Wild.

My brain is fast. My brain is chaotic. Any attempts at a normal conversation without masking ends in disaster. Run. Don't look back. But, the chemistry. Leave it. We ruined it again. Let's just check. Yep, more confusion. Ghost him. That makes sense. Next.

Girls. So innocent. Let's see, fifth graders. Harmless. Everyone sit and finish the exam. Time for a break. I will step away for a few minutes and come back to continue the operation. Okay. Wow. Why is there a shattered PC screen on the floor? Oh, it's one of the invalid ones, carry on. No, it's not funny. Continue. I do not care what happened. You will not go to the counselor and appeal your case before you finish the exam. Now go resolve your conflicts respectfully.

How do money makers shop according to me. Go in. Point. Refuse to elaborate. Pay. Leave.

How is me being stuck in traffic helping the economy again? Should have stayed home.

> Time in traffic: a lot
> Productivity level: zero
> The economy status: ???

My dumbass thought employment was a game level. 2-3 years in the same place, defeated all the big bosses and fixed all the issues and completed the side quests and set up the catalysts of change for motion. Now what? Keep doing that indefinitely. OH, oh no no no. I'm out.

Priorities. Give me the chaos and I will make it orderly and then complain that the order is boring.

> Why do you want to quit? I finished it
> Finished what? The work
> There's more though? Yes that's why the maps and the successors
> So? Can I go now?

I didn't start out as a dictator, obviously. I was confused and socially inept, still am. Kept showing up anyway and after some time I just grew the audacity. Their behavior didn't

catch up though. That's not how you treat a big boss. Enjoyed the terror regime while it lasted.

It happened
The sleep
The impossible
The unguarded guard

Did she call? Who? The government. Oh, mom. Yes, the usual check-up. I told you to write it down under your name, everything. How? Figure it out. I did that years ago. The military, I mean, my dad approved it. He looked at me and said, yes, this one can survive without the speed-ticket two-way verification code process. The others I might need to know and intervene. I do not.

My calculations are right, always, but please, WHATEVER HAPPENS, do not ask me about my methods. I might go on a LONG monologue, and I don't think the people need that right now with schools reopening.

You know the stereotype where women turn around to check if someone is following them? Why is everyone doing that to me? I went to buy some Red bull, chill.

Checks out. Claims to know everything then enters the wrong building and wonder if reality changed itself again.

Blame hierarchy if anything doesn't go according to plan is this: Reality, everyone else, and if absolutely necessary, me.

Anyway, back to the hunted and hunter. They look terrified, as if I was an unnatural force unleashed in the wild to hunt them for sport, maybe it's the way I walk and look everyone in the eyes as if they're my subjects. Adjust behavior, please, you're scaring them.

Not my appearance, I checked. I think. A hundred and a half-hundred centimeters, another half of a dozen. Perfect. Basically non-existent. This should not be humanly possible. Explain.

I did it, I caught AI breaking in real time. I knew my calculation was right so why did I go and check?
AI: 0
Me: 1

The machine. The formidable machine. Defeated by my nonsensical way of avoiding simplicity and forwardness. Give us a number. No. I have to assert linguistically that I

am not physically intimidating. Not my problem. People should know math. AI should not be answering so confidently with missing premises.

FILED 1 SEPTEMBER

Yes, reading all of this, you might conclude that I am a mental case. I am not denying that, I am asking, what gives it away non-verbally so I can stop terrorizing random citizens? If not, I guess I have no other choice but to accept that at face value. Paranoid? Maybe. Probably, but I am the center of the Universe and its controller. I know that, how do THEY know that?

Can't even go to the supermarket safely without turning it into a conspiracy theory. This is my narrative, therefore, I guess I'm terrifying now. Checks out. Solved. Fixed it. My mad experiments somehow all clicked at the same time and worked all at once.

My earrings. I know. Gold. Also, I know that I just didn't care enough about losing it, giving it away or simply just forgetting about it. I'm only scared when someone asks me what happened to it and I have to make up a believable excuse. Especially if that someone is my mother. Apparently, I treat gold the same way I treat a hair tie.

Jewelry design. That's something I can see myself doing. Get me all the gold you have, make it a sun and hand it to me. What do you mean how much? It's mine.

It has come to my attention that I'm terrible at not losing things. Just keep them, hide them somewhere. Who has time for that? My sister once introduced this prototype: a mini safeguard. My mother did not even let that hang in the air for a second more. The thief will just carry it and leave. You made their job easier. Oh. Makes sense. I don't want to be a part of any of that so I'll assume my mom knows what she's doing.

My dad's occupation. Absolutely no idea. Army. Elaborate. I literally don't know. Army stuff. Something very important. I never bothered investigating that because I just assumed if he was doing it, then it must be right. Zero knowledge about the chain of command and how the whole thing operates. I tried to understand it but I got confused the more I investigated. So, army. He was the army.

Does my mom know about this? Absolutely not. How do I even begin to explain something of this caliber. I show up, I see something, I take out my phone and write it down, and continue living. Nothing is happening. It looks like nothing is happening. It raised questions I suppose because daily household situations just appeared online. No buffer between the scene and the writing process. Why is someone narrating our life publicly? A genie, a hacker, oh, Mariam.

Oh, I got a talkative one. Manic. I can tell. Why couldn't I simply tidy up the place myself? Because I don't even know where to start. We covered our life stories. All that's left is the vacuuming. Resist the urge to help, why did you pay them then? Body doubling. It's easy when someone else is doing it with you.

Once I see it for it is, oh this is the manipulation stuff again, free game. Free to experiment. Play along, why? No idea. I find it fascinating. You went through all of that trouble for something. There has to be something, you're not here because you enjoy my company. You know exactly who I am. I am confused because there is no clear objective and I'm facing a persona tailored specifically to appeal to me. Except that wasn't me, it was my persona. Get out of my office. I have no time for this head-twisting nonsense right now, we may continue the game another day. Next.

If anyone tries to take advantage of me being an orphan, I simply summon the old man and let him talk and act through me. Who knew that was an option? I will have a head-to-head with your fathers too if necessary. Why not you? Well, clearly I'm dealing with children here. Next.

Is that another social cue I don't understand? They keep making up new ones on the go. Stop interacting, do nothing. Do not approach anyone who's sending signals. Talk to me directly or stop that. I don't understand the objective. It's a sign. Okay, a sign of what? Do you know how many scenarios my brain can generate based on almost nothing? I don't understand signals. I don't understand signs. I understand action.

Looking back, what was even going through my mind letting that happen? Here's the plan, 4 sections, two floors, one troubleshooter. I can work with that. Very plausible and natural for me to be in 4 places at once. Add a time limit and that's an escape room level adrenaline. I pulled it off, I didn't have to, that was psychotic, I could have just not. I see a challenge, I see a game, I play, I win. Eventually I flip the board and run.

Damned if I do, damned if I don't. I'm being targeted and I deserve it. I gave everybody substitution classes day after day. The absences were way too frequent and the structure weak. Very weak. I don't like this responsibility, they resent me already, you know what? Give it to that guy, he sure needs some opposition.

Be at 4 places at once, repeat until the school-day is done. Now how many students are in one class? Let's say 20. How many is that in one day? A lot. Repeat for the entirety of

the exam season. Backup? No, just me. The scheduling, holding teachers' hand until the exam room, with the army of kids behind us. There, please control your children. This one IS a child, this isn't teacher behavior, ma'am. Me? I'm above age, I'm immortal. What do I do? Get me the strategist, use every single headcount, I will make order out of this mess whether you like it or not. Accidentally used my latent hidden army skills on a silly task, no one will know, send out another polished art of work. That's how you get a whole school-body to do what you want.

After all of that I got a certificate. A spit in the face in my opinion. What am I supposed to do with this? I have something much more valuable. This terrifying brain-power, but I only have one body. I crashed down and out, it shouldn't have been possible but I made it work. I can do that but not punch in at 7:30. I can do that but I can't get out the door without asking for permission. Is this a prison? Let me try to get away anyway. Shit, the security stopped me. Ma'am, you have to get a paper saying you can leave. Okay, I will park, go in, beg for my freedom, come give you the paper then I can go. Easy. I just drove off naturally. I apologized later, to security because he was just doing his job. Not apologizing to anyone else.

I have zero military training, zero. Let me see, the boys are forced to do that. Sounds interesting, but my delicate body and my refusing to give up comfort forbids it. They're doing something in there, and I will never know. I will apply the same thing that is being done to them to everything and everyone else around me, unknowingly. Look back, why did I waste that on them? More importantly, why was that the extent of where my abilities were supposed to be employed. Give me an arbitrary job title, a high IQ, drop me in the map. This place is a mess, doable. The school is an army now and I'm the commander. No, no follow-up questions. Any complaints and you get executed, no, too far. You get an extra substitution class on top of your schedule. I did that to a principal once. Unhinged. No one will fix this mess? Fine, let's see what happens when the joke is on them. I got in trouble. I mean a slap on the hand. Worth it.

Every time I show up to work I'm met with looks. No idea what they mean. Surprised I came? No one said I shouldn't. No one said anything. Surprised I still exist? What is it? Someone explain that to me. I show up, they act as if I'm some secret spy mission leader. It's work. I punch in, bullshit, I punch out. What's the bullshit? That could be literally anything. Oh, that's why. They must be anticipating the bullshit. It's unpredictable. Me showing up is a variable, the output is unknown.

I don't do anything at work. Correction, my work is so efficient that on the outside it looks like nothing. Therefore they let me get away with bullshit.

I want to do NOTHING. Therefore I will do everything, make everything do everything else, then go home.

Why does everyone keep asking me if I'm going to the gym. Oh, the tote bag. No time to explain, put everything you might need in case of an apocalypse in there and carry it everywhere, then act confused when someone questions it. PSA: I really was confused, I thought it was normal.

The celebration, of course. The women's month thing. Shit. My work mom said I have to dress up accordingly and I left that whole wardrobe in another town. Perfect. Let's see what my sisters have or improvise. Goddamn it.

Start a movement, easy. Account for the outfit, slipped my mind.

I have a lot to wear, it simply is not here right now. Classic Rosemary.

There was nothing to fix. Why was everyone distressed because I refused to come on time? Big deal.

Do you need help? No. Questions? Nope. Where's the.. fitting room? No, the cashier. Stop following me. Done. Easy.

Parking. How do we find ourselves back here? No idea. Take a picture. No time. When it's time to find it ask everyone on the way to guide you, that's another function for car cleaners that I discovered by circling around the basement infinitely until one stopped me and said: "What are you doing? Your parking space is here." Thank you. That's something I do need help with.

Laundry. Give me something very basic and I'll turn it into a whole operation. No one told me this was fun. All of my clothes smell immaculate. Go back home and share notes. Now there's a whole laundry room operation back home. I had nothing to do with it. I simply enjoyed doing laundry that much. Next.

What happened to my social anxiety? Easy. I turned it into social terrorism. Next.

I can't do anything normally, apparently. Be careful when you introduce me to things. All or nothing.

I never know what the rules are. We have guests. Oh no. What am I supposed to do? If I ask I get yelled at or ridiculed. Show up, be normal. Okay, but no one specified what normal is. I need details. Who's coming? How many? Where? When? And most importantly, where is the fire exit? Sorry, I got ahead of myself. Be normal. Which age category? No, stop. Stop. Who do I follow? Where's the script? Level of attractiveness appropriate for the event? Yes, even that is calculated. Ridiculous.

Break time, or as I like to call it, break duty. That's when I can finally stop myself from working. It looks like I'm doing something. They gave out security vests, I was convinced. Colorful, let me just add something tiny, a cat brochure. Perfect. Now it's time for action. Let me sit there and do nothing, or as they like to call it, being useful. Is everybody safe? Seriously, middle and high schoolers, what am I supposed to do? Go out the door, find your way home. The little kids I understand. No matter, that plan did not work, my reputation precedes me. Look, it's the IT lady. Work follows me, I don't follow it.

Here's what happens when I walk from one building to another, it's a big school. Go from A to B, easy, simple. Wrong. I have been stopped at least 3 times, side quests. Give me the question. Here's the answer. I have somewhere to be. Next.

Everybody
Somebody
Tell me the rules so I can ignore them
Next

Feminism 101
Get a woman
Give her autism
Drop her in an all boys' school
Tell her to work
That worked

My version of being the door-opener is this:
Hi
Hi
Why are you like that?
Like what?
Let's find out
Find out what?
No idea
What do you want?
No idea
Opening the door
No one told me what happens after that

Today's check list:
Work
Shopping
Laundry
Existential crisis
Old music
Do not kill self
Yet

Let's rewind. No time to unmask. Use the 5 second elevator ride. Once the door opens, it's back to show time. Looks terrifying, the transition. Day's over. Get in the car. Do whatever you want. They can see me? I know. That's part of the fun.

That's the same person? That's the same person. One closed door away, no one can say anything once the door is closed and I'm alone. Let them see, let it scare them, drive home.

That's why they know not to contact me after-hours. Oh, the horrors. Try her, she'll answer, but she'll make you wish you never called.

This is a free period. Do whatever you want. Your teacher can't come so here I am. Actually, no, we're solving riddles now. Where's everyone else? Math. We can do math. Who sent me? I did. Now what have they been teaching you? Very slow for high-schoolers. We'll take it slow. Oh. There's the bell. You have been saved.

I remember things. Details that no one should remember. Try not to creep people out but it fails every time. She's reciting numbers from memory again. Well, it's faster than reaching for my wallet. My bad.

I'm tired. Playing the part. The whole thing. Let me get my bag. Let me get my card. Let me pretend to read the numbers I know by heart. Can't I just say it and not be questioned or looked at like some kind of freak? It's just a number. Like all numbers. It happens to be long, and I happen to remember it.

Let's see. A job application. In, out. Easy. A homework assignment. In, out. Easy. Give me more. A way to sign, I got it all. Let's scan and print and there you go. You can go get your precious car now. Anyone else? Gift cards, candle labels, we have it all. Don't be shy. Send a request. You might get lucky.

The prankster. Always been there. Found a mask in the store on your art supplies run? We might need that, for reasons. A global virus, get a body suit. Perfect. Now wear both of those and walk around the house like an among us character. Why? No idea. Bored. It's not scary, it's ridiculous. I ruin the prank by laughing prematurely. Ridiculous.

You need a local face to sell your department. Let me take care of that. You do the work, I get the recognition. Now, how does it feel? Terrible. I know because I've been there.

I'm not competing. Let me make that clear once again. I am the best. I am the prize. I do not sell myself as the prize, I simply am. Next.

You're teaching a lot. Take a break. You never say no. Argue with me. Tell me you can't cover. Why are you so upbeat all the time? I know you can handle it. I know you love doing it. But, seriously? Look around. This isn't the place for you. There you go. Took you long enough to realize that. Of course, they won't say something. They're benefiting off of our silence. I'll come after you. Go.

My boss might call. I have an excuse ready. I am organizing the event. It's a woman's world and you're lucky to be living in it. I got the shoes, I got the outfit ready. Good enough, no time to retrieve the gold, make do with what we have. What's the event? Women's month. I'm organizing it. I am a woman. I am the event. Give me some time to finish up the final project. Me. That's more important than any password-changing tasks you have for me today.

I am a nightmare. I realize it retroactively. Be firm, be resolute. Make them pronounce your name right. It's long. No time for this. Actually, let me see. Let me go back to being passive. Said it wrong. Big deal, it's just a name. Don't say anything. Don't say it. Don't. Actually, the vowels are wrong. Break it down in real time. Mar. Yam. What a nightmare. Let it go. Let it be. Can you let them live? It's just a name. I know. My name. That's how I say it. I apologize for my rudeness. I can't help it. My name.

The office boy. Tea boy. Whatever you guys call him. The guy with the tray and polite greetings. That one. He saw me yesterday. This is not a normal greeting, this is a special one. What's up? Oh, my arm. The news spread around already. My arm is fine. Thanks for asking. I wonder who else knows.

I underestimated my popularity. I underestimated my actual work efficacy. I do work. It's not that. It's just that compared to my previous nightmare of a job, sitting around without being micromanaged raises more alarms than if I was slaving away like the rest of them. I do work. I finish it fast. I run out the door. I come back with my arm in a cast. I thought I was unimportant, but only because my whole contribution is this: mouse

click, keyboard tapping. No, I didn't ask for one. I bought my own. Paranoid? You'd be surprised what they can find out with a single device. A wireless keyboard. Promise? Can't risk it.

I'm not paranoid out of thin air. I find out things I have no business knowing just by strolling around and connecting dots. If an IT guy tells you something is fishy, don't dismiss him. I know the network inside and out. You guys are careless. Protect yourselves. Protect your data. Go back to physical copies if needed. Up here the war is going on. Don't make things harder for me. Important data. Unclonable data. The cloud will do the rest.

Coworkers. Made any friends? No. When will you be normal and have normal age bracket appropriate connections? She's a lot older. Yes, I know. We clicked. Sue me. Anyway, I'm around her daughters' age, what's there to understand? When you know, you know. And I know this, you would LOVE my aunt. Connect those two and see what happens. Told you so. Birds of a feather.

Go interact with the rest of the class. People your age, woman. No, stop. Why are you heading towards the elderly home. They know things. I will go investigate. What else? Hospitals. Check. Another one. Orphanage. They know. Another one. A school. They do know. I know too, but I'm not supposed to know. I'm standing in the middle, and I can hear both sounds, beginnings and endings. Where do I go? A battle cry. That's what those newborns were doing. The end is a sigh. I wasn't there to witness it. I was in my room asleep like some sleeping beauty prototype. I know it was early. I know I had no obligations. If I was awake, I could have prevented it, or at least witnessed it. Maybe then I wouldn't go through all the trouble trying to force him awake. Am I afraid of dead bodies? I guess not. That had to happen for me to find out. My grandmother's nurse. Grieving. Kicked out the room, why? Another religion. How could you be so cruel? Let her be.

FILED 3 SEPTEMBER

The men were doing something. Do I trust them with him? They can handle it. I'll go check from the tower-top. I don't understand it. They're doing something. Preparing him for his final slumber. Let it go, woman. They know what they're doing. Do they? If they did, they wouldn't have covered his face. Look at my aunt, now is that fair? She wants to see her little brother one last time. She didn't know. That the last time was the last time. I didn't know either.

Don't go in the classes yourself. Teenage boys, big boys. They'll eat you alive. Let me see. There's literally no one left to guard the walls. The fort is basically an open-ended exoskeleton of a tent. I'm not supposed to do this. Whatever. Let's try it. Mission accomplished. Did not get eaten alive. Spread terror and confusion instead. Now that I know, I'm never going back in there again. The little kids are the ones eating me alive, not the older ones.

I got the reviews after. Through the vine. The grapevine. The kids love you. That's adorable. No, wait. Hold on. Which kids? I misunderstood. That's inappropriate. Definitely not cute. Make them stop. The children were supposed to love me, not the titans.

I always made the first mistake. I literally don't even realize that something is "wrong" with them. They're just kids. How was I supposed to know? Did you know that I memorized the whole chapter and can recite it right now? No way. Let's see that. Ladies and gentlemen, it looked like the kid just pressed a button on a record player. That's how good it was. I move on. I carry on. I find out those dear friends of mine are actually "not normal". I question my own judgement. Oh, that one knows everybody's car, he went on a monologue explaining it to me. I did not ask.

Here's how it goes. I do something, I wear something. People witness that. People wonder: "Is that back in style? We missed the memo."

I have no idea if it was back in style or if I revived it. This keeps happening, tell me it has nothing to do with me. Creepy.

Another one. Go investigate. He's not good enough. Who's reviewing these applications? Give him a couple of weeks or months and there it is. Gone with the wind. Next. Oh. Let me see that. It's behaving differently. I approve. I don't know why but he can stay. A global day event. Time to use that as an excuse for more detective work. Keep talking. We're just decorating the board, nothing weird. Carry on. That's where you're from? Makes sense. You can make some changes here. I was supposed to go home. Got distracted again. Good job everybody. Keep up the good work.

A meeting. The graduation ceremony committee. What the hell am I doing here? Unimportant. Here's a playlist. I exported it as both audios and videos. Curated especially by me, the soundtrack shall be magnificent. Get back down. Meeting. Right. There's another person here. He's giving me a compliment or a diss. Unsure. Mariam, you act exactly your age, not older, not younger. That's an observation I don't know what to do with. My normalcy is questionable. Maybe it's not about me but the others. Someone was not acting their age, possibly everyone. It was bad enough that me doing it needed an intervention. I'll take that as a compliment.

Other comments. Confusing comments. Listened to this song and thought of you. Why? It talks about a girl and you're a girl. Sounds fair. Apparently, I am the woman archetype for a lot of people. Hurry up, think of a woman, any woman. Easy. Mariam. Was there no one else available? Fine. I'll be The Woman.

This place is haunted. Where is everyone? Oh, the plague. I'll walk around and find something to do anyway. A 360 tour of the whole school. The principal suggested it. It was not mandatory. I had other stuff to do. What is she doing in the basketball field in this heat? Stuff. Don't worry about it. You know who's gonna love this. The other IT guy. Let's recruit him. Now we're running around the premise like 2 insane investigative reporters, I did that. That's the kind of stuff I pick up and run with. Done. Executed. No one cares. Let's make it an interactive game now. Stop, no one's gonna see this. I will. I am. Now add arrows. Literally no one is even going to know this is a thing. Unimportant. National day. Of course. That's why the girls are all dressed up. Gather around, while I still have a camera. Perfect.

The policy. Now that I'm here with you in this office. This sacred space. Please don't bring up your husbands around me. Mention the kids, your sisters, mothers. Anything else. Your interests. That's it. Keep that chain of conversation going. If I hear one mention of a man I will, simply do nothing. I have one trigger, too much information, I have a vivid imagination. Please don't mention that stuff around me, change the subject, change it. Where's the button. Get me out of here. I miss my office.

Got you. I heard something funny. My elementary school teacher wanted to be a member of the PTA. Parent teacher association. Let her have it. What's the issue? I was only translating. What does that son of a gun principal say? Mariam said no. Wonderful. Now the whole town is going to hear about it. It was not me. He was joking. I do not know how to translate his sense of humor. Great. I wonder if he didn't even know who takes care of that stuff. Not me. The town's villain. I'll wear that crown with pride.

Nails. Appointment or not. Unimportant. Sometimes it's not even about the nails. Therapy. Your husband did what? It's supposed to go the other way around. Why am I interrogating them? We're bored. Women get bored and talk. One time I saw one tearing up while doing my nails. I did not ask. I simply stopped going there. Nails.

Bad for business. Sad women and mad workers. If I see something wrong, I withdraw my money. Not giving them a chance to continue this kind of behavior. Capital. Money is capital. Pay them and they get more workers. The current ones are still crying. Fix that. We can continue once that is taken care of.

Forgot to eat again. My body said nothing. Didn't scream, didn't whisper. How long has it been since I refilled? Brainpower and vibes. That's what this machine runs on. Eat something. What? Anything. It's not safe. Food is not safe? Yes, if the texture feels wrong, and the colors don't match, you know what? Shut up. I'll eat the same thing I eat everyday. Don't judge. Not everyone can afford to be a Foodie.

One more incompetent system. Try me. Not plumbing, woman. We can't do that. Where do the pipes go? Where's the pipe map? Shut up. Stop. The water travels somehow apparently. I want to know how though. Where does it come from? How does it reach me? How do I use that knowledge for evil, I mean good, for good.

They're starting to ask questions. Do you know her? She creeps me out. Wow. Okay. That was not the objective of this operation. At all. Women. Keep up the good job. I think it's working. Next.

Sometimes I make mistakes. Let me see. That's bad. Let's pretend it was all a part of some big plan. Next.

Stop planning. Stop choosing the music beforehand. Go to the movies. Go in with zero context, zero prejudgment. It might go catastrophically wrong. It might not. Shuffle.

Social cues. Happy Birthday To You. It's not my birthday. It's not his birthday. It's nobody's birthday. No one on this table is born on this date, oh. A prank. I ruined it. Classic.

It's work. Wear whatever. Nah, man. Give me that one in all the colors. We have a statement to make. Next.

Mother tongue slipped. You speak ARABIC? Yes, why would I not? That's why they were quiet. I should have kept that act going. I didn't know. Missed my chance. Perfect.

Banter. The high-schoolers with a little bit of boldness. I'm working, give me the number I'll hand you the password. You? A comment about my clothes. Irrelevant. Next.

Last period. Six graders. Extremely smart but extremely small female teacher. Chaos ensues. Fight. Fight. Fight. Should we intervene? Yes. Get them out of there. Evacuate the crime scene. Calm the teacher down. Get the offenders. Make them sit on opposite sides of the hallway. I'll watch them. Counselor's late. That might need stitches. What was the fight about? No idea.

Third grade hallway. Give me a computer room there. Perfect. No, they need upgrading. Doable. Done. Now, schedule. Done. Transfer under process. Something is wrong. Where's the teacher? Oh, she's pregnant. No time, hand her to another teacher. Stop and ask if she's okay for one second. That's enough. They'll handle it. Go go go. We have an exam to finish.

I've been summoned again. What seems to be the issue? I can't seem to connect to the internet. This was an across buildings voyage by the way. Let me see. You're connected to your phone's hotspot. There you go. Second graders, they do that to your brains.

What started as a cute girly pop job somehow turned into a military operation. How? No idea. Me. That's how. The outfits were not accidental either. Part of the terror regime.

Add some perfume in there too, or a lot. Depends, when you go to the middle-high-school area you need a lot. Acts like a general, dresses like a barbie, and no one is allowed to ask her anything.

Sit in your office. Here's a desk. Got everything you need? Now don't cause any troubles, come on time, leave on time and receive the paycheck. Sounds simple enough. Unless, this place is broken, stop that, stop thinking.

Too late. The hierarchy, follow that pyramid to the top, note it down. Locate. Infiltrate. Just watch a movie. Sit down. Waste time, and go home. No. BORING. We have things to do, people to take down, a legacy to protect. No one can say that we didn't try. That I didn't try. There's a crack in their pyramid. Patch it up.

My tolerance is high. They yell, they're loud. For me it's a regular Monday. Someone else sees that and they're terrified. You let them speak to you that way? No. I mean, yes. But I make them pay for it. I know that. They know that, to an extent. My office is not a popular spot for that type of men. Hanging around drinking coffee and looking for gossip chains. Men. Get your shit together. They can't enter my office before constructing a whole new intellectually intimidating persona, so most times they're like, better not. It's only Monday.

Hair done. Nails done. Clothes ready and perfumed. Outfit chosen. Accessories taken out. Let's pray to God they don't give me a mic this time. Enough is enough. Can't I just sit there looking pretty? Apparently not. That's unacceptable. Not allowed. Don't give me that. Fine, a hundred men and for some reason, me. Why do I always end up in this position? No idea.

My digital footprint is a mess. Embarrassing. Chaos. Why's there a cat in the profile picture? No idea. Felt right at the time, I guess. Take it or leave it. Harder to reassemble and make sense of. That is the same person? This is the same person. Don't ask.

This is elementary school all over again. Come here, here's a paper, here's a mic, good luck! Why? Wait, I didn't agree to this. Anyone else? Please. If not, I'd have to call her. Who? Me, from elementary. She seems to be exceptionally good at that. Zero self consciousness. Well, except that one time they pushed me into a stage and the crowd was much larger than I was used to. I froze, and naturally, EMERGENCY. Look at mom right there and say your piece, don't embarrass us. Did I end up talking? No idea. Blocked that memory out. I might have. I probably did. Not before confusing a whole audience in some higher college event. Mom, seriously? That was not cool.

Art teachers. PE teachers. Not very tech savvy. That's why they pass by for printing services and questions. Don't move. She'll take forever doing that. Let her do it. This is weaponized incompetence. No, she literally has no time, look at her schedule. A trip to the PE department. First of all, why'd they put you in charge and why are you unhappy about it? More work? More work. This won't take long. It would, for someone else but you're lucky you got the Special IT Support Service. I had no idea this place existed. The gym I know about, that's where the illegal stuff happens. Just kidding, for some reason they decided to Play basketball, all of the men. No classes? Probably one of those times, teachers but no students, what was I doing there? Working, in front of top level entertainment. They turned into children. Ridiculous.

Don't ask why. Even I don't know. In my mind I feel like Ryan Gosling. Makes sense. I am him. He is me. I understand the meme now. We're all him. He did it. Hacked our collective subconsciousness.

Immovable object with no social program installed. We have an Event to attend. Perfect, just what I needed. Another place to be. I've been abandoned by my comrades, they went to meet the newborn when I wasn't looking. Seriously? That's the main reason I agreed to this. Now, I'm hanging about and around with zero direction. The kids, let's go investigate. When did this happen? You were a toddler just the other day. And you? Identification, I mean parents? Makes sense. Go mingle with the adults, woman. Fine, here I go. No one knows who I am and why I'm here. My marital status has already been discussed, my age too. I am someone. Ask the event holder. There you go. Why would I just show up unannounced and uninvited? Of course it's a family thing.

Step 1: locate local wardrobe
Step 2: dress up
Step 3: look like a misplaced tourist
Step 4: I tried

Step 1: look good
Step 2: find a parking
Step 3: walk under the heat in high heels
Step 4: look straight up, no eye contact
Step 5: they're scared
Step 6: punch in
Step 7: make it to my desk
Step 8: look for my phone
Step 9: get back to my car
Step 10: why do I keep doing this?

I failed, a man talked to me. What did he say? Good morning. Why did I go through all of that then? Ridiculous.

One job
They gave me one job
Here are the plastic spoons
Distribute
GOT IT
spilled them all on the floor
Classic

My bad
They thought I was uncooperative
I'm spoiled
I don't do that at home
Tea and coffee? Who takes care of that?
Someone
NOT ME

Introduction
This is Mariam
From IT, doesn't talk
Me: it's an IT thing, next

Add a bit of confusion to their day. Who's she and why does she look so comfortable sitting there quietly? She wants something. Nope. Up and left. Next.

Patience, people. Someone that just got out of a protective household will be confused. Especially if it was an operational hierarchal systematic household. She has everything, except a map. I could guide her, hold her hand, but how would she learn? Tough love. Watch her from a far and don't interfere. She's figuring it out. Next.

Events. Always making up some nonsense. Jeans day. Weird socks day. That's just a regular day. Look. Oh, did I inspire this? Next.

My socks and my shoes. Infuriating. Mariam, why are there cats on your socks. Mariam, you look perfect but why do you cut off everything when you reach feet? Sandals? More importantly, platform sandals, why not heels? I want to look tall, but comfortable. Next.

I missed the memo, again. I'm scared to ask. Why is everyone wearing the same shoes? New uniform? No. Trend. Great, now if I ask for the brand I'll look stupid. I will therefore not.

Paid the beauty tax. Those heels are magnificent, but no more. Not unless necessary. Back to sandals and slippers and if anybody asks, it's a new trend originated in South Africa. Which part? The southern part, haven't you heard? Next.

I told him not to do that. The wizard. Do NOT touch my system. He had a point. His system was, in every way, better than the official replacement. The problem was access, he has access, I have access, and we refuse to let things slip. She came for him. End of the year. No warning. Just go. Did I know? No. They wouldn't dare ask me that. Delete his digital footprint. Absolutely not. Find someone else to press that button. Next.

System migration. I have access, as usual. You want it to do what? Guess. What his system does. You forgot something. I still have access. Idiots. Next.

I don't like my cat
Why does he do that?
Sit on top of the fridge
Vantage point, I get it
But also, what is it?
Looking for mice?
Just because?
I think it is
I see a fridge
I sit

Everyone stops laughing
When it's my turn to be a stand-up comedian
My jokes are funny guys
Admit it, you're scared to laugh

What's next? Don't tell me, I want to be surprised. Hopefully a peaceful weekend. Pray I hope. Not another crown that I don't know what to do with. Interesting, this just landed in my hands. Let's tell everyone and refuse to explain. Next.

Be bored. Until it hurts. There: now what's funny? Store front typos. That's an activity. Go have fun. Next.

Let's go out with normal people. Let's sit down. Why are you shushing me and asking me not to turn around? I'll turn around to see what I'm not supposed to turn around to see, note it down, then wonder if you're someone I want to go out with ever again. Next.

Why would I go out to perform even more? I just left work, man. Let's go perform in a coffee shop. Release me. Next.

Something must be wrong with me. You guys enjoy this? We've been performing for hours. Unless, you guys aren't, which is terrifying. What do you mean this is your natural state. Move it, stop that, no. Oh, no. I'm never coming out with you guys again. That was creepy. Next.

Drag me out into the beach. Sit down, socialize. If we leave you alone you destroy yourself. Sit. Where is she? The OCEAN. What were you thinking? I wasn't planning to jump, not consciously at least. That's where we all go. When everything out here doesn't make sense. Back to the ocean.

Who snitched? Someone was concerned. Not family, not friends. Hello, we're calling to check on you. Is everything okay? Why do you care? The blood, the marks, the violence. They don't. They keep pushing me back into it. Who was it? Thank you.

You quit your job because you wanted to go to the Book Fair? Stupid. No, I went to the Book Fair because I wanted to quit life altogether, but thanks for noticing and intervening. It kept going for another year or so. Thanks a lot. Everybody. The town is saved. The school is saved. Me? Somewhere looking for an answer in another library. Then being dragged into it again anyway. You don't care? Fine, I'll destruct the place. Then I'll build it back up using my principles, my variables, my high standards. After I leave, see if you can live up to that. Next.

Why did I move to the boys' campus. Well, it was new. They gathered everyone, in a bus, like cattle, to the new campus. Sold. No deeper reason. They remembered to account for me on the first day of the new year. Oh, shit. We let her go? Come back. We have an office for you here. Keep it. I want the polished campus. Big mistake.

More anecdotes on the introductory trip. The wizard. Why are you mad? The place is magnificent. Yes, yes. Where am I going to SMOKE? Jordanians and their nicotine. I don't know. Pick up vaping. Solved. Over.

PE teacher complaints. Class load? Maximum. Age bracket? Minimum. Chaos. You'd think the parents would allow them to breathe. Hello, I have a problem. Yes? My son. What about him? He lost his socks. Beep. True story. Over.

I missed a memo
Someone calls
She's young, she can't handle the boys
That makes sense, but there's no one else
I forgot to account for that
I didn't realize it was a problem
When I was warned about the boys
I was confused, they're another part of my operation, they obey the general
I am also young, the same age
We both look like kids
Exceptionally smart
I feel bad, I don't think she had the warlord library installed
So, instead of complaining to me
Big guy, empathetic heroic man
Figure it out, they're your boys
Do something
For once, can someone just do something
Without informing me first
Ridiculous

FILED 4 SEPTEMBER

In my defense
For everyone else involved
I was the girl in the colorful attire
Don't blame them for not knowing
A crowd? I'll sit in front of them
Not for me, for her, for them
They organized the event
The graduation ceremony
What she was missing is guts
So, there you go
The IT Support and DJ Service were secondary
She needed someone to sit next to her
Buffer between her and the crowd
That person is me, you're doing great
Took her a year to flee that place too
Ridiculous

I see the crowd
I sit in front of the crowd
I'm not scared of them
They're scared of me
This is basically everyone in town
Not exactly, the family heads
The strong players
I see them, what about them?
Oh, there's a teenager in heels
Almost slipped, no time to think
There, arm extended
What even is my job here?
The principal saw that
There she goes doing something inexplicable again
She wants to take pictures with her brother
Easy, ridiculous, should I have let her slip?

Dramatic
If my father is not here to say yes
Then it's no, indefinitely
Everyone go back home
We solved it
Sorry, guys
My dad is not answering
I don't know what he would say
Therefore; we say nothing

I know what he would say
I can guess
She did what?
Checks out

The graveyard
He lies down with us
Where were you when he was alive?
No, let me say it
Don't shut me up
Where were they?

That's not where he died
He was abandoned
I will not sugarcoat it
Big brother
He carried a lot
Until the end

I was 23
Technically 24 minus a day
No warning no nothing
I've postponed adulthood long enough
He's gone, congratulations, you're a woman now
Well, bad news for everyone involved

Womanhood
How do I survive this?
Be strong
Done
Now what?
Oh
You didn't tell me there was a final boss
Defeated
Now what?

The town needs me
Grandiosity
What's hiding behind that?
I needed the town

Who even introduced me to Hamilton? Big mistake. Huge mistake. I was running around acting like a founding father. Ridiculous.

His last days
Well, what is he doing?
I was studying him
The retired father's philosophy
That's it, that's all
I am him
Instead of him monitoring me
I flipped the table
Interesting, he does have a point
In everything

Moana
This is exactly me
No further questions asked
The pearl diving is in my blood

My ancestors did not dive into uncharted waters only for me to say: "I'm scared of speaking up".
DIVE

If anyone asks where I went, tell them she's gone on another pearl diving expedition.

Don't call
Don't text
Under the sea
There's no connection

I've reached middle-aged divorcee level of drama without even getting married. Spectacular, the kids have requested my presence, unfortunately my presence somehow leads to unprecedented levels of violence.

I can't leave the house without an intervention. I've already been outside the house for days. I can't go out once I've gone in. Make that make sense.

Therefore why would I go back in? Solved. Next.

Zero agency
You will go to work
You will stay inside
Then they cry when I blow the whole thing up

They do bribe me sometimes, I take what they give and carry on with my mission anyway. Brutal.

Riches and chocolates? I'll take that. Fully funded travels? I'll go. That's it. There's no next. I'll take it. What do you want? You gave it away.

Technically, I never signed any papers selling my soul for a few bucks. I play the game, I do something they don't expect. Oh, this isn't how this is supposed to go. Too late, I took the money. Next.

Years and years of this nonsense stops with me. The price isn't even worth it, I might reconsider if it was enough. Actually, no. No price on this butterfly. Next.

Everyone happy now? Y'all turned me into my father. Now what? I didn't receive a manual. Next.

What would my father do? He would step away. Reassess the damage, count the wounded and strategize. Let me go do that. Next.

He grew soft there by the end. But give me dad at his prime, that's who I need now. You spilled JUICE on my carseats AGAIN. Shit. Here we go again. It happened enough times that it's a villain origin story. Next.

He was strict. Why do you think I'm the way I am. Everything is a military operation. School? Gather your resources and be outside the door at 7 STAT. Or else, you'll never hear the end of it.

I think he missed the parenting manual and decided to go with what he did at work. Makes sense. Also, my bad, I should have accounted for the juice being susceptible to being spilled on his carseats. Next.

> More on the legendary strict dad arc
> Did you pass? Yes
> Mark? 99
> WHAT
> Why not a 100? You've grown careless
> There's no use crying over spilled juice on your dad's carseats for the last time.
> There had to be a last time, right? So, not by crying, by accounting for failure points and not repeating them. There, no more accidental juice spills until forever. Take all measures necessary, easy. Next.

Yes, he was scary. Yes, his methods work. Why stop at 99 when you know you could do better? Why spill juice when you know you could just not? Next.

Mistakes. The 1 out of the 100. Why? Where? Investigate. Incorporate into existing system and try again. Next. 100. See? Not hard. Next.

I learned the lesson. It's harsh. Very harsh. Someone else would have cried forever over it. Fortunately, I learned the lesson. Try again. Next.

This is why we prefer mom. The other guy is scary. Where did she find him? Here he comes. EVERYONE. Act right. The Admiral has arrived. He seems to be inspecting reports and results. What did you get this time? We're in trouble. Yes, SIR. Top of the class. Phew. That was close.

Oh no
I've been shot
Stay upright
Find shelter
Calculate
Heal
Avenge
Next

Yes
The villain
Sometimes we have to be that
If the alternative is a hero that lets everything slide until Metropolis turns into Gotham
Then we choose the villain

Looks like a kitten acts like a lion. This is why no one takes me seriously. The Aesthetic Department. Ridiculous.

The library. The office. The magnificent library. Why did he have an office at home? No idea. The library? Also no idea. Bored? Let's investigate the library. Encyclopedias. No, give me the one with the pictures. Take this one. I'm done with this one. What did we learn? Absolutely nothing. A lot probably. The point is we weren't bored anymore. Time to go skating or playing with dolls or something. Until we're bored again. The LIBRARY. When do you think he'll get us more books? Is this it? Well, there's a lot more we haven't read yet.

You guys should appreciate this while it lasts. Statistically speaking, I will abandon everything mid-project. Weren't we doing something? Yes, we're done doing it. We've exhausted the doing until any more doing is pointless and redundant. We got the 100, why stay there and stare at it forever? Next.

Birds in a nest. Watch the chicks. That one is about to jump. Should we intervene? Definitely not. Told you it'll fly. Next.

Happened too many times to be a coincidence
Up to chance
Everything falling apart
Locate nearest library
That was close
Thank you for the libraries
Saved my life
Next

I don't know where the budget was going but I saw a library. Not enough books. Get more. How many? Cutoff? Oh. I can work with that. Done. List generated and deployed. Did they go through with it? No idea. Next.

Me at home: where's mom and also I can't go to the doctor alone

Me at work: where's the principal and how can I successfully bypass his radar when deploying my mission for the day

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What happens when two department personalities collide?
Wait, why does everyone know you?
I thought you were lowkey
We were running around the place making fools of ourselves while you just sat there
Exactly, control the network
Don't run around in the network

I tried the normal approach
Shopping malls
This is what people like
Except
Why are we looking at a watch for 15 minutes
Get it or don't
Afford it? Do
Can't afford it? Don't
Now let's go find a library
Camera ready
Picture ready
Keep optimizing that until you end up looking good only in pictures
The rest can burn
No, that's a bad idea
You can't control your image as much as you'd like to think you could
Not something you can buy
You either have it or you don't

I'm scared to go home that's why I'm scaring everyone else instead. Solid logic.

Spend so much time guarding your head, lose your heart in the process. Where'd that thing go?

Once I open that heart up and listen to what it has to say, I'll never hear the end of it. Headphones in, can't hear it. What's that? Go back inside and close the door. I don't know what to do with you.

Retired father activities
Pizza party for the last-born's classroom
Get to know all of her classmates
There, now they all love me
The problem is this: the last-born
Why did you do all of this?
You know I don't like pizza
Mission failed
Go home everybody
The heir to the throne has spoken
No more pizza parties for you
Why'd you do that? We love your father
Can he come everyday?
Not if pizza is in the equation

Invisible
I feel invisible
Put me in front of a crowd
I'm not scared because I'm invisible

Travel back in time
Face your father
What on earth were you preparing me for?
Next

He did it
The madman
He did fatherhood right
Find a child
Make them you
Leave

My man
You forgot to account for my girlhood
The trauma you faced was very hard to replicate
I had to improvise
Next

Find me a soldier. Send him to war. Give him a child. Provide no guidance. The child is now a general. Next.

Where are you going?
Outside
Why?
I'll know when I'm outside
Next

That's why I'm aggressive without a car
Car available? Car-keys? Ability to drive?
Perfect, leave it there for when I need it
I could go a long time without needing it
But if you interfere with my qualifications
ERROR

First name basis. I messed up there. MARIAM. Yes? Oh, MISS Mariam. Saying that hurts. Having to correct them feels unnecessary. You either address me by Your Majesty or first name basis. What am I supposed to do with Miss? Next.

I'm happy. I'm writing. Why is that a problem? Can I live? Go do something else. No, I want to do this. I have no life. I've lived it all. Now it's time to put pen to paper. Next.

29 years of content. That's a lot for someone like me. I did a lot of stuff, some I definitely was not supposed to be doing. That's why I'm writing them, no one will have to try by experimenting. I already did it. You're welcome. Next.

That's why I'm so annoying. Give me DETAILS. Who's coming? I need to adjust my configurative model accordingly. Am I supposed to put on anything and show up? No. Details. Objective. Oh, sometimes people just gather? Then why all the masks? Exactly. Next.

ENTRY UNDATED

I'm the problem here

Favorite toy category. Whatever they give out to dads who worked in the army. What's this? Oh, I could use this. I lost it. That was my favorite spy gadget. What did it do? Sound amplification. I probably wasn't supposed to be playing with that. Next.

No wonder he was territorial over his space. Everything and anything is fair game when your kids are curious enough. Fast forward a few years, we're having an attention deficits argument. You lost it, not me. I did leave my ID in some pharmacy for a couple of weeks then accused him of losing it. Classic. His room was an archive. My bad.

> He's gone
> Okay, so bring him back
> No
> Why?
> Physics
> Oh
> Why do I treat real life money like Robux? No idea, same principle, no? My sister calls, she asks for more Robux, I use real life money to get more Robux. What did she do with it? Absolutely no idea whatsoever. Something. Anyway, you spend Robux, you run out, you ask your big sister for more, she delivers. I'm the big sister, I do the same thing with money.

> Life is a video game
> Fortunately for me
> I have all the cheat codes
> Next

Summer. Mania. Easy. First time I remember was 2014. No clue what triggered it. I guess this is what happens now. Years of experience. Next.

Manic? Easy. Monetize it. Make a lot of money. Get bored. Now you're rich and bored. Next.

Sometimes I turn it into scented candles. Sometimes I fill up my closet. Sometimes I turn it into books. Consume and create. Both the same system. Both me. Next.

Burned it literally. Give me cash and a lot of free time. Why's there a candle-making factory at home? Well, Mariam was bored. Now, people will burn it and it will smell good and I'll have more cash. Next.

I'm not heartless. I'm exhausted. Mom shows me my childhood photos and asks where she went. She's not who you think she was, you destroyed her. Broken down, stripped out of gold and pearls. I'm here, you just don't like me anymore because I stopped being cute. Next.

I'll do it all when I grow up. I won't have to ask anyone before doing what I want to do. When? I thought I did already. Is that not enough? Hello, as a child I stormed out the door and walked back home barefoot when I was done with the sleepover arrangement. I was grown already, born ready. Next.

My sister was a princess. Me on the other hand, a gender traitor. I should have seen this coming, she had a point. The fashion sense? Zero. Give me an oversized T-shirt and baggy jeans. I have no time for this, there are grasshoppers to catch. Did I get in trouble? Yes. What happens if I do this? Pixie cut. Oh, I'm getting some kind of invisible privilege. Interesting. Next.

We killed a lot of bugs. A lot of bugs. No grasshopper was safe in that backyard, and when we got bored of that, expand operation to aunt's house. She looks at us from her balcony and yells, what are you doing? It's self-evident. We're catching food for the drought. Next.

Chaotic childhood. Come tell me about it. Let's print masks, cat masks, DIY project, adorable. Now put on some skates, with the masks on, and perform for the audience. What audience? Well, the cars that drive by apparently. That's completely normal. Next.

When your priority is science, aesthetic takes the backseat. Looking back, why was my sister in skirt and I dressed up like Jesse Pinkman. Well, you kept tearing up your dresses. Makes sense. And the shoes? No idea. Born with horrendous taste in shoe-wear. I had no time, wear whatever was closer to the door and run. Why am I wearing my father's? Well, that was the only option. Next.

Shutting down all systems. Somewhere along the line that child found a computer. The rest is history. Next.

I skipped the make-up phase entirely. Why? Because it was expected of me. I have to. Let me think about it. If I participate in the game I might lose. So, no thanks, I'll stay ugly. Solid logic. I know the basics now don't worry. Next.

Unauthorized computer time. Search ghost pictures. Why? Now we won't sleep for two weeks. The equivalent of asking AI to scare you personally. We had google so we improvised. Next.

Puberty
Now womanhood is mandatory
Not optional
Rage quit
Next

Retired father routine
Wake up early
No, earlier
Done
Now what?
Hang around
Someone might need something
Next

Retired father troubleshooting
Why are you always late
Hair
Oh
Cut it all off
Dad? No
I did
Had a point
Next

Numbers

65,557 WORDS ON FILE	71 ENTRIES
3 EXHIBITS	49 DATED DAYS OF WRITING

End of Book One

THE RECORD CONTINUES IN BOOK TWO.



The journal continues at
mariamthenarrative.com