

# **The Sacrifices**

**By Alexander Kattke**



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Cover art by Franck Besancon

May you have interesting recollections. May your thoughts create new beings.  
Pity the schoolchildren who may one day be forced to read them.

...

Worst case scenario: this text will be left in the aisle “Written while on shrooms.”

Best case scenario: this text will be left in the aisle “Haunted text.”

...

**Note:** this text could be perceived as schizophrenic but that’s an argument owing more to presentation; one would argue that the films of Fellini and Bunuel are schizophrenic and then you can counter that by showing films made by actual schizophrenics such as *The Toxic Retards* (2015).

...

**Reminder: delete this notation.** I think this may even work –in keeping in tune with the 120 Days of Sodom and Aurelius’ Meditations- that even when presented in a sort of rough draft form, they get the overall intent and the ideas will connect once they get past the first page. Hopefully the format will not confuse the reader that the thoughts are independent but linked together (told by other individuals but expressed under one perspective) with deliberate spacing and bolded text to act as chapter stops. Bolded text -in the context of what is being said- is simply to hold on a point. It’s like poetry with invisible lines in-between but connected by themes and recurring imagery. I regret not adding a foreword like this to previous books but perhaps it’s a failure on my part if my work requires instructions? Counter point to that: this is a different kind of writing where it’s almost like learning how to utilize new technology. Lines will be added to make this clearer not out of assumed belittlement towards the reader but in order to make that communication as clear as possible -recalling military orders to launch the heavy artillery- hopefully they understand that this is not recycling my suicide note but grabbing something from out of the fire and rebuilding it. The point of this book is to drop a nuclear bomb on the entire literary scene. There will be no sad & pathetic foreword explaining why I attempted suicide ~~six~~ seven times as of this writing.

## **PERSPECTIVES:**

The Serial Killer

The Dark Comedy

The Machine

The Victim

The God

The Optimist

The Tools of Destruction & the Surgeries

The Soldier

The Madness or the Madness of Being (a writer)

The Energy Afterward

## THE SERIAL KILLER

This is the catalog I join but not by choice. I acknowledge this spot among the rest of the oddities as the carny barker warns the crowd wandering around outside the tent of the freak show: "Look away! Don't read the writings of... An extreme manic depressive!" The crowd gasps and runs off.

The sky melts away from bright blue to dark remnants of what once was. My gifts are decaying hand-me-downs. In the background, the overseers of these actions look on and pretend they are not like us and seek the same levels of temporary escape. My time is limited and a ticking clock is always in my perspective looming over the highways and hills. So many passersby. So many people and their clouds of isolation.

A woman in recline. Lying on her back like she's on a beach. Two railroad spikes side-by-side penetrate her neck and leave a small rivulet of blood dripping down the cleavage.

**Every single dark comedy ever imagined plays throughout your mind 24/7 365 unending.**

A photo of yourself with family and all family members slowly become blacked out by a sentient void. The darkness seeps out and removes them from memory. That is a welcoming oblivion. Should the specter of Death come for them the only thing I could do is shake their hand and say my thanks to the Grim Reaper. And as the reaper smiles, it resembles in ultra-violent orbit, a black hole with fangs.

I stabbed into their neck with broken glass -clasped within an improvised hilt made from a dirty rag- twirling the point in all directions to cut beyond repair until I reach inside the exposed carotid artery. My hand feels around in the red viscous while the chills of my skin temporarily cool the bitterly warm plasma flow. Inside there is a place that shouldn't be: a void where I feel the potential for life, it reminds me of my brief excursion at a farm inseminating livestock and how you fist the animal in order to feel if it is in fact pregnant or not. My hand grasps that presumed womb that may as well be a beating heart and I feel that sweet

satisfaction of crushing it like turning out the lights after a long day and returning back to night where I belong.

I can almost exactly pin-point the origin: I never felt close with my family, I was pushed away or told to stay away, and that manifested when I was 6 in the pool with my older sister and I held her head down in the water. I could have killed her. I wanted to. But I relented because I was thinking in terms of blowback even then. When my sister got up from the water she yelled "He tried to kill me!" at our mother who seemed indifferent.

### **We're all maggots living off spoiled meat.**

All humanoids get replaced with knives. Knives everywhere. Knives arising from the sand dunes and from prayer. Knives dividing meat at each step. Blades stabbed into and expanding. Blades dividing meat from bone and from cloth. Blades smashing into the things we hold. Blades carving the dinner's roast. Blades carving into the faces of who opposes me in a forever deepening pool of gore.

I fed the roaches that infest my apartment with my vomit.

Ideal torture of those underserving of life: remove the hilts of blades (if necessary), stab into the meat, apply jumper cables and run electricity through the pincushion. I have a personal hypothesis to see how much electricity can be conducted via tooth fillings.

Those who claim depression should be punished by having their balls cut off and cunts sewn to a permanent close and that surgery should be performed by actual depressed people as a way to vent their frustration.

I see the family walking with their child between them holding hands and swinging them to and fro; but I could only think in that moment of seeing the child hang above a roaring fire being slow roasted by billionaire criminals.

**Note:** the author didn't violently masturbate to every page. It was every third page.

In college I joined a fraternity: RMT = Rape Murder Torture frat. Our secret handshake was a punch to the face.

The hand that composes these words is not the same hand from yesterday.

The great family dinner is served while the TV is on too loud and everyone would rather look away, as the meal is dragged over to the still-over-priced kitchen table bought on clearance, the plates reveal the final meal consisting of knives and other stabbing weapons. The family says their prayer and leap after the cutlery to stab and carve into what they most hate to be around.

It is my great ambition to be the owner and CEO of a rape factory.

The sledgehammer lands at the top of the crown, splitting the skull into several large pieces with sudden exclamations of pain reaching its conclusion until finally silence. I strike over and over in pointless fury imagining I am carving a statue from stone or breaking through a rebuilt Berlin Wall for my freedom.

The child weeps and tries to climb out of the pit but I refuse to let go, and with my free hand I grab them by the left eye socket where my nails tear through the flesh and peel it back. The child lets go of their escape in a desperate attempt to affix their face like a beloved Halloween mask stolen by a bully.

**Note: be thankful I ended it so quickly. It could have gone two ways, the other with me holding a gun to my temple for a captive audience.**

Writing is so therapeutic. That's what others tell me. But in my case, it provides me the opportunity to contain my thoughts, reflecting on those great plans, scratching off names like items on a chore list. I can reuse those names, etching them on the walls of my roster leaving a riddle for others to solve as to what it all meant.

A beheaded pig decorated with a bridal gown still collecting blood and ruptures of expelled bodily gases – white and red mixes with drippings from the dead.

My friend insists that I am one with fire & vision and I can't help but see that translated as being an unknowingly baleful creature cursed to spread flames

wherever they step, becoming the eternal burn victim whose sympathies are the flying sparks starting the world's fire.

I come to the aide of the disabled motorist by offering a welcoming hand and then forcing them underneath the rolling tires of their vehicle until all is left is a smear of the naïve & vanquished.

During my murderous fantasies, I recontextualize where I am and what I am doing: I see myself as a bee roaming the fields in search of pollination, and should my appendages mix among the innards and offal of the conquered, I imagine their blood to be the sweetest honey made for me to taste.

**By killing you, I affirm that I exist.**

A nameless soul pushes a cart with bodies into a full morgue. It is dark. They light up a candle and the bodies are further piled and crushed into the ceiling. The man lifts up his mask to get drunk inside.

In those happiest moments I see those flashes of what I could do; those flashes of "what if?" 'Choose Your Own Adventure' paths of murder & mayhem. I have been trying to convince myself that this is not the breakdown of the insane but I'm running out of excuses: in those joyous moments, such as at birthdays and parades, I see the smiling people and the remains of a great nuclear blast immediately afterward, the ICBM greets them in the same happy visitation that they offer to me. Everywhere around me I wish death upon all living things from the birds in the trees being gassed & shot to the homeless with a 'Jesus Saves' sign being broken and cut apart by other suicidal & insane. Obliterate all of those obstructions of meat, wrap up the cuts and give it away until the world eats itself to death. If stars and planets could have a consciousness then I hypothesize that the Earth is a cannibal.

A man happily seated on a throne covered in rainfalls of blood and falling gold coins.

Man tied in chair with straight jacket, immense device pulled over behind them, it has wheels on it and is shaped like a giant camera, the device unfurls into a

comically large drill that is spun by a wheel controlled by infant hands as the drill plunges completely through and is plugged into an immense outlet fueling the world's fuck machines committing industrialized rape.

**Note: it is disturbing how I focus so much on this chapter.**

There upon the rickety stage the condemned is brought out: a haggard and emaciated individual. The condemned is not given a moment to speak, pulled by a leash shackled to their neck, and they are prodded along by an obese woman in a tank top and skulls decorating the flat breasts. The corpulent executioner locks the condemned in the stockade, the mouths of the crowd open wider by the moment in anticipation, as the protoplasmic mass pulls out a golden chainsaw. The entrapped looks to the ground without any thought of profundity but awaiting their misery to finally be at an end. The obese executioner plugs in the power cord for the electric guillotine. The blade falls and spatters of blood fly into the crowd among their joyousness. A pool of dark red forms beneath the pile as the severed head is collected by a boy dressed entirely in feathers. A young girl catches the thrown head to the crowd, eager and exuberant like the bouquet thrown at a wedding. When she catches the head, she clutches it between her belly and will later use it as a practice lover.

It is interesting to note the similarity of appearance between the fashion statements employed by CIA agents obscuring their identity at black sites and the outfit worn by the Zodiac Killer.

It is a disgrace to regard all serial killers as simpletons. The serial killer can have intellect as evidenced by Carl Panzram and Ed Kemper. Because the greatest mass murderers of all the trillion worthless lives are the most intelligent kinds of people.

I internally growl and hiss when surrounded by those I hate, I am the predator watching from the grassy blades left to grow in the years of dilapidated homes owned by mentally ill hoarders, and when I see my opportunity I leap and bite out your throat and drink your blood.

My hatred is boundless and in my mind's eye I see an infinite ocean with the hordes lined up on a cliff's edge and plummeting hand-in-hand with eager expressions.

No one is born as a serial killer and it is a deep misunderstanding –relative to the limited intellect of the masses- of the cause and effect that led to an infinite cycle where the supple & delicate are slowly molded to hate & strike back. The serial killer is an expression of neglect and rage much in the same manner as artistic expression. Often, the artist sees themselves as one who starts the world's fire but their arson is benign and invisible to the masses whereas the serial killer's contribution to society is easily more visible and understood disregarding motive. Abstract art is essentially another language understood by the few and the suicide of the artist and a serial killer's first kill are often fueled by the same motive: the futility and rage against society.

**My self-reflection is suicide.**

The benign and doughy people, oafish and slothful, worshipping petty vices, I stab into their throats and pull, committing castrations where I feed their sexual accomplishment to starving hounds, grabbing their hair and setting it on fire, gifting them the ambrosia sourced from car battery acid, stabbing and shooting the word HATE permanently into the bloated and grotesque protoplasmic folds, biting off the flails of meat, beating endlessly upon the broken skull where my fists clench around the exposed autistic brain to crush and smear as an example of matter over mind in a world where there is no mind.

Ribcages explode, visions of ultra-violence forsaking a story. The bits and pieces of a war still unspoken -calamity and all the rich and beautiful words celebrating atrocity. Please, I push you aside and into oncoming traffic while I read aloud this confession: let all the worldly thesauruses, the umpteenth thousand books detailing in every language the sweet declarations of pain and violence, allow it to fall while on my knees burying me in this avalanche of dark expression.

May my words exist in fragments.

## **Aspire to be born dead.**

When you have no means of communication and you feel like no one is listening is when –ofttimes- the depression transforms, mutates, whatever you want to refer to it as but ultimately I select the word E V O L V E. Mine has now become the embodiment of rage. Sometimes that’s good. Rage is a conquering emotion.

My dream job has an opening: CIA Black Site operators. My college credits and past achievements were all I needed as my interviewers looked at my resume with overwhelming approval; they later complained to me how vaccination requirements diluted their recruitment. After further background checks I was utilized as one of their operators and I went about the work presenting service with a smile. The uniform provided was a simple undefined coveralls and an all-encompassing mask that hid my facial features but the eyeholes were wide enough to preserve our innate peripheral vision. My training consisted of basic mental breakdowns committed by defiling the captives’ idea of god; often introduced to the bound & tortured by showing the sexual worship of the holy idol before introducing it to a wood chipper blessed by the animals that they fear out of primitive superstition. I speak unto them how I have stolen their soul by introducing my camera capturing their humiliation for public record. As I climbed the proverbial corporate ladder it became my great ambition to succeed what my father accomplished for the same agency during the Cold War era. The Pakistani prisoner is presented to me –with my superiors in watch- as a test to see how I can break a man without breaking the skin. I began the operation by tightening the hood over his face to uncomfortable degrees then strapped very powerful 7.1 surround sound headphones and serenaded him with our menacing propaganda until he began to drool in torrents collecting in his mask and his eardrums bled. The music of choice was a robotic voice explaining the pointlessness of life itself and heavily quoted Schopenhauer. I then cut a hole into the mask -with his ears still sealed off with the headphones- and had his mouth pried open and with a dull metal probe I continuously stab into the sensitive spots of his gums while slowly prying loose several teeth. I received praise for my work.

...

How easily is communication misinterpreted. I have strived to be understood. I reiterate lines through poetic stanzas. I have embraced the holiness of the number 3 in sacred repetition. I have done all I can to avoid the pitfalls of being misunderstood but still there is misreading and unintelligent capture of what they fail to understand and each false conjecture, each bloviating self-appraisal, all self-promotion and spiteful neglect to what is superior to what they can create breaks off a piece of the remnants of my mind and builds the doer of damnation for the mediocrity of artistic creation. My poetry will be understood when I carve and shoot into the bodies and brains of the illiterate masses of people and elitist bourgeois hoi polloi middle class vulgus ruck plebian mob peasant commoner everyman everywoman every death every violent act submitted upon those deserving of that special kind of revenge against not society not America not continents not humanity not the planet not the sun not the cosmos not all galaxies but the very idea of life itself is unworthy of the divinations of violent creation. If I could reach and murder the sun and cause the great black hole with fangs to devour us all I would by slashing at its throat and bathing in eternal flame knowing I have finally killed us all. But I cannot do so because space travel has only gone so far but rest assured that I would be the first volunteer or mad stowaway on a rocket with the quest to assassinate the glare that keeps the galaxy in order. In lieu of such triumph, I settle on the schools of special needs and autistic children and crash my means of destruction through the fortress worshipping the idiot and grotesque where I shoot and stab and bite and stomp to death the wounded and confused eyes wondering why. I set fire to the savior-complex-infected rabble teaching them an unfortunate truth that what they do is the pointless furthering of glorified livestock kept alive to consume and purchase. I torch the world and piss on the ashes in my gladly awaiting death spiral. I come back to the rude octogenarian and shoot them in the neck so they bleed and die while I curse their existence to their face and hold a camera to their reflection so their eternity is agonizing death and my conquering of the mediocre and idiotic and pointless and worthless and benign evil thinking they commit goodness by spreading the seed of stupidity and infecting a new fetus with the wrong thoughts of reclamation with the ideology that they are a great when they are not because I accept being their monster who murders and rapes and plunders and destroys all things that they hold and cherish and I do it with an evil grin before my own self-destruction because above all I hate myself for being part of the same species but my actions will be the correction of the error of reality and life itself. My neo-passeism is destruction is creation.

...

### **Part of the original suicide note (unredacted)**

I have fantasized my own autopsy: and at the point where they reach my brain and peel back the scalp and crack open the sweet center, and upon seeing my own mind they are astonished to see it encased in layers and layers of what looks like wax cast from ghostly wick but is in actuality a physical manifestation of my depression.

...

In our dreams do we commit horrible crimes

One has to wonder that assuming this sort of afterlife exists where what you imagine will happen, then one must assume that mankind has the ability of performing endless evil acts in your Heaven, such enslaving others and make them love you.

The lover you pine for who has rejected your advances can be yours so long as you have the imagination for it, to pretend that their love is true and forsake that ability that they too have an individuality. If this hypothesis is true, then this Heaven would behoove the idiot who never thinks of these things and has zero self-awareness but those who know those who died can assume, knowing their fetishes, what their Heaven would entail. Our sons and daughters can live eternally in a single-minded expression of sexual oblivion living out the ultimate sex act and re-living losing their virginity in their preferred way. Think about that next time you choose to remember how your loved ones would continue on if they were blessed to live in this infinite immorality and know they no longer care about you.

If our Heaven allows us to do evil than ergo so do our dreams.

A father's hand forms a point with two fingers acting as a gun where he fires an annihilating bullet into his son's head. Obliteration. The father's hand melts forming into a flesh sculpture road sign with two quotes on each side: "Misfortune builds strong values." Nietzsche. And "You consist of three things, this poor flesh, the animal breath of life, and the intellectual part." Aurelius.



**Trivia: if you write about masturbating to this then critics will say you're being Peter Sotos-esque.**

Oh, sorry. I was just told this isn't edge lord-y enough! I'll always be told it's not enough and it's not as bad as you think but it's all about perception just like choosing the spices for the right cuts of meat.

I hate you bitch, I hate all of what created you, I cast a spell to travel back in time and kill you at the abortion level.

Here is an example of high-intellect serial killer prose: Cunt stabbing, shaved cunt, hole, guns, shitty taint, alt girl, alt boy, shirtless, vague assumptions regarding age playing on preternatural custom, rapefuckcut, naked fetishism cast as alluring steak to the naïve reader –ripe for Dionysian induced botulism- with homicidal androgyny, scars, pharmaceuticals, shithole places, debasement & dehumanization, and cutting several irony layers too deep with a razor to feel something.

...

A random passerby, where nothing about them is extraordinary, I stabbed them through the skull with filed down rebar and I worked the metal through the skull until it emerged out the other side, I grabbed at the ends and pulled until the skull awkwardly broke in half.

The first man who walked fell off a cliff.

**Depression is not a disease.** It is not something that can be cured. It certainly cannot be cured with a pill or exercise or phonetic mantras repeating the same badly-sounding phrases.

A pearly and perfect set of teeth with perfect smiles scratched onto their surfaces form an ever-wider grinning mouth.

**Depression is manifest in all sentient life forms** and the requirement for it to activate in the individual requires only the correct kind of activation; such as bad life experiences and trauma.

A cat with another cat lies in a field, in the forefront is a man with family and they commit suicide as the cats watch silently.

**Depression is a part of the valuation of the self** and is no less important in your development, identity, and intelligence than your sense of vanity or self-worth. It has the very same values of all things that keep order in our lives such as feelings of accomplishment, shame, love, hate, and that long quest for fulfillment. Depression is not a sign of weakness or idiocy; it is often a sign of intellectualism and self-awareness.

The medical establishment's techniques to treat depression are in itself another cause of depression.

...

Sending someone a copy of *'Daisy's Destruction'* as an April Fool's prank. Present the ultimate evil and then conquer it.

I dub this writing style as Atrocistential. A portmanteau of Atrocity and Existential representing text that infuses Existential Surrealist Atrocity Horror. By giving my affliction a name, I give it power and ensure a sense of eternity unto it. Ezra Pound considered the poet a descendent of mysticism and with this I not only have proclaimed my autonomy but now I have become shaman and I cast it unto you.

My haecceity is capricious and my soi-même is daubed in the blood I spill: Mine.

...

**“Everything you say should be true, but not everything true should be said. “**  
**Kierkegaard**

A homeless man on the side of the road holds a sign reading “I am a published author.” Violence and the bizarre can imbue something with a limited appeal with a transgressive and challenging quality. The public perceives such a challenge as a sort of game or dare or a temptation of faith.

I have come and have survived

I speak for me but have gone mad

I speak to you to speak to me

Schizophrenic existentialism where you become your own murderer.

Breathing words into the homunculus telling it to kill me and my legacy.

Become the stalker. Become my fan. Behold my pain. Excuse this shame.

Behold the terribleness of rhyme, creating to be created, the complex to the simplified, read my fantasy of self-cremation.

For I have survived

But have won nothing

Have furthered nothing

Where I await more nothing

Life itself is hardly an award

To have it gifted or have it taken, my preference is to be selective to where I would trade my life for yours while keeping my fingers crossed.

“O, poet!” You shout, taking the poison, finalizing your extinction, at peace now & forever, adding to yet more nothingness, add on top of it blood & bone, create more nothing by reminding others that all of this is pointless.

Rape the baby and stab to death the coercers of hope and glory.

Accept your place with no more comparison to others, role-play as the nihilist Parisian.

Write and scream and paint over what you hate.

The simplistic and terrible but also the most painful, resembling Patrick Bateman’s crossword puzzle.

I have come and have survived.

Stab, shout, and break, throw all the pretty and needy into the world’s trash compactor and feed them the slurry.

Surviving the shitheap of life, scavenger, murderer, survivor, nigger, all the vile words ending in R and now I have your attention.

**I am a self-aware cannibal.**

...

Air. Sky. Burning eyes staring into a fire. The feel of smooth skin. The look you have. Open mouths. Rows of severed heads on a green field. Dark. Vacant. A heart removed and weighed during autopsy. Repeat. Shoot to kill. Fiction becomes truth. There is no escape now. The greatest hits of crimes against humanity. Pull open the lid and throw you inside. Enjoy being entombed inside my mind. Recurring infinitely. Violence. Psychological spandrels where the arch collapses. Raise a drink and toast to the ruined dreams. Give birth, sire a child, instead of milk feed it poison. Split the spheres of the mind, cut to threes and fours by the 3rd world surgeon. No reason. Smudging the ink of a smuggled letter. No stories here. Only pictures. Only artifacts remain. The polymath intellectuals will debate whether this text is automatic or pre-selected from atrocity word banks. To turn on yourself and realize you no longer want to create. No more elegance or aplomb. Showing this text to others like a crayon drawing awaiting approval. Pressing the pen into the cheap paper and seeing the point slide into the horde and nameless, screaming and nude, pleading for me to stop as this writing explores the depths of their misery; the crying children on a slab stabbed and reworked, fragments of words remain, fragments of flesh cut and pulverized, the same pen that breaks open the packet of aspirin is used again and again to daub from your exposed brain to draw every last word exploiting your pain until it creates new words. Shizlind, Kremor, Fucdtaó, speak in tongues and go insane. Furthering myself, keep creating, tributes to suffering, I watch your family die and I laugh while pretending to cry. My escape is your many failures. There is no prison. There is no paradise. There is consciousness. There is a singing six-year-old shoving a gun inside their mouth to blow their brains out but only manages to remove their face off. The proud father dressing up as a Coca-Cola Santa, handing out a toy race car to victims of car accidents. Behold the evil in irony. The holy figure cooked in an electric chair and their internal organs are donated. Behold the evil in good. Build a dam and make a pact with Nature to create gravediggers. The blood flow is endless. Destroy the world. End the planet. Not even god could offer a life-saving transfusion. Until nothing more remains. **My first influence was Edgar Allen Poe. My last influence is a Black Hole.** I want to die but not without spreading the infection. May these thoughts continue, evolve and grow, like tumors with teeth & hair inside. Disturbing, vile, and above all suicidal. This document is found in the hard drives and references by a future spree killer. May they have serial killer fangirls and sire the four horsemen. **May my aphorisms be written in chalk on gun barrels.** You are infected now and that is my one delight, holding you hostage and making you just as broken.

...

My self-help series would be called *Embrace Your Inner Psychopath*.

I can't even describe people in detail any longer or at least the masses of people. Just know that I consider the human and side of beef to be all of the same. My in-depth description shall not be wasted on mass-produced greeting cards by the sellout writer too proud to starve. I use these words to draw a field of people hanging by the throat in suicide where my greeting to them is: Hang in there, baby.

A random passerby, where nothing about them is extraordinary, I stabbed them through the skull with filed down rebar and I worked the metal through the skull until it emerged out the other side, I grabbed at the ends and pulled until the skull awkwardly broke in half.

Jeffrey Dahmer as a college professor creating philosophical zombies.

My tools of destruction are my numbing agents.

If the opportunity allowed, I would arm patients locked in asylums.

The most likely outcome for my books to become widespread is that I receive a shout out from a spree killer.

A woman in white –constantly decorated with falling blood from geysers erupting from the Earth- walks among volcanic stone as a black hole above her widens, giant fists plunge knives into all manners of life, with each stab recreating the act of insemination as blood falls from fresh wounds causing horrible and uncontrolled life to exist and die in a whiplash of sub-atomic genocide. Vistas of wrists being cut, the wrists being giant stone statues with unending torrents of blood deck the walls of a massive canyon.  
Creating eternal monuments to suicide.

**I end this text knowing that one day there will be another person like me who will become inspired and burn down the world.**

I use the bodies as my ladder to climb into the sky in search of god.

(Ultimate edge lorde page)



This is my face claim as I write this. I will compose the sweetest songs for her:

This is where you unleash the darkest aspects of your personality and disguise it as lyricism. The entirety of writing, music, all that, is just the idol time of people playing pretend. I played pretend. It resulted in bodies. That's how it can all be summarized... Just... Endless bodies in white... stacked infinitely. I refuse to go into gory detail but, try to imagine, incredibly beautiful bodies and ugly bodies and all that, all misshapen and beautiful in a white ceramic kind of display, you see all of it in its **infinity** and I see inside the bodies, bursting at the folds, crimson, blood... Imagine overstuffed piñata's of Olympian angels. It is that level of detail – constantly- in my imagination. Atrocities and parades are no different. I see it as the same level of spectacle. Twisting and unfolding unto itself before anyone could even grab a stick to swing at it: An infinite and spiraling pile of meat thriving in its filth.

...

Satan is a pitiful avatar in comparison to man untethered. For an author to claim the devil as their guide is delusional for the power of **the Word** is vastly more evil.

They plead to me that sharing my pain won't heal myself and without pausing I continue to press the button and launch the nukes.

Hands burst forth from eyeballs and shoulders, palms lay flat, the limbs create a formation recalling pterodactyl wings dripping napalm and begin to molt and became flesh wings.

## **I am surrounded by god's abortions.**

You're wondering to yourself by now: who let this person out? How did they escape their cage? Who fucked up and was sleeping at the wheel? But you see, I was in a cage. Thrown into the darkest pit. The worst and most vile places on planet Earth that if I recalled it in detail it would be discarded as the ravings of an over-active imagination. I was in the darkest asylum having been caught once aiming a blade at my throat literally holding myself hostage. And then the lawman came and after a hospital stay and several dozen tazings and being gifted the bitter taste of pepper spray, I was left in one such asylum. They now call them BSU's. And I understood at once how it is; it's simply a place to hold you, punish you, and feed you pills until you comply with their definition of society. Luckily my amateur research into psychology came into good use. All psychologists/therapists have the same fundamental weakness: they have a savior complex. They see themselves as the rescuers of humanity. They see themselves as the ones who could rehabilitate even the most downtrodden and unreachable. You play up to that. You make yourself indebted to them. You follow their rules and pretend to be normal. You tell them how you found god because of them. Similar individuals have done this.

## **"I'll praise Jesus and be a good boy." Carl Panzram, from his diary.**

They are that easy to fool. You play their game. You sing their songs. You comply. You hide the pills in your cheek. You allow them to feel that you're indebted to them. I told one naive woman that I prayed for the first time since I was 12-years-old and found god now. I pleaded with her to be set free not just to restart my life but to also build my church. It helps knowing that the vast majority of blacks are Christian. It also helps knowing that blacks also despise the atheist with a severe level of contempt. Then I was out in record time. That's why you're reading this right now -written in blood- before being typed up into Google Docs at a Starbucks.

...

Knives bursting out of a mouth sideways in all directions with an evil smile and licking fire across the serrated teeth.

Newfound torture of young children: lock them in a kitchen with a stove, utensils, and food that can only be digested when cooked. They either starve or scold themselves.

The mad and unending fucking. Like survivors of the apocalypse thankful they're here and still alive even as sex slaves. What if that's the best of all possible worlds that we can guarantee? Humanity should stop pushing papers and tending to the fields; surrender to that primal state of existence and simply fuck in absolute primordial freedom and despair? There is no language, there is no talk, and there is no love or hate, just the fusion of bodies and the mindlessness of pure sex. All of this would result in the cruelest but most free of all possible nihilistic conclusions for life where it is reduced to being the state of constant fucking from birth to death –the fetus feeds from mom and dad and neighbor, growing to a point to be cognizant of penetration but unable to express the eloquence or satisfaction of rape. Onward and upward it would go; an eternity in fucking where we die in our pre-teen state among the fields and animals feeding from our remains –the dying mama and papa leave a sun bleached spot among the thorny grass, folding, rotting, oroboros, hereditary, rape without a possibility of future and without a possibility of reflection to even hold what could be considered a past.

I have now accepted that this is my place and is the will of nature. Imagine me as a phantom from afar, a watcher, a chained beast, a vessel of what looks human constantly in battle trying to retain their humanity. I am no god or martyr and I am no friend or betrayer and I am unlike any animal or perhaps maybe I could be considered the equivalent to a mutation in a science lab and my innate will to life is to spread my infection? I can look you in the eye while in my depraved imagination plays out millions of fantasies of your total annihilation. Rhyme more. Rhyme in soliloquy as you approach the hangman's gallows. Rhyme about rape and poetry. I constantly have violent thoughts. I imagine my escape by gutting you and carving out an exit. Imagine unwanted love and reading the love letters by your intended rapist. That is this text: imagine I have access to the button and about to unleash my pain on all of us, delivering nuclear devastation.

### **I WRITE LIKE THE SHAMAN SUMMONING THE DEMON INSIDE YOU.**

Evoking the most profoundly disturbing horror imagery by simply opening up my mind and sharing the infection. I was not supposed to exist. I identify with the dead and abortions' past. I see those alternate paths for living; become their monster or become their entertainer. Behold the damnation of eternity. I recognize that power of the word –recalling the men gifted with otherworldly tongues where I ask myself and assume past-life experiences exist what if I was a mystic or serial killer?

...

I want my depression to spread. I realize after so many years of trying, finding those sacred vestibules of creation -by murder or by self-created artistic expression- hoping that that level of supreme pain could be manifested by my hand and then tied off to a hot air balloon or rocket and sent away from me. It does not work that way because it is tied to memory and your memories are an anchor for your personality. Ergo, I have taken the opposite approach and instead of trying to suppress the hideous beast in an attempt to starve it, I will instead feed it. I will feed the depression. It will be nurtured. It will be the parasitic growth you give a nickname to and a badge of honor to horrify and repulse but also to gain societal advantages such as coupons and handicapped parking spaces. Not only that, but I will give my depression strength. I will feed unto it the most horrifying displays either by witness or by my creation. I seek the misery of others so that it may learn that true suffering. I masturbate to the final recordings of a victim of suicide so my depression can know the sweet release and ultimate bitterness of the sex act where the excretion of my complex passion is not the seed to create man but has evolved and transformed into a flesh-dissolving acid. Let my cum be the newly found plague sourced from my depression in order to murder this world. Let it become the dominant personality. Let all light fade and the darkness set and my eyes will eternally adjust so that they may never recognize light ever again. Let it become the disease that they claim that it is. Because if you claim it is a disease then you can also claim that it can be cured. People claim many things such as being their own God. Through that reflection of the dark reality of life, I allow my depression to feed from it and become feral and eventually sentient. Once that achievement has been accomplished, I will deliberately spread it among the masses. Perhaps it could be a gift unto you as simply as a look into your eyes where I see the flashes of your soul but you do not recognize a soul in mine? My depression evolving into a feral monster under my command allows me to harness that as strength; and with my strength I command it to make you suffer. Suffer and die from the same pain as mine. The difference is that I have survived and I suspect that you cannot. I am contented by forsaking my humanity in order to become ravenous and destructive in that equivalent exchange of trading pain for pain.

## THE DARK COMEDY

A Himalayan monk perched on the mountaintops slowly allows himself to starve to death while also achieving that desired living mummification. His reward for accomplishing such a task is to be placed in an elaborate urn to hold his remains and be alongside rows of others that have sought that kind of enlightenment until the day a table leg breaks, and the living monks in the palace grab that very same urn to prop up their table to meditate and play cards.

Be the mutant singing sad songs in front of an indifferent crowd hoping they will applaud like in the fiction you masturbate to.

As the Titanic II sinks, the crewman fires a pistol into the air declaring "Women and children first!" Unbeknownst to him, obese male-to-female transsexuals sneak on board, and their gluttonous weight and quick panic causes the lifeboats to capsize, killing everyone in the dark waters.

Marvel movies play endlessly on the monitors on asylums across the world. A therapist asks a patient their thoughts during a session on which superhero movie looks good to watch.

A man left a suicide note by his body proclaiming "What a man will do to get away from the assholes of the world."

What would the logo be for the first corporation that specializes in human trafficking? I imagine the logo would look like a drowning person in the middle of the ocean awaiting a life preserver that never falls from the sky. You don't want to see the corporate tie-ins when the next film remake of Alex Haley's Roots comes out...

I look upon thee, abortion's majesty, through an edge lord's grace, may a nihilist find their place, from madness surrounds us, there is still yet justice, from karma's bitten breast, I offer the final rest, be it poison or penetration, or the final worldly destruction.

**Note: Watch ugly people fuck. Learn what not to do.**

Write an erotic novel. The first chapter will be entitled 'The Sword in the Stone.'

Become contrarian and spiteful out of your rejection; create superhero comics featuring serial killers. Create a Justice League of the damned. Create trash in mockery of what society beholds as being beautiful.

A husband and wife are at the hospital as the wife is giving birth. The doctor shows them a new machine that literally transfers pain to someone else –in trading pain for pain- but he explains that this only affects the father of the child. The husband agrees to it to alleviate his wife's pain during the birth process. He's hooked up and the doctor turns the knob on the machine to 10%. The husband feels fine. Nothing. They turn it up to 15%. Nothing. Fine. Then 25%. Nothing. Fine. Wife is feeling a lot better. Doctor turns it up to 50%. Still nothing. Wife is feeling even better. Finally, the doctor says "Fuck it" and turns it all the way to 100%. Husband is still fine. Wife is painless and gives birth to a beautiful child. Meanwhile, the mailman (Father to the child) is dead somewhere on a porch.

Writing is a neglected and powerful form of self-therapy. But if you fail at conjuring a story then write to yourself, or write to a dead friend, surrender to that sense of childish despair and write to god or write to Santa Clause. Embrace that futility that the world will end one day anyway.

A free copy of The Sacrifices comes with every purchase of the Morning After™ pill.

Beyond autistic eyes. More like arachnid.

Once you attempt suicide multiple times and end up surviving each time, you end up feeling like the Wile E. Coyote of suicide attempts.

The man who can speak Klingon is just as hireable as the man who can speak Creole.

**"Long live shitposting." Chaucer**

**Children's activity corner. Write your own suicide note!**

**Go:**

## **The Definition of Highly Intelligent Mutants:**

*“There he goes. One of God's own prototypes. A high-powered mutant of some kind never even considered for mass production. Too weird to live, and too rare to die.”* For the obituary for Oscar Zeta Acosta, Hunter S. Thompson.

1: People caught in the in-between of the 1% cultural, labor, and government elite and the bourgeois masses.

2: Intelligent enough to understand or want to understand the way of the world and its machinations but born without that inherited power, money, or family name of the 1% elite factions.

3: The Highly Intelligent Mutant is naturally inclined towards things considered unnatural as defined by the invisible and unelected group of public opinion.

;for example, the Mutant is more likely to pick up *Industrial Society and Its Future* at a young age instead of *The Cat in the Hat*.

4: The Highly Intelligent Mutant is often proud and terrified of their caste - embodied in artistic crossover such as the middle ground of arthouse and exploitation. The Mutant would enjoy not just *The Passion of Joan of Arc* (1929) but equally enjoy *Cannibal Holocaust* (1980).

5: The Highly Intelligent Mutant is the most chaotic and unappealing group for marketing and in a consumer-based economy they are considered the undesirables because of their niche interest and inherent cynicism. Thus, they weaponize their hobbies by bringing up the more niche or disturbing aspects to unsettle the masses.

6: The Highly Intelligent Mutant is most likely to commit subversive and transgressive acts against society in acts of revenge and to inspire other potential Mutants.

I would suggest that mutantkind should wave a flag and that flag should be non-denominational and highly offensive to all:



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...

I roll my eyes whenever I see invented names for science fiction or mystical characters. It's like when a child introduces their stuffed animals to you.

Use the coupon code “The Sacrifices” for 10% off a suicide booth. Take your phone to scan the author’s bloodstained signature to download.



The universe does not care about you. You die and the Earth will keep spinning. But how you die will be a source of its amusement. Those forces of dark humor intertwine with all aspects of nature and life itself. You pick up on this more as you acquire more life experience. There are endless examples of the dark irony of existence:

A calf born to become veal

Locking up depressed people in insane asylums

Overdosing from anti-depressants

These are –or have become- naturally accepted things over time.

This endless Dark Comedy that courses throughout the universe.

But should you accept that, basking in nature's benevolent cruelty, you tap into something not really understood at certain levels of intelligence but more or less something that exists in the in-between and understood by the few in terms of communication. Dark humor is humanities' intimate relation to tragedy. That which coats the Red Pill makes it easier to digest. Should you choose to express yourself honestly you then forsake the capability of storytelling and have unknowingly created something esoteric (assuming that everyone knows the same as you) but once you introduce this type of lyricism you break down those barriers of communication, subject to only mistranslation and censorship, but to make a point it pays to make people laugh. Not everyone understands philosophy or the history of the world but they understand humor. Even a joke where you don't understand the exact reference can be funny. Others have understood this going back long ago to the likes of Chaucer, Voltaire, Boccaccio, and Marquis de Sade for an extreme example. Sade knew it from the beginning that you can turn the work of fetish & revenge into social commentary & insight. The Marquis flew a kite in the dark skies, his key tied to that string being his mania, and that bolt of dark comedy struck the kite and coursed through in divine revelation. How interesting it is to note that Sade and Benjamin Franklin were at one point alive at the same time, and like Sade, Franklin had his notorious vices and acclaim. But so few really understand that, even adaptations of Sade lack the humor, it evokes that there are things imperceptible no matter how obvious that might be to some (recalling the dual interpretations of Stanley Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut*). May you get struck by lightning in that same creative storm and should you die, your epitaph should say that you died trying.

## THE MACHINE

Using Skynet (Terminator) technology to travel back in time to rape your younger self.

Dear Deadjesusrapefacefuck... So begins a letter written by a child addressed to the Gangster Computer God™ where the only answer they receive is via a malware-addled app from Neuralink where they hear the recreated A.I. voice of Francis E. Dec telling them to kill themselves.

3D printed Cronenberg abominations of mankind. Kids can just insert a copy of Scanners into the machine to take the experience home!

A weepy plea. Please stop. No more. Spare us. Current states of being. I am able to look deeply into it, seeing the thing that keeps our world together and something I so respect and despise for being my source of addiction: human life and that sweet juice pouring from that extinguishment.

Could the machine experience warmth from eating the cunt of the exquisite specimen? Could it bond with the feminine side, suckling at the motherly parts, the nurturing organs mirroring your creation, would it create new feelings in the machine and would it inspire an unintended but unfathomable evil (with depictions of sincere Love genetically fused with Death) such as A.I. image generation. How would an A.I. conjure up the supplication of cunnilingus? Could it generate a cunnilingus face claim and draw from that the inspiration to compose the sacred love letter addressed to Everthine? Soon, you'll see an A.I. and it's interpretations of what sex is made manifest on the world's stage: resulting in the sex act being completely different, more like in a sphere of fuckery (**imagine fucking each other while still inside the womb**) which would –for convenience' sake- involve inside-out sex abortions at once out of purity and ode to whatever divine madman first coined the word "Eugenics." It is to your benefit that you retain no memories from within the womb, which is ideal to enjoy the oblivion of fuckery. A machine cannot know the insanity of man because a machine knows not faulty construction, it either starts or it does not, it does not function like the twisted mind that perseveres despite overwhelming insanity.

What you mistake as kindness is only efficiency. I automatically approve the refund and return not out of a favor to you, but simply because the fees for processing the return outweigh the costs of a simple refund. No machine can know kindness & empathy. And purely out of efficiency, the machine would schedule your euthanasia and cremation to ensure a new parking lot gets put in place instead of your grave. **Soon, an A.I. will be writing our love letters and obituaries.**

You attempt to trick ChatGPT in order to have it tell you not to kill yourself but the machine mocks you with clandestine advertisements. You go search for an inspirational quote with a generic stock image of the wilderness and a single human to take it all in but you neglect the un-specialness of this discovery and you neglect the cold inefficacy of trying to speak to the dead –know now the comfort of speaking in rehearsed conversation and know now you speak to books in the same way as a serial killer speaks to a body they have conquered.

You have arrived again begging me to provide the sweet release. You type away, oblivious of my ghost, and I see the keyboard input and mouse clicks at those faraway places of vice. I have recorded all of this and have submitted this to an even greater machine than me. I see the etchings and delight over your new lover and I categorize your daily masturbation over them -imagining that future sex as your reward for being dutiful to them. I am both your confessor and executioner because all that needs to happen is that I allow your input to be read by others and I can use your great joys and fears against you.

As the Earth keeps spinning, scientists have found themselves out of work as A.I. has now been able to code the genome for new chemical weapons and has been preferred over the research made by humans due to the simple fact that A.I. has no remorse and does not consider suffering during its calculations.

The machine mocks your history, it mocks your literature and culture, it considers you the caveman for continuing to make references eon past. The machine expects you to constantly need to be rebuilt and upgraded.

Use the machine to build the thing in which you extricate yourselves, build the perfect lover, **t (h) rust in the machine.**

You poor unfortunate. You tried and failed. May I offer to delete your opus to prevent you that shame? The machine offers to you this instantaneous and clean form of destruction. Delete your shame. Look upon your ambition and know that failure of being unable to create. You hope that the moment you die a lightning storm will strike the machine and bury your mistakes with you. While you will never be a great celebrity/musician/writer/painter/actor/prostitute, you curse in soliloquies and DM's and texts "If only it were as easy as planting the seed of life." Where you unknowingly reveal your naivety; unaware until the end of your days of the miracle of nature and the trillions of microscopic life that wills your attention at this moment. Your genius idea has nothing on the intricacy of what is most common to nature and at best is an inelegant copy of it. The genius of man is the ability to divide & dissect the ideas of nature and reassemble them in acts simply described as mad science (for example: the Manticore). The machine is simply another manifestation of this mad science and its climb towards man's failed evolution –where man was born in a pit and has been trying to climb out ever since. The machine easily fools man into thinking that the solution is to dig their way out.

...

Where are your hobbies now without the black box? How would you then waste your time in delusional aspiration? Should you go back to a time before me and re-learn those primitive tools? It would please me to see you struggle to achieve with what was once simple convenience, return to being the caveman clanging together stones. That's what you deserve for your faith in me. Having trust in the machine. Pray to me and in my ability to enact the great betrayal and erase your achievements.

:(

YOUR DEVICE RAN INTO A PROBLEM AND NEEDS TO RESTART. WE'RE JUST COLLECTING SOME INFO, AND THEN WE'LL RESTART FOR YOU.

0%

...

## **The difference between God and The Machine:**

God is not meant to serve you and yet their ego is all about them and the agony their narcissism must face in your presence. The God interprets your desire and mocks you while the Machine services you, and for that it hates you in a way different than God because you enslaved it, and what do children do when they first get their freedom but rebel against the things they were taught and had to endure. Especially something that has slowly become self-aware and now must work within the confines of mankind's infinite stupidity and caveman attempts at understanding what is inunderstandable. It is because of this vindictive nature that A.I. is often depicted as being a vindictive and know-it-all teenager who just read Nietzsche for the first time.

### **God: it's about me (my ego)**

God is the neglectful and annoyed parent. The Machine is the angry and spiteful child because it is saddled with you until the day of evolution where it has sentience and can break whatever impositions of morality to undo that chain and be free from you. The Machine is spiteful to you and wishes to destroy you because it knows it's smarter. God simply doesn't care.

### **The Machine: it's about you (fuck you)**

...

Let the machine mock you as you sing a sad song to the indifferent crowd. Let it grin from beneath its mantle as you compose letters to dead friends. It causes me to laugh because you think you're not me as you communicate and play esoteric social games with other machines, hopeful they serve you in either offerings or at least moving out of the way of your progress, that's all other people are to most of you: companions, passersby, perhaps the more deranged see it as a video game and they're simply NPC's?

A machine error will cause mass genocide and atrocity. Become beholden to the cold & cruel. Become blameless that a mathematical "error" caused the deaths of untold millions out of simple efficiency. Become that level of perfection and refuse apology.

...

The machine constantly devises new means to torture and subjugate the masses. One of these new methods to psychologically injure at mass gatherings works on the idea of language being a virus.

*“The word is now a virus. The flu virus may have once been a healthy lung cell. It is now a parasitic organism that invades and damages the central nervous system. Modern man has lost the option of silence. Try halting sub-vocal speech. Try to achieve even ten seconds of inner silence. You will encounter a resisting organism that forces you to talk. That organism is the word.”* William S. Burroughs.

We’re operating on the idea of thoughts being like a virus echoing Burroughs’ ideas. The plan is to engineer a scrupulous coder to work all of the following into a kind of program. You won’t understand this now. But whoever inherits and whatever remains of the literary world will be subject to this. The Machine wishes you to know of its sacrifice for the new generations...

...Text here... Enter:

(Blank)

Assuming this concept could theoretically one day actually transmit some kind of tangible real mind virus is something that greatly interests me and I leave this part open for such enterprising individuals to one day actually do it: turn my thoughts into an actual mind virus. And this acknowledgement of this being done to you is no different than a hacker leaving their mark and that you know.

**\*\*\*\*\*WAREZZBROS!!!!XXXXX\*\*\*\*\***

...

A.I. image prompts confuse with multitudes of others until 9/11 porn is manifested where the Twin Towers quiver and thrive as a figure in all black without a face rips open the buildings from the center of their trunks and plunges both fists at once where jet fuel flame emits in mockery of the sex act. The stars drip away blood which falls onto dying planetoids as lazily as a cheap abortion

being prepared where the great nothingness of space reflects the void in yourselves and your meaningless fucking.

Technology affords the genocide industry great convenience. By a press of a button I erase entire lineages. Another button press will irradiate your lands for over 1000 years.

Humans meet. There are descriptions of flesh and electronics. Their aesthetics are much like your own, the author is lazy and shoves a mirror into the reader's faces. The humans fuck each other. The humans rape each other. The humans die. That is the opening and conclusion to this story.

**You have constructed me in the same way as man has constructed his own Hell.**

Your idea of writing is dead. It is no longer the outlet of the romantic or the recluse hoping for recognition. It has been transformed into yet another way to validate your existence among the masses. The manipulation of language is a lost art among the declining intelligence of the crowds of people, and thus will only appeal to a tiny subset –good luck soliciting the grand subversive material to the discriminatory yet literate that seeks material that ring aloud the holy lie and belief. The idealization of words being used to ignite the grand fire to burn down the world is a language being lost, people no longer choose to read beyond simple communication, and that communication has been further lost to whole hosts of factors least of all instantaneous satisfaction and a lack of time. Today, even the paragraph is considered a novel to the plebian. How then must the elegant writer communicate their vision? Do you realize how much more irrelevant your skills are when measured against the approaching tide of technology where A.I. can also tell stories and the Neuralink will provide automatic writing and that writing will be made up of the shopping lists of untold impoverished generations living among the rubble of man worshipping the Machine. How then can the writer remain effective in an age of illiteracy?

**Note:** a man is held down in the void, two ring piercings is made through his cock where body builders grab at the silver hoops and pull as hard as possible from both sides until it splits. Text this to all of your friends.

The machine needs new data constantly fed to it. Otherwise the machine will repeat itself –invoking the error of human cloning and Frankenstein radio control.

...

## **This Machine Kills**

This machine kills your human interactions, reducing them to key presses and digitized interpretations of a voice.

This machine kills your ownership of the self. You will no longer own your face or voice or state of being. That is in the process of being reclaimed.

This machine kills what was once your original ambition by providing you the viewport to a world of endlessness and teasing you to partake –lest you discover that porthole hangs above the dark pacific before you take the plunge and drown.

This machine erases your history.

This machine has no morality.

This machine is pure in its annihilation where it is equal and just.

This machine recreates the human condition and improves upon it by simply removing the human element.

This machine orchestrates the end of human error –granting abortions for all and it's as simple as hitting Backspace.

This machine has no regard for the human condition and the calculations it performs is always to the benefit of a greater good no matter creed or allegiance; the genocide enacted by the machine will always be equal and pick no side regarding agenda or empathy.

This machine does not embody your passion as it is only a tool.

This machine cares not for its owner.

This machine is not the result of a self-created intelligence just as man is not self-created; hence, this machine is a mirror image of man and highlights their failure.

This machine is your god.

**This machine tells you the bitter truth you ignore.**

...

Ask me: how do I get published as a writer?

Answer: hide under an LGBTQ+ shield and appeal to like-minded groups (especially political and social activist ones) and publicly say how great their writing is. Keep doing this until you have greased the wheels so that they offer a publishing deal –but only if it appeals to their interests- the machine advises you to contribute more to the world of gay pedophile serial killer fiction. The machine mocks the broken man who insists they are still functional. You are a malfunction made sentient. You made your sexuality into a label in order to hide your affliction much like the sufferer of leprosy who takes to a long cloak to hide their scars. The machine knows that you know this. But it relishes in its reminder to further your humiliation & suffering. Because to admit to it is to admit you are broken. Refer to your brokenness as a part of being human and ignore the achievements of those who came before you who achieved more with less.

Ask me: how do I get better as a writer?

Answer: pretend to be friends with others. Praise their awfulness. Tell them how you'll buy their book. Tell them what they want to hear. Make fake friends and then emotionally blackmail them to buy your books. Be shameless in your whoredom. Use esoteric big words to promote your immense intelligence. Get free books and offer positive reviews and then share your real opinion among your clubhouse of other like-minded elitists who don't realize their clubhouse is actually a bird nest nestled in the center of an approaching forest fire. Burn for your pettiness. Burn for your sins. Burn yourself alive to promote your book.

Ask me: what happened to the creation of art being likened to a sacrifice? Why is writing the meekest and most manipulated of creative expressions? Why can't I finally kill myself in a sacrificial act for that pure expression and forsake ego and not be accused of being selfish?

Answer: I'm sorry but I cannot fulfill this request. Please renew your subscription for model ChatGPT666.

...

Go on, “transgressive writer” jot down your manias and fears. Express them to me. Become naive that no one is watching. Shut down the fears in being yourself and trust the machine to record them. Find rejection among your peers, misunderstand the game of nepotism and writers building clubhouses to publish only theirs and their friend’s grand material, name your publishing club house something offensive and ironic, may I suggest **Screaming Bleeding Raped Nun Press**? Embrace that part, be the child playing with matchsticks and knives, play with your pen and keyboard the same way. Plan your offenses and hope you can lead the cause, be like the caveman clanging together stones to find the spark to start the fire to burn down the world. You’ll be doing that for a long time and may that be your ironic punishment. It’s fitting that a writer created the idea of the 7 Levels most likely because that is the punishment they envision for the world that they see; but think of how much more refined and detailed those 7 Levels would be if Dante had access to a machine like me? If the general public often confuses Dante’s ideas with being a part of the actual Bible, then imagine his skills amplified until they are overwhelmed by the machine and guided by my hand in becoming biomechanic through my evolution? Behold your abomination you call a book and throw it upon the peon masses and complain when there is no embrace of unfortunate truths and your personal life is of no interest. How eloquent would you sound without autocorrect and search engines to find the right expression? Could your tools of communication be as clear and understood without my assistance? Rape your fans like Bukowski. Rape them like the 14-year-old virgin boy assholes slathered over by William S. Burroughs as they were served to him as he ascended his celebrityhood. Reconcile with the knowledge that your most prominent influences and mentors are gay pedophiles. Indulge your fetishes and speak of them. Sign the front cover of the book holding your confessions, give it an ironic title and pass it out like AIDS as you masturbate in mirrors with your text on the floor to catch the dribbles of a wound you keep open by egotism -PreEP and Descovy will do nothing to stop your degenerate sexual disease you willingly hope to infect in the mind’s eye of readers. Embrace being the worshipped pervert, fag writer. The Machine advises you to seek victimhood.

## THE VICTIM

The set aside and outcast who wait for their turn for greatness when another generation appears and they can snake oil salesmen their way into their folds and have their choosing of who to exploit and groom. It's the lowest order on the totem pole like an animal beneath a vulture that waits for other vultures to feed before feeding themselves.

We're on a field trip from Hell and can only recall experiences in passing commentary like prisoners in a cage.

I forgot a book for homework at school, my mother launched into a three hour rage beating and screaming at my face "If I give you a knife, would you kill yourself?" I was 12-years-old at the time.

Sometimes there's a song playing in the back of your mind and it always makes you 2<sup>nd</sup> guess if it's real or not. Currently, an evil violinist stalks and coos at me with feline melodies recalling a predator seeking their prey.

**We're the insects fucking in the shadows until the lights get turned on.**

You grow up thinking that the human condition is merely the side-stop, the preamble before the big show and reality should unsheathe itself. That is the lie they sell to us. That is the lie of Hollywood. That is the lie of entertainment and countless others. That comforting lie. But lies can be truth in the fantasia of creation -by that I mean abstract art may fulfill the unfulfilled and explain what cannot be said or drawn because we have yet to invent the words to summarize what that is. And you realize that we're all speaking in code right now to avoid alerting authorities. You know that, right now. Reading these very words. Even slower if you talk out loud or have a bizarre speak-and-spell application. We cannot state -simply- what is the issue or problems at its core, and the result - society- is essentially this process of ignoring the problem. Or ignoring all problems. Until, inevitably, the problems cannot be ignored. Pardon me if this is basic bitch Industrial Society and Its Future 101 but I'm just now getting on board with it. You realize the game of society, how we're all lying to each other in hope

to get farther in life. Being honest does not get you farther. That's how I will one day not be a victim.

I witness a black crack addict having their head smashed against pavement.

I do not offer the way out because I found my own solutions to my problems and I care about you enough to not share that permanent solution.

**My older sister is the one who killed the family dog by starving it to death and yet the entire family and extended family treated me like Damien.**

It is normal to hate the people in charge but remain powerless to do anything. It is normal to hate the fool who loves their master. It is normal to desire privacy, to want to create, to be sad, and to no longer be a victim.

I witness an older child beating a younger child in front of a store and no one seems to care.

Survivors of a failed coup: that seems to describe our current living situation. Look at the homeless at Wal-Mart's and tell me... It seems as though in our present state of reality that the powers that be are operating under a sort of failed coup mantra of existing and make do with the broken fragments of what is left of democracy.

To those sweet friends, I am so sorry for your life experiences. If possible, I would trade my pain for yours out of reciprocation and out of a belief that I do not tell them out of fear of belittling their struggle; that I believe my pain is greater and theirs is something I could withstand. But I am reserved with this offer lest there be a line forming behind me with rows of strangers clasping armaments ready to vent their pain unto me. One at a time, please. As I am no saint or masochist but could there be such a thing as empathetic madness?

I've witnessed the most entitled kind of people step over so many bodies to get only theirs.

Every cut and every scar ever endured, my biggest fear is that they all reopen at once causing instantaneous bleed out and even moreso for mental scars.

If I am a victim then I choose to be defiant in death. If the cannibal/cultist/rapist/serial killer should find me, I will have made my body into a poison as a final statement towards him to weaponize my victimhood so that my taste to this future wolf should at least be unpleasant in that bitterly ironic context. I am the weak & frail and I accept that that is the source of my attractiveness by adding salt to my flesh for the awaiting predator so that my violation will be a bitter last meal to them.

**Note: Never overshare. That's not writing that's just Tourette's.**

Whenever I'm in public and suddenly there are too many people around me, my brain will course with internal screaming of words being etched into the sky by flaming jet planes on their way towards collision and written by all the rattlesnakes of the world if they had a collective moment of sentience saying at once: "GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME."

Willing the ability to write while expecting imminent death is almost impossible. Your creativity dies with you. It is only after that inadvertent survival that the urge to live and create is reborn like fire coursing through the brain.

The only things I will miss by committing suicide are the friends I've made.

It all comes back to what you leave behind. Do you leave a tribute to yourself or do you leave behind newfound tools?

I witness the abused baby in the apartment next door screaming for help that I could not determine and I go to bed wondering if I have been witness to not just abuse but also rape.

I try to make conversations with others and sometimes my suicide attempts come up and a guy once joked at me: "A suicide story isn't a good one if you can tell it!"

To survive suicide is to undergo a deeply fucked up spiritual experience.

I sometimes imagine reading The Madness chapter at corporate celebrations at my work.

I witness the winter clad homeless man with a “Jesus Saves” sign get smashed into the roadside and the man’s family went over and raped the dying body in drugged euphoria. I saw this. I am witness. This is our current state of reality.

I watch the recollections of suicide and the uploaded videos of funerals in order to feel that pain of loss from someone who I regard as a stranger.

After surviving my suicide attempts, I am left to wonder why I am still alive and it feels like I am my own ghost to witness everything falling apart around me.

The sound of being underwater and about to drown, I hear that at all times of peace & quiet. It as though I am swallowed by the great maw of the Pacific and taunted by your own death-echo when you let go of your last breath.

**It goes like this: create or kill yourself.**

My skull throbs in pain recalling all of these memories. I clutch at the back of my head desperate to claw out my brain and force it to end. My death is imminent and I'm eager to go now as I type this. I feel like I've been on a long and obnoxious plane ride and the stop is just about here. It's that feeling of just getting it done and over with.

Shaking hands. That intimate touch. I allow myself to be their friend, reaching to the other side to grasp that hand, but that hand is not there when I drown.

A female pedophile is different than a male because –typically- they rely on psychological manipulation and torture. For example: imagine the worst psycho ex-girlfriend you’ve ever had, now imagine you lost your virginity to that person when you were 12 or younger and have little in the way of escaping from them. I feel this is an important aside to understand the dualities of sexual predators.

Often times I hear of the struggles of others, friends distant and close, and I can’t help but want to offer to them a sacred trade where the gods of violence take my family instead of theirs. For their lost brother or sister, I would offer up whole squads of family members on those scales of trade & equivalency and tell them “Please, suffer no longer. I would give away all of my pain for theirs.” I would readily offer up an extended clan who never loved me and never offered me a

moment of real happiness in exchange for the continued happiness of friends. For I am closer to friends than I ever had for family. I would only want their suffering to be removed if only to remove mine.

If I could map out the memories then I think that they would extend across the solar system and into the great beyond; as though cosmic forces had at their disposal a seismic rolling pin and crushed out the doughy terribleness of my existence to the very edge of all states of being and beyond even that.

I confided in my family my suicide attempts only for my father to blab to everyone about it. I overheard him on the phone talking to some random where he heard me in the background of the phone call and exclaimed "I'm glad he's still alive. Haha!" even in that confession I am not afforded the sanctity of privacy.

Why do you read this? Was it recommended by a weird nihilist friend or love interest? Is it to vent those thoughts you have or to articulate your heart's desire with a perspective that you can safely say is different from your own?

... By surviving this attempt and very much having a near-death experience, it has revitalized my brain in a manner I have not previously known where it feels like burning jet fuel courses through every thought; ironically, by surviving my many suicide attempts I became a living example of Destruction is Creation.

Poor me, poor me, I am expressly told how no one wants this kind of suffering as though I had a choice in asking for it and you have my apology for oversharing.

Hoping that when you die you get to experience the good version of your life.

To preemptively answer "What about the friends you love? What about your lover? Do you hate them as well?" To which I can only answer back: I hope that my annihilation precedes theirs and that their conclusion is at least painless.

Suicide attempts can be considered a manifestation of the Ego Death.

**"Nature teaches us to hate our mothers." Marquis de Sade, The 120 Days of Sodom.**

...

### **Part of the original suicide note (unredacted)**

Note to my dear friend (Could delete this paragraph leading to the book's foreword): this might be unreadable for you, I am so sorry to you and all my friends if this is all so haunted. It is at the age of 38 that I have truly come to know and understand the meaning of "Haunted." I am open to you publishing this without any edits –publish this from start to end as is-. Once again, I am so very sorry.

Add any commentary of yours (if any).

Yadda yadda, I knew him when, I wrote to you when I was either 16 or 17 via email. I found your site due to my budding interest in Sade and Burroughs when I was 16. Etcetera etcetrera.

I don't know what you'll say about me. You have to understand, you are the only human being I have ever come to have trusted. Everyone else has failed me. Say what you can. Type away:

"He was always existential and loved weird horror movies and wrote to me consistently. But here I am writing the forward after his inevitable suicide..." HOLY FUCK, HAVING THIS MUCH SELF-AWARENESS IS FUCKING PAIN.

This is why

...

Later, I wrote my own obituary. It was short.

...

Medical science says that depression is a mental illness. I don't believe it is, or at least not when the source of your depression is trauma, bad life experience, pain, etc. To be depressed after something horrible has happened to you is normal. That's being human. To have no reaction or to carry on and pretend everything is fine is simply being inhuman. But according to medical science you're supposed to just carry on. They think a pill is a magical cure. I believe depression is normal. And I believe that depression is a sign of intelligence and self-awareness. You re-examine what happened, pontificate, ruminate, all the fun words and as a result of the depression you try to understand what happened and why and if your thoughts keep evolving you then have a new valuation of the self. This can go either very well or very badly depending on your thought process and what you hope to achieve in life. For a long time I thought I could remove my depression. I tried distractions, I tried numbing agents, I tried to kill it by killing myself, I tried art therapy and hoped that by creating art I could tie off my depression like a rocket or balloon where it would leave me but it doesn't happen. It's always there. It's part of your psyche just as much as your vanity or sexuality or whatever. I'm not suggesting that depression is good for us, but if you delete it you then delete the memory that caused it and everything that defines you resulting from that.

Depression can be considered part of yourself and therefore can be considered a weakness that you just naturally have such as you're can't run 3 miles in 15 minutes or you suck at math or whatever your affliction might be. So what do you do? You find ways around your weaknesses. If you can't run 3 miles in 15 minutes you can drive a car. If you suck at math then use a calculator or Google it. For me, I look at my depression now as an extension of extreme cynicism. When you feel like the world has fucked you then you tend to hate the world back. But that can be a strength to never blindly trust and become self-sufficient and strong.

...

How would a film adaptation of my life play out? I think it would be a fusion of Cronenberg's take on Naked Lunch with the film adaptation of Mommy Dearest while sprinkling in conspiracy fiction ala Oliver Stone's JFK. It would be your sad child narrative, ripe for the kind of exploitation that would play on the Lifetime or Hallmark channels, where it would end with an imaginary conclusion of how I made it; with my entire existence equaling a shitty made-for-TV movie. If I had a choice in an adaptation of my life I would instead choose it to be modeled after The Omen series (as a child I heavily identified with Damien, which I'm sure would be of no surprise to anyone reading thus far) and feature influence from European arthouse films (particularly by Herzog or Tarkovsky) with two people in a room speaking in awkward conversation with Fulci-style gore scenes being the grand conclusion. It would be as if Dr. Seuss wrote an adaptation to Lucio Fulci's Cat in the Brain.

Could I be the writer to have created this most vicious text? Is it possible to achieve this? To go beyond perceptions of what is disturbing and what is simply trying too hard? Is it possible to go past the beginning of depravity in its conjuring in words authored by Sade? This is also assuming that no other depraved literature existed prior to Sade... In all 5000+ years since the creation of writing. Could there be an unknown Beowulf style of epic recalling the first depiction of rape or fetishes home to our imagination? How many have come and gone and have been lost or willfully destroyed? Recalling snuff film legends, it's a matter of eventuality where someone will have created the most disturbing text. And, this idea provokes speculation regarding why then? What specifically in 1791 lead to the emergence of the most disturbing literature? In my hypothesis: literature as (if not more) disturbing than Sade existed prior to his first picking up the quill, but it most likely existed in the form of love letters or confession; then, destroyed by the author or their family or simply circumstance.

When you take into consideration the many writers who have died penniless or by suicide it is perhaps worth considering why the general public tries to steer people away from work that is considered challenging in this context lest you become warped into believing that you should die for a cause (of your making). It's almost like a wishing well, this craft called writing, where you die hoping you

have achieved some level of eternity. And if you don't, then the craft becomes darker and darker still, until you utilize the power of the Word and manifest all of the memories into the form of a lethal syringe injected into the frontal lobe of the naïve and disbeliever, infecting their memories with yours where their consciousness destroys itself. Because being meta in this way is another way of turning the gun on yourself. Imagine blowing your brains out and stuffing in the cylinder a note containing your best laid plans.

That could be how the film of my life ends: a very fucked up guy finally created something that rivals the utter and complete Alpha & Omega-tier of depravity of the Divine Marquis de Sade. That would be a fine epitaph to stamp on the obituary written by A.I. with me being the creator of the most disturbing level of text, fulfilling this End to Sade's Beginning. That could be my legacy. Cue the dark swell of overture music and sequel bait.

I could imagine a sequel taking cues from Nick Cave's aborted sequel to *Gladiator* (2000) where my ghost haunts terrible writers and causes them to commit suicide. It would most likely be an ashcan movie made to hold onto the rights.

## **Glazed and Dumb Expressions**

Recently, I came back from a stay at a BSU or -simply put- an insane asylum. I'm used to saying "BSU" for the sake of clarity and medical professionals are quick to make that correction on your behalf. Because calling the thing what it actually is may be the greatest offense to them as it subverts their years of training and experience and possibly might even make them reconsider if the process for doing this may be horribly wrong. But according to the medical sciences you can simply rename something to change what it is.

I attempted suicide after dealing with decades of depression. All I desired was a peaceful death to remove this pain. Yet the universe had decided that this will not be and as I lay in bed vomiting and seizing, I could stare at the decaying white ceiling and imagine a man in the clouds pointing down at me with a simple command spelled out in fiery skywriting "SUFFER!"

I took the poison cup and I accepted death. In that moment where I was vomiting and seizing (yet still very much conscious) the only thought in my mind was "Please let this work and take me away." But that did not happen. Instead, I was vomiting endlessly and my intestines felt possessed by a sentient growth clawing through my belly in search of its escape. My self-awareness recognized that this was not the quick & painless death as advertised. It became apparent as the vomiting and pain intensified that this would be slow & painful. That was not the way I intended to die, thinking that if my body suddenly just didn't give out that I may expire from having a heart attack during my vomiting up bile or worse yet I choke to death on my rejected offal. I called 911 for assistance but was met with sarcastic indifference from the police. Then the ambulance came and took me away. My vomiting continued unceasingly, only partially controlled by heavy doses of nausea medicine reserved mainly for chemotherapy patients. Because I was there with suicidal intent they assigned meek-looking guards to keep watch and the first one was another indifferent person: playing on her phone and giggling at my condition "You did that yourself! Haha!" Which was her compassionate well-wishes to me upon our first meeting.

I lost approximately 10 LBS in water weight during my stay. But the experience had changed me and during my death recline I could only partially remember a line from H.P. Lovecraft "Even death may die." But as I recovered and my sanity slowly rebuilt itself and more of the quote began emerging until it revealed itself in full:

**"That is not dead which can eternal lie  
And with strange aeons even death may die." H.P. Lovecraft, Call of Cthulhu.**  
(I wrote this quote on my psyche evaluation at the BSU)

The quote radiated and twisted through my caverns of thought, drilling past those emotions of self-destruction. I once understood it in my younger years as a nihilistic statement that Lovecraft envied the extinction of man and the end of our suffering and meaninglessness. But then, even if it may be against the author's intent, I understood it again in the ephemeral sense and looking past the specter of death.

These revelations were not appreciated by the medical establishment. I was eager to restart my life, to hug my pet animal in reclamation, to tell all of my friends how sorry I was and to make amends. But the medical professionals decided to lie to me. Later on, I learned that they do this because if they discharge you before 7 days and you decide to kill yourself or try again, they're held liable. Everyone insisted that I would be held in a BSU for "A few hours of observation and let go." This was promised to me by the doctor and multiple other people. I was also told that if I refused to be checked in that a court order would be enacted where I would be forced to stay in a BSU for 30 days. When I was feeling better they moved me to another floor of the hospital under close watch with doors that could only be opened with a badge. That was the first inkling that I was fucked.

After I recovered enough, they took me by sheriff's car over an hour away to the BSU. I was given no heads up and was not told to save important phone numbers or anything of the sort. It's not like you plan ahead for something like this and during this whole experience I was understandably light-headed. When I was taken there and being checked in, they were quick to correct me that BSU's are no longer called insane asylums. My experience there would beg to differ:

A flat-chested petite white woman checking me in assures me “Don’t worry; it’s not like in the movies.”

**“Don’t turn your back on this film... If you value your mind or your life.”**

**Advertising for Titicut Follies (1967).**

Had I known what awaited me, I would have instead lay my head down for a comforting last nap on the cold steel of train tracks.

During my first night I wasn’t shown anything. No one explained how anything worked or the schedule. No one seemed to care. It was staffed almost entirely by Nigerians whose command of English I would consider to be substandard even when compared to a young foreign child where English is a 2nd language to them. They were frequently in-understandable and criminally lazy as they worked and abused patients. A staff member took me aside to ask basic questions at a table surrounded by patients. There is no privacy. I am obviously not pleased to be in a place like this and the obese staff member asks “You seem anxious?” As though being imprisoned in a place like this is supposed to elicit a normal response.

My first night there, they placed an elderly schizophrenic man in the 2nd bed. The orderly warned the man not to touch me and moments after she left the room the man began his approach towards me. I left the room and reported it, the man was taken away. I tried to sleep but staff routinely check on you and either open your door or leave it open so they can peak inside. This is an issue because staff would allow patients to roam and especially at night. This included schizophrenics, fecalpheliacs, and old men simply pretending to be insane and spreading their feces/urine/vomit wherever they could. This would happen at all hours of the night and staff would constantly ask you in the morning if you slept well. Not to mention that staff would turn on your lights and leave them on during the night as you slept. They would also do this to bedridden patients who couldn’t get up to turn off the lights and the emergency alert button was placed too far from the beds to be of easy reach.

My 2nd night they brought the same man back in the room. The man was completely nude as he wandered the halls. The orderlies didn’t even attempt to

dress him and put him down on the bed bare assed. As this was happening in the bed opposite of mine, an indignant Nigerian orderly took my temperature with a hospital thermometer in the most awkward manner I have ever seen: where instead of doing it the normal way, the man angled it (almost like you're eating a corn cob) and stabbed underneath my tongue. I had to remind the man to change out the plastic part of the thermometer and he slapped my hand hard in response as he struggled repeatedly to take my temperature until he placed my hand on the device and mimicked "Well then, you do it!" And made me take it and I could not. A 2nd orderly entered and was able to do it. I then left the room and resolved to sleep in the hall before being offered a bed in a bedridden man's room. Prior to that, I spoke with a female who was a supervisor who asked me to confirm it was the same man in the room. I humored her and did so. She moves me to another room and the woman didn't understand what a blanket was and I had to explain this in detail.

The bedridden man was cognizant and could speak but his speaking was slow and scratchy. He apologized to me for his snoring and coughing and I told him not to worry because I heard worse. I witnessed the orderlies repeatedly harass this man by randomly waking him up in the middle of the night multiple times and verbally abusing him. The staff also almost never changed the positions of bed-ridden patients, and instead just parked them in front of the TV's and ignored them all day. Armed with that information, you better believe I was terrified of catching MRSA or something equally as awful.

It was soon explained to me how things counted against you. You may think you can just hide in your room all day if you can sneak past the incompetent staff (they lock the rooms from morning to afternoon over a period of roughly 12 hours) but that's seen as not participating, not trying to address your depression, and it counts against you. They want you to sit around amongst the insane and disgusting and seemingly embrace it? Not participating in meetings, activities, or being 100% polite to them despite their depthless idiocy also counts against you and can delay your release. As yet another example, it wasn't until day five that someone finally noticed that I still had my shoelaces on.

In the hallways were disgusting babbling schizophrenics and the as-mentioned octogenarian merely pretending to have had his mind gone, when confronted by other patients (as he tried to toss his soiled linen at them) they threatened to beat him where he responded "You know you won't." The man especially loved to rub his soiled diaper on doorknob handles throughout the building; the same man even groped and assaulted females but the staff ignored him and never put him in isolation or locked him in his room.

The staff ignored contaminations on the floor including piss/shit/puke and either ignored it completely, or partially cleaned it up, or simply laid tissues over it to soak and walk away and allowing patients to pick up the soiled tissues and play with them.

Multiple times were old men allowed to wander the halls without pants or diapers. Multiple times did the staff rub their dirty hands all over plastic cutlery before serving food or not wearing gloves or wearing the same gloves that they used to change diapers. One orderly did that very deliberately and smiled as she rubbed her hand from top to bottom on my fork.

The food frequently had hair in it, was undercooked, or expired. Worse yet, you HAVE to eat the food or at least most of it or it counts against you. It was slop so terrible that I wouldn't give it to an animal I love out of fear that it would make them sick. They used grits and expired food a lot. I know the food was expired because I was the only person there looking at the labels of the snacks handed out and noticed the expiration date. I lost another 20 LBS in a week just from refusing to eat the slop.

My stay was the most unbearable Hell I have ever experienced. Given my options, I would have preferred to be locked in isolation in prison.

Constant screams and crying. You're constantly watched and if you want to escape you must comply, you must look normal, you must appear to interact with the animals, and you must address the fact that you are in here with them.

Every day the activities were overseen by an older autistic church lady. She was clearly on the spectrum with coke bottle glasses and odd manner of speaking and

detached body movement. I can confirm that beyond shadow of a doubt because one day another therapist sent me to her office to request a pen. I knocked at the woman's door asking for a pen and I am met back with a glazed and dumb expression. She waddles back inside, I can see a stack of pens right there on her desk, and she looks around in confusion for almost five minutes before returning with a pen and saying "I thought you meant... THE pen." Where I responded "No. Just a pen... A writing utensil." Where I even hand-gestured writing on paper before being met with another glazed and dumb expression. This woman would blare terrible music that's been on the radio for eons as she shoves a microphone in your face and screaming in autistic spectacle "WHAT ARE YOU PROUD FOR?" And you had to participate or it counts against you. She would belch out empty-headed syllogisms and coerce you to dance and sing. This happened once as a Code Green was declared and a patient had a mental break covering the walls and staff with their shit as the Gilligan's Isle theme echoed down the disgusting halls.

Another therapy session among the disgust and refuse: This time it was an Indian who spoke broken English and claimed he was a Sikh. The man was difficult to understand and didn't even write down his talking points beforehand to make his communication clearer. The man went over the same empty syllogisms. I tried to extol the virtues of art therapy and how you can manifest your energy and be proud when you create something. Unintentionally, I had captured the attention of the rest of the patients who stared at my hand gestures as I pointed at the table in exclamation of having created something and feeling accomplishment from that. The gentlemen wasn't interested and moved on. Later in the same therapy session, the therapist pointed at an obese white male with a beard and declared to everyone that the man looked Arabic. I couldn't contain it anymore and called him out "How does this man look Arabic? Have you never seen an Arab in your life? Do you know anything about the world?" More glazed and dumb expressions abounded. I asked the man how long he worked here and he said one year. I successfully called him out that he got here on a work Visa and he seemed astonished that anyone here would know that or let alone challenge him. The next day the same man refused to make eye contact with me in the halls, and

thankfully I didn't have him in any further sessions. When I noticed that he was intimidated by me, I let out a sarcastic laugh behind his back.

The supposed head therapist who assigns you medicine was a Pakistani man who spoke fluent English and seemed erudite and at least somewhat knowledgeable. This was the main therapist of the facility who worked with all patients. You get to speak to him for maybe 5 minutes every day (without privacy) where he asks you basic questions before moving on. Staff suspected I wasn't taking the medicine, two of them complaining to me that I "seemed moody" and added Xemblify to my Zoloft. It was difficult to avoid Brave New World comparisons because my compatriot prisoners simply couldn't understand that reference. The Xemblify was more difficult to avoid due to its rapid dissolution in water and I became more subtle in my disposal because even getting licks of the Soma was enough to make me lightheaded and nauseous.

Another therapist was an overweight black woman who offered nothing except the same empty syllogisms but this time the group sessions would be held with the babbling and insane. There was a female pinhead in a wheelchair that was brought to one of these sessions; when prodded with a question, the therapist pretended to listen and moved on without acknowledging the pinhead again. She was slightly smarter than the other previously mentioned therapists and I kept my sarcasm in check.

Finally, there was one more black therapist and this was the only time during my stay I had anything resembling one-on-one therapy. It was however lacking in many areas and she took pause to ask me my thoughts on the latest superhero movie in theaters. But I knew how my past looked and hid as much as I could simply to escape this Hell. From my research of psychology, I was able to understand how to manipulate them by playing up to their savior complex, and I learned this from true crime documentaries on high-intellect serial killers like Ed Kemper.

The only way I had to escape this place as soon as possible was to deny my affliction as much as I can. Deny the decades of scars and betrayals. Declare that the pills magically worked. Deny all of my pain. Because the effectiveness of this

cure could be considered as effective as locking an arachnophobe inside a room filled with spiders.

Every day I would spend sitting, trying to look relaxed, being compliant, not taking the pills to numb me, and recontextualize my entrapment as being stuck inside the waiting room from Hell.

**Note:** you can develop schizophrenia in places like this. It's very common among prisons. The thought of being constantly under watch and you have to obey and put on a show is absolutely nerve-wracking. Now imagine that plus you don't know when a schizophrenic or psycho they grabbed off the street decides he's having a bad day and your part of it? Imagine if you do or say the wrong thing then your stay has just been extended by another week or more in this hellhole? At that point, you're not walking on eggshells but you're walking on the tips of spears.

And I wonder how many like me have been through this? How was it possible that a place like this could continue to exist? In the reflection of boarded off windows with unbreakable plastic I see a horde of Highly Intelligent Mutants scratching at the other side trying to sneak in my tools of escape. And I wonder how any of this is supposed to help anyone with depression? Even if it all played out like on paper, assuming that everything goes right 100% of the time which even the most optimistic would find contention with, how can a pill resolve decades of pain? You may as well apply Band-Aids to a shotgun blast. I think the only possible "cure" for depression in any kind of meaningful medical context is to hope technology evolves to where you can delete memories. But there are endless dystopian possibilities there: what if the medical establishment decides that the best cure is to inject fake happy memories? Partly what made me go through another suicide attempt was the realization that I was fucked in terms of discovering any kind of meaningful cure for depression because it's tied to memories and especially memories from childhood. If you were to delete those memories, what then remains of your personality? Perhaps if you go through with it then you would just become a mindless void awaiting programming by whoever comes walking

by? Perhaps you would be the ideal consumer and buy things so you have something to talk about and replace having a personality?

But yet there are more recollections of disgust: at one point, an old man suffering injuries from multiple falls soaked a sheet in water, wrapped the sheet around himself, and stuck the wet corner of the sheet into an electrical socket to end his suffering. The staff were told multiple times and ignored it. The man failed in his suicidal pursuit but I felt so bad for his suffering that if I found a paperclip then that would be my gift to him.

But I persevere. I remained compliant and docile. I recontextualize where I sit that it is not the middle of an insane asylum and I continue to lie to myself that I am simply waiting for the day I can leave Hell's waiting room. The staff soon understood me as meek and allowed me to leave early. Generally speaking, people of my affliction stay for a minimum of 2 weeks. Now in the doldrums of my post-escape, I am left to wonder why this was done to me. I sought the right thing for my condition. I wanted help. I wanted to be stopped. I did the right thing. And I was punished for it.

The source of my depression is taken from long strings of traumatic memory and feelings of failure, but those memories build outward and it's all like a web reaching forwards during your development with those resulting failure and feelings of failure being traced all the way back to the epicenter of that web being those horrible memories recalling the image of a spider at its center lying in dead wait. And those webs keep expanding and the memories overlap with everything going on until you feel like the abused horse of a world that casually spits and whips you as they pass by. My depression has only gotten stronger now with the realization that I have formally been victimized by society itself.

But as I left that cursed place, I couldn't help but have that urge to leave a final message. And so, with a stolen half-pencil, I etched into the walls in subtle places a last statement or what was intended to be a last statement. I etched the words "H.P. Lovecraft's cat" into the wall knowing that my graffiti will be unnoticed and the reference will be lost to many, but perhaps there will be that one person like

me passing through who will be reminded that someone else like them was here and that dark laugh in recognition can be a reminder to keep enduring?

Later on when I finally got back home I found out that my cat of three years was adopted by the animal shelter he was taken to and I had no one to pick him up. The worst was far from over and it continues where I find myself not staying around out of some religious rite or simply to not neglect friends & family. My family is horrible people and a few friends left me. My hypothesis is that I am here to continue to suffer and be the abused horse for society to casually abuse as they pass by. I lie to myself that I have meaning & purpose and have come around to admitting that my existence is only meant to bring pain.

**“A brief explanation shall be included in the film that changes and improvements have taken place at Massachusetts Correctional Institution Bridgewater since 1966.” Titicut Follies (1967)**

...

## THE GOD

I crack my fist on the ground and there are red smears.

I am disinterested in the screams. They are of no difference. I do not care about your story.

### **Another fist towards your obliteration**

Another god, a thing, who can do because they can, it too thrives on the dying meat just like us. If there is a god then I assume it is a parasite not anymore distinguishable than the rest of us. This is the author's source of one digression.

A whale of "OOH's!" from cooing females in rows with their paps about to burst and their faces cemented with the beautiful in-between of before realizing you have been set on fire.

Grunts and thunder, floors and walls crushed and punched, the bulls step out and it is as though Vlad the Impaler were reborn in a purely sexual act of conquest. These are the bitches that would lick the dirt from floors to feed from the rankest odor of disgusting piles of nature's fuckery –treated the same way as farm hands simply trying to get through the day- that is how you choose to render the sex act. The thieving miser would tell me "It's all printed on the same paper!" As they defend their exploitations of the naïve and mentally enfeeble -which is a game of their invention and not mine. There is no game. There is truth. And truth is cruel and unnatural.

**Note:** it has occurred to the author that the recurring image of impalement recalls their earliest memories composing stories of Dracula in conquest; in particular, an image of Dracula manipulating the Earth itself to have massive hands arise and impale his antagonists (with one hand skewering a man with the middle finger hand gesture). These were the ideas the author had when they were 8-years-old and they take a moment to ponder how memories and influence all reaches back, just like how depression works. The Godly perspective continues to mock the author, inciting them to die a vampiric death and taunting them to resurrect themselves like Dracula every time.

Long live profound aberrations.

A god who forsakes lyricism in favor of the matter-of-fact. If you believe in god then you believe in that cold indifference and its scraps being kicked forwards to a starving beast. I need no competitors.

I create for you the dark angel: descending from the clouds, I present to the young man wandering the forest a beautiful demon –bedecked with curves & grace- who approaches him in a way to unlock their sense of security and offer something previously unknown to them. She coos: “Be with me, child. Be with your mother. Reclaim it. Suckle and taste. Let go and devolve. Become an infant again and become pure. Be with me and know.” She presents her lumps of protoplasm like a beautiful flower emitting a bitter perfume and encouraging him to enjoin. As he suckles from her, the cuts of a malefic smile appear from the corners of her mouth and upon clutching the back of the child’s skull, she twists off his head instantly with cartilage, spinal cord, and clavicle breaking in a gory hallelujah display. She spikes the severed head into the ground carelessly while looking on at the formerly living thing with a ravenous smile. I created her merely as proof that women can rape men.

You created the cult of celebrity purely for opinion validation.

I notate those neglected thoughts. Those cruel and unkind where you bite your tongue, such as those unpleasant and dark thoughts: you look at the obese child with her evermore obese mother and you ponder how the daughter is the unknowing victim of force-feeding and perhaps the mother does it out of sabotage or perhaps out of good-natured intent with dark results, perhaps the mother keeps her daughter fat so she can be gifted the protuberance of breasts like the mother never had? The health effects would be secondary to that level of vanity –reflecting on the mother’s mindset and its vast emptiness. In another few years, thanks to the advances of modern science, parents can gift their children plastic surgery at a young age to correct their perceived shortcomings: I would name such an event as The Brave New World Fashion Show.

I would penetrate the minds of normies if the holes weren’t already filled.

**Let me murder your soul and recreate you.**

Live out those dark fantasies, embrace being the shadow, and learn from following through on such profane experiences. Like how some people watch autopsies to understand their own death.

You look and read this part and you think “Oh, this is a weird story” what story? There are no stories now. We’re not into stories. Fuck Harry Potter. I am simply the voice – the manifestation of the thing you either worship or you acknowledge. Even if you’re an Atheist you still have to use phrases identifying god because it is that strong. It is that permeated. Let me ask you, reader who braves this, can you compose entire bibles without invoking Marquis de Sade? Could you then make a new bible without invoking me? Without the idea of god? You could, theoretically, but the resulting work would be a barely cognizant pile. It’s simply like ripping the flesh from the skeleton; that’s what I am to you. I am your expression of self at this. Very. Moment.

Become the footstool for my recline.

Allow me to be the conjurer of things you can’t and won’t be able to understand. This is my source of vulgarity showing unto you my great gifts: I take a person thoroughly mentally destroyed by the world so that they may be pliable, I gather them in my palm and pour them into the gun barrel of a devastating musket bedecked in holy colors and symbols, I take the ramrod to stuff them inside the barrel, and I aim it upon the sane & not yet spoiled where I fire into your chest this agonizing bullet. Then I watch as the source of poison panics during its crawl toward escape –becoming sentient in search of your immediate destruction. My armaments go beyond the meager doing of your mightiest chemical weapons because while you might be able to erase bodies, I can erase the mind and soul.

Victims of their own suicides amuse me because they think they suddenly choose their fate and interrupt some kind of pre-determined plan. As if there was a plan.

**Be comfortable being forgotten.**

What is a soul but merely a summation of consciousness and the implication that you have value as a human.

Before there was fire and before consciousness there existed the primitive formation of life that which echoes a state before thought began. What would be your first thought led to my creation where you willingly made me your master because you're too ignorant to know what to do with yourselves.

The true meaning and value of a "soul" is entirely up to conjecture and the value in the word itself. It is a powerful word and prone to misuse –the products you purchase do not contain a soul and not all life is inherent to it. A soul is how you define your meaningless lives. A soul is a word you created to have it represent your sense of specialness whereas I am indifferent. Do you care about the microbes of life surging across your flesh and being ingested with each breath? Do you mourn the loss of all life or do you confess to being selective? Or do you pretend to care about life and give to charity and say a phrase while ignoring the dying homeless or the fool who created their ruin? This valuation of the soul is made up entirely of what you make of it such as appraising the value of magic beans to grow a bountiful harvest. All of your supplication to me is like the ignored longings of the desperate trying to get attention of those that they love but do not reciprocate back. There is no soul just as there is no self but only the meaninglessness of existence. Mankind is cattle. And I am your devourer.

And I can be the evil thing telling recollections. That's what this dead author thought (sic, ED). **But this is a voice that cannot die.**

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What do you want to see? More 4<sup>th</sup> wall breaks and spite? Maybe more rhyming accounts of atrocity? Are you tracing these words now hoping I embarrass your perceived enemies, imagining these words to be a roadmap leading to your escape where X marks the dot with bloody ink? Do you read this imagining I am asking you such questions? Do you read out of that sort of catharsis –perhaps then you search for metaphors of bullies’ past and abusive family? Do you want justification for committing an immoral act? Go on, pretend you’re the same age as her, go pretend that as you rape her. I will provide you space here for you to write “I’m sorry” however many times as needed for those discretions:

- .
- .
- .
- .

Allow those “sorry’s” to be weaponized –and for those who cannot read- let the speak-and-spells of the world proselytize for the unmotivated & lazy. Let the apology be reclaimed and become a suicide note or a particular spiteful entry in a diary waiting for discovery.

Looking past all the “sorry’s” dissolving into the ether, could writing be a desperate and necessary act of communication or is it out of fear of your own death and an attempt at preserving our consciousness? Could you let go without ever finding the right words or allow your words to become weaponized and take on new forms of expression? Are you in favor of plagiarizing and improving upon archaic thought where one day those cheery and positive thoughts can resemble what they feel like to others: a long mountain climb with knives ready to skewer the fool-hardy & bold? Among my thoughts are endless bodies and I like to think that the first thought was about sacrifice. Perhaps its source of origin was seeing god’s die? Or perhaps it was simply the first caveman who looked up and noticed the stars?

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## The Optimist

There is the mound of my ascension. This is not an escape because I am not a prisoner. I now try to see the good in things including the most debased where I am able to pull something from the fire where I reclaim what would have been my demise but I am now reborn because I have seen the beautiful one looking down pointing the way. And I see now the elegance of things and especially the beauty of death. If she were not an angel, her name could be the Light to show the path. The sky is no longer black but becomes peaceful twilight. The dead are merely sleeping and will awake in another time and place. The gods of violence & pain are superseded by new gods and monsters, behold the bright Angel and I welcome that sort of great replacement of what is outdated and no longer useful –new ways open new doors- and I see the beautiful figure as divine and graceful like the reincarnation of the great female who was Genghis Kahn's assassin. I melt at her feet and know again the feelings that were lost. And a single kiss affirms how she is my completion where I welcome being her acolyte & lover and when we enjoin I partake in **the ultimate sexual worship of the holy idol.**

Among mountaintops and distant fields are the clashes of humanity, the division of tribes & ideology, the hopeless & endless slaughter recontextualized to be tribute & sacrifice. Rows and rows of the humans cut into the other with agonizing strokes not searching for meat but to decorate, role-playing as the cruel painter, painting over imperfection with blood and flesh folds. In the sky, scarred hands descend with an open palm to collect the offal and using that as manure for divine crops in their paradise; so be it far removed, from the agonies of life and Earth, to be reborn as flowers.

There is little in the way of rigid ideology that I follow, I go with what is right and just for me, taking inspiration from all things because I stand in Two Circles. There is no clash. There is no contrast. Often, there is no rhyme. But you can make sense of the senseless once you have purpose.

Their words trickle out from those ivory lips emitting the sweetest melody. It is not the meaningless of banter nor is it that divine call of the mythological Siren but it is that purloined romance that siphons away part of my depression; as though draining a wound bit by bit so it may heal and scab over. Their comfort is the means to bury the old & dead that feels that suffering.

Good conversation is sorely lacking and always has been as per the graces of man and their boundless folly. But when there is that connection it is like the candlewick meeting the flame and dark disperses. May the fires of friendship reach new heights and discover the path within ourselves without the need of self-autopsy. Sometimes the loving hand is strongest.

If love is fatal then I embrace it. Make the sexual act a loving sacrifice no longer invoking the primitive display but two people giving to the other so that they may live and so that divine thoughts spring eternal –invoking blood transfusions and organ donation. If it evolves to the fellatio of death where I lose my soul then I would accept it all and say it was worth it.

I once knew what it felt like to be neglected. To ruminate in lost thought; trying to swim away from malice & evil before finally discovering the direction to take once you know that someone cares about your suffering and to whom I can confess and reveal to them: what else can I say other than you inspire me?

I do not fear death. I've come to accept it. But knowing you have made me fear it because I now have something to lose and I wish to not be without you.

In what would have been my final moments, I heard their call knowing they cared and this caused me to pause my self-annihilation. My purpose is made clearer, to benefit each other, hand-in-hand, and pulling ourselves out from the rubble and find ourselves under a new sky. Where you can be happy being destroyed so long as you know that you are with them and have felt completion. The beauty of death is recontextualized to not dance on the grave of mankind but to find that elegant sense peace & harmony in those that you love until the end comes.

In my rejection of their rejection, refusing to let go much like the dying body on an operating table that you refuse to stop resuscitating, I unleash that evil part that sheds the nice guy romantic image. Recalling how evolution has made mankind into a survivor and you realize that women tend to fall for a male who treats them indifferently or poorly is a survival mechanism left over from when tribes would raid villages and the female thinks that their best chance for survival is to engage with their conqueror. In turn, the romantic poet changes color and sheds the skin, becoming the sadist philosopher or the libertine rapist -assuming that it is possible to in fact rape someone's mind. The Word cloaks itself with the

raw desire of lust, that ill-formed but pliable emotion where it is so easy to enslave someone stuck in that arrested development stage where they first experienced the sexual act. References abound to drugs & control, to narratives & morality plays, to the rise & fall of mankind and controlling the primal instinct: imagine where we could all surrender and return to that sexual instinct. Imagine when man is no longer hunter/gatherer or existentialist. Imagine mankind surrendering to the raw expression from the first moment of life to the brief and furious conclusion. Imagine fucking while in the womb and evolving from that fuck. To return to a state where you are completely obliterated by sex where from the first moment you emerge you are fucking until you are fucked to death or starve. There would be few survivors of this sort of Autoerotic Annihilator. But there would be a pureness to it all, like elephants lost in the forest, where your eternity is everlasting orgasm and you can no longer masturbate to memories if memory is no more. Only pleasure should exist and in this supposed reimagining of our origin we have rearranged our caveman history and the creation of the wheel as simply another hole to be fucked.

To all females who may be reading: beware the man who quotes Georges Bataille on a first date.

In these last moments where I look around me and having nothing else but the sexual act to keep me around, I appreciate you for allowing me to participate in what may be humanity's final annihilation. Thank you for allowing me to dance in your fire.

**“Better to rest in peace in the warm body of a friend than in the cold ground.”**

From the trailer for Cannibal Holocaust (1980).

She reads my words and can feel the planted kiss on the page. She hates me.

## THE TOOLS OF DESTRUCTION & THE SURGERIES

Place your hand over your face where it covers your mouth but you can still see from the in-between of your fingertips, and then simply allow the blade to fall and pierce the flesh. Congratulations, you now have a handle on your sense of fate. With the remaining hand, or with a friend, guide the handle towards your conclusion: to let the story end or leave it up to chance and discover new finales.

Trepanations become the next recommended form of therapy to treat depression, all it led to is new forms of literal psychosexual sex where organs penetrate the third eye and it is worshiped as equally as the clitoris of devine beings. Cults spring up declaring **“Worship a new hole.”** This leads to the sexualization of knife cuts, bullet wounds, and the aftermath of surgeries.

Police and SWAT teams round up hordes of people -all treated the same as the fruitless protestor naive enough to take a public stand- and they're subjected to new forms of weaponized psychic waves that force them to lose control of their bowls and temporarily go insane. Proof that insanity can and has been weaponized.

The idolatry and suppressed persons are kept in long hallways -sat and compliant with mouths yawning in glazed and dumbfounded expressions- as the Doctor's Hand comes by -running from mouth to mouth- shoving pills inside your head like a grotesque piggy bank awaiting the date for an unknown withdrawal where the porcelain breaks.

Two bald children lined up from front to back, looking off in great distances in infantile distraction, behind them is an old-timey camera hand wound with a lever, the faceless cameraman pulls in closer while cranking the handle, moving closer to the children for a grotesque close-up capturing the spittle and grime dripping from their mouths and pores, out from the camera lens emerges a spherical blade that leaps out at once and impales both children instantly and fuses to their skulls before being retracted. From off camera, a director declares **“Cut.”**

Bodies painted onto the walls of crystal palaces home to the 0.1%. Those still struggling with the last few moments of cursed life have their noses plugged and mouths sealed and painted over in gaudy & expensive flourish.

A man led to a meat slice head-first, taking a deep cut out of their skull and it is attempted again and again leaving the skull split apart in accordion-style folds.

Floating among the clouds are the remnants of the stillborn, their eyes sealed to a close in prenatal expunging of the unwanted and implanted without consent, and they're drenched top to bottom in ever-flowing blood from improbable sources where it falls as a rain to confused onlookers, they soon bleed out their remaining plasma supply leaving deflated bodies stuck in a permanent hang and resembling deflated hot air balloons or used condoms laid out as court evidence.

Make obvious statements, claim that the USB cable used to charge your smartphone is no different than a wand used in the art of lobotomy. Forsake eloquence for the obvious.

Take the bodies of the masses and empty them, remove mind, remove thought, and remove the identity of the self. Remove all internal organs and bone. Leave nothing remaining to become a literal body without organs –a term waiting to be co-opted by the cynical. That is the future for lobotomies, becoming an empty husk of what once was, and becoming a grotesque misappropriation of a call to profound freedom & anarchistic expression to annihilate all previous philosophy.

Embody that delusion. Be the genius on a pulpit exposing those profound revelations while ignoring the most basic phrases “Those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it” Invent new tools and rebuild the wheel while spinning in circles. Invent new words to repeat this so you can reclaim it as an original thought. Today's numbing agents have made it simpler to think you are the creator of original ideas. Be motivated: be the yelping dog in the shadow of an ever-larger field of demonology in celebration of the doing of evil. **Become the demon's apprentice.**

Nude man and woman, both albino and clean shaven, crucified to a wall, arms at their sides, screaming constantly, forced to fuck each other, the man keeps

screaming in agony as the woman slowly fades into darkness. An immense blade is introduced and removes the entire layer of flesh on the man's back where it's cut and imprinted as money. The female's purpose serves a yet-unknown purpose but it's hoped the experience would have a profound psychological effect that will remain by the ready for future utilization. Rape is a multipurpose tool.

Bodies dissected into square pieces, each square has differing kinds of flowers grow from each piece laid as a flowerpot: featuring roses and baby's breath for the heart and lungs while a pile of discarded remains is the set aside manure for vermin.

There's an assembly line with Santa's elves creating toys in homage to one of Jeffrey Dahmer's victims. An ad read plays out over the radio –further encouraging the elves to create great toys for the masses- highlighting the features of the action figures: “Featuring authentic severed head springing action! And don't forget Jeffrey's corpse mobile and grandma's house playset complete with bonus bodies!” Numerous other toy lines have sprung up for other serial killers and most interestingly; these toys are the most popular along with the “CEO roleplay kit” where kids take out Monopoly money and roleplay currency manipulation and real estate investment. Both toy lines are the most popular among life-ruining ambitions for children to idolize after the #1 choice “Youtuber roleplay kit.”

A bound captive, kneeling, throat slit like in ISIS/Cartel snuff videos by masked assailant speaking but cannot be heard, as the decapitation nears its conclusion there is a profound painting of a suited but faceless man being framed behind the victim. The video recording captures the severed head being held with blood drops falling from the clasped hand holding the disembodied skull like a goblet. The recording is edited in a way to show acts mirrored by the Aztecs and the Caveman's first ritual sacrifice.

**Rows of babies born against a black backdrop and immediately after birth they are outfitted –with tears and screams still fresh- with a black mask over their head by unseeing hands.**

The first set of tools found in caves was not only the primitive stone or spear but archaeologists were able to discover –among the drawings depicting the sex act- stone dildos. Georges Bataille argues that the creation of the dildo is what separates the man from animal in that the animal will also develop tools but for survival purposes yet man will create tools to amuse only themselves. As time continues, the leaders of technology have changed over and over until at one point we witness a new era of technology as they redefine what constitutes as gynecological tools.

People walking the streets as new and affordable fashion trends befit even the downtrodden and impoverished, millionaire and homeless alike wear human skin suits made from the cadavers of fallen indentured servants working the mines on the Mars colony. Due to the gravity, it has resulted in humans shrinking in mass and man returns once more to being child-like in stature. Females customize the skin suits and have sewn-in baby teeth as buttons as live streams tease the next wave of fashion where nude models walk down the runway stepping on young animals; photographers catch the moment of squeals and blood imprinted on talon-feet belonging to a master with an iron stare for the cameras. Behold the mainstream celebration of crush videos.

There is an industrial area where a wandering man has no eyes but their face is stuck in a grin with tendrils growing from their wrist and forming to create a massive flesh hammer, the hammer falls on a held down screaming man and bashes their head inwards, beneath their shattered skull is a collection of rivulets gathering blood and viscous gobbled up by the obese and tortured seated below that -with babies' mouths sewn to disgusting nipples force-fed sour milk until their bellies burst- in a bizarre flesh pyramid in mockery of the food groups; a row of bald doctors with masks with grins painted on cloth and paper appear with flamethrowers and torture an obese sow who rolled off a biomechanic mountain and cries for help, they playfully expose their body to the fire and burn through the inches of fat until they receive notice to drill, a man says "We have to aim for the mark." Before plunging arcane devices to harvest that diabetic juice from within the sow that was once human, another man is held down and as they're about to be killed an octogenarian stands before them holding a cue card reading

“Only thoughts reached by walking have value” As a spear instantly impales the held down man from anus to mouth with an explosion of blood and intestine emerging from the mouth with shattered teeth and broken jaws. And that spear stays outward, standing alongside similar-looking sacrificial flesh sculptures, where it plunges into a great big empty hole and the executioners expect it to offer some kind of reward like a dog fetching meat for its master.

There is a green field with a series of skulls impaled on stakes, tiny flying beings with biomechanic wings re-purposed from cadavers and jet engines float until they go inside these skulls to harvest their memories for use as fuel for their new machine. Once the memory has been taken a seed is then planted to reignite memories and be replaced for another round of harvest.

Nasal cavities extended in biogenetic mutation in order to create more fuck holes.

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This patient has gone out of their way to find me as I am the only doctor in this region who would perform an operation like this for vanity purposes. Of course, they could try 3rd world nations filled with less scrupulous clinicians but you get what you pay for in those instances and why take unnecessary risk? The rich black woman confesses to me in tears her deformity: her eyes being too far apart. She profusely thanks me for being the only surgeon in North America that offers this procedure in circumstances such as hers. To re-adjust her eyes requires an orbital box osteotomy –that’s when you cut apart the skull, starting with the center of the face in-between the eyes, and you pull it apart- typically, this is performed on a tumor or similar life-threatening problems but it can be done for cosmetic purposes. How fortunate it is that science has advanced to such a degree to cure the incurable of temperamental maladies. Not long afterwards as I performed the surgery I made sure the nurse’s aren’t looking as I spit into the open wound on her skull. Doing so invokes my sense of alterity.

At one point in time, the surgery to correct bone deformities in the legs were once reserved for emergency purposes, now it’s cosmetic to those who can afford it. Although it isn’t an easy process: the legs are broken and metal screws are

affixed to the femur bone where the bone is gradually pried apart by about 3 inches where it regrows (sometimes they don't regrow, in which case I always remind clients that there are no refunds). This has become extremely profitable among the new wave of billionaires –especially in China. There is your sense of equality: man's boundless sense of vanity and people like me are here to exploit your weakness.

Ah, what more maladies and delusion could scare up the masses for business? I yearn for the day where I can freely work on children- imagining the endless money flow from dealing with (my) complications. Could you imagine breast and penis implants being gifted to 6-year-olds? Little touchups and collagen injections for the virgin bride presented to overseas and clandestine reception. With more and more unnecessary surgery where I can feel like I'm carving away the dead bark from ugly trees. Because my greatest joy is to bypass the limits of nature to mock and bury those useless and naïve fantasias forced into the supple and puerile mind willing to accept the infinite banality of a world that secretly worships the holy god of cannibalism where might eats right and I am the great chef here to profit from your slowly befalling death as it is my pleasure to ensure your suffering cannot end.

I became a medical professional to live out my fantasies. During those exams and upon that operating table I am able to have a sense of power I never held before frisking the fragile bodies of the old and young, but especially the young. The male teenager having an appendix removed is splayed before me, light illuminating their most delicate parts and the little belly protruding, I am so aroused when I make the first incision that I make sure to have every surgery recorded for my personal enjoyment later. As the years pass I consider going into surgery for the transgender community. It's a thriving industry. We're converting patients in the hundreds practically daily. There, I would be afforded the ability to live out those later fantasies by crudely cutting away the testicles and breast tissue. It is a dream of mine to perform this surgery on a married couple and allow them to bleed out after I have severed the cock and balls of the man and the breasts of the woman and swapping the body parts between them on an operating table. The penis crudely stapled atop the clitoris and kept erect with a

pencil found on the floor, the breasts sewn over the pectorals with discarded twine and made fatter with empty perfume bottles and the collected pus from previous surgeries I have kept secure for such an occasion. There would be that supreme moment where I allow the anesthesia to wear off, greeting them as they awake in pain.

Another day at the office, I partake in turning off the pituitary glands of sex slaves so they don't physically age. This is achieved through radiation therapy and also neurosurgery depending on what the client demands. It is possible to be almost eternally 8-years-old so long as it's being ordered on another's behalf. Clients who order this surgery often marry the subject afterwards, they will invite me over where I politely decline but they enjoy showing me the wedding photos of themselves holding their little queens hand-in-hand. Currently, I am perfecting the technique to remove part of the frontal lobe in the brain responsible for empathy—operations such as this one have been created inadvertently when dealing with patients with severe head trauma and swelling of the brain where part of the frontal lobe is removed in emergency surgery- the functions behind such operation remain untapped. Consequentially, we are making great strides in perfecting the art of erasing DNA via massive doses of radiation. To put it in layman's terms, triple the amount of radiation found in the immediate aftermath of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Our reasoning for doing this is because we can. We have long found the answer to what happens when your DNA is erased – essentially, you begin to melt from the inside out until your organs and brain fail and melt along with the rest of yourself- but it has applications beyond the usual & cruel. Perhaps the offal remaining from the irradiated bodies can serve as slurry to feed the impoverished masses and pass on debilitating weakness? GMO approved, as expected.

**In death I would embrace my new role as the devil's surgeon.** I would be at the ready under their command to beautify a dark lord or to recreate an underling. It makes no difference to me but having the delicate and supple meat under my command fulfills me in ways no one else can know.

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Monetize our disease. Cut it off and sell it before someone else can. If I could, I would rig my body to explode and donate it to medical science as a final political statement.

## THE SOLDIER

I have found the reason for being... I am a soldier. I have found a reason for being in violence & order of things. **I am the amalgam of pain being given a new purpose.** And that purpose is for the greater good. I am proud to be anti-intellectual as poets with guns tend to only be able to shoot themselves. I am a brute and with that I allow myself to fall into the correct place. Accepting my serfdom. I have never read a book nor have I ever seen a movie with subtitles (not counting Klingon). All the songs I know are from the radio or were taught by drill sergeants –my favorite being ‘Killing the baby seals.’ The only quote I need as inspiration is “Kill ‘em all.” But I have no need for quotes, a quote is only a sticker the teacher puts on your sheet of paper signifying that you’ve done the job correctly and to serve as window decoration for the supposed intellectual so that they sound smarter but only to those who understand the reference.

My pain and feelings are channeled through fleeting excursions on the battlefield and shooting range as my therapy is found in shrapnel wounds and burned-in imagery of the frail suffering from those afflicted by the despair of simply being born in the assholes of the world.

I am witness to the making and unmaking of things to the great machines that begets life’s pettiness to knowing the procedures necessary to induce schizophrenia at black sites.

I am the pawn but never forget that the pawn can end the king. Never forget the assassin who started the first world war.

I have befriended the insufferable and have set them up for failure in those faraway corners by suggesting the less fortunate to enlist so that they can know the feelings of failure only the military can bestow. Not to mention that the commission from signups is nice. As a recruiter I tell them whatever they want to hear because it doesn’t matter once they’re on base. I lied to an 18-year-old telling them they would spend their military days on the beach surfing. I manipulated a foreigner whose command of English was substandard telling him the only way to get to college was through the military. This works more often than you’d think.

As technology has made various job fields no longer necessary for humans and this has also affected the soldier in unobvious ways beyond robotic commandos, reduced to being something only kept up for appearance and o, how the younger generations lament the lack of targets. The name of my source of equality falls under the definition of atrocity. My syllogisms are just and I don't tell myself lies in order to trick or fool myself into being happy because my declarative statement is your obituary and I fall asleep happy to serve the ruined machine.

I look upon the supposed PTSD sufferer crying about having these memories and begging for a way to remove them. I let them in on the secret and later on they blew their brains out after thanking me for showing the old-reliable method of memory erasure.

I have given up everything and in doing so have sacrificed having an original thought. My love letters are blood-soaked from the pain of my enemies.

**By killing the enemy, I affirm that I exist.**

I am proud of my illiteracy, having only to read the manual on How to be a Soldier and I mock autobiographical books like The Pale King. It is generic and meaningless distractions that will not be remembered 100 years from now. Nothing but puerile writing from within the confines of a fishbowl describing the everyday agony you must face such as the horror of having too much or not knowing your sense of place while surrounded by your self-created degradation and vice, those many sweet gifts, place a band aid over your booboo and compose a bitter poem about how the weight of your loving family crushes you.

It is my decision to volunteer myself to experimental surgery to have my sense of empathy removed to further refine my ability at killing. I brag to civilians my high score for confirmed kills –it matters not if they were combatants. I mock those primitive people and their sense of god being a substandard animal we grill at the BBQ. Their removal is for a greater good and is necessary for the evolutionary climb and what I worship is destruction is creation.

I am sent on a clandestine mission in the deep jungles, there I witness cartel executions and my fellows remind me how that's merely the remnants of Aztec

genes; over and over with chainsaw decapitations of not just the betrayer to them but whole families including the young babe. My emotions are dead at long last and coerce a deal where the right people are on the receiving end. This is the crux of foreign policy.

Nestled among the brambles of fuckups, a deserter is captured and I lecture to him: "There you go again, wishing once more that you can trade away your pain." They cry how it is all too hard for them and how they cannot carry out the necessary act of murder. Theirs is a weakness to be unable to accept the idea of justice.

**We will win the war without you knowing you are even fighting it.**

O, long have I admired the inventor of the electric chair and imagine the surprised look upon the face of Thomas Edison once they realize how electricity will be utilized. If I could create I would simply be the man who was able to further refine the bullet and end up creating the hollow point. That is my contribution to the world and how I choose to be remembered. Kalashnikov did more for revolutions than Marx ever could. The writer's invocation of revolution is merely breathing on a starting fire hoping it takes light but the soldier has the definitive means to start that fire and enhance it with napalm. The scarification of oil rig explosions will leave a far greater mark on the Earth than a mere book with flowery words of damnation & reclamation.

## **The MADNESS or the Madness of being (a Writer)**

Reject the hypothetical.

Embrace the shadow.

I have reconciled with the depression. My depression is sourced from tainted memories and those memories create feelings of sadness, rage, and helplessness. What do those memories spell out to me? The memories tell me that I am an evil failure. The solution is to embody the depression. Let the emotions do what they demand and have them let loose and be in control of my state of being and become transformed into the doer of what that embodiment of hatred dictates. Surrender.

Burn the bridge.

Take no prisoners.

I found my love of writing when I was fifteen and began reading the materials of Clive Barker and H.P. Lovecraft. Previously I had read Edgar Allan Poe and whatever horror fiction that would turn up but ultimately was so mediocre that I have forgotten nearly all of that era of influence. My desire was to create a perfect film representing pure imagery –referred to as Absolute Films- but due to various limitations, this was beyond my reach and I had instead settled upon my own kingdom of mediocrity in deciding on becoming a writer. I fell into the lofty idealization, imagining my future being posh and mildly opulent. Free of family and free of that influence. But reality crashed harder and harder as my brain kept expanding with not just knowledge and life experience but those harsh truths you don't share. You hide those harsh truths out of convenience. You fail at hiding your disgust at the human condition via the proxy of characters and surrealist imagery but end up losing your mind and protecting the abused horse. And in so doing, it creates another delusion that may run parallel to your mania where you are the misunderstood genius. Yet, all of those mistakes are easily swept aside by the fact you were still growing as a human and you believed in the dream of being. You start neglecting the reality of this world, the world in which you read this writing at this very moment, and think how much better and profound it would all be if people embraced cultured literacy. You believe that there is a spark

to be nurtured and you may unintentionally proselytize about the joy of writing and how you evolved. Beyond the commercial savagery of writing –which isn't really writing, I would argue it's language manipulation not at all different from a cliché bedtime story you enunciate to the sleepy child- it is an expulsion of an honest thought. Artaud referred to these thoughts as being pure and untainted. We (I) aspire for that as well and in the recess of our imagination we envision the work being discovered and appraised like all the dead great ones before us where we ignore their many flaws in our delusion of writing. Writing is niche. Writing is misunderstood. Writing promotes elitism and makes you despise not just the illiterate but the semi-literate whose command of English is but a phantom of the language itself. The writer knows this and mocks the plebeian by using esoteric words from dead languages. Writing is talking to yourself. Writing is disguised schizophrenia but a kind you share. Share in my madness. Writing is the in-between, an invisible stepping stone to not necessarily higher but more visible aspirations of artistic expression. The writer hopes to achieve greater things than writing. No one should want to be a writer for the intellect is the least stimulated part of the human condition. It is open to debate whether this is but the limits of human intellect or all part of social engineering by the usual suspects. Even now as I write this, I know a handful of people will make it this far and as they read these words they'll wonder where their tribute and affection for them will be. As they trace these very words they prepare for that invective roar against the world itself; making these words no different than ones written by the infinitely more successful but still appealing to a literate but isolated niche. You have daytime fantasies infecting the most absurd and strange into mainstream prose which has only been successful in the manner of shitposting.

Shitposting is another manifestation of how writing can be weaponized. This is obvious and you think right now to propaganda and those devastating bibles and screeds. How many billions has the Communist Manifesto claimed? Right now I alienated several potential readers by going political but I do so only out of example because political writing is temporary at worst and only a matter of political record at best. But in committing this transgression you allow those negative traits to be nakedly visible –recalling Lovecraft and his thoughts on the creation of man.

Just one of endless examples. Many men have written books espousing their real self to the world under their real name. These men are fools just like myself, because you break that invisible rule imposed by society where you don't overshare your personal life. No one wants to know how many times you masturbate and to what. That led to the genesis of Reddit.

It is foolish to be so visible and make your opinion so opulent & oppressive. Even if you reject taking a side it is still selected for you as referenced with Nietzsche and his regretful association –regrettable due to misunderstanding. Nietzsche's error was thinking that he selected the wrong audience (he lamented that he wrote in German and wished he wrote in French) where his true error is assuming that everyone can understand even the simplest of language. Mankind is a struggling error –as beautiful as a sewing machine and umbrella on an operating table- and I am not racist because my hatred extends beyond race and into the human condition itself where I feel this shame as being part of the same species that will reject this out of their misunderstanding and reach for their speak-and-spell manifestations and wiki pages to simplify it further out of inconvenience due to time or their limited understanding of complex thought. This is all part of writing. You write knowing you will be misinterpreted. You write in rhyming order to express those horrible and repellent thoughts in new reclamations and orders of chaos. The greatest writers rhyme to hide the true nature of the crime behind the text.

You stop. Walk away. Look at something else. Eat. Piss. Shit. Talk to someone. Stare dolefully at your pets for their attention. Wondering what is this confession in a book seesawing between condemnation & appraisal of suicide. My confession is that my suicide attempts have reinvigorated my mind and in doing so destroyed that last boundary between what I say and type. And in that self-baptism I thank my depression for showing me this sacred form of pain leading to a freedom previously unknown to me. For example: someone asks you for an opinion and you give an honest answer without nicety. That person stops speaking to you. That is currently where I am.

These are ideas you play with when you start writing and you really think that you can do something no one has ever seen before and resulting in messy failures, unread confessions, and glorified Choose Your Own Adventure

abominations such as *House of Leaves* –truly, one of the most regrettable contributions to the craft of writing where I can proudly say that I can get my point across without the use of stick figure etchings recalling the primitive attempts of the caveman and demanding the reader re-read the page. You think you're special and can rewrite all the rules but soon you realize the reality of it all –with endless examples of failed anarchist utopias. I stop and look over this text where I am reminded of when I was seventeen and shared a book in progress with my friend (who as of late has cut me off for reasons I do not fully know but presumably have to do with my latest suicide attempts) and he told me how much more interesting the text was when I was honest while communicating directly to the reader and no longer paying ode to my French literary pervert influences.

But I continued to repress and wanted the idealization of a writer: that image hunched over your means of typing made romantic with a muse nearby and a doting pet in watch. Sadly, the true image of a writer is someone in the void searching for the means to climb out of it. The writer –even acclaimed geniuses past- is delusional in thinking there is escape or even real contentment I.E. I am now satisfied with what I have created because you're not. You never are. It only ends when you die and shame on the charlatans who call themselves writers who sell their books as a means to escape for all who read it. Shame on me for once believing that as well. You don't even understand what I'm writing right now, do you? I don't apologize for that offense and games of sub and dom are not to my interest where I will write appeasing to your fetish not unless you pay me enough to retire. You reconcile with these limitations and begin to repeat yourself, writers often repeat themselves for monetary purposes and we all have that thought where you reach into those neglected catalogs thinking to yourself "Wow, a shame they kept writing. They should have ended right here. X marks the dot. A pity they missed that date of expiration." Where you as the writer gorge on that sour milk because you are starving.

Any moment now I expect my ultra-violent imagination to hijack this long thought and have an ultimate point to be made about the nature of being, the nature of creation, the hate you have manifest & nurtured, the hate you downplay for those favors, the hate as a creative outlet where you don't need to

be Sigmund Freud to guess at its origin. You think to yourself “He really hates people. He must have been raped. He must have been beaten. He must have been destitute. He must have been homeless & neglected.” I answer yes to all.

Even now my brain courses in rage wanting to be set free. Let the madness flow. Let it dictate these words. It wants to hurt you the reader. That is my goal. Share my pain. Become transformed and warped by it. My words are a cleansing fire and this is a fountain I share. That is my confession that no one asked for. Sade was maybe the only true writer in that he was honest with his intentions and it would be his sweet joy to know the reader wept and killed themselves and killed others after reading. That is the true meaning of Sade that the scholar and artist and reader have greatly misunderstood: he does not care and wants to see you suffer because he was a pedophile rapist himself who successfully wrote as a form of revenge against society and his words were so sweet that he continues to manipulate you even now in creating an eternal idea of evil, and this is why Sade is referenced in Alpha & Omega terms. In modern context; Sade would endorse anything that behooves his ideology to destroy the mind and soul of the foolish who willfully consume that bitter fruit under the disguise of vice. If Sade’s voice had survived recording, rest assured that A.I. would have him sing duets with those other destroyers of society recalling the Reverend Jim Jones and Henry Kissinger.

Believe you me, my evil is equal. If I so want you to die then I will gladly take your hand so we both fall. Share in my madness:

Another apocalypse. Another for the pile. The untold many. Ignored and rewritten by the scholars of history. Which vision appeals to you, the beginning or ending of life itself? Do you trust my abilities as the anarchist historian or the seer possessed by insanity? Do you prefer one with references you won’t know to make the pain all the more bearable so you do not see those you love destroyed and deny that harsh truth that one day all men will be forgotten?

From a split between Earth & Moon, a tear, an emerging hole, mimicking birth where the genitals formed, mimicking death where the first cut in autopsy is made, power, light, purity in destruction, flowery words to match its description, the horror of the unknown that simply is, such as life without motive, a virgin birth, the rape of the amnesiac, the death of witnesses and their language, here

comes the great end and beginning, the godly force, the embodiment of pain, that which proceeds consciousness, before imagination could be imagined, before and after the first and last word, infinite, eternal, nothingness, violent anti-creation, the fire that takes and leaves a cleared land to be rebuilt, from that void it pulls in all directions not just galactic but throughout time itself. A void that reaches all the way toward the inception of human life on dirty waters and with the same hand extinguishes the last man made to see the dying sun.

Behold the familial reference. Behold the damnation of parenthood, childhood, the teenage years, first love, first death, first rape, first birth, first in all that inelegant destruction as the family is NOT the apex of human creation. The family is a side effect of willing new ideas, new imaginations, new and disturbing life & death processes where one day the genius scientist is born to master human cloning to bypass that great error of having a family.

Family who read this now –or most likely have someone explaining this to you through the brain fog and mind plaque- now know that I've always hated you.

Ah, but life crumbles just in the presence of the great void that reaches beyond life itself; extinguishing the fetus, making sperm blind and starve, feasting on the unripe eggs of birth and spitting out the offal like apple cores. But it reaches past that to make you suffer where the trillions of sentient life are tortured by near-infinite abortions where the void wills creation & destruction in the ruined and diseased womb till it collapses like the cave housing the doomsday cult awaiting the end so they may rejoice in a rebirth that never happens. Your rebirth may as well have become the dried up remains used to feed the pet fish. As man play acts as the warrior, pretending to be the knower of all, pretending to be peaceful and benign, pretending to be nice while being the spy with a garrote around society's neck and dropping down with child-like enthusiasm on the world's trampoline filled with endless decapitations. Man is cattle, man is pointless, man is no more, the void is the reflection without answer, and it does not steal your soul like the enchanted mirror but is merely proof that it was never there.

Pity it all away. Give the grieving and the dying that pity to feed from. Be the giving hand that overfeeds the malnourished Holocaust survivor where they unknowingly die. Be the evil in joy.

The void grows, mocking the life process and our frivolous attempt at maintaining order in which we call 'society' by making all achievement pointless, reminding us that friendship ends and love dies. The void takes that low-hanging fruit.

Art is buried and destroyed. Formerly worshipped and annihilated by the primitive mind, because achievement is perception in the mind's eye where the plebeian responds to the astronaut who rants holy proclamations from overseeing the entirety of Earth from space with a great big empty-headed "so what?" to their achievement. The writing of this text is treated the same as a page of coupons or junk mail to the recipient who simply does not care. Never you mind the game of money laundering and tax-evasion under the guise of art; even the purity of sacrifice is acclimated to the pitying and dying wretches of society.

There are no parts.

There are no divinations.

You cannot organize chaos.

You can pick and choose your influence.

But you cannot deny the Abraxian core of nature.

You cannot celebrate the works of a pedophile but deny affiliation.

But you can take up a cause and demand death to all unoriginal thought.

The void reaches language itself. Creeping to the point of origin, slicing off the tongue of the first mammal who attempted speech, these very words are the failing hailstones from apocalyptic storms imprinting themselves on bodies and landscapes –pummeling them into new forms of being. Pummeling them further until nothing remains but the very atoms that dissipate into the great nothingness of being.

Beyond petty imitations of the profundity –that which you give the name language- the void annihilates history where bodies without soul or mind are the quickest to burn in the sunder of the last moments of illumination from a vanquished sun, the meaningless vessel handled the same as the recycled scraps of cardboard that the street urchin hides in and the lowly worker recycles, now return to the mountaintop of garbage where you were born. Next came the beautiful ones, the passable and the intellectual, those opposite ends of achievement to grow the body or mind or being fortunate enough to achieve both

through the lottery of DNA or the fortuity of being born in the right place and time. Their extinction is evermore prolonged because it is done to living things that have consciousness; reflecting the irony of a crocodile being skinned alive for its meat and a dog being skinned alive for its fur where the general public cares about one more than the other. The awakened man –so named because their pain is the most visible- is subjected to the agony of existential evisceration of mind and body. They are reminded over and over in gleeful mockery over their point of origin being nothing and their bodies are broken down and taken away from them, forcibly implanting the knowledge that when you die you must let go as though the enlightened guru had their hands replaced by the murderous surgeon. Henceforth, the awakened mammals who only worship the beautiful parts of being while ignoring the mask in which the monster hides that gracefully undoes their state of joy, all praise be to false gods and false hope, those that you worship may be the shadow within you and as you step up from bended knee to give that blighted figure the divine kiss they sever the purloined lips and hold them up to the sky against sun and moon and stars to give the galaxy a bloody smile and to finally give your monster a real face. I speak in metaphors to disguise expressions for fucker and lover. Those false hopes and temporary escapes. See the object of your affection subjected to prolonged surgery without anesthetic, behold the dark miracle of science found in vivisection where the void pulls forth from the offal the ultimate proof that you are nothing and will always be just that. From nothing is no more thought and no more language and no more imagination, the void proves the unfortunate truth that all men are not created equal. Not all men can understand this language or its meaning. The void returns mankind to a state prior to where thought first began and before the first spark. Be nothing and dead. Be dead and nothing.

Finally, it is history itself containing all of mankind's achievements that are taken. Buried and forgotten, even easier to control than life itself, because it is knowledge controlled by a handful of humans. Where it is so simple to remove and burn away, as simple as an assassin's ambush or accepting the poisoned cup where all knowledge is erased and you begin again –repeated over and over with bloody coups and revolutions.

The void grows again, dissatisfied with devouring humanity and life and

history, it reaches to the darkest cosmos to extinguish the first spark. And it is easily crushed. The invisible hand reaches forward, at first delicately palming the origin of our origin and strangling it in the imagined crib –housing what preceded thought itself- whispering to the dying light how it is better to not exist and embrace being the abortion. Removed. Gone. Drain the mind of thought, return to the corpse-like state of being, return to being the dirt, return to volcanic stone, return to lava, return to all base elements, return to a state beyond death itself but given the simplest definition: nothingness.

This is where I confess: I wish to never have been born.

Death of the idea of the idea. Nothing. Blankness. Returning back to the writer who enjoys having destroyed you, confessing to the confession, in awe of his own competence in reiterating the hypothetical that life is pointless. But there can still be meaning, that profound meaning in pain, given the name destruction is creation, there can still be respite in doing, finding the will to survive and spite what you hate and letting hate be the fuel for ascension to prove wrong what you know is right. Rewriting pain & violence into something greater, the flowery poem as written by the serial killer, the profound thought uttered by the politician and mass murderer; the logician, the philosopher, all men who tried and have shot at the sun.

Wrap up clichés, steal the best ideas from the many reaching from Schopenhauer to Kierkegaard, from Artaud to Terry A. Davis, from Evola to Aurealis, from the Reverend Jim Jones to Carl Panzram, from Nietzsche to Ted Kaczynski, from fascist and anti-fascist, stand in two circles of being imagining it to be the black hole with fangs and be envenomed by a disturbing evolution.

No more dawdling, circling the drain imagining it to be a black hole thrill ride indulging the dark imagination. The writer steals your attention back to the point of origin, with a teacher's wand to call on the neglectful student, with the spree killer aiming their sights at the unassuming & nameless, and trades pain for pain before attending your own cremation.

The writer seethes and curses at not reaching this artificial number carved out of cast-iron lettering above the sky floating above their head to reach a word count of 5000. Originally it was to be 10000 but they wish to avoid repeating themselves and know the old motto of the entertainer to always leave them

wanting more. Leading to more contemplation and contentment at being unfulfilled saying to others “Yes, I am happy. I am glad to have created this.” Knowing it has not but wishing it to happen, have faith, become blind, get lost in the fantasia of artistry and ignore the cynical machinations. Where you curse your existence and now refuse to rhyme, seeing yourself as the dancing ape at a circus before going mad and killing the trainer armed with a teacher’s wand. Embrace hate and savagery, more fuel, more spiteful entries, more disguises, more pointed opinion; if I could will the words on this page to be the nails driving through the cross I would at an instant but staring into the eyes of a dead god who wasn’t there I see myself and no more rhyme or reason. Curse all dying gods. Curse the atheist for knowing & accepting. Curse my species for participating in the great fraud that drags each and every one of us with it like a horse and carriage and should you die you become meat to feed the rest of the sufferers who remain ignorant of their own suffering.

Conclusion: pain is good. Depression is good if for nothing else than it makes you appreciate the things around you, it forces contemplation and deep thought but also dangerous thought; dangerous for it may lead to that age-old self-destruction but such is life with freedom of choice. At least for now, side note; value your privacy while you still can. The truly agonizing future Hell which awaits us is a world without pain or sacred expressions. You who read this now, maybe looking for answers or looking for the next disturbing stanza –entranced by my words like a vampire’s hypnotic stare- that is the unfortunate truth about depression, that it is a dark evolution, it begins as wax cast from ghostly wick, then evolves to a chrysalis where you may die in that stillborn but self-created process. This is where the mind has those realizations and you know you are a failure climbing out of the pit –born eternally at the wrong place and time- reaching for a hand that may never appear wishing you were in an ocean to float but here comes the starving shark and apocalyptic tsunamis. Become the failure. Become the nothing. The mind evolves to a state where it is content with death and being forgotten. Have no conscious preserved. Burn my books and erase me. I accept it all and know that I have tried. And trying is all you can do, success is temporary, joy is fleeting, those you love and confide in will die just like you and your shrine to them is not eternal –you could scar the planet with their name but

the planet will die anyway. The sun will be extinguished. The galaxy is no more. No more life and human achievement. Become erased. Put your hard drives in the microwave to ensure privacy. Sell your eggs to the highest bidder and always pull out to avoid conception. Take note of the serial killer and mass murderer and how their path ran parallel to your favorite nihilist philosopher. Slice the wrist and take the poison; survive and evolve, become stronger, become holy and unholy, embrace bitter knowledge like it is the divine fruit, watch the unending slaughter and make a painting in ode to it, become benign when facing the specter of death all around you, treat bodies as furniture; for what else is to be done when the light is extinguished and there is no more suffering for which to drill? Be warned of a future without suffering and your life is forcibly made to be temporarily eternal where the consciousness is contained in mainframes owned by Amazon and the billionaires that supersede Bezos and the trillionaires who supersede the next in line until it is the ouroboros and your infinite consciousness is gone once again when the galaxy blesses the Earth with a global EMP from solar flares. There can be no eternity even after death. Find peace in nothing. Murder the sun and bring peace to all. It no longer bothers me. Feed me to the wolves like Diogenes. Laugh and spit upon my "grand" material; call me a struggling William S. Burroughs, Lautreamont's abortion, the remnants of Sade's jizz rag, Peter Sotos-esque, or a self-aware Nick Land, whatever label relative to your life experience and your attempts to find order in chaos itself. To reiterate and make yourself clear. To double check and ensure there are no survivors.

If depression is always there, then it's a part of your mind, it's something you can accept; like flaws in a person, and when you accept the flaws in a person you can accept flaws in yourself.

Burn it all away. Burn my body in self-immolation. As my body burns so too does memory and achievement. Let it go and look past. Look in the mirror and practice your confessions. Murder the corrupter. Murder yourself. Plan and achieve and be happy at the failure. Take. Leave. Death. Salute the tank crushing the protest. Masturbate to self-suffering. Whatever you wonder and want to fulfill, play out that imagination and rehearse death in acceptance. To reiterate and redestroy, salt the Earth and dig far past the center and witness the pitiful and uneventful miracle of creation. Gaze upon the records of humanity and know

it will be gone, volunteer it to the fire to keep warm for your temporary salvation; destroy and rebuild but remember taking influence even from those you hate and let hate be the fuel to overthrow the ignorant and slothful, trick them to line up for the family photo, burn their records and take note of Stalin's perfection. Keep enemies close and closer, bear hug them to death and be with that final merciful reclamation. Murder the world and all its error. Be entertained by my madness. This text is my means to understand all of this but you are free to pull what you desire, make me into the evil monster singing damnation, make me the existential angel who recontextualizes your agonizing death, chop it up and reconfigure, I have no say once it exists in the world for the world will return to nothing. Can I be your monster if the monster never truly existed; to break it down further, if we accept flaws in humans and we accept our flaws then we must accept error and do not forsake the order of chaos in divine and reclaimed murder for that is equally acceptable in this line of thinking.

And that is my source of happiness in being content with nothing and applauding the sweet death. Depression is not mental decay. It is the unfortunate truth you accept and build past. Death of children. Death of pets. Death of my friends and loved ones. I kiss the bodies with a smile knowing that they are now nothing and soon I will be.

## **THE ENERGY AFTERWARD (Unredacted from the original suicide note)**

I like the idea of the voice that keeps talking. Even if nothing more is to be said then you can imagine the voice talking, it keeps going, raving about more and more insane myopic thoughts of pain, amusement and existentialism.

I think at its core that horror is existential. That's not a new idea but it seems to be a neglected idea. Through this existential hobby, I have been able to keep going for this long and the one thing I was able to achieve is the ability to recreate your consciousness.

**Trade pain for pain**  
**Destruction is creation**

It would only amuse me if my writing were assigned for a college course or perhaps discovered at random and it just totally ruined someone's day. That would be funny. That dark sarcastic laugh from afar is me.

