

Neural

by stephen hastings-king

Then I am wearing a brightly colored raincoat while sitting on a deck among hundreds of tiny glowing spores and every thought that passes through my mind is a phase state that I shape into a geometrical form and send spinning into the neural landscape beyond of greens that spill onto bands of yellow and rust and the hissing of an everywhere rain that falls over castles and spacecraft and other language games to see how they impact and while I am doing this it occurs to me again that this is my world and you fit right into it.

