

Broadcast From Earth Deli

by Shawn Misener

In case of accidental data explosion ignore the slowly dispersing fractal pattern of my history. Too much attention to reality will lead to digital self-realization, and we can't be having any of THAT. Observe the fragments of the me with a careful eye tuned to a station of ignorance. I'm only here- and just barely here at that- because we all signed pre-gestational agreements to pretend existence exists. The only reality that broadcasts at this hour (and epoch) is the story of non-reality, which makes perfect sense because nothing's perfect and it's sensical nonsense that makes the most sense.

A man walks into a bar and becomes Manbar, hero of our times. He winds the clocks and develops humans in drunken fits. He might look like God, what with the massive white beard and body the size of New Hampshire, but don't let him fool you. Everyone in power is not in control. He's just Manbar, a meaty sandwich type who wears watches all the way up to his redwood bicep. Nice throaty bellow, to be sure, but volume is no way to measure omnipresence. And what he does with souls can easily be replicated by a platypus with play-doh and a Sanskrit translator.

As you finish scooping up my past remnants tune the moments down to 27 bps and then turn to Manbar. Be confident, and regardless of your empty skull speak the Word to him. When the rumbling starts, you'll know it's time to make me into I for the last and first time.

I have no confidence that you'll complete the task. Shit, you probably don't even understand it in the slightest. Fine. I'm dust, forever wiggling free and hollow in space, making the best of it. It isn't what it isn't, like they never say.

