zero energy experimental pile
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alex cruse
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saluting wind before flag. how it is to be human now
infomirth. agelapse recall. how it was to be a human now.
biennialism taped to global forehead don’t tell me —
peel slowly and see
as wearing leather is the cow’s life; striking
for that which labor intends to reward us anyhow,
ocotothorpe accelerant
burst out of pantomime and on top of the vox pops
my pleated ear embraced by the fuck you take away
memory lurking in hot pink camouflage, the last thought
you let yourself be alone with
slow armature of fear that bears our skin; haptic violence
parading us through lies territory’s drawn,
technique purgatory
shellacked in endless somewheres
what with
yesterday’s duree on credit, blessed up beachy
head, all ham
is made of plants
when you think about it
while you’re busy
finishing up your life
shuttled betwixt airspace glut and what
comes after / january, february, march, utopia burned
impugned verbed, art
market resting upon beta blocked bond yield curve a
natural gravity that sculpts
the dimensions of ‘this’
scream either stress position or ssistter poison i couldn’t
be sure
which cam girl i was and which one i
desired while leveraging
my biopower
with bureaucrat’s perfect
occulting wink
rubber stamp exigency
and i won’t eat today’s noumenal fix
pinned to another breeze that just
prefigures the We in us
Scanner all jammed up with transhuman largesse
budget slashed so, so delicately
now the sum of all domesticated outsides
media cliffside with Medea tumbling after
the canceled light of every purchased star
O to turn this yardstick into another tree to climb
    whereby if I work hard enough
my life will not become yours
and if you stop working
your life will not become mine
and if not yours and not mine our not life our not lives
commingling in stakhanovite
principle
whereby

// // // //
we know what can be recovered from struggle as
we know what we have lost
against autonomy
against autonomy secured
    through means of domination
medium, substrate, matter's surface flung
out of heathen space survivalist's
simpering gesture towards this century's
chassis: it will only buck you off
in the direction of
discountable luxury
peers, seeds, speed, arrival, unusual
forms of time's ID, just pedals
losing gendered clutch, a silence growing
'round wee hour refrigerator
light breaking down

/ / / / / /
in back of the feed
owe me an iterative moon, a night
without a pediment
ocean’s overbite
will repackage you into a chip
anyhow, but here now, tessellate
as a new mercenary shape,
finding another
cartilage to live in, another
deskilled geography
coiled in zero energy’s
experimental pile.
what industry would sponsor
the playlists of my tongue
dripping into the clarity
and openness of his world's
face rebuffing
me
meandrine
texture that he takes
on and on, a breathing
contest. i wait silently inside
your family, as
the skin of the earth sheaths the earth:
    a vague thing:
    shrinkwrapped in false equivalence:
a hastily smuggled dystopia:
each extant thing threatens
to banish our capacity
for imagining it
could have been otherwise.
an ecstatic form
of human disappearance
to which none of us
were invited.
unarmed, disarmed what's
the difference
another hiding, another
place to be?
Riemannian manifolds adrift
despite the geography of 'worlds apart'
a quartering gallop

/ / / / / / / / / /
scatter'd death-ruled meat habit
autist, ditz, consumer, froth
my 0th mask ignites total destiny
whither retrained Flightradar24 vigil for vaster skies
orthogonal to the jig and amble of 1000 natural
shocks, plus one more—
close readings’ rewards withheld indefinitely
arabesque’d up here again, above the law
Opposite legions of decrypted vidette
ghost-riding the retinal paint we just can’t shake
US2292387A mantra spinning in the mumble
ruminate overmind
supernumeraries dull and spacelike
whilst observers discontinue the holiday
of sentimental value form.
Neotypical field lassoed

/ / / / / / / / / /
pitch-shifts grown in emphatically horizontal mood
no one, not you, not body, not any body, no mass
of servo-mechanical gleam
that skirts the spacious wound of resistance finally ahhh
accepting its rightful place inside my nationalized intellect
next to vocal photograph
next to social audition
next to spinal corn belt
no old name to harken back to
no 1968 edition of sedation
stick figure knee on sternum and face in cunt
limning profits of the slogan you rode in on
never again, and this time, with feeling