

Quiescence

“That’s true, isn’t it?”

I sing what I see: a lot of bots——crying words, and vice versa. “Quintessence” is one of them, it’s a word-bot that rhyme with earplugs! *With earplugs...* “I see them, I hear them,” they are sounds floating in bubbles speech for the blind and deaf. *The blind and deaf.* The dumb, eardrums! “Tick, tick.” The cymbals! Here I am listening to the splashing cymbals! *And the flies...* Tick, tick. Bots! Tick? Bots... The dumb, earing dumb. Tick. Tick. Bots! It sucks. Earing dumb. Tick, tick. Tick? *Tick!* Catching words from the interstellar void of consumer society, my chameleon-like, soundless tongue is a comet’s tail. One nano-bot, ten thousand nano-bots. “I see them, I hear them...” *Hear them.* Them! Harboring offenders... Those sounds. Umbelliferous of robots, dock and launch port. The blind, the mute, the eardrums. The cymbals! *The cymbals!* The cymbals! Here I listen to the symbols that are splashing! Washing the song, crashing my tongue! And yet, I am not still Death.

Married to my palate and my glottis, each one smashes through a hostile tonfa, an etymological dictionary, a piece of the military academy’s hangar of their definitions. Words are like tiny drones, nano-drones launched in battery from the deck of the armed ship that plunge into my mouth! Harboring resentment: those screams! My chameleon-like, soundless tongue is a comet’s tail. It fist playfully comes aloud, then screams like I have been consumed in the atmosphere. Ouch! Tick, tick. Bots! Tick, tick. Tick? Bots... *Robbed bots and banknotes!* And those who are still *sick...* sick from this absolute calm. A quiescent mouth? Crushing it. Splashing! Crashing on the umbelliferous lethal AI fruits! *Fly.* Flies... Flying lies! *Lies.* “Are musical notes like to fly? But... it’s true, isn’t it?”

And yet, and still... A quiescent tongue, a one that is spitting on drones, on the aircraft carriers carrying words, robots and dollars bill! *And dollars bill!* Splashing! Crushing it, crushing on. *Crushing on. Splashing it! Splashing them!* “I see them, I hear them,” they are sounds floating in bubbles speech. The dumb, eardrums! Bubble speech... AI is like certain fruits that flies peck at... and it’s like smashing sticks on the drum kit! *Tick.* The cymbals! Here I am listening to the splashing cymbals! *Tick, bot; tick. Tick bots! Tick, bots...* and dollars bill! And those that are still ill... ill of that state of quietness.

“Liquescent song for a quiescent tongue!” I sing what I see. A lot of bots... crying words, and vice versa. *Quintessence* is one of them, it’s a word-bot that rhyme with earplugs! The mutes, the eardrums. Here is the cannibals, all of them. *Hear them.* Them! “I see, I hear...” *Screaming words!* Laughing bots... It starts with a playful cry——then it howls as if I were swallowed by the atmosphere. Only because my chameleon-like, soundless tongue is a comet’s tail! One nano-robot, ten thousand nano-robots. Every belly is sick of bots!

Married to my palate and my glottis, each one smashes through a hostile tonfa, an etymological dictionary, a piece of the military academy’s hangar of their definitions. “A... I” is like certain fruits that flies peck at! Tick, *tick.* Tick, bots! Stick, *tick.* Tick, *tick!* Tick. Stick. Te-e-e-e-e-ick? Te-e-e-e-e-e-ick... Te-e-e-e-e-ick, t-e-e-e-ick. But... Earing dumb! Tick, stick. And... Words are tiny drones——nano-tech——launched in battery from the deck of the armed ship harboring into my *mouth!* The cymbals! I’m listening to the crash of the symbols... And still I am Death. Now I am. Utterly dead under these deadly fruits of umbelliferous AI. Tick, tick. Bots! Tick, tick. Bots... Ooh... Ooh... Ooh!! The blind, the mute, the eardrums. The cymbals! *The cymbals!* The cymbals! Here I listen to the cymbals that are splashing!