Disquiet [of a Non-Crash Site]

Hannah Hopewell

A pile of mania, cumulate of shit, frame of blood
A concomitant threshold of verge and hover stretched to flood the world
You masticate alive elsewhere's, but because of gravity, you keep on playing
You are a cluster of uncanniness, emerged as primal, a clandestine metanoia
Unwavering indifference remains your aspiration, preservation not your demand
I see it on your inter-face whilst reading diffractively in the blizzards of mini-death
Have you become an appetite of expectation, a slurry of urban bodegons, a register and inventory of the undeads?
Your anarchic excess has been anticipated, what next?
A simultaneous seduction?
This is no survey
A winged sari, a crow in possession of darkened alarm, an oblivion of stillness
A pure gesture, a localised signature. A new salted crust
Your hydration of this undead is aided by the saliva of fluid logics duped by capital’s flows
You feed the engines of abstraction by pressing the meta into feet and mouths, but you are no medic nor mother
Your stations occlude your amphidromic points, cotidal lines and itches
All you wanted was a surface of symmetrical we, a description within which to disappear
But your containers are leaking, the agora has bled
Do you miss your coat for stepping Outside?
After all, is this not a city?
If I hear you speak in imaginary structure, it is because other choices felt limiting
This is not a survey
A unit of greed, a dropped effort of differentiation, a low-grade lack
A concomitant threshold of verge and hover. Eros and Thanatos, entry and exit bound in a Gordian knot to address the ‘non’
You are a ‘species of reduction’, a reduced description, an eye-erode to curate non-seeing
Your dissipative entropic fractalised blind in conjugated superposition, is but the syrup of irreflection
You mock with impassivity, like a turned-up goblet as an elect of the invisible
Time’s question, of wounds and mixtures. Still, life, without Being
Withdrawn from the sensual; there is time, on the inside of ‘itself’
Take rest as you like it un-envious of perception
As for seeing you in symptom, indifference intact — that’s what black did.