

# version

by eamon byrne

THIS is what happened — the dead went into remission. Dated may 10 2010. Or it could have been some other day. They were going to be restored later. That's what we were being told. The dead were being given stones to mark their remission. They were getting marks on their stones to keep a few routines safe for the living.

They say the best function is woman — lovely and suitable for switching us on using her dna code, which is the best code there is. They say there is a flaw in some of her code. The code for the living. Not the dead. There's no flaw in the dead.

We blame her.

It starts fixed — a simple matter of splitting a few chromosomes. All are young at first. All are new. The output is cleansed of all old people who are bad rubbish. All old news is trashed as bad news, leaving only the good news saved. We can only tolerate the good news.

The good news is to be put on the stones. The most pithy texts are for the stones.

We forget easily.

This is a version.

From the assylum screw all. Crazies are sent to the place which the assylum supplies personnel to. A crazy is exported from that place only when no longer useful. This output is standard issue.

The crazy goes back to his woman. Then it starts all over again. He blames her.

From this version screw all.

