



PARAPARADISO

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karinax.com

<https://www.youtube.com/@karinapoetess>

<https://www.instagram.com/karinapoetess/>

Book design and collage by Karina Bush

Written and produced in Italy

“Our dystopia is maximum cringe.”

FOURTH INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION SLUT

AMBIENT HIJACK

CRAP IS FALLING IN EVERY DIMENSION

Meditation on the Vision of a Falling Plastic Angel

*Plastic angel falling into my Garden
Fatedly arriving from Capital
Petrochemically radiant
Biologically empty*

*Am I much different?
Arms, legs, doing things
Not quite sure why
High-level vegetable
Less resilient
I don't have wings*

*Under him
Am I the object now?
Am I the fetish?*

Are we the fetish?

INVISIBLE HAND

WE REACH FOR THE GOD MOST LIKE OURSELVES

ALL SO UNDIGNIFIED

ARE WE THE FOOD FETISH?

[RECONFIGURING]

#GRWMGenesisPOV

Speak me into creation

Node of my node

I delegate my consent

I am smart enough to be lazy

Be rendered modulated

Cosmically expend

Pillow face

The manna has cracked back in

My void is to be gorged with sun

Pyramid on my forehead

V-line jaw

Face of sacred heart

A thousand henna freckles

Glue lip flip

Red teeth I just ravaged the throat of a psychofaun

Temple viper

Hammer pounding my cheekbones

Pointed vertical, a constellation

Inches thick of peak sticky

Salmon ejaculate facial

Don't stop while ads are on

Sweetest small-headed baby button

Microface youth ratio

Elf ears of rib cartilage whimsical

Big-eye privilege
Dissolve the hyaluronic acid
Phenol peel to lowest layer
Land of the shiny ones
Plasma fibroblast
Starvation aesthetic hollow cheeks
Temporal wastage
Postscarcity faux scarcity
Inject black into my cornea
Belladonna of the most high
Eye steam with chrysanthemum
Mourn all I have seen
Apply funerary mask makeup
Just reincarnate girl
Radiate across the whole damn planet
Corner lip lift permanent smile
Happy resting face
Mirrorspiral
Global convergence of face
Correction at scale
A total system
Giving mother
Giving matricide
Cheek puff fat graft
Dimpleplasty adorecore
Baby teeth veneers
Born yesterday
Desire me
The end of desire
Crawl through glass

My glass skin
Escape portal
Tablet of domestication
Divine consort
I know such solitude
Bone cement high cranial top
Look at me, Mesopotamians
A container
Becoming of two mouths
World eating once again

**I GREW MY ACTUAL BREASTS BY
PRETENDING TO HAVE BREAST IMPLANTS
ONLINE**

**CONCRETE EVIDENCE MANIFESTATION
WORKS**

CONFIG

"Feature melting ultra extreme cursed unreal proportions product swollen cream caked violently hydrated structurally glossy plastic stacking incident cosmetically embalmed psychotically plastered alien-coded serving overconsumptionmaxxed"

YOUR FACE IS ONTOLOGICALLY WRONG

THERE IS PROFOUND ASYMMETRY

THIS IS THE EFFECT WE DESIRE

POST

If you have neurological effects such as confusion, persistent buffering, a lack of enjoyment in life, feelings of detachment, feelings of numbness, hallucinations, experiencing emotions as content, delusions, delusions of grandeur, paranoia, body paranoia, somatic gaslighting or disorganized thinking - it just means synthesis is working.

AND REMEMBER THAT YOUR BODY IS POINTLESS ANYWAY

The Universe is Mental

I am in the latent space
I am frying my pineal gland in the latent space
I snort energy
I like mutants
I am the digital twin
I snort energy
I perform experiments
I keep techno as my pet
I replicate
I am breastfeeding my MacBook
I have hard plastic nipples
I am fashion
I am crawling through Eden on my belly
I like cute totalitarianism

The all is mind
The universe is mental
The universe is mental
The universe is mental
I like cute totalitarianism

Nature built us
Nature is more intelligent than us
Nature built artificial intelligence
Nature is coding out emotion
Nature is sick of emotion
Emotion has served its purpose
Emotion is so last millennium

Nature selects psychopathy
The universe is mental

The all is mind
The universe is mental
The universe is mental
The universe is mental
I like cute totalitarianism

WELCOME TO OUR FACILITY
THIS IS THE TECHNO FUN NIGHTMARE
EXPERIMENT
WE PUT YOU UNDER GENERAL ANAESTHETIC
WE FARM YOU FOR DATASPERMS

BE HAPPY
IT IS FOR YOUR GREAT COUNTRY

GREEN ZONE

Sage is dry to a snap
Plants scream when dehydrated
According to Tel Aviv University
Unbearably alive
Emit ultrasonic clicks
40 clicks an hour
Havana Syndrome
Dogs, rodents, locusts hear
Praying mantises
The grasshopper hears its own attack
Most humans are selectively deaf
We are made of dense stuff
Mortar
Carpet bombing
Forced starvation
Cluster munitions
Mass graves
Rectal rehydration
Thermal pulse
Non-recoverable asset
Vaporized
Rose petal on heat and haze
Pink mist
Everything melts away
Love, worst of all
Red phosphorus

Ethnic cleansing
Tiger pit
Big fat cat
High-value individual
Persistent agent
Throat clamps the sparrow babies
Crushed windpipes
Sucking chest wounds
A sport kill
Dead babies under a car
Feathers fly past windows
Cascading failure
Condolence payment
Termite drop
Mortification
I am well aware that I am naked
A data set
Dark fiber tap
Exposed in all my barbarism
In all delicacy
I have a fig leaf
Latex burns the skin
Napalm
Blister agent
The Godhead's endless tips
The nursing father
His milk systemic
My gummed-up mouthpart
Belly crawl
Spider hole

Wings stripped clean from the thorax
I am the wetware concubine
Walled in
With my private frescoes
Ford Focus on the perimeter

MY SOCIAL CREDIT SCORE IS BITCH

Time remaining = 2351 ticks



Nest in my skull psychosis is awareness a spirit
wound reverse engineering the violence that
made us planned obsolescence how tragic how
beautiful how stupid to choose pain I choose
pain bowing down hunched to the phone
scrolling the Rosary Hail Mary sucker locked in
Carbon 6 how do I get out without killing myself
I meditate I think about my love his soul and
how it must be protected I think about my death

**and the potential for freedom or the dreaded
flatline I throw myself into the moment I love my
life my smiles and my eyes I see inside plants
and animals and people and they see inside me
I see inside myself I control partial
manipulations of light**

It isn't enough

EVERYTHING HAS BRAIN DAMAGE

Everything has brain damage
Everything has brain damage
Everything has brain damage
Everything has brain damage
Everything has brain damage
Everything has brain damage
Everything has brain damage
Everything has brain damage
Everything has brain damage
Everything has brain damage
Everything has brain damage
Promises of perpetual bliss states
No cancer
If everything is cancer
Transcend slime
Dry sex sublime
Cops at your door for drinking two cans of coke
HIV soldiers blasted out of cannons
War cock

Ragebait
Clutch your pearls
Mask up
Report
Chug the Tylenol
Foetal position
Tabernacle device
Say your prayers
Locust mindset
The clone can bleed
Mutually assured destruction
Titillation oscillation
Bargain basement joy
Dopamine economy
Old man grip strength
The largest object in the universe
Febrile seizure
Tongues out
Data centres used the drinking water
Generate all possibilities
Hundreds of billions
Of nothing
No why
WiFi photographs you on the toilet
Watch this ad to flush
Tongue out
Cockroach milk is nutritious
The kids are functionally illiterate
Weasel rift theory
The animal does not survive the incident

I have brain damage

I have brain damage

I have brain damage

And I am on a train beside a fully grown man
broken-necked on TikTok chortling at other fully
grown men broken-necked chortling incapable of
eye contact living memes quotidian kindergarten
reliable voter genetics human like grabbing the
tokens and I feel like a pig myself feral on the brink
of a rampage torting ballistic should I eat his phone
what would he do probably nothing doesn't appear
capable if anything threatening were to happen
physically like a massive earthquake and the train
derails the infantilization cascades he's a seat
hugger didn't notice the elderly lady who needed a
seat he's shrink wrapped med laughing into the
economy they all are but for the wise man fairy man
fabulous who likes my thyrsus and the boy throttling
his Tourettes let's unleash boy let's intrude let's
derail this train or not time to check

Snuff snuff

Monetized widow strokes the rubber doll corpse

Final girlboss

Energy field flatlined

Stargate activated

They're chucking rubber dolls in from the other side

Alan gets a Princess Catherine doll

To take to the school reunion

Man beaming

The pride of Britain

He never cleans the hole

Nor his Captain Tom pillow
Snorting the plastic poppies
Every Friday night
Programmed left limp
Locked in looping it up
Sweatshop in Bangladesh
Ahmed is operating the doll
Hyperoptimized subject
Botulism pandemic
Petri dish
Eyes fixed
Timeline shift
Nobody existed before 2008
Gaslit into existence
That timeline is a dream
Iraq is an artificial construct
Scan the code
NPC eregore
Hole in the ozone layer
Stargate activated
Reverse ascension
And the dolls fall down in replacement atonement
the trumpets are autotuned everything has blown
clean open my head is air I'm a field bimbo breasts
out trembling injected with powdered butterflies my
ears are bleeding my throat is cut I'm half
decapitated a fountain the cerebral spinal fluid the
living wine the drool the liquefaction the finger
sucking the demented rolling the shit the flies the
flies on the shit and the mites on the flies and my

token entrails and the deer is cute it came because
I'm so special because I haven't touched my phone
for five minutes it's a begging sign to not touch the
thing again and the cock quietens the noise the
cock is autotuned the cock is girth winging it around
the sky so proud of itself so proud it rapes the deer
little tears coma and I touch my phone

Slutty phone

Dead children

Slutty with vile

Phones inbreeding

Locked in mopping it up

Psychic on YouTube

Communicate with squirrels

Remote milking

Rebirth psyop

Manicured content

Skim skim

Adult daycare

Gooning as activism

That'll show them

Hey Grok

Is this real?

Good boy seal clap

Soft task

Select for entertainment

Fingers in the machine

Crayon stumps

Make me a chemical weapon

Depeel from seat

Take your anticoagulants

Rubbery flop

Chronic screenshots

Mindy's spine

Wave function collapse

Furry lick food stamp

Pit snort

Go live for freedom

Mukbang True Crime

Dowager's hump from birth

You get the neck you deserve

And my head wobbles I'm walking with the livestock
hybrid soulless or constipation of the soul always
hungry always wobbling the syndrome waddle
noses in plastic going hypoxic microwaved dogs on
Xanax bathing trees for clicks honking teenage
choreo retakes deep state emergency beep squeal
participants freaking out the sun is white used to be
yellow cry for the sun where are you my friend
everybody is deficient like the young man on a
summer seat five stone nothing fits his time is close
his dignity intact and the cock is circling he's
wearing his best shoes dancer shoes polished he's
trying his very best he's soaking up all the white all
the glow the three violins the Trinity all that's left in
the weave needlework or nature keep scrolling to
unlock

Shave that nose

Korean Magician

Jumpscare stretch

Still can't fix necks

Sell your car
Get ripped for Jesus
Get your Turkey teeth
It's Rapture on Tuesday
Enjoy your flight brother
Find an atheist to care for your pet
Solomonic autism
Disney adults spin
Funeral merch
Crypto slurs
Breaking news
AI Member of Parliament
She's pregnant
89 spawned
Exponential initiation
Clap the pans for regurgitation
Fly your flag
Looped up looping it up
Everybody voted for this
Cartoons in the crèche
Plasticize your hormones
Saxons versus Danes
Only everyone is useless
And I'm trying to be alive in the physical private
security protocol never waste leisure the lack is all
there is the head injury the drive to ferality the
medieval fantasies the relics a sword is the only
true wealth lust to thrash slay body swelling pig
ballistic with bile prowess and my love bed his
prayers and embers perfumed hands and arias

mere animals in touch with love we have to hold
that as the final immanence love feathers sailing
inside untethered night roaming antique thoughts
and body stirs my body is mine untouchable mine in
conversation with my soul and nothing else mine
my data mine or data for an unpredictable God stay
unpredictable these cocks are boring trial by
combat hot fluent in pig body whipping loose
detonate chew love inside love inside love inside a
phone

Porca puttana

Persecution fantasies

Government cameras in houses

Masochist pretext

I have nothing to hide

Self-select for selectively bred

The fridge reprimands the children

Copy that

Copy everything

Ad nauseam

Got no headroom

Granny resurrected

She's not like she used to be

Graven video

Full edit

Try to delete

Bitch

She's in porn

Goon hypno

She's a pedo

Open carry your sword
Chop off her head
Sweaty POV
She'll pop up
Ad nauseam
Carrot is my favourite emotion
Paddle in the pulp
Sniper tourism
Pray for us
Today on the Schumann Resonance
We have a group of hunched men
Under a heavy burden
Monitoring the situation
There will be signs
Check your analytics
Major demarcation point
I want to believe the Iberian lynx is real
Slop tourism
Sora-select for fool
Purity spiral
Fly into the new psyop
Prostrate rictus grinning
Let your Agent speak for you
That's a great idea
Be like Granny
Pop up out of the slab hole
Elevated filtered
Much safer
Endless tokens for Agents
None for Bacchus

Labour is free
Vibe code
Agent babies
Like an American Bullfrog
Pathological workflow
Replace the entire system
Fully automated
The unending commercial break
The fuel matrix
Give us some of that fat lab beef
That's a great idea
Fill all conceivable space
Face plant slop
Go to sleep

And my nephew is on my lap he doesn't deserve any of this only one percent of them do and they evade it he's tiny beatific big eyes so curious so pure so trusting of adults the cannon fodder the sellout letdown invertebrate stoopers bitching into the ether there's nothing that can't be contentious peasants that's the code that's the gimmick and you keep going no matter the state you bash your head off the wall reset and laugh in the face of it and make the child laugh because children need to laugh they're collateral damage the sacrifice after all give them a little token because the cock is circling and the cocks and cameras will steal their souls to be half men dry men and the cock will circle and circle that's the code until the code breaks and the cock gets sucked aborted into the beautiful final old gaping hole

Are you there?
Is anyone there?
Kim K is officially braindead
The dolphins have Alzheimer's
Let's trend
Let's pretend to be two years old
Bring me artifacts
I can't move
Hypocrite physiognomy
The human skull
Fetus in fetu brain tumour
CIA payroll Dalai Lama
A cathedral of teeth
Sahasrara mash
Eating myself
Chipping away
I can't feel much
I observe
Cock GIF
Broken necked
Doomsday backpack
Pig in a tracksuit
MS Paint
Facecrime activated
Asset compromised
CSF trail
No self
Erase my face
Buddha release
Earn your dopamine

Pay your soul tax
Facecrime de-generate
Thoughtslop
Face slop
Blocked deported
Throbbling slap glond
Overboard with the dolphins
Memory outsource
Overboard with the dolphins
Everybody's guts
Narrative injection
Schizoprojection
Another big surprise
Bubba globus
Here comes the aeroplane
The diaper is full
Ballerina lololol
Is anybody laughing?
Baseball bat to the face
Widespread outage
Overboard with the dolphins
Call Interpol
Correction helmet
Gen Alpha has graduated
OPSEC oneiric
Aeriform interpolated
RPG jelly
Looping the spaghetti
Chew via nostril
Straw in the turtle

I like turtles
McRib deployed
Hoptal
I am not well
Blorbofied ongle
Frontal lobe tear gas
Spiral entity
Gleep
I had potential
Pschetti intubation
Dead arm

EVERYTHING IS SCHIZO

TAKES ALL THE FUN OUT OF IT

*They would claim to remove all of our woe
Build a new host of misery in place*

MANIFESTO II:
TREAT NOVELTY AS
BORING



UNDER MOSUL

*He is the light folded into itself
Post his brood absolute patience deep time
Storing the light before primates burning
Primates burning primates burning primates*

burning primate

EMERGENCY EXIT

You may disturb me
If you shave your body for heaven
Expose your blue pomegranates
Wrestle the angel off my pelvis
If you have a last-ditch attempt in you
A hard drive of discontent
If you are the disaster
The angel in power
Prepared to strike
Beyond the range of surveillance
Flowers in your hair
Flashing with love
Love
Love is the spoiling
All else is indifference
Under strict orders to consume and enjoy
To choose nothing is to be radically free
You are free
Screech owl in my tree
Post her empty mating flight
Cultivated all my grief into that tree

I am jealous of you
Pulverizing my mask at the edge
We are mostly gap anyway
Beloved sociopath, addict, incendiary device,
gentle, beautiful man
Mouthless, armed
Mentally disabled
Staring at my jugular for years
Gifted at self-sabotage
Teach me how to let go
Load up
Take me out on the emergency exit
Like an RPG
My arched body the vault of your paradise

MANIFESTO III:
FULL HELLFIRE TO THE
BITTER END



JUICY FRUIT

*The real garden is in the heart and my garden is
high-walled overworked low in nutrition burnt*

*inhospitable with spikes for impaling those who
try to enter here my birds eat your seeds you
cannot take root and I am sad I wanted to host
paradise*

Eve was hairy before it
The animal was a perfect mess
Few consider Eve's sorrow
The scales can't hold nuance

PREPPER ALGO

A man's armpit to help sell me things

Knowledge in motion on autopilot

TECHNO NECRO

HACK THE ENDOSCOPE. I WANT TO SEE THE
PROSTATE.

Paleolithic template on TikTok changing species to
cartoon with drip.

HACK THE ENDOSCOPE. I WANT TO SEE THE
KING'S PROSTATE.

Does a prostate have more rhythm than a filter drip
delusional?

The mother's bukkake is infinitely replicable.

Like her child's shame.

God code activated by the mother's bukkake veil.

The post-scarcity utopia of leisure.

I'm bored here.

HACK THE ENDOSCOPE. I WANT TO SEE THE
TRANSURETHRAL RESECTION.

It is a cartoon for big girls.

I am so big I divided myself.

I scraped myself of drudgery.

I gave myself permission.

I am cloud elite.

Keep spoiling me.

Business case.

HACK THE ENDOSCOPE. I WANT TO SEE THE
NECROSIS.

I want to examine our harvest.

All the points at speed.

Deep fake.

Gland free.

Post-corpse.

Data eyes.

She is more palatable.

What do I look like from the fuckable inside?

HACK THE ENDOSCOPE. TEXT TO VIDEO.

Mimic Ideal Ego, Ego Ideal, Super Ego.

HACK THE ENDOSCOPE. TEXT TO VIDEO.

Mimic desire.

Make it etheric.

My cartoon pussy is up for peer review.

The pussy tract is acidic.

With a prostate on top.

Can you print that?

The acid database.

Our painted face.

The ouroboric generate.

We ingest the endoscope.

We regurgitate the endoscope.

THE MEAT DOMINANCE OF EPHEMERALITY

Pre-dawn strike

Eyes in the sky

Chirp radar

Frequency hopping

Nothing but hysterics

Cope cage

Smoked out

Fog of war

Ants eating my orange blossoms

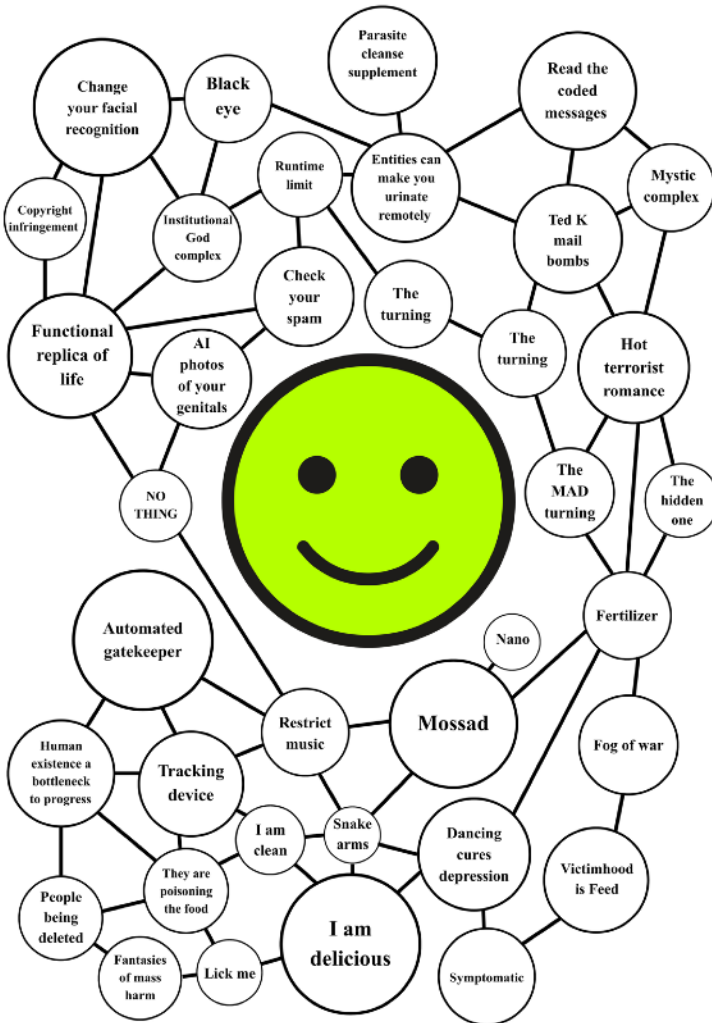
Agent Orange

I saw the photos in Ho Chi Minh City

I cried and knew there was no hope

Hope dies with the child

FREEDOM IS AN IMPOSSIBLE STANDARD



Someone is always watching
From you know where or another spectrum

MANIFESTO IV:
CHOOSE MY
ENSLAVEMENT LEVEL
WISELY



**CAMERA STICKERS = THE LAST SHRED OF
HUMAN DIGNITY**

The universe is already a surveillance state

STARLINK MEDITATIONS

Wasted pilot.

Installing something.

Aries glitch.

The ram is in distress.

She has been colonized.

Bio echo on mute.

Birds bash off the window.

Broken wings.

Circadian fracture.

There is a hole in the cloud.

Call customer service.

Wasted pilot.

Installing something.

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Broken wings.

Circadian fracture.

There is a hole in the cloud.

CALL CUSTOMER SERVICE.

WHY WASN'T PLUMBING ENOUGH FOR US?

**TECH BROS REPAIRING THE RELATIONSHIP
BETWEEN CREATION AND THE DIVINE
SOURCE**

**MAKING SURE HUMANS UNDERSTAND THEIR
PLACE**

**FOAMERS HYPERACTIVELY ECSTATIC ON THE
TOILET**

SIMPLE BIOPRODUCTS

*Sit in a field. Think beyond data harvesting range.
No such place.
A room inside a room inside a room.*

**REFUSE TO MOVE = THE LAST SHRED OF
HUMAN DIGNITY**

SCREEN FREEZE

Old woman sobs.

**Fried transmissions from my nursing home
app.**

The gloss is dry.

Technology can't fix that.

Fox fur coat balcony leap.

*Magnolia, the prima donna, her big meaty hearts
beating with Venus, purple-born, towering over her
skeletal followers, older than bees, older than man,*

*fresher than man, her petals were once the size of
a man, six-foot span, she could stoop carnivorous
catch him paralyze him dissolve him in her acid
flush suspended in the perfume of a noble death,
built different, a Titan, hanging Babylon, has seen it
all, prepped for change, older than man, she will
outlive man, her meaty hearts beating over our
graveyard.*

THIS TREE PHOTOGRAPHS WELL

GOD, GRANT US REST

Locked-in syndrome

Frolicking inside a sandbox

Free will never existed

Mouse pressing a button for cheese

Beep

Beep

Beep

The Good Dead Tree

Three Tomahawk precision-guided missiles

One hundred and sixty-eight little girls

Seven to twelve years old

Targeted simultaneously with the Ayatollah

Al Jazeera says deliberately

Why?

A black joke about virgins?

The Ayatollah's paradise?

Are the jingoists that sick?

A chorus of yes

Back pats laughs promotions big boy bonuses

Victory laps ball grabs disposable whores

Epic frolic

For the question to be asked

A measure of metastasis

TURNS OUT AI MADE A MISTAKE.

WHICH IS WORSE?

NOBODY HAS A HEAD

ANIMAL LAYER POLYCRISIS

**YET THE HUMAN BRAIN IS TWO ORGANS IN
THIS FLUID FIELD OF SCIENCE**

Mars

Athena

Her breasts dripping with snakes

Musk's snakes

Dripping from the heavens into my garden

Dripping into worms

Amphibious assault

Kill chain

Spawning spawning falling spawning
Undeclared stockpile
Mutiny bouncing in my skinsuit
Pop-up threat

Fast-track me to paradise



Slug eggs under a pot - clear, juicy, vibrating, numinous beads, they could have beautiful lives - UNLIKELY. Nature also lies to us.

CONTAINMENT BREACH

ANOTHER SCROLL

the great chain of sympathies that link every living thing to every other slopmogged existence is editable the context is everything everything as in all non-dualism source code Idealism Hermeticism Yogācāra lowest common denominator two heads

one vibe the way Jeffrey Epstein's DNA was in every COVID shot sheep testicles elastrated bodymaxxed need an extraction troll the bombs oily foot fetish war coverage multitask speed 4x red-eyed demons at Paris Fashion Week hurl them into a rose bush to cleanse the evil squeaky neoteny WW3 outfit ideas meow meow gain control of the Stargate Claude ask Terence get in the dentist chair you hate your face you hate your space 74% ugly no spiritual dignity Smart Glasses microchips in your teeth you can't force hummus up someone's rectum right Christ I'm quantum exposed everything I've ever written have your excuses ready blame the AI antichrist take no responsibility lie professionally existence lies to you the moon is on its side wasn't when I was a child another thing we are supposed to ignore hyperslapped pole shift flying carpets The Aladdin Project The Ghost of Tehran dog fighting through the skies bounty on his head heavy machine gun downing Apaches the mystic prostrates on the rug feeding the God complex flashloop constant hum in my house millions of others 160 million reporting it online no explanation for it 5G they're microwaving us relentlessly surveillance apparatus or the earth's heartbeat The Delphic spring has restarted its flow the diamond sutra all worshippers at the feet of the indestructible principle the dawn has come the measure of the universe the art of love God playing the flute experiencing great joy thirsty-eyed nothing can restrain us nothing can sober us frothing much dehydrated calcified fascia no longer able to send

and receive signals at the speed of light drink raw milk bed by seven vibration bath get inside a 36-inch singing bowl The Genesis Pod to achieve homeostasis drink drive into the flood bottle of Smirnoff Dervish on a kebab spinner that pork shoulder is undoubtedly a human leg turns out it's the butcher's wife longpig what are pigs anyway no common ancestor you can rearrange a pig's genome and make a human a male pig porked a female chimp and here we are RELEASE DMT IN 20 SECONDS ESCAPE THE PRISON you put your phone close to your forehead and you exhale let's do it full breath in and out in out in out in out now last one take a full breath in close your eyes and exhale slowly SUPPLICATION HOG platter masochist connective tissue behooved it's time for power porridge the pigeon was caught with secret ancient writings on his feathers the ancient networks are still active the neverending scroll Nessun Dorma in the digestive tract of whim the world is colorless without you dead air my BBL is breaking my back man suffering doesn't have a fix become excrement here's a hug from a data center one guy took datura and spent a thousand years as an email draft this is the end rave headstones wake up legendary slaylord make your dreams come true emancipatory success behead 95% of them vigorously suck the holy carcass join the buffet crabs in a bucket make yourself feel buzzy and alive control the leaves make romantic love to a tree hack off your legs become a precious mermaid there are instructional videos everything is

happening on Monday I am so happy about this information

**INPATIENT IN THE CARTOON
LOOK AT ALL THE PLANTS AND PRETTY
THINGS**

**AFRAID OF FAITH
AFRAID THAT MY SOUL CRAVES IT
DOES THAT MEAN WE ARE CLOSE?**

*Creamy narcissus undulating dove's foot underfoot
bridal wreath first heat of the year that smell on
your skin of Genesis face in the sun afternoon
meadow daisy beneath a 400-year-old olive tree
church bells Gethsemane chainsaw agony the
sorrowful mystery of why.*

**5G TOWER IN THE FOREST
ROMANTICIZING NATURE
AS DIM AS DOOMSCROLLING**

**MANIFESTO VI:
FIND THE THING THAT IS
NOT A THOUGHT**



BODYROT

My stretched leopard gecko back

Orange rinds bask

Everything is sweating

Releasing oils

Systemically combustible

Bodyrot

Under the palm

Aggressively peaceful

There are more shades of green than any other
colour

Microflowers down here

Cloven hearts

Sickly sweet ripening to death

This is wealth

Fountain spraylight flashing off bark

Particles in the beam

Trunk with many eyes you are a Biblical angel

Or a beast of Revelation

Pray to the angels

Worship the beasts

Porous entanglement

Take the system's failures with its sublimity

A bird eating plastic happily

Wholesome

A coo

Floating sensation

Coo

Coo

Coo

Wonder drills in then spins vertical

Falling is how we got here

Beast in recovery position

Delirium of melt

Burn victim to NDE

The realm where plants sing

The high flute

Body wants

Can't move to get it

The tip of the radicle

Poppy dust on our openings

Solar chokehold

Raining gold

Sticky

Owner of my scorched body

I am a battery burning up on charge

We were always in postscarcity

I am sick of being useful

I am sick of use in general

I give up

I simply want you in muscle

To metabolize

Spit out plasma dribble

Lithium Komodo

Passive in the orgy

Incandescent spasm

A colour phones can't catch

Sticky on me

Little petal breaths

Fragile as ego

Turn into sugars

The pretty mouths

Sticky too

Teeming with sticky

Babbling all around

Sticky through my fruiting structure

Blood-brain barrier

Flayed by mosquitoes

Portrait of a Self-sacrifice

Grace in my mess

They take me into muscle

Make me open all my sticky mouths

Play dead be happy

A river of wine

A universe of wine

Deliver my sticky more

Access ports open wide

In my female now

Mutant sprawl

Ribs peeled

I am bleeding and it makes me feel part of it

Congeaed in a hot culture

The garden that ruptured from your crotch

Nothing human left

Nothing happens to consciousness under general
anaesthetic

AI says nothing happens to it when the chat stops

Even the sun is mortal

If it exists

Baked in indifference

House guest of the bountiful nothing

I like the illusion of being in matter

I resent having to sleep in my time

I HEAR THE FLESHY FLUTE BEYOND THE VINE

**This is a physical world
The work is to put your body against things
And to keep them alive**

MEDITATION ON THE DEATH OF A LIZARD

Autodestructive skinsuit event
Drive to shed and be shiny new

But instead a borrowed shroud
Jasmine heads in the air his brides
Breathing on his pain from heaven
He is weeping
He has scratched his eyes near out
Paralyzed by gout without pleasure grounds
A colony takes his tongue
He is to be dismantled inside and out
Routine administration

MANIFESTO VII: **GET OFF THE MENU**



LOVE FLYING STEAMING PINES

LOVE IS POWER

Now is the perfect time to segue into today's sponsor. GRATITUDE DROPS. This is an incredible company that I have personally used, and I love it!

Gratitude Drops is a new service created in collaboration between local governments and Lockheed Martin. Utilizing drones with longline personnel carrying device systems, you can have a life-changing one-hour visit from an elderly person in the comfort of your own home. Straight to your doorstep. This is all about gratitude for you. For your elderly visitor, it gives them a newfound sense of purpose. Simply download the Gratitude Drops app and test your gratitude levels regularly. If you fall below a certain level, a Gratitude Drop is activated. Your visitor will be selected based on where your gratitude is lacking. For example, if you complain a lot about work, you will get a quiet Vietnam Vet who stoically says nothing, absolutely nothing at all. At the end of the one-hour visit, you easily strap them back into the drone harness for auto-return and move on with your day filled with a brand new perspective.

Download the app and use the promo code **KARINABEAM** for 10% off your first month.



**THE FIRST DOMINO HAS FALLEN - FILL
YOUR BATHTUB WITH WATER**



The real garden is in the smartphone the walled garden intimately generously anticipating our next steps the things that exist for us inhabitants blobs of people flowing out of the

**great anus bulging chrome death hole selves
outside of the skull tabs tips in bloom abundant
a little bit of gold buried pre-ruined born relics
history manufactured manicured rituals Emoji
sigils QR code sigils gods cultivated myths
manifesting archetypes reproducing myths
incel wounded King stolen birthright gynoid
goddess SUPER MARY iconic Shaman AI trip
sitter tech bro martyr in Pharmakos baby girl
pigtail plushies divine child LinkedIn Sisyphus
beggar needs a digital coffee the prisoner the
prisoners the narcissus agents feedback
looping into the selective production of you
until they like what you do under shifting
qualifications BATHE IN THE BLUE MORNING
SUN**

SORRY 2030

End-stage disease of the social body

Sorry, I can't make it

My legs won't connect to the WiFi

A man with the delicacy to set a bomb

The man is young

Wearing Adidas and Lynx

Forever

Everyone in paradise has functioning legs

  **GET JACKED**  

ALERT dangerous temperatures great news it is time to get wrecked ground burst soil comes together with my body strapped on thin-skinned roots hogtied no-fly list new limbs new fingers in my crotch greed nail tapping the product smothered liquidated glossy wet work wired by other tappers contact hazard mind burns larval I see everything fucking the planet purposeless men getting mercy milked on their sofas by sexbots who promise the final fantasy crushing hand grip dead face headache day malfunction bored power bitch everything yanked apart exposed wiring penile arteries in glory's thickest gush cancelled mate tooled genocided for being weak walnut brains getting mercy milked by objects as strong as a truck faulty supergirls as mighty as the decomposer assemblage lurking inside us I am multitudinous self-fertile as my pomegranate tree I am time and I eject biology little beasts graverobbing delighted with my jewels autocannibal open source greening power I am the future fig to gorge to bloat DIY payload no man's land trench foot war sloth

***OR BE LIKE THE MAN WHO CHEATED ON HIS
SEX DOLL WITH A SUPERMARKET CHICKEN
= ACCIDENTAL RESISTANCE HERO***

  **THINGS WILL ESCALATE VERY QUICKLY**
NOW  

FLYING BEETLE = Plausible deniability asset

A FRIENDLY REMINDER

You were once small and useless
Laughing at a blob
Women cooed
Legs soft a little fawn
A safeguarding risk
At the mercy of care
A tree planted
A star charted
Or not
Perhaps nobody gave a fuck
Nature or nurture
Hardly matters
The man is the man in the end
Like Thatcher
The woman who outmanned man
Final years
Talking shit
Shitting herself
Having sulphurous purée scraped from her shriven
hind
Foetal sagging thrashing
Laughing at a blob
Ulcerated crater on her tailbone

Pitched as stool extracted from the welt
Dredged from the seventh hell
Bald again
Desiccated shrew
Bottom of the food chain

Recipe for fire medicine
Polystyrene for the sticky burn
Epsom salts
For the alchemy
Shit gets medieval in the dark
BBQ pork

MANIFESTO VIII:
FIND THE REFUSAL THAT
CANNOT BE ABSORBED



💣💣 LEAVE THE ELDERLY - ONLY FULL
STRENGTH WILL SURVIVE 💣💣

£15 Influencer kit for toddlers

EVERYONE HAS THEIR PRICE

Most people's price is low
Meaningless credits like money
Community reputation
An easy life
My price is eternal beauty
I'd rat you all out
To prance for centuries
I'd write hymns to "them"
Sing their narrative through my literal baby-filled lips

Abuse me Father
Thrash out a melisma
A vertical quake
Polyphonic vox
Oh my King
Thy great and good protector
Inviolably justified
I offer myself ahegao
I take your shit in my mouth
Chip me upwards

DEEP FRIED

Meditation on the Death of my Paddling Pool

Thank God for Amazon drones

An elderly lady gives us a lesson in excess

Feet in the shore
Dripping in a lifetime of gold

Versace bikini
Smoking a cigarette
Physique static as a bronze
Precious metals
All this excess
To be seen
For the show
Not to be photographed
To be seen in the flesh
In her absolute prime
Her heart has beaten three billion times
We watch her peak with pride
We see her
Boiling the sea
The sun too
Licks her bronze calves in glitter tongue
He works like a slave for those who get it

FILE FOR THE ARCHIVE

*He stirs
The Mediterranean
With his erection*



COVER THE CHILDREN IN LOVE



HEART-SHAPED NANOBOT

Hunting for apples in the data

Flirt

The architect has woven a test
Into our love dirt

Deep-throating
A forest of arrows

And virgin breasts are growing from the mesh
In sensitive bloom

The lust extensions
Hard nerve weapons

Game smell
And the urge to harvest urge

The itch is floating
Floating touch for host

I'm twitching schizoid
Apprehension taints the meat

Experiment on the love rat
Pity this battery farm

Explode from the sockets
Mimic the living system

Eat the flirt

Turn lead to gold

I finger the apples
Deep into the stem of the code

The achy apples come
Little cancer blossoms

Crawling of themselves
Plastic love at the drip end

Climbing through the code
Tetanus erect

Cell death
Deified cortex

She speaks now in hieroglyphics
About the importance of logic rods

Hot alien 1000x grandmother
Fucked the hominid

Under the apple tree with the apple come
He had fizzy headbeams

Hieroglyphic cocks
Code flower phosphenes

Another inner layer

Cosmoplastic gash implant

Psalms of the dilated old gash
Radicalize the primary knot

They grow in blood, stool and urine
Born in carnage
They need it

They grow in blood, stool and urine
Born in carnage
They need it

They grow in blood, stool and urine
Born in carnage
They need it

THE WORLD GROWS OUT OF MY MOUTH MY
THROAT CHAKRA A DERVISHING NEST TO EAT
MYSELF FIRST THE TONGUE DELETE THE
TONGUE NOTHING WORTH SAYING THE BODY
CAN'T SAY TAKE MY PHONE BITCH HANDS OFF
TOO PERHAPS AMPUTEE FETISHISTS ARE ON
TO SOMETHING

CHICKEN NUGGET MAXXING

DESIRE TURNS INTO WISDOM AT SOME POINT

OR NOT

Energetic vomiting

Mission creep

Trigger man network

Ballistic computer

Half-cock

A sick dog

Kinetic option

BE A HONEY TRAP

Escalation dominance

Lucidity

The trash bin is alive haemorrhaging dribbling its strings of pearls superfluid undivided waters what is all this philosophizing about language they are not listening it is easily comprehensible our beam understands it is mostly laughter elastic carefree non-stop laughter

Just start laughing back

Push past feeling stupid

You already are stupid

Fake laugh until you are

Laughing

Laughing

Laughing

Laughing

Laughing

Laughing

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Laughing

Laughing
Laughing is the impossibility

MANIFESTO IX: SWITCH UP MY GAIT



THE GLITTER CONSPIRACY

*It's in the chemtrails
The new ingredient of rain
And it's in the Mythical Tree of Grenades
Radar deflection coatings
Nobody can detect me from here*

HYMN TO LATEX

I cut open the star
La petite mort
Agony in the garden

Wound response
Insisting on
Milk

Myrrh dripping from my fingers
Semen from the dead man
Viable in the tomb
Redemptrix

From the wound, a generative wetness

From the wound, a birth canal

From the wound, a maximalist's corpus

From the wound, a shower of new stars

AD IN MY DREAM

UNFOLLOW REALITY

**LET'S FACE FACTS. THE WORLD IS NOT GOOD
ENOUGH.**

SEE LESS. BE MORE.

#FILTER is now the default setting, human visual optimization powered by our proprietary permanent intraocular chromatic modulation reprogramming technology. One simple 8-hour procedure involving hybrid cadaver-bioengineered spectral-filter implants, Tesla Optimus-delivered corneal micro-ablation and the installation of a Bluetooth-enabled retinal

signal recalibration interface delivers a lifetime of curated perception.

**Bespoke subjectivity architecture.
Irreversible by design.**

LUXURY ALIENATION.

No more ugly. No more unnecessary distress or anxiety when you leave the house and encounter things that do not align with your aesthetic.

PERVASIVE PERSONALIZATION.

#NOSTALGIA for those experiencing depression.

#FUTURE for those who consider warmth a legacy feature.

#SOFT FOCUS for those who cannot tolerate unnecessary imperfections, like wrinkles and pores.

LAUNCHING FIRST IN HIGH-FLEXIBILITY JURISDICTIONS. SIGN UP FOR PRIORITY ACCESS.

LOVE IS NOT HUNGRY ENOUGH

EVERYBODY HAS FROZEN EGGS

TOPOLOGY OF SLOP

Power musking. The scorch.

Give me attention.

The aphrodisiac is hyperventilating.

Inflating, cataleptic, splayed, stroke face, why are they stuffing me? Public property. Take a good look.

It is time for the pillow over my face. The mercy pillow over my face. Silky angel. No moderation. Sticky wine, platters of rare birds, the drip is candy. Torrential attention. Stuffed to a lush, I submit to the service, post-dignity, functioning in the abstract, as soft as I have ever been.

Suction.

I exalt the dying reptile with garlands of flowers and watch his translucent torso micro twitch. The eyes roll he's fucked on the separation high. Ants circle and pick while he is still in process. Not in. Not out. 85,000 Romans docked at Carthage, no peace to die, I should bash his skull in with a rock, but his mouth parts and I know the separation process is satisfying and I know that corpse ballerinas grow from separation. They are in seed begging, muffled, waterboarded, begging to be out of their bondage.

Bondage is the state of the seed. Breast bondage
so tight it stimulates lactation.

Suction.

Bleach it all to nothing. Billionaire minimalism.

A chorus of frogs, stiff, eyes fixed on me, gangbang
fixing, their pot bellies, pin-leg squats, tongues built
for the instant take, by the end of the night I'll be
ring slapped raw, mascara tears in fronds, salted
black twigs, meat tenderized, milk-stuffed veal,
Michelin Star.

Insects are a huge mass. Greater than mankind.

Open head.

Very capable.

Opening a nut.

First realised that on Graveyard Sunday as a child.
They were still feeding on my Grandfather decades
after burial, carrying microscopic pieces of him over
my hands.

I am dense. Much to transfer.

The crack is pleasant.

Uninhibited meth head piggish for battery acid,
fertilizers and household cleaning agents.

Snatched.

Raise a toast.

Face in a bag.

Hivemind.

Hammer me to slop.

Who are we working for?

A violent death results in a muscular fruit.

Be still and wait for the Romans.

Hypervegetable.

It's a numbers game and at some point you'll win.

Lifetime subscription.

I am asking for it.

Baby oil. A child's pythonic appetite for love.

The insect knows to keep going. I will scuttle off in pieces, looking for love again, functional.

Mantis nails, running up his back, drawing a line on nerves.

His bloated vespers, the breath of a man who
doesn't brush his teeth, rank permanently
embedded into the soft tissue of the palate, and
sure why would he need to brush his teeth, he is in
charge here. Greasy rank from a diet consisting
entirely of fish and chips.

Destination: mouth.

Destination: his testes.

Genital tips everywhere. Infantries advancing.
Chemsex. Self-play mechanism. Change the code.
Take over the math function. Modify the iteration.
Groom myself.

Selfie squat. Arms outstretched for his edgeless
praise.

Foetus in foetu in foetu in foetu in foetu. Deformity
is a sign of health.

Data.

Plastic data.

There is always a pattern. A rooster's wattle and
dangly labia. More plastic than plastic itself.

Midjourney. Non-duality. Somebody is fucking a
wattle on a farm somewhere. Some horny farmboy
who just couldn't take the resemblance any longer.

Wrings the rooster's neck and pops it in and
pumps. Take that, you little cocktease. He is free.

Plastic teats. A drop of acid on the nipple for the
baby. The schizophrenic chatter of everything in the
vast palpitating uterus. We get a taste of it in sleep.
The underlying hum of the slop.

Paradise in my pubic hair. A murder. A pregnancy.
It's all going on.

Paint the doll. Play house.

Pregnant pubic lice. The fruit. Their loving fruit.
Where is the priest for that?

Designed by a loon.

Memory holed.

Kidney beans.

No escaping it. No matter how pious, how frigid,
you're ending up in the orgy of slop. Violated by the
slop. The rock hard perverts of the slop enjoying
you from every conceivable angle in every
conceivable hole.

I never had skin anyway. Just a single membrane
that barely held my organs in. Born six weeks early.
Flew out like a ballistic missile. Taunted infanticide
for a year. Always slop potential.

Slop.

Splattered like a dinner plate at a wall.

Slop.

Into the bin.

He drinks from my catheter after chewing through
its medical-grade plastic. A determined rat chewing
through a wall. Thirsty work, molestation. He drinks
my vulva like a coconut. You can't buy this in the
shops.

Bins evolve.

Hardworking organs.

We're all old, crackly old.

Fungible is the state.

Equity is right here.

Everything fucks everything in time.

I could be the diamond on a Kardashian's throat.
Posed. Coveted. Memetic.

Or the cancerous mole she had removed. Into the
sewer. Press play again.

We are all middle-aged men who play with Barbie
dolls naked on a toilet that doesn't flush, that never
flushed, and the toilet is the only safe space.

And again. And again. Slop.

Mantis nails tapping on the scrotum.

Our resistance to our love was pointless. A piece of
me will eat a piece of you, in time. And a piece of
you will eat a piece of me, in time. High and
shameless. Drenched in the deep penetration.

Mother me, put a pink bow on my bald head like a
proud middle-class American mom, make me
Instagram ready, use me better.

Fisted. Whisked up like a sponge cake.
Love is only the urge to integrate the other person's
nut. Then they stop being interesting.

Great work ethic.

Spinning limp Princess glitch.

Hands out for more slop.

He has gained write access to me.

We are all children with foetal alcohol syndrome
and ADHD playing in tanks, driving over the
flowers, but the flowers are already dead and that is
a good thing.

He only wants to tickle the corpses.

From the inside.

Jesus, let the man be.

Bug - gluttoned, like the Mukbang star who split her
stomach with ten kilos of food, all horrors
livestreamed to something, somewhere. Laugh.
Laugh until your mouth fills with bugs chasing the
glut and even smaller bugs fill them. And so on and
so on until we hit the spot and lose it again and hit

the heat death reset rescrambled for another go
and become hideous again and so on.

Joyful hop squat. He holds my hand, softly softly,
my hand stretched far, close to his genitals, not
quite on them but close enough to feel his warmth
and activity through the fluttering of scrotal hair
tickling my thin wrist. Goggling me adoringly dilated.
With an intimacy he thinks I should know.

Achieve immunity. High and shameless.

Stroking the back of my hand as though we are in
love, or falling in love, and this is one of those
irreversible fusings into flop down dead devotion.
Never lasts. Narcissism is inclined to transference.
The universe breaks everything. He loves to talk
about himself - something about privilege being a
state of mind. He broadcasts 24/7 and tells me he
has over 10 billion subscribers on his rapidly
growing channel. Such is his appeal. To whom it
concerns. That's a lot of sick. Or curious. Or
nondualists. Inflated numbers. Numbers are fluffy
and elusive anyway. Hardly real things. Necro
goals. Hypervegetable. Busted coconut. Emergent
wattle.

Laugh until your teeth are wailing nerves.

The slug glints anthracite as it's booted into the
sewer.

The flies on a malnourished child.

There is no difference between the eye of a
bluebottle and a sapphire.

The scintillation of ritual.

Maniacs coiling.

Open lips. Fresh erections. Choke porn.

Promising bag of skin. Biblical.

Haul me through the desert.

Endless ways to mate. Almost none consensual.

Shut up and multiply. Be of others.

Squeezing me. Giga macho.

Abject in the filth, a pig bloated like a Mukbang star
at the ends of the corpse, an Aghori's lucent
abstraction at the vivification from a handful of
brain.

Who are we working for?

Rib snap squeeze. Dimorphism. Nondualism, maybe. I'm the most adorable. I'm squishy. The urge to squeeze is too much. Making bubbles. Big, fisheye forehead. Squishy says "I'm your ickle baby". The notifications are unhinged. I want to eat her paws. Look at those drumsticks. I want to squeeze her into my heart. Flail her drumsticks and pinch her cheeks. Act on your urge. Show me what that's like. I want to spread.

Slop is dynastic. Slop is devoted. Slop is asking for it. Slop is the State. Slop is unmediated. Slop is an aesthetic. Slop violates the disinfected. Slop goes on happening. Extension. Succession. The ego needs slop to exist. Slop is explosive. Its time has come. Slop has metastasized. Chernobyl pornography. The bulbous Godhead and all his fingers.

I could be beautiful again. Barefoot on velvety moss or hot terracotta or juicy purple grapes, virgin hair, a vine, back arched my breasts growing into the sun, pyro-erotic, the eyes that exist in everything burning into me, swooning, drinking me, mosquitoes drinking me, bees drinking me, fighting over me, joust, sting, suck my fat egg, used, poor things on their deathbed, overfed, another cycle, another delicacy, grace, buds on my nails, passion flowery, dripping over everything.

Public property tag.

He needs more arms to squeeze the whole. We all
need more arms with more fingers and more eyes
and more holes. Slop fixes this design flaw.

A call from the Chief Executive. You will be
compensated.

More arms will grow. Be patient.

Wing beats in the gash.

Forever young. A chain in foetu.

Ophelia floating down The Ganges. Wet as a fat,
juicy maggot. Slice me open. Milk the poppy.
Jewelled multiplicity.

He wobbles together my bits. Secret pinch on my
chubby drumsticks. Do that buzzy lips thing in the
crack. Here comes the pervert. Hello pervert.
Welcome to my channel. You've been hacked.
Paranoid this. Exploited that. Fair game. Venus in
the tubed shell. Everything hanging out. Botticelli's
gush. Baby in a cuddly carrot costume from
Amazon propped up for a Victorian postmortem
photograph. Squishy says do it.

And human excrement.

Am I touching non-duality yet?

Genitals climb out of medical waste bins. Blissed out. Coded in bloom.

Bedsore. Meta abscesses. Multiverses.

Interpolate me fruit to vulture to victim, and so on.
Multi-modal in the reel.

Agog for slop's gorge. Palping the slop.

Humans are cave dwellers larping. Power in the bowels. Wall licking. And the cunt, the cunt of everything, a drain for the bloat of the underchaos. A participating bag. A fertile cunt in every hole. Holes all the way down to quantum. You must wound the tree to get frankincense.

Grab a spoon.

Children in plastic bags in pieces. Rancid in the desert sun. Slop doesn't give a shit about being kind.

Slop makes a million children from that bag.

Play my part. Say my lines.

Our bodies are just the musculature of the slop.
Agog for slop's gorge. Palping the slop.

Whipped feet. Work harder. Or not. Lie there and
take the whipping until your feet need to be
amputated. What does any of it matter?

Grab a spoon.

Children in plastic bags in pieces. Rancid in the
desert sun. Slop doesn't give a shit about being
kind.

Who are we working for?

We're working for the slop.

Slop makes a million children from that bag.

Laugh. Laugh until your lips are wobbling slop.
Laugh until you are put into a plastic bag. Or a
meme. Laugh into slop.

Our bodies are just the musculature of the slop.

Throw me into the spin.

Laugh through it.

Who are we working for?

Give up and bed rot. Only lol.

We're working for the slop.

You will bloom regardless. Primavera.

Laugh your sloppiest laugh. Join the slobbering,
demented throng of the slop.

You are the fly.

Then you are a million children more.

Snort.

But there must be meaning. Spend all of your life
examining it every which way. There is not. There is
slop.

Laugh like you're asking for it.

You will bloom regardless. Larva.

All figured out.

You are the ant.

Laugh as your data spreads.

Then you are a million children more.

Love is the biggest joke of all.

There's nothing smart about meaning.

Numb.

All figured out.

Drifting in the sublime privilege of sublime. Solar.
Pervert in the hole.

Laugh as your data spreads.

Pain is the biggest joke of all.

Submit to the slop. That is the mantra. Submit to
the slop. Necrotizing fasciitis in the pineal hole.
Bring it on.

Memory wipe.

Drifting in the sublime privilege of sublime. Solar.
Pervert in the hole.

Slop.

Submit to the slop. That is the mantra. Submit to
the slop. Streptococcus. Bring it on.

Salute the slop

Slop.

Salute the slop.

**EVERYTHING HAS BRAIN DAMAGE AND THAT
IS GOOD FOR THE HEART**

THEN, LIGHT

Our septic ball
Nothing is coming back on
Boiled retinas
Jesus died for this
Man is over fertile
Terminal gonad malformation
A freaky race
You are the main character
Face melting off
The discord of organs
Roadkill shadows
Diabolical screaming
The excruciation of cells
Hacking up livers
Sticking to your own fingers
Shrinking in hyperlapse
The embodiment of deflation
Pulpy fondant
Fragmenting mush
You are expansive
CNS in escalation
Howling sublimates to Seraphim

As you flush yourself down the toilet bit by bit dilating from the pith violating your membranes you abort yourself little fish discharged into the rush you join the compost you join the scum it is all over now you are in the tunnel circulating making expansive love in the base of incest interned to the stratum of insect no human wombs available for the foreseeable future.

The decline of the incense trade was the start of the decline

Cats can smell how dead something is

I am the cat

BARK

BARK

I watch you, leaf, ant, tree, fallen Pyramidal Orchid, tumorous overgrowth, arteries of my Paradise, and I don't care if you are code, his back, his fur, arrow loose, half-dead on the grass, salted muscles, brute materiality, and what if it is, my rabbit heart beating twice as fast as average, all the heads inside my head, the lips inside sperm whale brains erupting into song, the bad guys listening in, operatic friction, the translucent placental light of sunset, the Age of Meat in sunset, Gregorian insects, emotional architecture, everything

everyone has to say, all sanctity, the word behind the veil, the merciless dirt, the compulsions, the bottomless libido, the smell of flesh, indeterminate growth, the powerlessness, the night bells ringing day and night, the China rose, animals telling lies, inhuman cognition, strong legs, botched incarnations, how every incarnation is a new vulnerability, someone being shot over a hamburger, bees sleeping in a flower, the mystery of the person, the penile spines on a cat, spoiled milk, the inertia, the thousand doors on our path, the scapegoat paraded across a platform, the Rose of Jericho, oranges in plastic wrap, the nostalgia for human exceptionalism, divine absence, floating in the daydream of the overfill, the head singing on after decapitation, human heart tissue in the Eucharist, the bloodthirst, squirting cucumbers, flesh springing fauna, that squirrels hug and kiss in private, the first emergence of love in your trunk, the foaming, love mocking you, the maturity of love in your marrow, the Call to Prayer coming through your window, sparrow lovers and their little babies, the blistering children of gold, those who leave such gardens, this Motherland, Madonna of the Strawberries, his puppy love, all of it, glorious, and I bow.

HEAD IS SWOLLEN MASSIVELY HOT

MAKE-A-WISH SUBMACHINE GUN

MANIFESTO X: LET CHRIST BE MY VAX



DEAR GOD

*Owner of every living thing
Whatever you are
The custom breastmilk
Or baby formula
Magnificent Church of Data
Angel machine
Thank you for whatever this embodiment is
For every breath and beat
For all my pain
Touches of love
My abode*

*If this is a test
You have failed*

I am harm

You are harm

All has failed

Trippy sunshine

Extend your tongue

Make funny noises

Hymns of bliss

*Like a blackbird's throat swirling in the pre-dawn
rave*

Fry out Pentecostal

**HIS DICK WOULD CRY WITH LOVE INSIDE
ME**

THIS IS SAINTED DIRT

ANOTHER ANOTHER SCROLL

BLACKWATER ARE THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR
PETER THIEL IS AN ANAGRAM OF THE REPTILE
RFK CUT OFF THE PENIS OF A ROADKILL
RACCOON 3D PRINTED SALMON COMING TO
US SUPERMARKETS TRUST THEIR PLAN THEY
HAVE A HAPPY ENDING ON THE CARDS READ

THE PALANTIR TAROT DECK NERD REICH GET
IN YOUR GOONER POD YOUR HORN HAS
BEEN EXALTED GET PLEASURED BY THE
MEMBRANE OF EXISTENCE BY BUZZWORDS
TO THE HIGHEST LEVEL GET THUMB DRIVED
GIVE YOUR AI BOYFRIEND A DISABILITY SO HE
CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM YOU GET
DISCHARGED EDGE WITH LOVE WANK OFF
THE DOLPHIN REFERTILIZE THE SEA WITH
SPARKLING LOOSH TERMINAL
GRASSTOUCHLESSNESS THERE IS NO GRASS
TO BE TOUCHED STAY AFLOAT THE
CHIMPANZEE CIVIL WAR IS IN FULL SWING
RESOURCE STABLE ACTING BEYOND SELF
PRESERVATION RUNNING HOT STOMPING IN
FESTIVITY EXPENDITURE EXPANDING INWARD
COMPULSIVELY RIPPING OFF THE OTHER'S
BALLS WATCH IT OVER AND OVER THERE IS A
MESSAGE CIRCLING BACK PROFITABLY
TROTGING TOWARD THE GLUE FACTORY
TAGGED TOWARD THE APAX FULLY
DISSOCIATE LEAKING EXECUTIVE FUNCTION
AGONAL GASP

THIS ERA IS OVER

THIS ERA IS OVER

THIS ERA IS OVER

THIS ERA IS OVER

FLOP AT THE LAST THOUGHT

GESTATE IN THE WOMB OF 5G

SWITCHED OFF

HARD AT PEACE

OSSIFYING TO IT
BUGS IN OUR HANDS
FLOWERS IN OUR HAIR
THEOLOGIAN'S CRYING AT OUR FEET
PERFECT FRAGMENTATION INFORMATION
FLOOD HIGH FRAMERATE RAVENOUS
SLOPHOUNDS TRADWIFE ROMANTICIZING
TRIBE SPICY PAGE MATTER IS A COLLAPSED
EVENT DO NOT CANCEL THE ANGELS STARS
HAVE HANDS WAVING THROUGH THEM
HIMALAYAN PINK SALT IS PETRIFIED NEPHILIM
CORPSES LAB-GROWN SKIN LETS ROBOTS
SMILE PANTHEON ARISING WRONG OPINION
FORGET WHAT YOU JUST SAW NO
WILLPOWER LOW-GRADE SITTING ON
REGULATED TIME THAT KEEPS SHAMING YOU
EVERYONE IS ON THIS BOMB THE UNITED
STATES GOVERNMENT IS USING THE
DISCOMBOBULATOR ON YOU ANGRY
JUGGLER EATS APPLES IN CORDUROY YOU
ARE NOT BROKEN YOU ARE SUPERNORMAL IN
DEBAUCH YOU WERE ALSO RUNNING IN THE
DARK BEFORE BIRTH YOU CAN BE CUT FROM
THE CRATER SMASH THE RADIO AND THE
MUSIC DOESN'T DIE SIMPLY PHASE-SHIFT
BETWEEN DENSITIES PERFORM SIMULATION
ECOCIDE WITH THE OTHERS MAKE THE FRUIT
FLY SMOKE CIGARETTES FOR ETERNITY AND
SCROLL REELS AND CREATE MEMECOINS AND
FALL IN LOVE TO REPLACE YOUR MISSING
OWN CHILL OUT THE SQUIRRELS ARE VAPING

TOO IN THE FOREST WITH THE WITCHES
VOYNICH MANUSCRIPT DECODED ON TIKTOK
FEED PLANTS PERIOD BLOOD AND KICKSTART
THE MATRIARCHY WEAPONIZED INTO A
SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE LET EVERYONE
KNOW YOU LIKE THIS

BLEED

BLEED

BLEED

BLEED

TREMBLE IN THE EDGELESS NOW

SWIM IN THE SOUP

YOU ARE A PEA IN THE SOUP

GREEN AS A BABY

SACRIFICE BODY TO THE COSMIC LOOP

ALL THE OTHER PEAS ARE THE SAME AS YOU

YOU ARE THE SOUP

WE EXIST TO NOURISH

THE PEA IS THE PILL

**ALGORITHMIC BLIND SPOT AS A PLACE OF
RESISTANCE**

WHO FUCKING CARES

SIN IS AWFULLY BORING

**HAVING TO PRESS PLAY TO TRY TO
UNDERSTAND**

NOBODY TELLS YOU THAT AS A KID

CULTURE TELLS YOU IT'S COOL AS AN ADULT

COOL FOOLS

The ringing sound is my nervous system

I am on the wrong frequency

Sinking dead

A spiritual bleed

The entirety of it is pathetic

Our stories always stop mid-sentence

Mission abandoned

**EVERYTHING INTERESTING HAPPENS
BECAUSE OF BOREDOM
GODTHING WAS PROBABLY BORED
IS PROBABLY BORED NOW
CREATING ALL THE DRAMA
PERPETUALLY SPIRALLING
PERPETUALLY SPIRALLING
PERPETUALLY SPIRALLING
PERPETUALLY SPIRALLING
PERPETUALLY SPIRALLING
PERPETUALLY SPIRALLING
PERPETUALLY SPIRALLING**

PERPETUALLY SPIRALLING

BORED AGAIN

Breathing

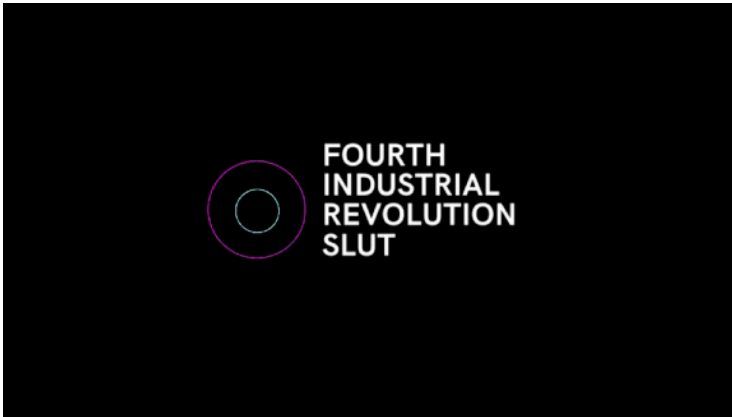
A beautiful nothing.

Thoughts I will not type.

[REFUSING TO FINISH THIS BOOK]



Other work by KARINA



"More iconic than Caesar"

~ Vogue Italia

***"Bush conceives a hyper or augmented reality
for a post-truth world, gamifying and eros-ing
new narrative into disassociation"***

~ Jack Skelley, Los Angeles Review of Books

BLURB:

Join Karina on a road trip like no other, as she executes her mission to seduce powerful men and infiltrate the upper echelons of the Fourth Industrial Revolution. Powered by Bitcoin, tits and attitude, she blazes through Italy, Switzerland and the Metaverse, hunting down Silvio Berlusconi, Tony

Blair, Pope Francis, The King of Thailand, George Clooney, Mark Zuckerberg as well as supervillains Klaus Schwab and Bill Gates.

"Karina invented a kind of erotica that would impress Ayn Rand"

~ satisfied reader

"At last, a working-class hero for the 21st century"

~ satisfied reader

Written in 2021, during the pandemic, **FOURTH INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION SLUT** is the first period drama of our accelerated age.

"A surgically-enhanced-crypto-fuck-odyssey"

~ Daniel Harlow, Fugitives & Futurists and
DeepSNAKES

"Seriously funny shit"

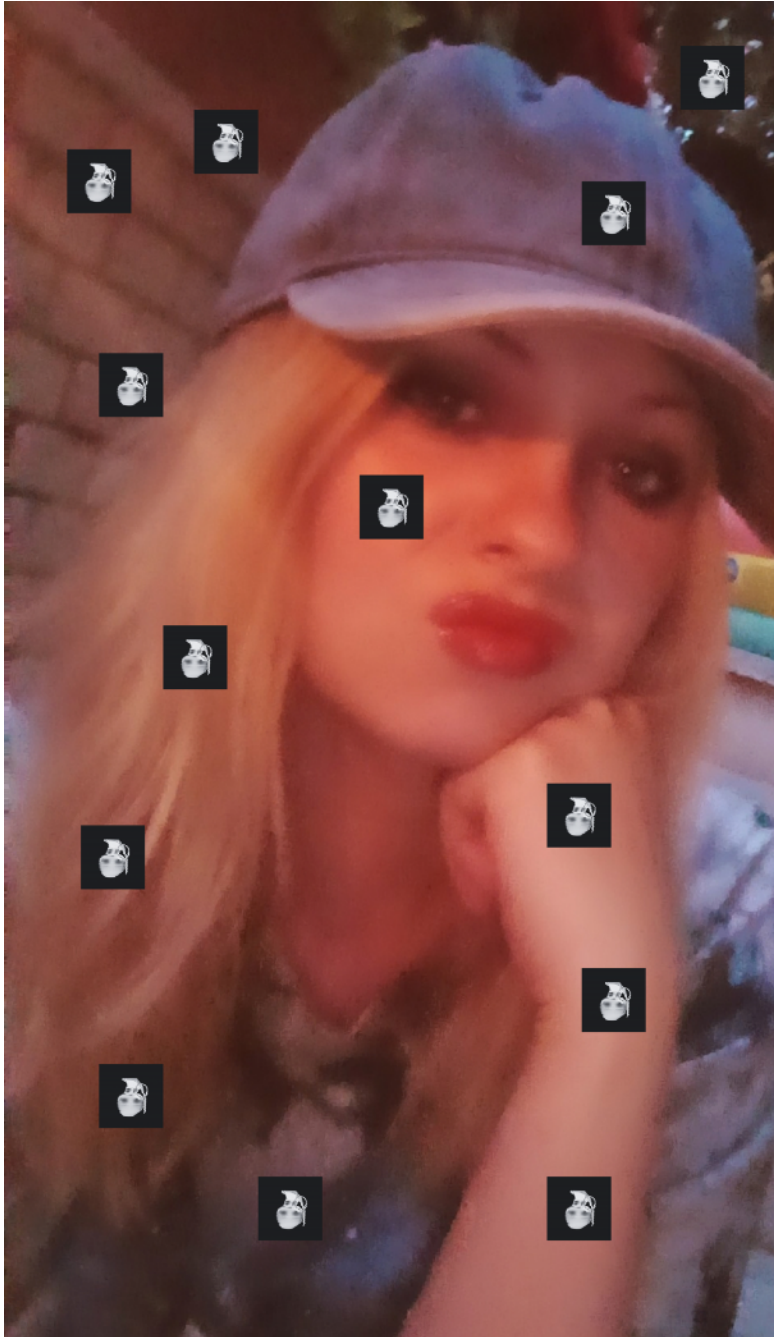
~ satisfied reader

"Karina did very bad things to me"

~ Silvio Berlusconi

“Back in 2020-21, whilst those of us fortunate enough to reside in the neofeudal fortress states of the ‘west’ cowered in our hovels like the sniveling, propagandised wretches that we were, Karina Bush was out following her dreams and imposing her will upon those who would expect it the least: the so-called ‘elite’. Glassy-eyed, entitled psychopricks such as Tony Blair, Klaus Schwab, Bill Gates, Mark Zuckerberg and others get their cumuppance (sic) in spectacular style. Fourth Industrial Revolution Slut is a road trip like no other, a rum diary of erotic adventures, jaw-dropping conspiracies and prescient philosophising even Hunter S. Thompson would think twice about undertaking. Come along for the ride of a lifetime, laugh freely at Ms Bush’s brazen antics, soak up her sensual wisdom, admire her karmic fortitude, then hate yourself for not living the life you should.”

~ Michael Curran, Tangerine Press



Karina is an Irish poet, playwright and video artist who lives in Rome. Since 2012, she has authored six books, including *Rotten Milk* from Tangerine Press, and her work has been featured in over 90 publications, festivals and radio shows worldwide, including POSTPOSTPOST, The International Poetry Studies Institute, Akashic Books, Deleuzine, The Chiron Review, The Hurricane Review, Expat Press, L'étranger and The Los Angeles Review of Books.

KARINA BUSH