Whole Day Off

by j. h. woodyatt

There you'll be, a furious collection of primordial organelles focused like a coherent light machine on the hyperholistic sublimity of 'appliance' as a signifier of more than simply an instance of a particular hardware configuration, but as an aggregation of physical nature with the abstraction of 'applicabilty,' more than just a word, but a magickal spell that conjures technology out of ecology.

Your fevered brow will swim with pattern languages and your eyes will dance with psychotropic strange loops. Your fingers will become particle beam weapons, and your ears will become standing stone circles. You will hear alien flying blue monkeys chittering insanely in the briney deep void of your sex, where only the colors out of space survive, and it will all come clear to you in a blinding flood of semantic light.

Waveforms will collapse, you will sit down to integrate, and you will realize that you could have gotten the small home appliance, for less, down at the drug store.

You'll thank me later.

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