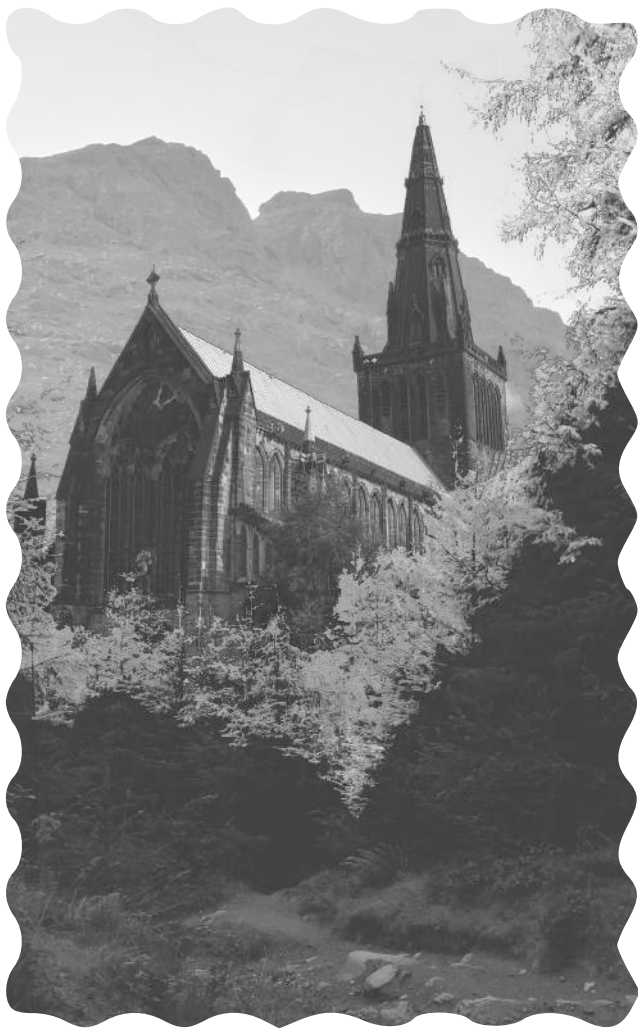


# ZEROES AND 1'S



:cathedral, glasgow :ben arthur, arrochar alps

the bio-diesel bus ride to the radical faery redoubt two thirds up the west slope of sierra madre del sur takes time but and because of inflationary hypersubjectivity nobody agrees on just how much time clocks of every sort are distrusted smashed used for parts and potions and or ground to dust and injected directly in an attempt to make one a better machine forever conflating upgrade with evolution the transubstantiation of the mobilephone is complete god is a network and not even nothing is above mess and measure so just what nothing is or might be becomes a subject of constant debate and or something to fight about a dark matter schools football teams even political parties and their militias are based on notions of nothing on a lighter side the colour green has a worldwide cult following its various hues and shades despite having devolved into sects are united in a holy war against the rest of the visible spectrum mirrors are the only things that don't lie they are feared like witches i am tired my hands are red and my face is foreign to me and everybody i know the earth is broken everything we have ever done to be herenow will be done again and again and again generating more and more and more and more waste changing exactly nothing should i succumb to retrospection i would float away on a river of tears i am instinct only coiled here now on this bus i remember occasional brightblue skies the acrid smell of sweat berry flavoured lube and laying 7 dozen eggs between mexico city and now some we bartered for favours others we sold on the beige market aka obay the rest we ate hard-boiled soft-boiled scrambled fried over-easy raw time passes or is arrested on false charges convicted sentenced to life thrown in prison beat-up molested shattered broken now only a number birth name forgotten an animal prowling the dark corridors of a building long abandoned feeding on weakness speaking thereof on this bus for an extra fee you can get video delivered to a screen on the seatback in front of you we watch kittens playing with balls of yarn asmr clips tutorials on starting your own organ farm and pornography all the imagery blursandbecomes one long originary epic of curling soft squeaky fur petted into mountains and smoothed into plains by large clay-brown hands twisting forming turbid torrents foaming effluent lakes and oceans of digital images the churning of ones and zeroes the 1's and o's of cockcunt tongue fingers poking stroking mouths munching licking spitting eggs speckled blue white brown and a giant manwoman both and no organs only 1's and o's golemesque also speckled blue white brown grown from dirt dancing and smashing with every foot thrust the earth's crust rocks crushed and dust rubble waste clouds loom electric waiting atmospherelike for more kittens more eggs more mouths and cocks and cunts 1's and o's to eat and be eaten turning my head away from the thought or the screen to the window trees brown and green blur by and the bus picks up speed descending there is no denying the faux innocent come-hither mien of a kitten purred the kovid kid reaching for the lube



Pasado,  
presente  
transformándose.  
mutando.

Calle mojada,  
de lágrimas...  
y sangre.  
Agosto.

Ritos inolvidables,  
Largas caminatas.

Comienza a hervir la sangre  
el peso de los recuerdos,  
es más grande que el de los  
párpados.

Más livianos  
que los de la muerte.

Puedo soñar

veo en ti  
cuando sueño  
eres un sueño  
dormido;

Giovani Della Mancha



b speth  
may 2020



