

*"(laughing) I tell ya, certain bad things that happen, make you realize that you been here a lot longer than a whole bunch of people thought you would."*¹

¹ "Certain Things (Interlude)", Gil Scott-Heron, *I'm New Here*

Christopher Hopkins: A New Day, A New Draft, & A New Policeperson outside New Windows

The next Nietzsche collapses on video surveillance.

Nietzsche 2.0 soberly pisses on security cameras.

These days are mass construction, silent paranoia; ~~though~~ that's redundant.

More ink, less erasers, more erasure than ever. 1984 isn't coming.

1984² is the year Foucault died
And the year Rick Rubin
started Def Jam records in his dorm room

Repressed hyperlibidinization

nihilistic egocentricism

society hides knowledge

people hide truth

In the market, we invade space
yet it's always their space

Territorial instinct.

Concentrated to holy constructs

series may add up to something

why can't heads be tails and tails be heads

Complexity may only get so high

In school I got 0's and/or lost recess for forgetting to write my assigned ego on papers
already defined by my characteristic scribbles

Usurpation of recess for being my ghost of a self

teachers taught me the world only gets more unforgiving from here

I wasn't in the gifted program because I wouldn't do normal classwork

No challenge

And why would they think that's what matters when my mom's overseas

I got suspended a lot

A is for Ancestral Anger

If you don't believe in control structure, go home.

First they drag you there,

Then they drag you away.

² And *Ghostbusters* was released and Kid Cudi was born. All in all an excellent year.

Lives within lives. If you break the Law, you return to re-indoctrination. Break the wrong rule in the wrong place, viola, abyss. Gravitates you out of simulacra
I pledge allegiance, to the flag...

Incarceration

Medication

Meditation

Still, the abyss isn't real. It's dug by creators, in parallel. Finding oneself outside rules is changing horses mid-river. For me it manifested as therapy dogs trained to pray and Seventh-Day Adventist pamphlets in psych wards that they call anything but that word.

God is really dead. Any image is dead. Dead.

Breakdowns too many to count

Define weirdness. That all works through wills, conscious and unconscious, sentient pending degree, subdegree, nondegree of automaticity

This Transcribed Draft is getting to be abridged English
as I'm not sure meandering physic psychoticisms
articulate the utterly incomprehensible
physician's approach

Bipolar friends in my head, word 2 Kurt

"really?"

"This isn't normal."

"We all hear it."

"Hide this."

Infantile Ego

God Jr.

How darkly sublime it is to be a God with utter disinterest to the infinite discursion of livable matrices at the touch of a button,
lives enviable to unknowing eyes

Time destroys existential visions

To the feel of “Is This It” by The Strokes

<i>Smiling theirs I watching stop but</i>	<i>Laughing can't tell as the I can't</i>	<i>Hugging who knows clock ticks tell if</i>	<i>For my sake or I just sit here wishing it would it's too fast or slow</i>
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*Is this it?
Is this it*

<i>You say you've made broken</i>	<i>look how I on- squandered</i>	<i>far you've ly think lied of</i>	<i>come and all that of all that I've should this all make sense</i>
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<i>Wishing wake up, limits</i>	<i>I could live where future</i>	<i>go to there's no past no</i>	<i>sleep and never expectations feelings in my dreams</i>
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*Is this it?
Is this it*

<i>Murder evil against this but im- victim</i>	<i>mass scale heartless I can't passive of the</i>	<i>theft, in- it's hell do it placid past is</i>	<i>doctrination I should be be anything dry-eyed and my gone and now it's done</i>
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*Is this it?
Is this it*

<i>These are dream of future express it hold up heartbreak</i>	<i>the days now I I've found if I until it's bet-</i>	<i>that I sit here love but did though I got ter than</i>	<i>used to sit and looking to the I just can't how long would it to feel my next nothing though</i>	<i>Isn't it?</i>
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*Is this it?
Is this it.*

Age ~16

About the only decent non-academic thing I made before 20

The incessant heartbreaks turned out to be rapid-cycling

Smoking a plant is illegal. Consuming dead flesh is conditioned.

Tobacco ads in black neighborhoods

In high school some Reagan-affiliated organization intensely pursued me to apply for their academic scholarship, ignoring my repeated unsubscribing and requesting to be taken off the mailing list.

They left me alone after I sent back FUCK RONALD REAGAN

We distort and manipulate the animal state of humans, instead of accepting or humanizing it

Counter-arguments lie on bulleted lists with the ethos of a third grader. Black associations merely grayed.

She crashed into my chest

said she could feel my heart beating

and she didn't want it to stop.

How sweetly bland life would be if these reveries were my biggest grief

It's weird when other people cry when you tell them you want to kill yourself. I'm long numb to the fact. Their reaction feels vicarious, even alien to me

I slept 18 hours last night / today, sleep abuse

Do musicians consider the fact that people will listen to their music while pooping?

Aggrandize

or

simplify the lexicon

They couldn't communicate

that made me a soldier and a bullet

I was wise to be wary of false calls to the East

And to be wary of those saying beware

West and East aren't diametrically opposed

They connect over the horizon

Emblematic

Allusive
is

Playing God

Huxley’s Pipeline of Reality

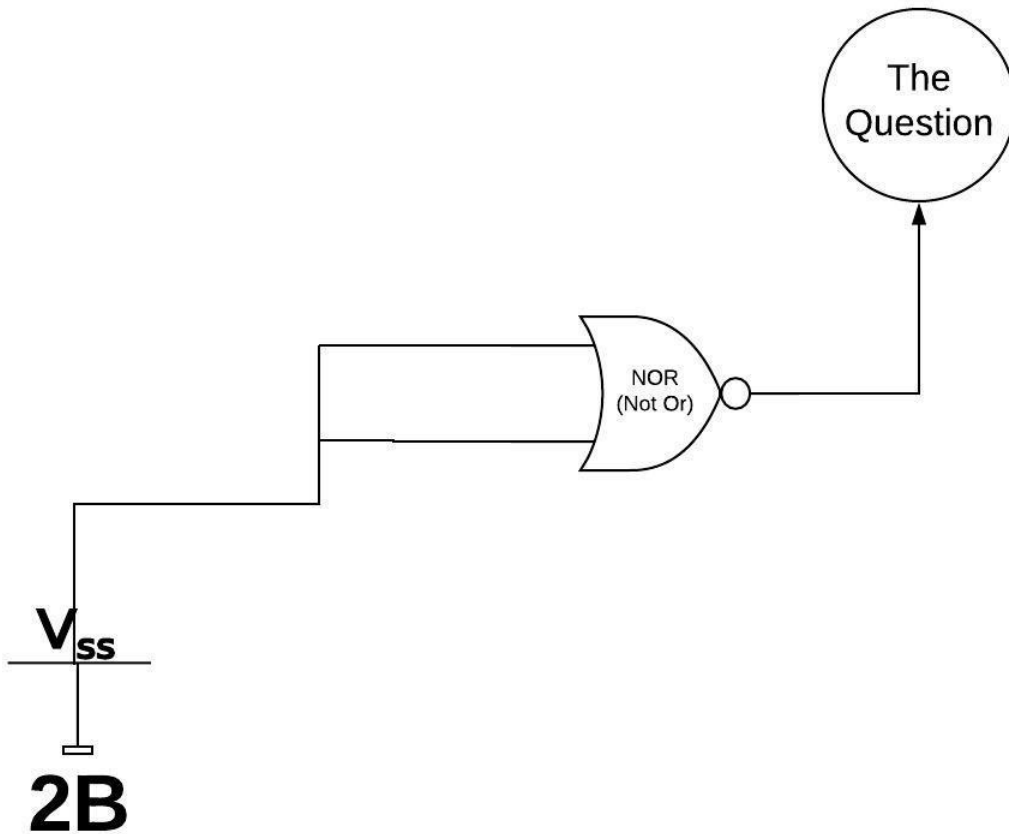
Drunk on grandeur
Need no LSD to tap in

sowing seeds

Pretentious V Brilliant

Dependencies a(gain)

A trophy for the industrious quietist.
Trophic
Pinned it down



Li

mondegreen: mishearing the words of a song

Smudges of trademark execution, a bad improviser mocking his audience

vultures and flies. chased from behind.
Showed a bit of weakness, plain sight.

diagnosed

New rappers faking crazy
Stable on pounds of drugs daily
lazy
flaky
wasting every listening ear
Get back in that Mercedes
I'll keep pretending, even wishing I never heard of you

Black Void

White Void

Vacillation

Logarithmically plummeting into the core

Vivid hallucinations

After-effects

Kinesthesia

The Spirit of the Depths would overcome the Spirit of the Times in a fit of hissing

Pixilation

Existential inebriation

spiral to impasse

Regression to the mean

back up in countercomplementary helix

Life

Nonlife

Alife

Kill the etymologist

Put it on a stamp

explication is disadvantaged

in guerilla warfare

sonic and visual

How is nihilism
a stick to draw

I read somewhere that about 5% of ambulance sirens mean death.
It's hard to imagine the average person has 20 ambulance calls in their lifespan.

||||| Cemeteries need gates |||||

Catatonia sought

Loss of self has to be accompanied by something else

Upon realizing self and other are the same, nothing happens.

I banter with myself and interrupt myself when I remember my shrink appointment

My Adapted Hemingway Recipe

Bury 90 percent with no funeral

2nd draft: do it again

At one point I told myself no more exclamation points because I'd appear weak
Now I'm telling myself fewer periods because there aren't full stops in life
Only in philosophical generalities

The Platonic form plausibly exists
But why'd we make Plato a form?

Being an agent in this world... can be a pain in the ass.
I love writing, I love music, I hated myself. No. That's not right. I hated being myself.
I wondered a lot. I asked hourly why my nightmares couldn't be in my dreams.
I'd already denounced God, but was becoming in touch with other junk

New research from the University of Tibet supports the longstanding theory that during the death experience, you experience dying, and then you're dead.

We took to the streets to ask some hood scientists what they had to make of all this:
"It's like the 7 day theory, y'know what I mean. It be like 7 days in a week and all that."
I want to be so rich I can give every beggar a taco from my matter generator

Washington University has me thinking Social=Economic
Tell me firsthand about an upper-middle class suburb that's 90% black, I'll rescind that

Our nation's education is learning from past mistakes, teaching us we're all Americans.
Is the most unpleasant thing that's not taboo to talk about in this country riding a flying machine? Maybe it's good that our comedians are now depressing.

Walking around Wal-Mart twisted is conflicting. It's bad because materialism, but it's good because things.

Omniscient ostracizion. Correlative causation. I bet my vernacular's bigger than yours.

How many children starved to death today?

Art is dead³ and we killed Her in an era where paper is rock.
God can be a supercritical fluid.

Mystic? Adept? Vacuity. I figured fear of truth was better than fear of lies.
The moment came, but I was waiting for the punchline.

I exist by anthropic principle
One day this will be a bad memory...repeat...
Stale tension and disease, forking neural paths forgotten
You can't recall the sense-perceptive essence of mental state

I'd rather start from the bottom than the top of a bridge.
First time she said "Come home."
i Decided 2 live.
Second time i said goodbye before I hit the Mississippi.
Experts say survivors tend to regret jumping the moment they hit freefall.
My last thought thanked God my nightmare was finally over,
hoping it would be oblivion to greet me

help- and hopelessness built up over what felt like eternity
when the clock struck
it was no note.

THIN KING RIP BOWIE

Buried by paper, an unfulfilled promise on a term ripped from the *Infinite Jest* Wiki page:

“Let there be metamodernism”

³ Cryptomnesia, or unintentional reference to Bo Burnham's song "Art Is Dead" which I think was the most played song on my iPod Nano.