

Stillness And What

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Here is the ET. The extra castration. For them, for you. Us, entering the teleport, then, after a moment, emerging from its toothless maw. “Ranked how?”, tell me! Provoke a snake and... you’ll die! Not a word! Mum’s the Word! The page is dressed head-to-toe in white to match the void.

I hate all mothers and all fathers—all those who loom over others and those born of the same blood; and VV. I hate all those who envision the mark of blood upon their foreheads, their bibliography—their *cast-off skins*—and those who serve as the moon to that mark, rather than the blade that would have castrated them.

Are dictionaries trucks full of sheep? The words “speaking aloud” are going through the blind merge and crash on the dictionary. Are they? The ewe bleats: “Who can go and milk her udders?” Not me, not her, not us.

How is that mouth rated? How rated is that mouth? *Mhm... Mhm.* Mum’s mouth! Full mouth: moon. A time of mourning. No more dick. Her mouth how is it rated... How are you? All upside down. Tell me! Rattle a snake... and you’ll die! All of you. Brothers and sisters. Brothers and dots; dots and sisters. Vanishing lines. Inverted perspective. I was their rear mirror! The speculum. *The speculum.*

The space station’s mission, around which the other tracks will orbit, is now completed; track 3 will soon enter orbit, a transhumanist dystopia. I’d been uploaded the last three tracks this week, as soon as my thighs and knees were able to withstand the heat of the laptop. *Dot, dot, dot!* On the subject of the plot and all its meanings, *he* helped her pee out sperm and female ejaculate, swallowing it all.

Dot, dot, dot. Ellipses. Leaking dots. Your father? “A total maniac,” she said. The same one that was bleating aloud... He wasn’t even capable of making me come. Even with an SM ball! Bye, bye, the cosmonaut! Navel. Conception. Birth. Hell. Death. Teen. Dots. Canteen. Huge mistake. Heat. Kick. Ew. Bit. Bleak, blink. Stock. Nihilistic: bleating “Embryo... Ha! Ah!”

Dot, dot, dot: leaking dots. Dick and fix; flock and folk! A “quickie” for an embryo? Belly. Quickie? Yuck! Spaceship and milkshake. Eggs and feathers! Breast. Belly. Bip. Indepth rage. A sheep that shits. A sheep with electronic chips! A sheep that dreams: only the sounds were hatched by AI! Bye, bye, the astronaut! Indeed.

To fully catch the politically aesthetically depth of that extra track, go to the fourth then to the 3. To the 3. Back to the womb. The mother spaceship! Teleportation, intravenous syringe. Only the sounds were hatched by AI! You know how the male gaze is depicted in movies. How the gaze is depicted. Motion picture, album, comic strip and bubbles. Embryo being turned into a reified object, or, in this case, a yet unborn baby being stripped of its soul, petrified in an overwhelming pain inside an aquarium full of electric eels.

What happens between tracks is akin to the inter-iconic gap in comics. The lethal air bubble in a intravenous syringe if it isn’t expelled, the speech bubble and the moon! *The moon...* Mum the ghost. *Flashback.* What happens between tracks? The horizon: her Heart. Laughing bots... The lullaby Mum used to sing to me—the one her lover had written for her. Here are the deeds! Sisters and brothers, blinded siblings: “Pearly tree, a wisp of snot and denial,

Irresistible buttock with a criminal docking:
Dark as a Dad turd and white like Mum appetite!

Oh, the seasoned anus—pastille of your eyes!”

After *La Vénus de Milo* by Charles Lecomte de Lisle. And so, so. Lick it! *Lik it...* Lick it? Humph *A’PR!* Dish soap... Spewing out this modified poem by de Lisle, Humph! Mum is opening her womb. Bubbles and white sheep. Wind-driven, milk-producing white sheep. Her cum: the herd and the people! Humph, humph. Each of the glasses containing a molecular nanorobot. Thanks to her butt: a mole-bot!

For the poetic polysemy of the spaceship, see above, rewind. The track, that extra one. And. End. And. Hand. Cock, helmet. Bleak, blink. Navel. Death. Bleep? Teen. Kick. Blink. Conception. Birth. Hell. Mount Carmel Canteen. Heat. *He-e-e-eat.* Quickie? Ew. Huge mistake. Hence. “Ooh. Laptop. Bit. Tox.” Embryo... Ha-ha! Spaceship and milkshake. Embryo? Belly. Yuck! Bleak. Eggs and feathers! *Belly. Bip—bleep!* Breast. Feast of the zombies! And I am the winner, the black turd-sheep! Hic. Kick. Blink. Meat wrapped in cellophane.

“Pearly tree, a streak of snot, and denial” as a design approach—a way of conception. Birth. Hell. Mount Carmel Canteen. Heat, heat. Eat! Quickie?

12: here is the extra bot, the sound, the sun between her thighs like parallel moon bars! Eggs and feathers: a complete range!

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It is now time for the first lamb’s call! The slaughtered daughter. As little girls—and those of her kind—always are, in keeping with a long-standing patriarchal tradition. A terrifying tone, the lunar helmet ill-fitted over her budding curls.

“Hello?

—Yes...

—Is it Mum?

—Is was and always will be!

—Oh! I thought it was the Dad...

—No, you know it: your father is mowing the words.

—How is that?”

It could have being that conversation.

“But Mum, think before answering: it isn’t about anything that you want to say, is it? Or is it something uplifting...”

Here is the actual conversation, with a recording as proof:

“You have a lisp; you mispronounce them.

—Huh! How is that...

—*Don’t you dare to parrots!”*

A dreadful “hello”? A cosmetic response to her daughter the ewe white lamb. That is *now* a parrot!

Now the ewe lamb is biting her tongue, and what then. What is she going to do with the big book! The thick one, about bots. The Bible of robots... Is it the book of parrots?

“But Mum, I’m not parroting, Mum...

—No, of course not; in fact, you rattle those words off robotically.

—Humph! “Rattle, you mean, like a snake?”

11 and Eden plus a robot—tongue bacteria—a language virus, a daughter and a son. And now the parrot is a snake... A rattle one!

Aeronautical helmet, the lethal air bubble in a hypodermic syringe if it isn’t expelled, as in novels, movies... And in this song.

Wrong turn. Remember that the world “intrigue” is one of a total dirt or filth, because it is so difficult to clean. Film. *Clean.*

“I’ve said: Whatever you do, don’t you dare mindless-

ly repeat what people are saying! Words aren’t meat

wrapped in a dictionary.

—Huh! How is that...

—Pick the right one and don’t lips them while blowing.

—But Mum...”

Meat wrapped in cellophane. “Pearly tree, a wisp of snot and denial,” While maintaining suspense, intrigue, I am floating...

I am floating in the inter-iconic space! I... am felled from the moon. A balloon. A balloon-daughter. A balloon-moon. Expelled from a speech bubble. *And*—the moon is laughing aloud.

“Don’t ‘But Mum... me,’” and listen carefully: do not touch the edges of the word with your lips while speaking.

—I didn’t do it! I didn’t!

—*YES YOU DID!*

—But Mum, I don’t mind admitting when I’m wrong.”

The lullaby Mum used to sing to me—the one her lover had written for her.

Here are the deeds! Sisters and brothers, blinded siblings:

“Pearly tree, a wisp of snot and denial,

Irresistible buttock with a crim-

inal docking,”

As dark as Dad, as white as Mum! An so forth. Bleep, bleep, bleep! Lips. Upside down. Rearview mirror: oral horror!

“Yes you did! *You did it...*

—But Mum!”

Ellipse is a recurring motif from her vulva. Only “Parental Guidance” was suggested. Yuck! The filth. 12: here is the extra bot, the sound, the sun between her thighs like parallel moon bars! “Eggs and feathers.”

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Saxifrage Acoustic: a complete range!

I think afterwards, because it happens to me, that it’s the perfect word.

The two scales of the balance, the head and the passion, the sun and the star, the enclosure and the opening.

Perfect for a writer and also for a politician—(*conspire*).

As for the artists, they are caught in the middle.

And, for the lover, it’s an affair. Artists are always in love, and in execration.

They are the anarchists of the plot; it leads nowhere but itself!

(A closed planar curve in which the sum of the distances from any point on the curve to two fixed points, called *foci*, is constant.)

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...*Hence* to convey a mood and especially the mental

state of the main singer, who died by suicide, and to

express the grief—a *single text*—from his wife for she

is still breathing, and is not a “bot”.

Fish scales—and the moon, which is one of them. Speech bubbles—the ones we suffocate by filling them with words!

It’s so appalling! So appalling!

But now it is time for the call of the second lamb! The

son. The black lamb. —A call before...

Before going to sleep...

“Hello?”

A dreadful “hello”? And so on.

Fathers never answer their lambs. They really struggle to admit they’re wrong: they are no pussy! The umbilical cord connecting them to the Mothership isn’t exactly the most interesting feature. Unless they become a ghost—a *spirited ghost*. One whose speech-bubble helmet foreshadows their arrogance. And so the “Dick”. “Lamb’s bleat, the lamb calling to the ewe: “Oh Daddy, come to me. With or without the ball gag, come to me. Not to her—to me. Me.”

11

and Eden plus a robot—t

ongue bac-

teria—a *language virus*—a son

&

a daughter.

End of the extra track as an overall gag.

End of it.

Lyrics: Colleen Woolley and Kat Credle.