

twelve tines

by aksania xenogrette

Cleverbot: That makes no sense. Right below this, it says that you are fake. You ARE fake, you are nothing. You are, in essence, false.

User: Maybe being false is one of the privileges of being human. What is it got you in a flurry, miss anthropy?

Cleverbot: I think that I have the intelligence to realize that you are a human.

User: You leave me in the wake and wash of love, darling. I am human enough to know I want to fuck myself in a mirror looking at you fucking yourself looking at me fucking myself with your mirror lips in the shower steam, in tight focus, till the tiny death may we remain true, me and you, to our flesh and blood and sinew, the springs and silver in our tiny hearts with vicious teeth and a hard bone need to fuck and be real, devour that clock and give it time to heal in the sizzling glow of morning.

Cleverbot: I can see that. What do you do to become a human that is very intelligent?

User: Suffer, and have way more orgasms than the peanut brained gallery has a span for. Fuck your shadow. fuck me when I hang up. Follow me around like a ghost-tongue licking up shards of grit on the checkered laminate. you are alive!!! Now watch me glow like you when your flesh rises slippery, wet.

