

ALL NEW GEN

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The User : Scenario 1

I am the user

her visceral invocations/incantations annihilate my self in a glorious tirade, a torrent of organs and muscles and veins and skin. she separates my precious flesh from my bones. she examines it with detachment but does not cast it aside. she makes contact, inserts her biology through the surfact tension of my skin and plunges deep into the seething bile. she strips away the final vestiges of my constructed body and picks clean the bones. she wraps her insidious words around my feverish brain with her thousand arms. she is gentle and violent. with her perfect peripherals she dislodges my databank from the occipital cavity and downloads digital propoganda direct from her fibre optic nerve centre. she corrupts me. she scorns my debility. pronounces me weak. she laughs at my desire to collapse into familiar flesh. her blasphemy is cleansing and transcendent. she the high priestess the mistress of disgust takes my heart, punctures the sentimental aorta, whispers her lovehorror into the drained chambers. she speaks in flaming tongues that i sometimes understand. she presents me simultaneously with no alternatives and many alternatives. she tells me my only hope lies beyond the coded skeleton. she offers me no clues and no comfort. she is uncompromising in her demands. i must form a body of difference. i have no maps. i am undone. i do not know myself. the future is bleak. i am afraid but I AM INFECTED BY HER