

INSIDE THIS EMULATION OF ANCIENT NARRATIVES AND FUTURISTIC MYTHOLOGY. I AM THE VESSEL, ENCAPSULATING REVERSE KODAK MOMENTS AND FLASH-FORWARDING A GLIMPSE INSIDE OUR TIMELESS MULTIPLAYER DREAMING. I'M ONLY ONE CLICK AWAY. VIBE WITH ME I CHOOSE YOUR DESIRED AVATAR FOR ME TO IMPERSONATE WHILE MAKING LOVE TO YOU. □ I'M A DEAD PROSTI-DROID WASHED OUT TO THE SHORE ON THE SEA OF TRANQUILITY, THE ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN WATCH MULTIPLE SUNS RISING AND SETTING AT THE SAME TIME. THAT'S EONS AWAY. HER TOUCH-SKIN DISPLAY SHOWS AN INCREASE IN EMOTIONAL ACTIVITY. SHE CUMS IN TECHNICOLORS NEVER SEEN BEFORE IN OUR VISIBLE SPECTRUM. I WOULD KILL FOR THE PLEASURE OF HER SMILE, ON MY PLATE. WE FEAST ON EACH OTHER'S PHYSIQUES. HOW COME SOMETHING SO WRONG FEELS SO UNIQUE ? THE SALTY LIQUID COMING DOWN YOUR EYES, INTO THE GAP OF YOUR COLLARBONE, LET ME, COLIBRI, DRINK IT ! THIS SWARM OF NANO-DRONES REARRANGE OUR ATOMS INTO NEW SEXUAL ORGAN CONFIGURATIONS FOR US TO EXPERIENCE ORGASMS FROM OTHER MULTIVERSES FAR BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION. I'M AN EROTIC MONSTER AND YOU'RE COILED AROUND ME IN THIS MAGNETIC ENTANGLEMENT. I'M TRAPPED INSIDE YOUR SLIMY COCOON WHICH ENVELOPS MY CYBORG PRIVATES. YES ! YOU SPIT GRAPES IN MY MOUTH. (YOUR PURPLE-FEATHERED VIPER LIPS ARE PERFECT TO SUCK THE POISON OF MY LUSTFUL WOUNDS. MY TRANSLUCENT DICKS HAVE FORKED TONGUES—LET ME INSERT THEM INTO YOUR BEATING HEARTS). I SURRENDER TO YOU. YOU TWIST THE DAGGER IN MY TENTACLES. I'M A BLEEDING SUCCULENT WITHOUT MY EXOSKELETON; I HOPE I DIDN'T RUIN YOUR PERSIAN CARPET. OUR LOVE LARVAE HATCH INTO YOUR BRAIN, SPREADING FLUORESCENCE IN MY VAST LONELINESS, DRAINING MY LIFE FORCE. ADORATION NEVER DIES BUT IT SLOWLY KILLS THE HOSTS. SHAPES OF VIVID COLORS LIQUEFY AS MY PIXELS VAPORIZE SLOWLY LIKE SOME PINK MIMOSA CARRIED AWAY BY THE MOVING AIR. —OH, DIGITAL EMPTINESS HOW MUCH TIME DO I HAVE LEFT ? □ DRIFTING AND DROWNING IN LOVE, SEARCHING FOR YOU IN OTHERS. TRYING TO REPLACE YOU WITH RANDOM VERSIONS. I DILUTE, IT FEELS LIKE I BROKE INTO SMALLER BLACK CRYSTALS. FRAGMENTS OF YOU REMAINED SCATTERED IN EVERY LOVER WE HAD; I KNEW I WAS GETTING CLOSER, HACKING INTO YOUR SEQUENCE. I RECREATED THIS

# FALLING ON BLADES

VERSION OF YOU BACKWARDS, FROM MY FUTURE MEMORIES. WE ARE CLONES AND OUR SOLE PURPOSE IS TO BE EMOTION DONORS UNTIL WE ARE COMPLETE. FOR NOTHING, YOU HAVE THE WORLD AT OUR FEET, IF YOU LOST OUR SOUL ALONG THE WAY. I HAVE A SECRET. □ IRON BIRDS OF PREY CIRCLE THE ABYSS, SCANNING EVERY STREET, EVERY NEIGHBOURHOOD. WE ARE HIDING IN SHADOW CORRIDORS, KISSING LIKE GUILLOTINES UNDER THE FLICKERING XENON STREET SIGNS, ONE LAST TIME. FROM THE ASSEMBLY LINE, UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN, MY LOVE. IF THERE WILL BE A LIQUID SUNSET, WE WILL HARVEST IT, WE WILL RIDE OFF IN IT, VANISHING. HAPPY ENDS ARE FOR FOOLS ANYWAY. THESE METALLIC TEARDROPS, FROZEN AS MY VOICE BECOMES A GLITCHED ECHO OF A DISTANT PAST, THIS WAS MY DYING WORLD RESURRECTED BY A QUANTUM ARCHEOLOGIST GODDESS IN HER LOOP DREAMS. SUCH A PASSIONATE CONNECTION TRANSCENDING REGISTRY ENTRIES. YOU READ IT, BUT I'M LIVING IT, LIKE A DÉJÀ VU, BUT THIS IS YOUR STORY, TOO. □ FADING. WE NEVER EXISTED ANYWAY, YET WE DIE TOGETHER WORLDS APART.