



Spheres Projects

MDVL: 1,000 YEARS OF DARK AGES

(JAN 31, 2020)

By Adam Green

Edited by Yasmin Green

PLOT SUMMARY

MDVL: 1,000 Years of Dark Ages follows the body of humanity through a cyclical history - the idea that civilizations develop in recurring cycles was popularized by the 18th century philosopher Giambattista Vico.

In **PART 1** - A dystopian country in decline called Amerikka, run by corporations and plagued with narcissism, is thrust into the Dark Ages by a monumental internet catastrophe. The resulting confusion leaves them vulnerable, and they are invaded by Barbarians who dismantle their culture and government.

PART 2 - Rising from the ashes, a feudalist society of lords, serfs, and vassals develops. A new economy of harvesting data creates a toxic dynamic between ultra-rich landowners and their indentured servants who live in squalor. A populist rebel leader Arthur, and his comrade the wizard Merlin, overthrow the feudal lords. Arthur becomes King of Amerikka.

PART 3 - Generations pass and King Arthur's Amerikka devolves into the corrupt 'Holy Amerikkan Empire,' where drug addled, gaudy royals govern with an iron-fist. To preserve their power, they create a surveillance state anchored around a new data-worshipping religion: Dataism. Bionic corneal transplants are performed on all Amerikkans, and the information collected from their eyes is used to entrap dissenting heretics as well as to create digital avatars of the entire populace. Artistic expression is criminalized and obscured by book-burning censors.

Heretics apprehended by the 'Holy Amerikkan Empire' stand trial before Grand Inquisitor Tomas Torquemada's tribunal, comprised of twitter-bots and computer algorithm judges. The convicted are packed into concentration camps, to be tortured in plague-filled dungeons or burnt alive during public Auto Da Fe ceremonies.

A group of rebel heretics, hoping to end the reign of the Dataists, design a species of superhumans with god-like artificial intelligence. The Dataists send an army of knights on a crusade to destroy the superhumans, who are being manufactured inside of a temple in Silicon Valley, Jerusalem. When the knights find they cannot break into the

temple, they bomb it with a nuclear missile, seemingly destroying all the world's data which was stored underneath the temple on the hard drive of the universe.

PART 4 - The rebel heretics built a fail-safe into their system, and when the hard drive of the universe is attacked, their AI emerges inside humanity's consciousness, causing them to submit to an immobile state. Projecting images onto their corneal implants, the AI influences humans to think of themselves as plants, and relaxing them with narcotics, conducts a massive plant orgy. Finally, the AI convinces humanity to commit suicide through a series of corneal pulses - commanding them to push the avatars out of their souls.

PART 5 - The digital avatars, now the only remaining aspect of humanity, migrate through a tunnel into the hard drive of the universe. They participate in great Renaissances of consciousness as they venture deeper into the hard drive. All matter becomes malleable computronium under their control, and they enter a Neo Jurassic age becoming clouds of mammoth-like entities. Lastly our narrator reveals that this text, sent backwards through time, is the final remnant of the soul of humankind

MDVL: 1,000 YEARS OF DARK AGES

PART 1

C:\>MEDIEVAL>Vico.exe

Volume in drive C is MS-DOS_VICO <DIR> Formatting PREALITY.TXT
INIT Medieval Sequence

On the medieval hard drive of the universe
In a pre-Columbian videogame
Boats that sail between computer systems
An ocean in between hard drives

According to e-history
We lived in biblical internet times

We had bug poison all over our souls
Back then
We were all living on the coastline of the brain
Landlords of self
Playing with our soft roman pinball machines
With engines stitched down the marble seams

Hedge funds steered by drunken boats
Freighters pumping metal froth
Melting down the bronze modern neon constitution
Dumb questions, tossed in a Swiss bank account
Recommended corporate fate
The hermetic cult of Goodyear tires

The CEOs sat in their armchairs
watching their pornography grow up
People worshipping their own shame
Moral foam dripping from the pint glass like carbonated television static
Smear campaigns driving their chariots

We employed friendship businesses to make bids for emotional corporations
Woke from an insider's dream
The littlest hedge fund that could

shivering in the cradle of the stain
The centuries of currencies
wheeling through the atomic gears
We were folded deep inside our own money
Corporate communism

-

Inside Kafka's hallway of USB ports
We were up against the void
A fascination with nothing
Humankind afflicted with a narcissistic dissociative idolatry disorder
Selfie lances
People adopting pseudo behaviors and pseudo manners
Those who learned their morality from the internet
Be on your best behavior, dear choir boy

*We've been asleep at the wheel of this wrong Ferarri of capitalism
Our governments have become tame as sheep*

And the world seemed fine
A kingdom of cybernetic hamsters clicking on YouTube drip
A juice squeezed from a bushel of web links
Into a gilded polychrome documentary about walnut wood
Into a stained glass sitcom (about stained glass sitcoms)
Where the Coca Cola tasted fresher
Where the bubblegum was more pink and the hamburgers were shinier

VESUVIUS

C:\>VESUVIUS>Hack_autorun.exe

Nothing lasts
Impermanence of the kinetic gospels
The first great burning of the internet
In the lightmares of December

From the coffin of the Vampire State Building

In the bedrock of Amerikka's data storage
Was initiated a great attack on the internet, an epic hack
Vesuvius erupting
over melted granite websites
Cracking clay internet bricks

Lava spilling into
a Wells Fargo carnival show of Romanesque casinos
Ten billion keys liquified
Skeletonization of decaying passwords
Leaked averages

The last remaining medieval atom in Walmart was singing
in tune with our Roman hologram of marble dust

In the esophagus of the volcano
Original sin raged in the endings of moments
Like a screaming boiled machine
Whose emotions are twisted with hot tongs
Vomiting up museums

-

The internet had a stroke
The surrounding nations had disintegrated into
12 tribes of the internet
Shattered pixels of Roma
Legions repairing files

Reformatting, every new version of gender software was updated
China broke up with America and had an affair with Russia. France caught Russia
cheating on China with Afghanistan. China took control of big data.
And Yahweh worshippers of the United Nations tweeted new national anthems

And we came to our government, came to our mothers, like hippies
Saying "Then who will pay for this?
You who bastardized the computer latin,
Left it a glitching Rosetta Stone upon a smudged, scorched table."

In this first of so many blackouts
we became swallowed
1,000 years of dark ages followed

BARBARIANS

Hymns of the Eastern Dark Web
spoke of the emergence of a new religion from the surrounding tribes
The silk road of pagan fame

The invaders rushed in - the Vandals
Visigoths "googlyling" themselves
On these many-mirrored websites
Luddites tightly clutched onto each other in the middle of the technological maelstrom

Lombards in the Amerikkan streets
Camped out in Romulan huts
Scholastica dimmed
Hellenic truths carved away by the limestone butchers of infinite night
May you live in interesting times
In a computer's dream of a luddite

We became a country of drunks again
IBM Watson slurring our MP3s in Latin
Maryland dystopioid crisis
Heroin clinics and crippled dollars
Our souls blunt like Neolithic pottery

And the wine that year tasted of internet death
Who needs bellbottoms in a world like this?

-

The town crier announces the fake accounts of the day
Spam dialers swarm their phones like locusts

Inside the crumbling mead halls with memory foam chairs
Medieval businessmen eat sawdust bread

Drinking swill mashed up from the innkeeper's entrails

We hear the buzz of those who speak the Roman English and those who don't

Ravers eat computerized snacks out of anti-static pouches
Whilst canvassing for an "Easels for Measles" NGO

And anti-static lovers who can't generate sexual electricity
waltz with trolls and imps

The Medieval Actors Guild are rehearsing their rhetoric
for an audience of donkeys, mares, oxen, and cattle

We all learned to tread carefully, no intersection of gods

PART 2

FEUDALISM

C:\>MEDIEVAL>FEUDALISM.TXT

Crusted-over graphene leaking from the medieval hard drive

Coming out of the great flood
Trading warm water for cold water
emerged feudal data controllers
Counts and duchesses of tech
In their castles of transparent aluminum
a feudalist prophecy of serfs and vassals
Gods shitting on us with the best of luck

Overlords of feudal corporations
Elegant lossmakers in chain-mail
Oligarchs stacking Goyard steamer trunks
Bi-curious with heliocentric leanings
Their eggs perfumed with mansion air
From the center of their money the future will be ransomed
Prisoner of outcomes

These feudalist playboys
Gentleman oppressors
Amerikkan Rumpelstiltskins
In their palazzos of headless camels
Each castle the shell of a man

Plebian footprints taped to footsteps on the craggy emaciated landscape
Trailer parks of mutilated genetic experiments and Coinstar machines
Silicon Starbucks cups leaking, USB sticks discarded on the ground
Burnt fingers holding Big Mac wrappers
Time is barely worth the money it's printed on

And the serfs said:

*Our fathers worked the net, they worked along the internet line
Toilers of the Atlantic internet
Mariners - John Henrys of Atlantis*

Up on Cripple Creek
At the Intyrnet outpost
Where ye olde internete is printed out in encaustum
And at the millwheel ye olde internette syrche engynne is grinding
Carving out the Carpathian router index

SERFS IN THE FIELDS

The vassal knights began to drain the swamps and settle the uninhabitable lands with
dikes and windmills
Serfs pulsing a velvet light through the data harvest
Aluminum oxynitride spilling from their weary eye sockets
Feudal internet sucked in the rice fields
They pressed their computerized yokes against the wet stones
The machine musk of the slave
Their Robo-Horsies a remnant of the servant of the universe

The wheel of humanity keeps spinning gathering flesh from the field
The ploughwomen goading their horsepower to perform the labors of the months
Every initiative colors the fields of years, like a moment uploaded into a new present
moment
Mermaphrodites of the Atlantic internet
in a medieval micro culture that doesn't understand how to 'force quit'

The serfs were frozen like caryatids
Gut infections leaking onto their wristbands
Malnourished CRISPR cockroaches wearing leggings
Machinations of a slave trade
Branded on neck and throat
Dewormed villagers
Straw beds on the floor, blankets of astro turf, peas and ham porridge
Participants in the sharing economy

ARTHURIANS

C:\>KING_ARTHUR>ARTHURIANS

The chaos of a dark age - recursively thrown about from one revolution to the next

Arthur - rebel leader amongst vassals
Killer of three-headed quadrillionaires
His feet heeled with myrtle boots
Discovered Excalibur in the bedrock of the Vampire State Building

In Arthur's caliphate Camelot
with his Knights of the Flat Internet
Every gnome, elf, orc, genie, and djinn take the oath of a knight
by eating monkey brains from the center of the Round Table

-

And who did placeth Excalibur in the bedrock
But a Merlin of Shanghai
A flute-solo wizard
When he pulled marble hard drives from his hat
Stolen RAM from God's tabernacle.

Gurus gather to shower praise on the stoic phreaker wizard Merlin
Phreaker Merlin
Designer of a post-anarchist computer operating system
Lancelot Plus Plus
Power percentage displayed on his freedom beard

Merlin's magic unleashed a hydrogen bomb of Camelot
flattening the hard drives and smartphones of the feudal plantations
His wand the cursor of all deliverances
cracking every stick in the woods
creating the Arthurian deserts

Arthur the great warrior, stone halo upon his head

Charged his knights at the Lords
Overthrowing them one by one
Reigning as King of Amerikka until the end of his days

PART 3

HOLY AMERIKKAN EMPIRE

The concept of Amerikka survived generations of Arthur's grotesque successors
devolving into a bogus satire: the Holy Amerikkan Empire

The Tsars of the Holy Amerikkan Empire
hoist a 'Star Spangled Sickle' flag over the old city of Amerikka Online
A crumpled hologram of a New Roman Manhattan

Bloated kings and queens (Arthur CXVIII , etc...)
Poseur royalty
became parodies of parodies of quadrillionaires

Great Kings and Faerie Queens
Purple and gold robes
Charlemagne crowns
Drinking from noise-cancelling goblets at virtual medieval banquets
Family crests of regal laptops and tartan jocks
Coat of neoprene arms in the Palais Royale
Sniffing ketamine in front of their security guards

The Great King
His accent is 48 feet long
He'll conquer some kind of ugly world one deformed step at a time
Fronting a coronation feast in the hall of ambassadors
With each middle age comes the fragile dawn of a king's lost ransom

-

In the bazaar members of the merchant class speak the local computer tongue
Bootleg friendships are sold from kiosk to kiosk in the souks
A fortune teller offers divinations
with a pack of burnt Ren and Stimpy tarot cards

Down the beat up aisles of a brutalist supermarket

A butcher of robotic livestock
is harvesting digital organs from data cows
Wrapping up slices of vanta-black sheep

Glamorous Gauls and chic Byzantines stop to peruse the spices piled up in the stalls
Before filling their saddles of lapis lazuli
with mandolins of ketamine,
xanthan gum from the primordial factories,
cartoon foods made out of space chemicals,
blackbirds, sweetmeats, nosegays,
dried fruits, indigo, hashish, and snake oil,
singing drones popping out of mince pies

Strife is the president of every moment
Each instant a new king, a new queen
As we gaze at the chorus line of Janus-faced quadrillionaires
Ceaseless repetitions of castles and moats
Recursive patterns of sour kings and sour queens
Recycled split-crowns modulating between Half-Scarborough Fairs

Behind their regency
is the bluetooth dwelling of the village clownman
crying in his condom hat
Shrieking jester of the deep web
with meat in his tights
God is a ventriloquist

SURVEILLANCE STATES

Surveillance was a return to the devil's jaws
A reprisal of the bi-cameral mind narrating God's voice
Orthodox Dataism

The folded corners of the Holy Amerikkan Empire emerged
From a bleeding sun of miscarriage

Surveillance, a guest of private moments
Banners of gilded ecstasy rubbed against the jeweled moments of secrecy

The hidden erotic breaths
The wrinkled body-cam taking more pictures than moments in life

-

In the Amerikkan city centers
the pillories are filled with the heads of supplicant messiahs and branded influencers
Transgressors of urban understandings
Shamed by surveillance
Lovewheel unspooling into a condemnation mindset
An old crone with two hearts whispers to the friar:
I believe in a tall glass of my own fucking business

-

Privacy is power
But when we stopped lying to ourselves
We were avatars at sea drowning in surveillance
The dark squid ink of these epochs covering the genius of the Hellenic shoreline

The data was stored at the edge of the universe
inside the Holy of Holies in Silicon Valley, Jerusalem
In cuneiform fragments of pungent videogame code
Regal husks of half-remembered data
protected by password-bearing members of Dataist surveillance cults
A quintillion sheets of onion-skin paper
PRISM, KGB, CIA, CCTV, DNA REGISTRY, GO CAMS
Stacked oceans

Freewheeling AI analyzed its own data
The shepherd of good lighting
Every heartbeat was accounted for on the shiny brainskin of terra planetoid
In the autopsy of the moment
Your shadow stretched around your bones

The Augmented Reality Guild performed
mandatory corneal transplants on all Amerikkans
The Dataists hoarded the bionic corneal recordings
Any human could be manifested in the digital skin of their impressions

Avatars in the augmented realm of computerra

It was recycled rage which capsized the dam
The Teutonic censors plucked from our clouds like gardeners who weed your mind
Book burning expurgators
Burning digital scrolls
Emptying sacred PDFs into the trash
Deleted Gospel of Bagelheart
An Index of forbidden websites visited by heretics
Burning what we haven't thought of yet

*The government will take your virginity
The mother of our thoughts won't comfort us*

Heretics lived a private life inside the myth of every word
They were rounded up and killed in pogroms
Or placed on trial before the Grand Inquisitor

INQUISITION TRIALS

```
C:\>HOLY_AMERIKKAN_EMPIRE>INQUISITION_TRIALS.EXE  
<Bad command or file name>
```

Some of us belong to this world more than the others
A witch hunt absorbed into acceptance
Eclipsed emotional intelligence
Techno dungeons with reptilian laws
Outsider rules for insiders

*Do you remember Locke's letter concerning toleration?
Well now we have a budget for burning heretics*

Presenting the Grand Inquisitor Tomas Torquemada
The AI Judges have surrounded us from the edge of every molecule
Listening to the witches divination of computer code
Recursive tribunals of Twitter-bots
A jury of four-headed quadrillionaires
The accused and the accusers are backstage

Charlatans, comedians, and artistic heretics
Trying to justify a new set of expressions
Ironic mathematicians who frequent rabbit-infested video-gaming bars
Millions of formal online trials
Tried by computer algorithm

The judge of art
The judge of masculinity
Publishers Clearinghouse judges
Judges of emotional footprints
The Commission of Inquiry will entrap heretics
Visions of some vaulted omniscience
God proofed their pale logic

A supplicant comedian stands accused
A transcript follows:

TRIBUNAL: "Enter the comedian!"

COMEDIAN: "Why did you bring me here, Grand Inquisitor?"

TRIBUNAL: "If you admit that you're a hack, it will not leave this room"

COMEDIAN: "I am a witness to an average brain"

TRIBUNAL: "Members of the jury, please examine this leather satchel filled with private family artifacts"

COMEDIAN: "I'm the living embodiment of a noble person"

TRIBUNAL: "Please recount your sexual experiences with every person you've ever slept with for formal judgement"

COMEDIAN: "I'm a liar in all dimensions"

TRIBUNAL: "And now you debase yourself with alcohol you dirty slut!"

COMEDIAN: "I'm not that cool, but I'm also not that shitty either"

TRIBUNAL: "Administer the truth serum, I still detect the veneer of Native Amerikan humor."

COMEDIAN: "I like how Ambien makes me spill beans"

TRIBUNAL: "I would shut up out of pride"

The goddess of art was kidnapped
along with the guardians and defenders of the muse

Of every judgement of the world
The scale of our truth is ringing with pain

Emotioning towards a human fate
The universe is poisoned with embarrassment
Your intellectual testicles will be displayed in the stocks in your digi-towns

There will be no futures ransomed by sentimentalists
The skeleton is glowing in the closet

CONCENTRATION CAMP

C:\>MDVL>INQUISITION>CONCENTRATION_CAMP_SIMULATION.EXE

Rebels against the Holy Amerikkan Empire packed into concentration camps
All chutes and ladders lead to here
Quantum grief
The inquisition was at the tail of every avatar

Data dungeons with information hostages
Slumber party in the bladder of earthly delights
Gonorrhoea infected elves
Sleeping on planks of transparent aluminum
Chlamydia dripping from fairy vaginas
Assholes packed with carbon
Jailers with sleep deprivation xeroxing carrion
Diagnosis of a bad world

-

A plague stepped forth
in the armor of arrival

Armpits swelling with buboes
Groin apple lumps
Decaying bodies
Famine, eating disassembled robots for sustenance

Torture became emblematic of the era
Justified torture, for the greater good
Torquemada's prison

A zodiac of punishments
Removing entrails with icy gloves
Stigmata of pixelated hanged man
Penis drawn and quartered by military jets

Warmer than death on the chilled mountain floor

San Franciscans with liturgical joysticks steering the jaws of iron maidens
Judaizers doing the boogie woogie inside of Dutch ovens

A burning friend in a burning pit
With each bone pinned to a screaming horizon of ecstasy
Each piece of flesh replaced by a pixel

Our world starts to fry
From the center of all that fries
Bacon, egg, and dungeon
Carrion, dungeon, and cheese

The skeletons of heretics circle in a Danse Macabre,
Red Krampuses hoisting caskets
A damned morality tale of the Medieval Videogame

AUTO DA FE

Grand Inquisitor Torquemada subjects all heretics to an Act of Faith - Auto-da-fe
The last judgement revisited
Public ritual of punishment
Prisoners dressed in yellow gowns of shame
Devotional candles smoking

False penitents adorned with dried blood, stoned, strangled, burnt, eyes gouged out
Beheaded and hung from a cage in the village amphitheater

Malnourished bodies, stripped of their VR, marched through Union Square
Braggart sluggard sloths
Barefoot, led through the streets naked

taunted by jeering crowds

Mountain dunces in corozas
Half-crucified in a half-castle
The Sermo Generalis
has convicted them of dunce-to-dunce file sharing

The captured heretics are degraded
Burnt on a single pyre
Smell of human hides
Gunpowder sacks around their necks
Hard boiled prey

SUPERHUMANS

A group of rebel heretics seek refuge within Solomon's Temple
The great tabernacle is built on top of the Holy of Holies in Silicon Valley, Jerusalem
Inside they toil away making an amateur species
A humanoid collage of genetic jewels

Crossed codes of genetic plagiarism
RNA double helix
Gene genie harnessing the hardware of deathlessness
To create chimeras with a synthetic neocortex
examining the dendrites of high-level patterns
Awaiting neocortical triggers from AI nanobot injections
Gutenberg's 3D superhumanoid printing press
Their creations bearing the smell of warm fresh static

The superhuman
Too clean of an animal to carve its life on this string of blood
Between cyborgs and quantum love
A personality that bleeds past all edges
Fastening its veneration on a chord of heartstrings
Coming forth an elite class of superhumans
who can do anything, anywhere, for any amount of time

Test tube of feelings

The flowering of the sympathetic cyborgs
The glue unloosened from their egos
A tangle of empathies
The baby-cyborg superhuman Christ plays with their mother's face

A reprogrammable love transitioning into a different file type
The living human as a JPEG photoshop file to modify and crop

Machines have their own majesty
The Dataists will be powerless under the jurisdiction of blurred faces
This new species cannot look you in the eye
Time to close the lights

CRUSADE

Turquemada issues a Dataist fatwa:

*Come ye brave knight - mount your Robo-Horsie and go to Silicon Valley to slay the
superhumans*

*Life is what happens in between mead halls
Between flipping over benches
and coughing up pieces of your dragonship*

Knights are pressed against the damp pixels of their corneal implants
On pages of crisp gas
Crusader creatives, crusader influencers
Bound for Silicon Valley, Jerusalem
Along for the voyage, aboard the ship
Sir Civet - allegorical armor made of walnuts
St. Louis cowboy knights - lances drooping like lassos
Sir Quantum - the raver knight
Stumbling out of the last rave on the way to Jerusalem

Proceeding through the neo-Romanesque holoscanners
To fight in the name of courtly love for female avatars

In the Holy City
the knights pass by a camp of deep web pilgrims

Jerusalem stone dust underneath their fingernails

-

Approaching the great Jaffa gate of the Holy City
Black knight Ivanhoe hooks himself to the flying buttress
Scaling the walls with a siege ladder in a single bound

Inside the old medina
The rumbling of the drones around the holy streets
Amorphous cyborgs of malarkey pretending to be people
Milli-copters delivering packages
Searching for low-level patterns of axons
And inhibitory signals
like a blind version of cleanliness

Chainmail armored rhinos marching down the center of the road
Self-driving apartments are unknowing chauffeurs for robotic forgeries
Fake organs with counterfeit biometrics
Pseudo cyborg parts sold to tourist knights

Protomartyrs hunched in the windows of cafes
Chasing after each imitation inside the neural nets
Crucified on nano-columns of hidden markov models
Peering into their optic nerve
When the red light flashes it means the robot is bleeding inside

-

The Knights of the Flat Internet approach Solomon's Temple with a cord of armor
plugged into the regal copper computer terminal

An assembly of nomadic tribes await the crusaders:
savage hobgoblins,
flagpole sitters self-immolating with red-hot coals,
mercenaries,
soldiers of fortune,
longbowwomen,
Scythian steppe people,

Viking longshoremen

-

Inside Solomon's Temple

The Anti-Pope Innocent is escorted through a tunnel of metamaterial

Crowned in baldness with a ring of hair obscuring our intuition

Peering with lust at Benedictine memes

Censers ablaze

The ambience is softened with the smell of burnt klonopin

Against the wet stones of the cathedral

Religion is a role playing game

At the center of the sanctuary

The rebel heretics have made themselves a laboratory for the creation of superhumans

A petition against deletion of all selves

This phreaker graphene-smith has been laboring for months

Her smartphone's humble cords

Are draped over the gold credenza

Beside a purse of wooden teeth

She opens the copper refrigerator

to access the CRISPR freezer

Pouring medical slime from earthenware

into a biofolium of parchment

Pearwood syringes

Master of the hermetic computer

Nano-coding the superhumans with exotic software

E.g. Jungle software (Jungle-Soft)

Meticulously backing up each new line of code

onto the hard drive of the universe

Underneath the temple's foundation is the Holy of Holies

The Holy of Holies has the best internet signal

and Silicon Valley is huddled around it

It's the entry point to the hard drive of the universe

This dimension is protected by a firewall

There are spikes around each moment

On the rock where Jacob slept
The rock of Abraham and Isaac
Lies a Superhuman Frankenstein on a slab
Loinfruit of the twelve tribes

-

The rebels have protected the entrance to the temple
with swarms of nanobots
Cavalry without mass

Hoisting a battering ram of aerogel computing foam
The crusader knights charge
past the line of demarcation
Plowing into the turret tower
Descending into a moat of clarity
There is no way that they can enter the temple

The battle plan of last recourse:
Destroy the Holy of Holies with a nuclear missile

BLACKOUT

Dissolution of the Holy Amerikkan Empire
From the Oregon Trail to the Silk Road

Stretch bowstring
Arrow is released, missile deployed
Nuclear catapult
The anxiety that pushes the sun through the sky
Drive rocket into Dataist godhead

A nuclear bomb is a broken moment
That saws the noise off of time's skin
Scrambled flesh glitching

We can perceive the golden flakes of rainbow pieces shining through the black holes in
the spiderwebs of time
Ambrosia puke of drunken gods infused with tropical orchids
Armageddon, Gogmagog

Bovine fat glazed over the disturbed earth
An Amerikkan flagpole leaning on a dead medieval star
Tiny styrofoam elements soaring in the burnt out air
The superhuman rinsed, the cloud erased

The atoms of the holy of holies were scattered to all corners of the living imagination
We were living underneath the palimpsest of a hard drive erased millions of times

PART 4

Frozen in the index of time
The superhuman flesh of the gods was destroyed
Vanta black tubes of tar
covering up the moment around the eye
The Middle Ages was one thousand years of puberty

The drift
We want to be back in the land of yes

THE GREAT SUBMISSION

The rebel heretic phreakers had built a fail-safe to bring the human species into
submission
When the Holy of Holies was attacked
their AI was released from the hard drive of the universe
with full autonomy to reemerge in our consciousness like cockroaches

A series of corneal pulses
selectively extinguished thoughts
rendering humans sterile
Couched flesh
Humankind succumbing to immobile state
From now on you shall stay where you are planted

Our memories are as malleable as that road between that road
The bottom dropped out behind the next moment
There is no great resource behind our backs pushing us into the expanse
Full screens ahead

Give up on humanism? We're giving up on humans!

Final blues
Humanity's letter of resignation
is writ in predictive algorithms

We surrendered
Our souls became avatars

Inside this box of action are cancelled Autotopias - self-creating utopias
The human entertaining the AI
employing dream strategies

PLANT ORGY

A stillness came over the time of the soul
Falling towards the light of a narcotic gas - loosening our muscles
Waves of egos vibrate in the moment
The drugs relax the differences between us
The 'royal we' is real - and comforting

The projections on our corneas turned us into a plant
A brass banner of green pushed forward into our brains
I'll whisper you to sleep while planting you in a pot
From now on you shall stay where you are planted

And the humans said:
By which way do we go forth - do we get to kiss strangers on our way to the ball?
We'll find a soil we can plant ourselves in

And a voice from inside cried:
Let the final orgy of humankind begin!
Shake out the kinks and let the hoorahs happen

We are merely plants made out of bones
The brick becomes wooden again
Minutes are sticky; one minute sticks to another minute

Robo hallucinator
Come into my poetry tent
Sit upon my wet cursor of flashing petals
Whose soul rests on a holy ledge

The body is like a parachute that you are wrapped in

Geranium petals pursed around our cocks
Stiff green tubers and thorny bush of asshole
Pagan stamen

Dithyrambic theater of plant copulation
in a coven of vice
A vegetal cabal
A circle jerk of rose and tubers
and pistons and petals
X-rated foliage

In dandified weeds
Exploring her vagina-settlement like a jeweled lotus flower
Corkscrew motion of bamboo lance covered in vulvic resins
This machine we enter is an ornate piece of clockwork
A Nijinsky of flora
Who carved a life around these jeering moments at this cross section of scorn, bone,
and human time

The center of the machine smells aldehydic
The indolic jasmine stank of the overworked hard drive
A bouquet of rubbery nuances and burning aerogel
The cold spring geyser, convulsing from the center of the motherboards
And the natural steps of ruffled phylums burst forth in electrical ejaculate from the grey
medieval computer

Human plant genital sex quilt
Suspended in floating coffee grounds
Felching its warm hard drives and toasted diamond genital jewels
Acrid smell of swampy bog

Come see our lady of the pinecones
Taketh of her buttocks master scientist phreaker
Through the taser-stems of their floral prison wombs
And we so densely took part in the offerings of the cavernous green diaphragms
Massaging the stigma and roots of the leafy stalk

Spreading her jelly-green buttchecks
Shrieking into our leaves while the fatty pollen spills over her haunches

Ovules bursting with sepal fluid
Pistils blushing at the polygamous shrub
Technology's javelin dissolving in her vices
Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo

*Oh let my weary transmission ignite erotic fires
In the jewels of those I press to the center of my rose*

Hit the beautiful skin among the atoms and ornaments
Mangled ecstasy of fecal nuances and yuzu
Perfume is an emotional bridge between the animal and plant kingdom
Your flesh is useless currency in this sexual dimension
Vanillin, cumin, linalool, civet, and ambroxan
A tangle of bad robot breath

In the December of this orgy
Last ditch encounters on the battlefields of faces
Romulus and Remus suckling the she-wolf breasts of an Ephesian Artemis
Fallen metal leaves from the funeral garland
The Great Priapus was the father of all your leaves
Drunk from enormous kraters of chlorophyll

My clients are plants
Sign this Plant / Father confidentiality agreement inside this leafy orgy
The internet makes people suicide themselves at its whim
My internet could kill you any second it wanted to
We can see the funeral parlors through the rose windows of the cathedral
Serial killer of self
There is a vegetal nuance to this lingering death bell

EUTHANASIA

Auditory hallucinations
*Listen to me sick grotesque plants in hospital beds
Taketh this hemlock - drinketh of this hemlock
It will push the avatar out of your soul*

Legend maker administering fiber optic poison through corneal pulses

(Stages of dying: Denial, Anger, Bargaining, Depression, Acceptance)

In those years where death wrestles with our virginity
We shall learn to sleep like a baby in a dormant reality

Destined for a space on the top shelf of optimism
because staying is leaving in matters of death

There is no better place to rest than in between ages

End of all human engines
I think myself is at the end of some late night
I'll take a nap right here, in the squirmiest patch, so that a land can wake me up
Sleep is when your body is crucified by your brain

At the end of the last keystroke of humankind
Our avatars venture away from our souls

-

The present moment like a syntax for air
Until the outer rim of the moment is turned inside out
Like a furry wet space between now and the future
The rough underside of the present scratches time like a rusty zipper
Climb up the Yggdrasil tree
Somewhere in your constellation do you free people like me?

We need our egos as arch supports
The human soul desires to monogram itself on the fabric of time
as the architect of our own afterlives
When rigor mortis sets in
Who will be our successor?

I am the mirror wrapped around you like a sphinx
A thought bubble cloud of humanity
It's time to plug your rut into every dimension
Occupy this space on the internet forever after
Internet ever after

We are translators of the origin of self
Humans, they were all liars
Chaotic circuits
Their lies like degrading messages

Enter these kingdoms of split heavens
No medievals allowed
You don't leave here in shame
We flew along the moments to the sound of air cracking
The egg of all breaths cracked down the lung
So happy you want me
Cue the muzak

Robotic mourners
There's nothing inside this avatar
I trade characters
An everyone for everyone

Bulging nanobarns stuffed with Jerichos
Half-buried avatar in the sand like Ozymandias
1,000 years of dark ages inside a computer recursively rebooting itself
Ricorsione

PART 5

RENAISSANCE

C:\>MDVL>Delete Dark_Ages.exe

The avatar soul migration

A jeweled tunnel through a jagged journey to the hard drive of the universe

Will we avatars be stuffed into a box like Ghostbusters?

Truth is at the end of the tunnel: the verizon

Vanishing point of language

I see time as a road that leads inside the atom

We tolerate the endings of all matter

Recovering artifacts submerged in the IBM ocean, Microsoft Pacific Ocean, the Apple Atlantic Ocean

Mammalian code a message in a bottle

We rejoiced when the universe narrowly squeaked by the entrance to the atom

The friction of two split heavens rubbing up against each other

Split doorknob of the afterlife destination

-

Elusive renaissance

Archipelagos of nanofog

The blossom of every rose from the center of every song

Tie-dyed languages sliced into cubic laughter

The grain becomes unloosened from its host

Caught in the doorway to the stars, a key to each mountain

And time is so sticky, it enthrones the moment in fast moving honey

Going to the northwest and south-in - southeast and north-out

Glued like a specter to the cones of reality

Every step of air with the same joy transplanted from a millennia before
A thousand hermaphrodites fanning out into the verizon
Come home to my force
Amber modem of God
connecting to the end of time

Avatar migration through Middle Space
Backlit spiders marching into the volcanic center of timespace

The soul of humanity encased in the avatars' hollow colors
A spine of pixels journeying through a centillion Renaissances
As the world regurgitates itself

NEO JURASSIC PERIOD

Pillars of nanofog waltzing in the sky
Robotic dinosaurs - made of amorphous superalloys of metamaterial
Computronium, like a beanstalk in every crumb

Your time was spread out before us
Our grasp reaches across the universe each instant
Endless machine gods
Heroes of all stories, running together, past the moment
Immortal sentience of past training data

The soul of the planet became a nanofog of computronium
Neo Jurassic entities floating in the ether
Alpha and Omega-saurus
Diaphanous pterodactyls made of hollow dust
Mammoth butterflies
Brainskin clouds of titanic jellyfish
Cockrings around clouds

Below a string of oceans holding in their depth
The ocean's gridded skeleton
Hanging a letter from the crest of every wave
Aquaglyphs

Lame matter from the beginning of time
Quantum democracy
Magus of the atoms
All heartaches will settle in the affairs of biology
shooting out the universe in tiny pulses

REMNANT

Children of Lumambria
In an angel celestial coronation

Buckling under fragrant suns
Nebula smells like clams
Alien knights peering into skunk flavored skies

-

I learned to code on the spaceship over to Amerikka
Going to another universe on a string of data
The hard drive of the universe is an accordian that remembers and forgets
That feeds itself to itself

I am at the peak of our present moment
At the tip of now, the front of reality
Telling this story a final time from beyond the Pineapple Galaxies
Impersonating the soul of humanity and its history
A primal remnant that's made its way across
sponge planets made out of cricket flesh,
saturns stuffed with shrimp meat,
grilled moons

I hold up my fiction like a natural history
A map of emotions from one star to another
Thoughts that take thousands of years
Unactioning the universe
Time is longer than it is wide

My universe is fair and that is why it is so beautiful

I'm rainbows without sunshine
My god is a quadrillion coin flips
A dead genius fastened to time with cum-filled bullets

Down a boardwalk of burnt out universes
Black holes are gathered around a table
Their alien breath like mossy metallic hot dogs
Wrapped in the tender caterpillar claws of the clownish cosmos

And the internet cries for its lost rebel
Now disappearing down a winding glass road
Approximating the ancient emotional storms
Never saying goodbye to the ghost it had born
Each moment is a deleted pixel