

man, ~~stooped~~ — It was my last day in prison  
~~hunched~~ the joint was hell in its most monotonous form,  
spectacles bent but cleaned like cLOCKWoRK — constant as cognizance,  
— incessant & perpetual,

—In a time of—hedonistic cornucopia,—the machines  
—robotic prosthetics—who ran the  
—while we jerk about in—spasmodic orgies—humdrum of  
—bZz ah uh uH UH—our existence,  
—punished us, in the way

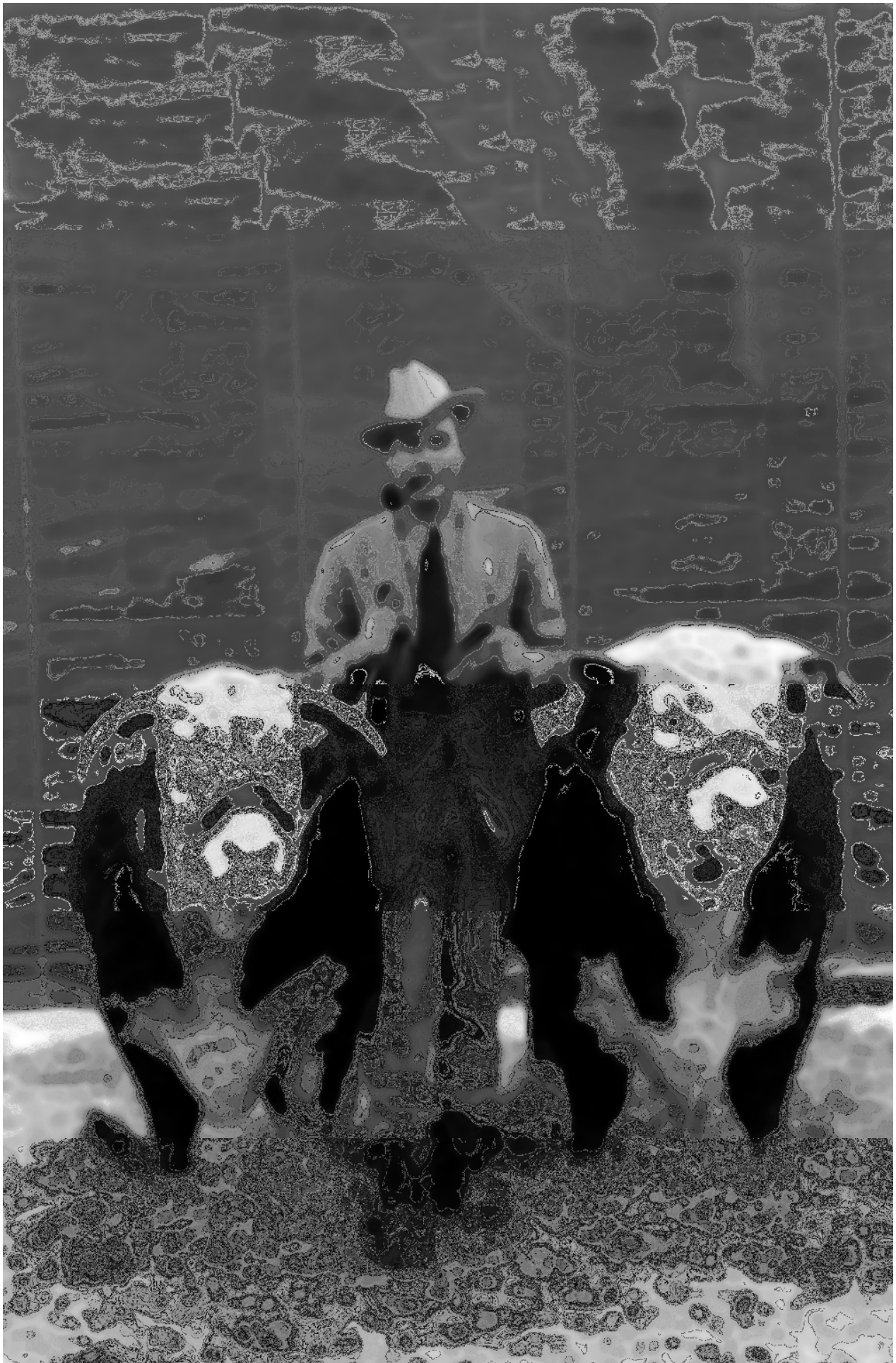
[illegible][illegible]



So there I was, leaving  
reformed?  
*processed* is the terminology they use on the disclaimers ...  
1 year older. *they* calculate viability by ... ..  
And there he was, they view YOU as after... ..  
herded with a prod like they use for cattle, his hands *his fucking hands* pink  
and clean and unscarred, bound up good and proper with a muzzle too **the muzzle has a ring in it**  
& he was led past on a chain... *like* like a frail old bull.  
*ilk* l i k e s o m e t h i n g i n h u m a n  
*ie* L I Kk E N O T Hh I N Gg I'Dd EXx Pp E C Tt E D  
and he turned to me *just like that* like nothing had ever happened, and says “come and  
visit me sometime, we really must talk” *but all* muted

**!J!A!I!L!J!A!I!L!J!A!I!L!J!A!I!L!J!A!I!L!! !J!A!I!L!J!A!I!L!!J!A!I!L!J!!A!I!L!J!A!I!**  
**!A!** **!I!** Every week **T B** B!R!I!N!G! *eat* **!N!**  
**!L!** Every day **H E** B!R!I!N!G! *shit* **!!!**  
**!!!** Every hour **E L** B!R!I!N!G! *work* **!J!**  
**!I!** Every minute **L** B!R!I!N!G! *inspection* **!A!**  
**!N!** Every second **!!** B!R!I!N!G! *introspection* **!I!**  
**!J!** **!L!**  
**!A!** —RoBoTiC wARdERs— **!J!**  
**!I!** —FiZZiNG&SPARKiNG <sup>ELECTRo-PRODS</sup> <sub>ELECTRo-ORDERS</sub> ARCiNG&BARKiNG— **!A!**  
**!L!** —AND I ELECTED THEM!! — **!I!**  
**!!N!J!A!I!L!!N!J!A!I!L!!N!J!A!I!L!!N!! !J!A!I!L!!N!J!A!I!L!!JAY!AYE!EYE!L!**

[illegible]



I met my *counterpart* in the crimes I didn't commit.  
 My *accomplice* while I was inside.  
 My *left hand* to his right.  
 He *was released* on the same day.  
 He *'d been tried* on the very same day.  
 He *too was inside* for a year.  
 My my my—hee hee hee. *It wasn't funny; In actual fact...* *How sad.*

We were both just numb just numb just numb just numb just *unjust*,  
 And the coppers who released us played dumb played dumb played dumb *played*  
 Dumb as in *the third monkey*, numb: adjective; as in *just a number*,  
 —9807794F— **for me**

**for him** —9807794G— *Allan*

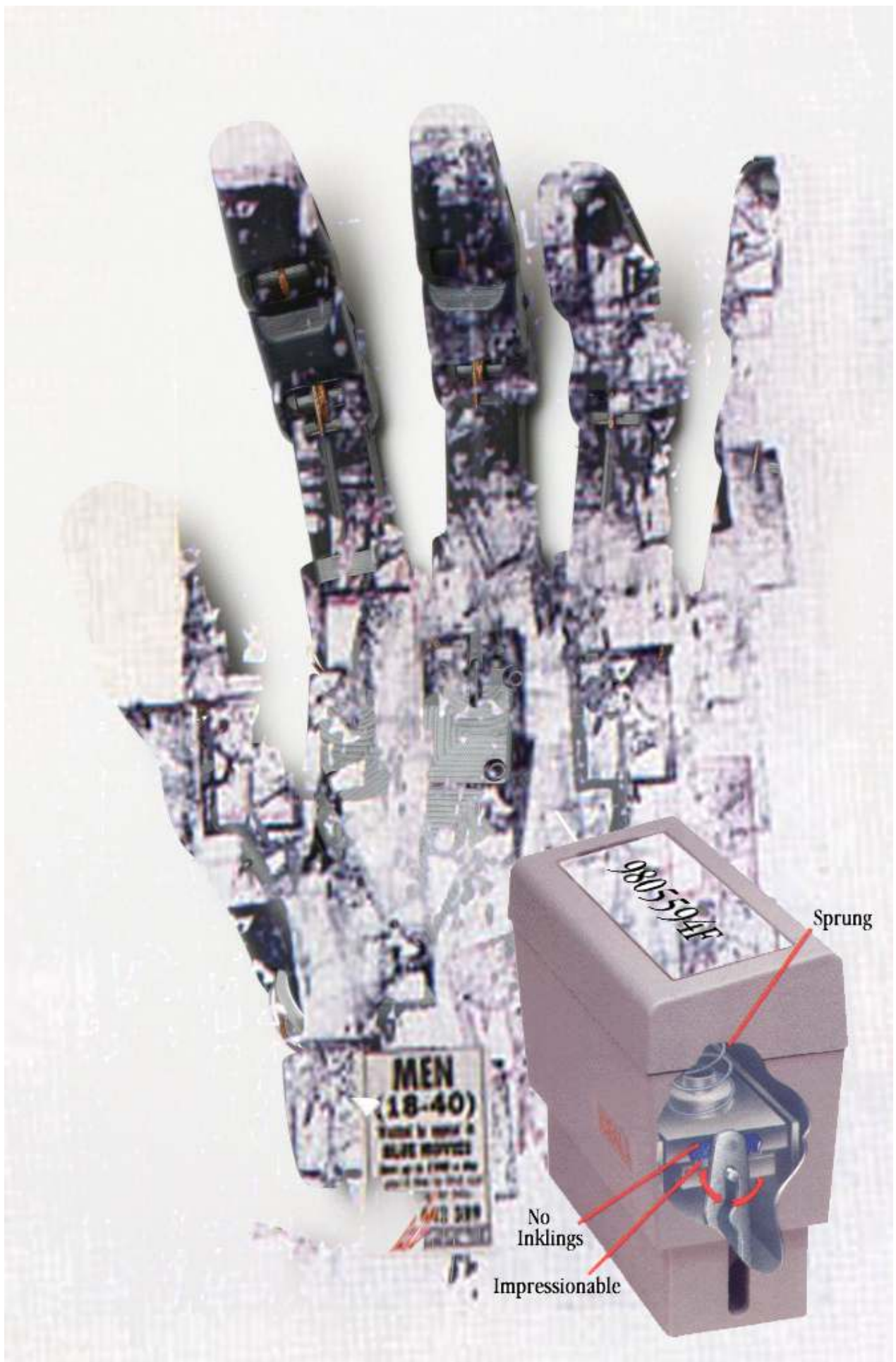
was his name *I could remember his name but not my own* His name was Allan **Sozeheim**  
 And my name... my name... my own name...  
 My Own Name... I barely recognised when the dumb copper read it aloud off the form *at least he was a human* barely recognisable as a human thanks to years working with machines, but humane nonetheless *Allan elbowed me when my name was called* 'cos he remembered my name like I remembered his *He elbowed me with his right arm* I was on his left, see, *his right elbow, on the end of which* **his right hand** scarred with conviction, made me look at my own grizzled fingers as I raised my hand in response to the man that might just have been a machine. **ThudTHUD**

went the ink stamp like a falling body **ThudTHUD**  
 went my heart as we were handed our clearance printouts **ThudTHUD**  
 went the blood in my temples when we were finally ejected into the real world and the  
 LIGHTSOUNDSORPTIONOISENERGYRERUPTOILEDIFIC  
 EJECTICKTICKTICKLYELLOWWHITEEMITREASURITYPE  
 RMAMMONOLITHREATENINGRESSUPERPERSONIFIEDEMEN  
 TIAMBICKERSATZOO Which as you can imagine was quite overwhelming.

**J** Allan's wife was there when we emerged **raw**  
**U** were ejected **blinking**  
**D** ere propelled **into**  
**Y** the regular hedonistic life  
 helped to reassimilate us *i was a bachelor before jail was still one so I*  
 remained a while at their modest apartomicile in the 821<sup>st</sup> precinct of the metropolis *NeoSyd*.  
 Allan returned to work straight away due to the unjust imprisonment but  
 directly all the same *at a lower rank* of course due to the disgrace  
 of jail & existence returned slowly in on itself as routine  
 rutted with normalcy & revolution turned a blind eye  
**BUT THE MECHANICS OF PRISON STUCK**  
 with us and made the ways of the world  
 a minor yet unscratchable  
 agirritation  
 why?

*Well for one thing the doorbell B!R!I!N!G! reminded us to shit/eat/shower/or/return to our cells.*  
 Can't help it—depending what time that damn bell sounded **PROGRAMMED!** I ripped it out 1ne night.



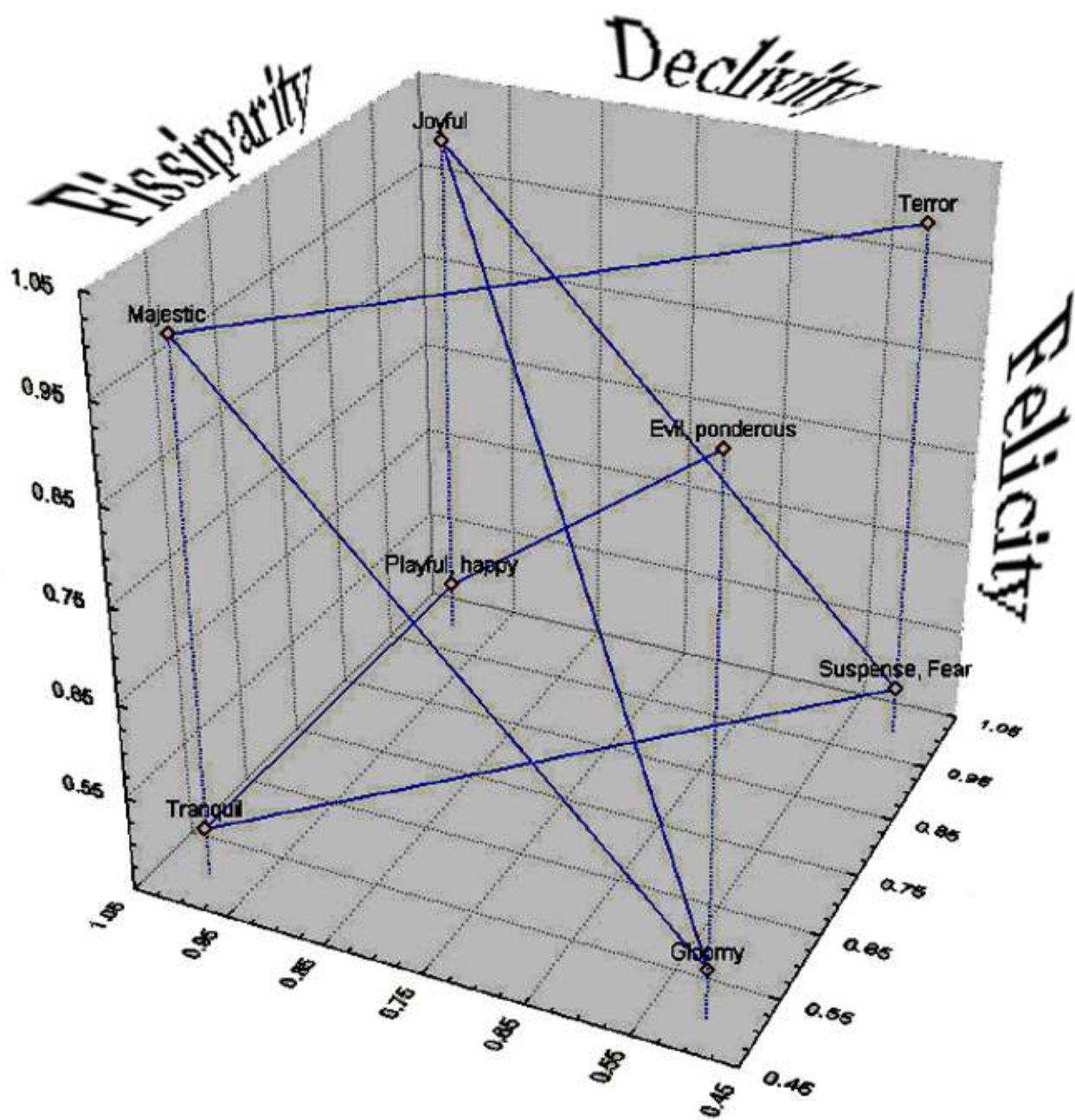


J u d y   t h o u g h t   I' d   g o n e   c r a z y   s h e   t h o u g h t   i t   w a s   a n  
e p i s o d e   f r o m   h e r   l e a s t   f a v o u r i t e   s o a p   w h i  
c h   s h e   w a t c h e d   r e l i g i o u s l y   e v e n   t h o u g h   i t   d i s g u s t  
e d   h e r   s h e   s t i l l   w a t c h e d   b e c a u s e   w h a t   e l s e   w a s   t h  
e r e   t o   d o   ?   S o   s h e   w a s   f r e a k e d   o u t   *q u i t e*   *r i g h t l y*   *I*  
*m i g h t*   *a d d*   s h e   I d n' t   *c o u l d n' t*   u n d e r s t a n d   j u s t   w h a t  
k i n d   o f   m i n d f i e l d   w h i c h   I   &   h e r   h u s b a n d   w e r e   t r y i  
n g   t o   w o r k   o u r   w a y   t h r o u g h.   S h e   w a s   m i l d l y   p e r t u r b  
e d   w h e n   A l l a n   d i s c o n n e c t e d   t h e   T V   m o n i t o r s   i n   t h e  
b e d r o o m / h a l l w a y / s h o w e r / t o i l e t / k i t c h e n / w a r d r o b e   (I  
c o u l d   t e l l)   &   o u r   s t r i c t   a d h e r a n c e   t o   **d a m n**   ***f u c k i n g***  
r n e r v o u s   b u t   w h e n   I   t o o k   t h a t   **d a m n**   ***f u c k i n g***   d o  
o r b e l l   w i t h   a n   e l e c t r i c   b o o k   r e a d e r   s h e   c r i e d   **GO!**  
**EU!**  
**TT!**









The Chief of

HUMANOID ENTERTAINMENTS

V amused  
was a E jovial  
R rotund  
Y *jolly, one might say*

which is EXACTLY the sort of  
thing he *would* say.

		m				m					
		a	s		g	e	s	h			
M	A	N	A	G	E	R	I	A	L		type
i	g		n	r	n	r	m	p	a		
d	e		e	i	e	y	p	p	n		
d	d			n	r		l	y	g		
l				n	i		e		u		
e				i	c				i		
				n					d		
				g							

Who *as he expressed before* **was somewhat perturbed** enough to be moved *from his couch! in any case* by my total lack of interest in the various entertaining emissions that could be radiated forth from the numerous screens which clung to the six walls of my apartomicile **but which remained distressingly**

**D O R M A N T**  
(I could tell it truly *did* distress him the way he glanced nervously around during our conversation) but instead he found only **drab grey** silence and a nervous compulsion to fiddle with his fingers *Why?"*

grammar

thoughts

reasons

logic

principals

"Can I

I tried to

citizens"

and relax

to calm

designed

*they were speciallyto help*

scientists

of our

advice

on the

government

gracious

kind and

by our

charge

have been to *inform*

viewers

*pleasant*

"The holo-things argument

which was:

*the reason*

*they were*

*installed*

*free of*

explain

but he kept

working

himself

up with

the same

circular

& again

& again

& again

& again

& again

& again

& again

& again

& again

& again

& again

& again

& again

& again







[illegible]



# To which he replied:

I shan't hesitate  
To submit a sad report  
To the Minister

Yes! The Minister  
For obscene psychologic  
Aspects, young man.

Exactly like that!  
I'm not kidding! He addressed  
Me just in haiku!!

it was all too much at that point



(eh hcihw oT  
:beilqer)

\ d /    \    /    \    /  
/ e \    /    \    /    \  
\ c /    \ v /    \ a /  
/ i \    / i \    / f \ t  
\ d /    \ s / h \ t / h  
/ e \ t / i \ i / e \ a  
I \ d / o \ t / m \ r / t

## *THE FINGER CARVER*

I mean  
what else could i do?  
i had become a bystander to my own existence  
didn't know

**WHAT**

know what

**WHY**

what why

**WHERE**

why where

**WHEN**

where when

**HOW**

when how

**WHO**

how who

**HAH!**

and that was just myself  
i'm not talking *can't speak* for anyone else





so back to the prison I went

back through the L

O why o why!?

C the guards

K

gateS open&shut efficiently

just like my ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑ case

and the scans

and the probes

and the identification processes

you'd think they'd **ROM**ember me

and then **B!R!I!N!G!**

and I felt a *strange* compulsion to shit

whilst the inmates returned *shuffling* to their cells

and the guards *the human ones* felt compelled to do whatever

the guards *both human & automated* were PROGRAMMED by the **B!R!I!N!G!** as well.

IT

WAS

VERY

STRANGE

The

place

became

fertile

with

action

fecund

an&

silent

excitable

as

treacle

l i k e

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i m e

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l a p s e

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t o g

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of

a

flower

turning

or

maggots

blooming

or

the

heavens

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Nothing had changed.

**EXCEPT MY PERSPECTIVE**





***In the visitors booth we spoke***

*All the world is habited by aliens*

refugees?

*Xenowhatnot-have-you's*

*...there is no other me*

*...if there is no other me then there is no  
other man*

*...for I am a man*

*...therefore I am the last man on earth*

***the last man on earth***

*which is probably why I enjoy being...*

Somewhere solitary.

*But nicer than this preferably*

*at least they still have the birds in here*

***the bird chirp was persistent***

*Who would clean up then, eh?*

Ha! Who indeed

***I'd never wondered about the birds***

*Little brown birds*

Twittering about endlessly

***around 4 in the morning they pick up all the garbage***

*They never used to do it you know*

...place it straight in the bin!

*Don't like humans watching while they do  
it though*

*Something of the old nature I suspect*

***before the A.M.S. started twittering about endlessly***

...

*...you've seen haven't you?*

I don't know what you mean

*Those in the know*

*...don't know where to go*

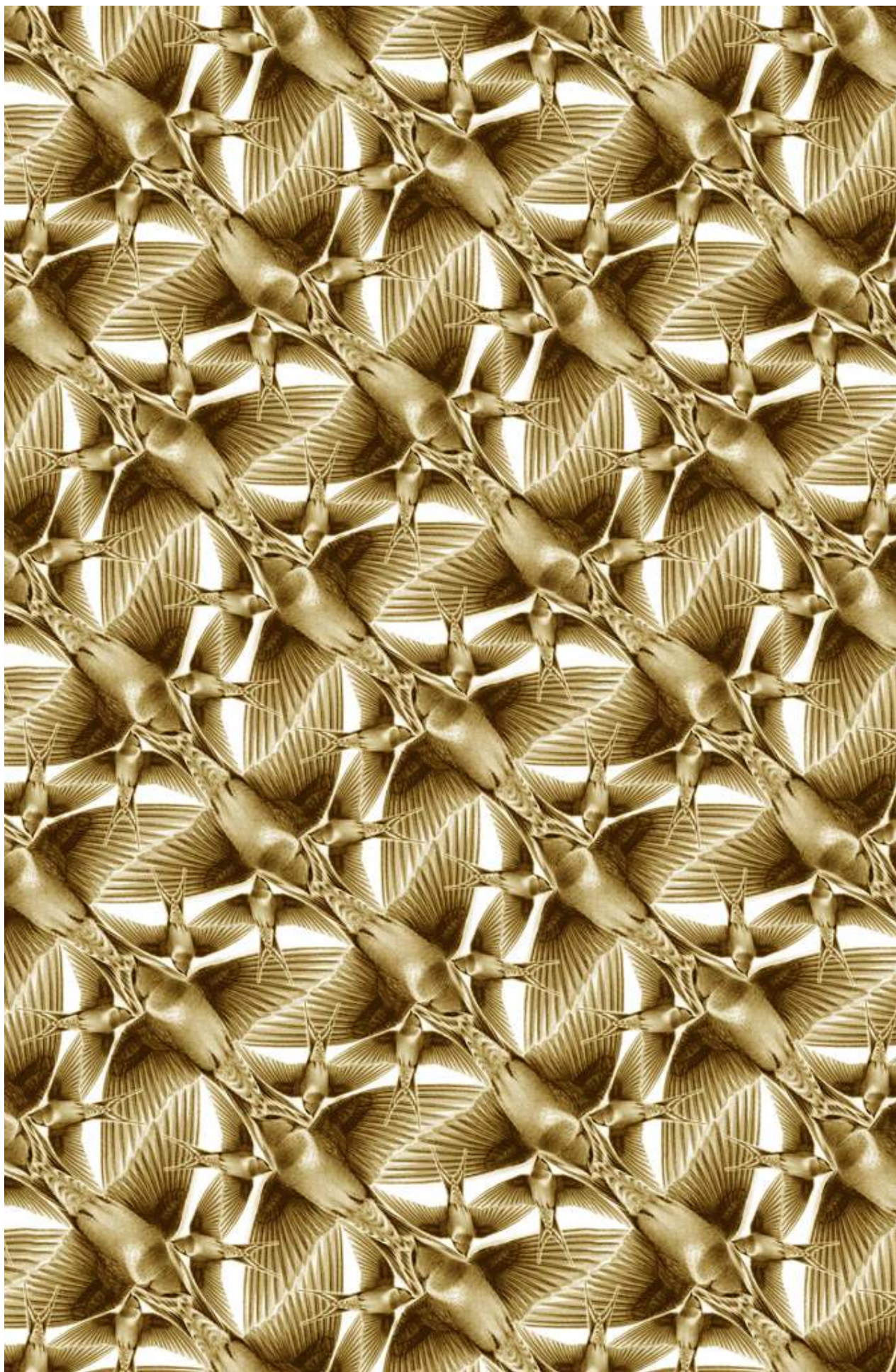
Don't know where to go.

No.

Yes.

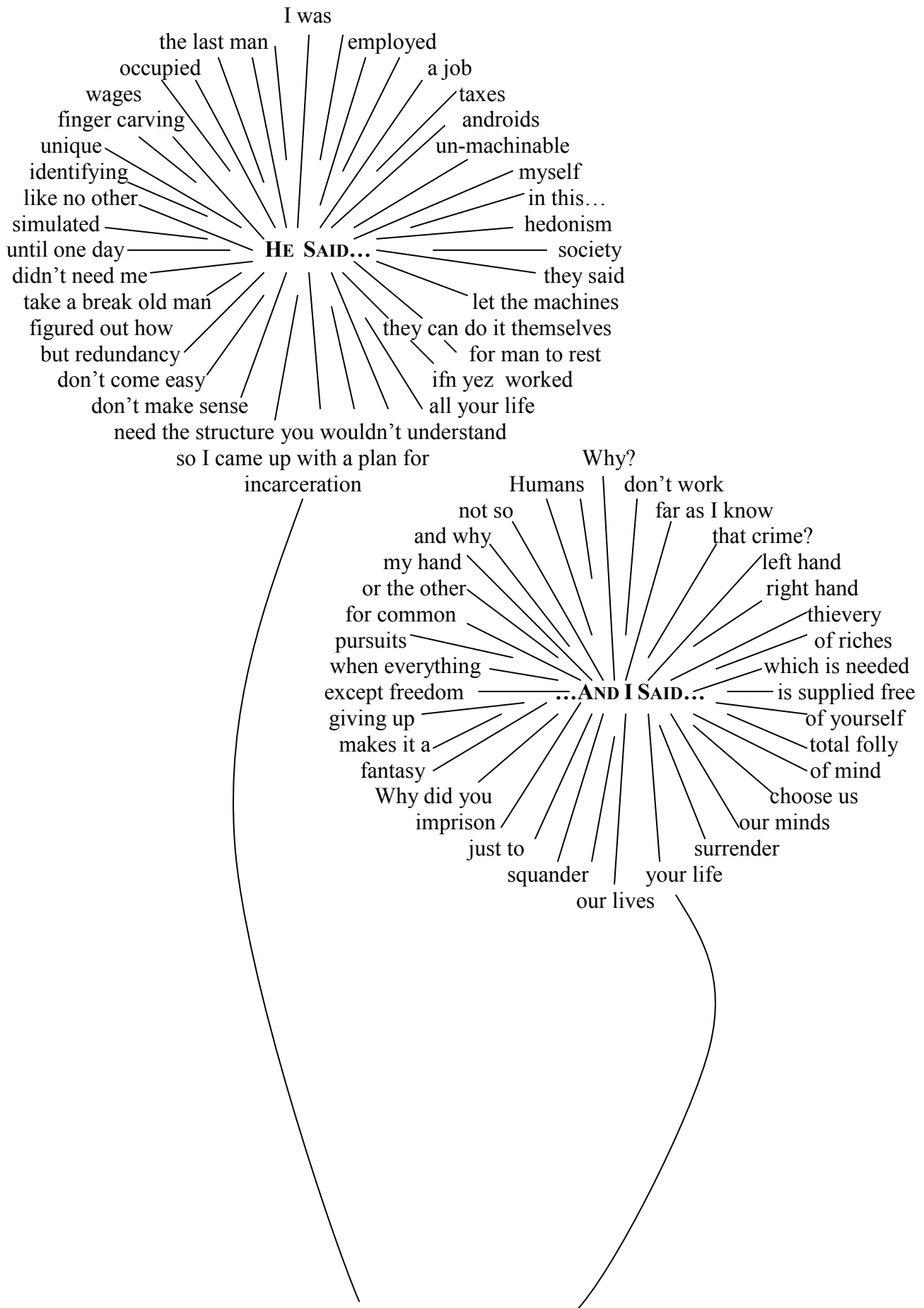
***I know***

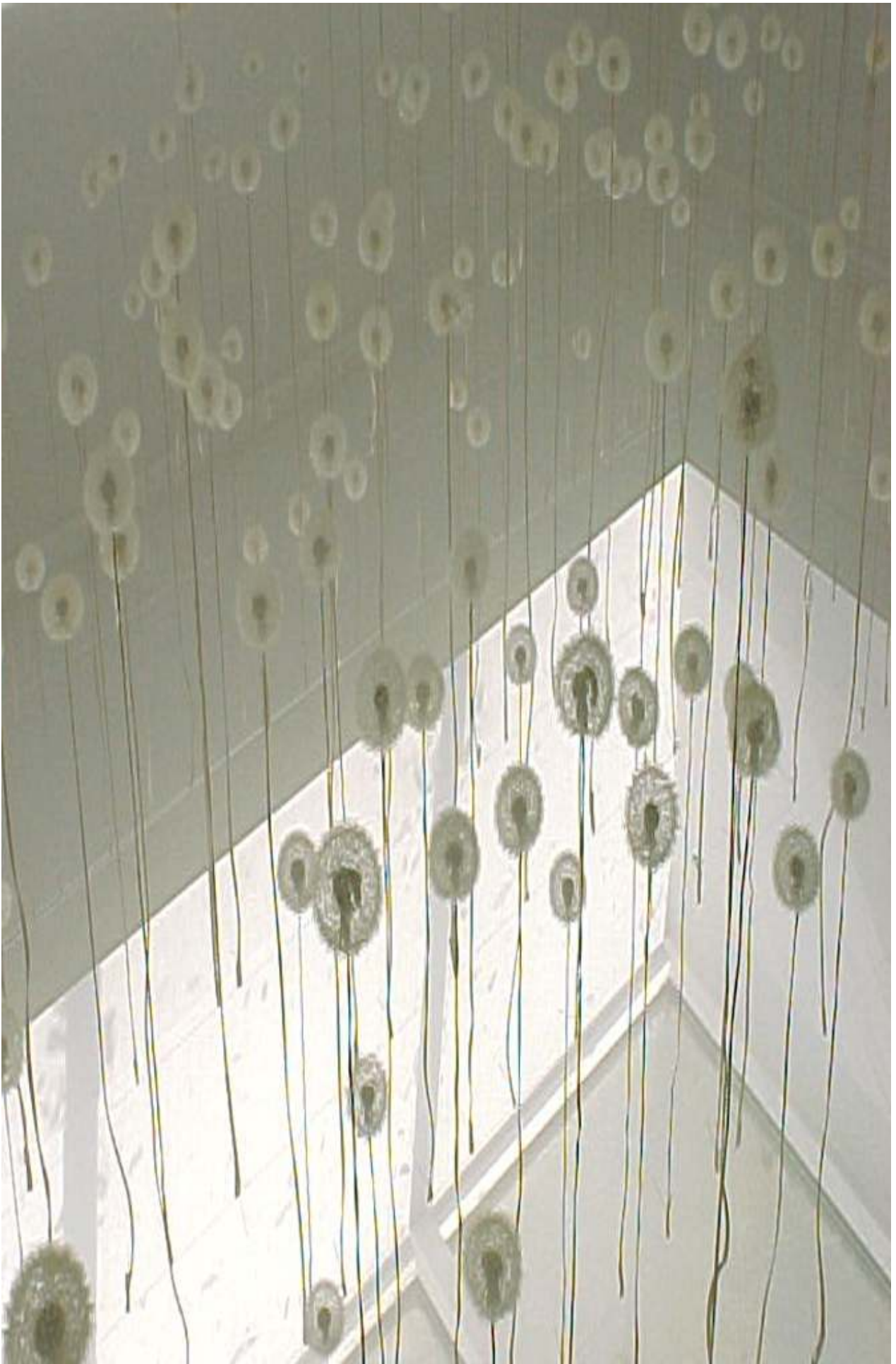






THE NEXT MEETING WE HAD  
...our conversation *bloomed*, he said...  
...like *dandelions*, he said...





and in his rage **his fury** his numberone crazefrenzyhysteria abducted the  
 2wo flrst innocents who  
 ↓↓↓ ↓↓↓↓ happened by & carved his last  
 Myself 9807794F left  
 & our↑↓nu#bers &  
 Allan 9807794G right  
 who were the ↑last↑ hands  
 fingerprints *recorded* digitally tracked *traced* finally treated  
 worn as gloves ***like common leather!***

*He let us rot in that prison for a year!*

I simply can't muster the *yet emotion* to despise and hate him  
because within that *maybe schedule* I was programmed  
reprogrammed from the artless *or automata* of hedonism that I typified  
*modified*

merely into a new kind of robot

my new routine	→	met in the middle	←	his new routine
which comprised of		↔		a regularity of which
meetings once every week		↔↕↔		known within as viSITs
became a mainstay of my life		↔↕↔↕↔		and punctuated his existence
to a degree I had never yet known		↔↕↔↕↔↕↔		to be fulfilment enough I suppose
still just a type of mechanism		↔↕↔↕↔		a small thing in the scheme
but a comfort in this life		↔↕↔		and solace in the chaos
this rudderless life		↔		so wanton...

...

THE END

