

I threw my phone into the lake. but the newer models are waterproof, so nothing happened. It washed away and a fisherman from overseas found it. he mailed it back to me the next day—with local wildflowers pressed between the case. but border security seized the device for including foreign bodies, and they destroyed it. i lost my way back to the car without google maps and wondered in the wilderness for 40 days just like Jesus, and at the end i gave up and sat cross legged gazing at the sun waiting for forever. and i met God, and then i died on earth sitting in the dirt.

she wanted to be bluepilled in the bluelight. anime is no longer an option but a necessity. did you know in japan there are two consistent reactions to the hyperform caricatures of anime, excessive attraction and excessive repulsion. so theres really no debate. you either love to see the ancient sacred spirit of japanese *miko* intermeshed with the influence of western fantasy or it brings you a physiological repulsion at the corruption of Pure Japanese Existence by the imaginary of western fantasy. as always and in all things, the question is simply, how much are you willing to accept?

it was Atlanta, Zone 6. The Year was 2010—OJ Da Juiceman was huge he could have been a global mega star icon, like Gucci Mane status.. but the allure of the streets was too much. nobody could ever keep him in the studio. In a tell-all interview, published in The Fader, he said “I can scarcely even finish a thought indoors, let alone trust the ones I do have. I’m very influenced by the work of Guy Debord, and do my best thinking when engaged in the radical revolutionary strategy of The Dérive. The urban environment can be incredibly inspiring”

when society replaced my heart with microplastics—I learned how to love the Mariya Takeuchi way. the algorithm shows us who we are, but so does the front camera. even when the screen turns off you can see yourself reflected back in the obsidian rectangle.

I was at this intersection after dinner the other night, on my favourite rental electric bike and saw two other people, on an electric scooter and an electric unicycle respectively. all heading different directions. we each ignored the traffic lights. a rental electric bike rides itself anyway. you can jump off it, let it crash. it doesnt matter. its not yours and they can always make more.

Laurence Punshon