

by: This Mo

You're getting your favorite orifice fucked. Your body is doing it to you. Your body is asking you what you need right now. You tell your body you need them to come for you. They wonder what capacity for honesty with yourself you have; you drool.

Might You Come

What does it mean for me to pop in, here? I'm this breath (give me space to work).

You see how I'm just in here? This is just who I am. I am just here, touching myself? It's not stellar; it's not anything. It's just curious. Not trying to say curiosity can be land, people can colonize your curiosity. Just, if they could, would people do that?

> Would people colonize your curiosity, if they could?

What am I doing here? Just touching myself. Getting off. Is this some sort of show? Are you giving this a go (radical empathy) – are you the first to come to this? (Is this your first time?) Am I your first time?

For you to be here, how does it feel (where you are this part)? Perhaps that could explain some of the unexplainable. (that's) Striking fear in your colonizers. It's a settler-destruction game in here, and It's your turn. The settlers are (questioning) questions

Forged By People

How...

- are you going to make rent?
- are you going to care?
- are you going to live?

You know what those feet got you through. You know what I feel when I see your feet out from the bottom of the comforters: I

feel like a tightrope under a very skilled tightrope walker. Just sleeping there. Like the world isn't ending six ways from payday, because that's the only day of the week, now.

> Every other day is canceled.

Going to work – it's payday. Not going (it's not payday)? Let me pat your back. What does that do?

(no but like – what does that do) What does that do for you? Say the next back pat comes from me (me from the future who is walking over here now to get me a back pat and will be here). I'm (I'm here) the olive tree you're singing in. I'm this moment.

□ *hum humm hum humm* Welcome to my animal-shaped spaceship[^1], how might you land it? □

[^1]: □

Collective Questions

Being my question means having this level of listening going, long into the last bit of the light. I want the light nowhere: and for you to be skipping along. You see what happens to the worst-off (those you are, those I am, not brothered cis-ters) – we went through that.

Crawl through your favorite prophet's nervous system, at your favorite time in their life you know.

> ...How is it?

First one you think of (where you're still learning your way to your favorite) ♥□□□ My favorite is listening. That's what makes the stuff in your fridge spoil. Me: I'm what does that.

I'm those parts of your chosen prophet. Whether your prophet is your landlord, your data/center owner, or anything else:
– “I predict your eviction”

– “I predict your existence”

– “I predict you’re giggling”

...who spoil your milk from afar, thank you for the milk. It was very tasty; wasn’t it my consuming that must have spoiled it for you?

What Am I Saying

– I’m just this moment, right?

– I didn’t do anything to your milk, did I?

– You wouldn’t believe that, would you?

– Would you settle on someone else’s curiosity?

– If it meant they could build antibodies?

– Does being a vaccine change anything?

– Does violence also look like fever?

– Have you ever had a fever?

– Did it ever feel like this?