

Working Title:
BLESSED ARE THE MEEK WHO INHERIT INFINITE
APOCALYPSE

They came after Julie because she produced bone marrow in industrial quantities. I mean you could like see how thick her phalanges were when you shook her hands, see the flush in her cheeks, that rosy glow as the teeth of the sun carve our flesh... Her veins always bulged on her forearms, hard and viscous to the touch. 'That tickles!!' she would always complain, hewn bone needles drinking languidly for charms against pregnancy, talismans of retribution, and wards of lust. But extraction and distillation got her in a random roadside humor check.

I reach into the astral plane and tell the microorganisms where I'll be stepping in 5 minutes so they can all clear out and not get crushed. But the smell of gunfire and brimstone overwhelms us, interrupting incantations invading the multidimensional, multisensoral space between my lymph nodes and scent glands, the pores of our skin and the folds of our cranium, ventricles, intestines. The trinity, mind, heart, gut. Multiplied, 12 organ systems, folding into the eight-pointed rose from the diagonal navel and billowing mastoidale sails, asymmetrical operations inviting paradox.

I'm going to kill the next pig I see step out of the damn alchemical personnel carrier projecting a circle of protection from under cab life ending diodes, shit and bile cocktail in the glass canister, brought to boil, let sadden in the sun to hang and rot handed to and from hand to and from hands to sewn interiors of jackets and bags the intimate folds consealing our fateful lust and finally the valves unclench their sphincters with chapped lip leather creaking open with a billow of brimstone & aqua tofani.

Julie's sister cut out her eyes. Her own eyes that is, no one's seen Julie in some time. They tried to get her to work stirring the pot at a still reducing phlegm into powder to mix with washes for beauty products used in theurgic performance. The insulators of Inanna begged her to disdainfully work the position, for the sake of our own incantations, for they tire of the same color of blood, same coordination of grief and mourning, and are in need of a new shade of martyrdom. But, understandably, all she could feel against her ladle was Julie.

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I miss the whispers from sewer grates with
recommendations on who
to talk to during the next bus ride.
The tunnel dwellers know best.

sunlight
is the curse. spires of ultra
violent light nailed in to every cell, molecule.
Pick off a freckle like a scab and cast it away, in to the
grate. A tip.

A tool, a snack, a text.

Mixed with one part bleach and
two parts mud water and 7/8ths of a teaspoon of whatever
lichen grows underneath the never finished subway,
where the ghouls swim.

No one hardly
goes there anymore, the beaches are all overcrowded with
e.coli and the other old heads of infectious disease, some
reunion.

Before neuroderangeatives came in style
for CIA dispensaries, fentanyl aerosol by-products and
addons, in vape form.

Air heads: anthrax! Get gone.

Raving now as the four on the floor puts its boot on
your neck; *Hypnotic neurosis, anthropocentric
psychosis, commodity religiosity.*

I miss when pig wasn't so literal.
When they weren't cross-genetic-engineered with wild boar
to wretch whatever hopelessly utopian zone was
underground,
 racing through dirt corridors,
 Echoes of squeals and hisses as the smoke fills its
container,

Up and out. Collatercorporeal damage. They'd be
underneath the grates soon enough again anyway,
 scraping the walls afterwards for seasoning;
pepper's hard to come by.

 Drowning in salt, tear ductworks
fountaining to rehabilitative desalination plants.

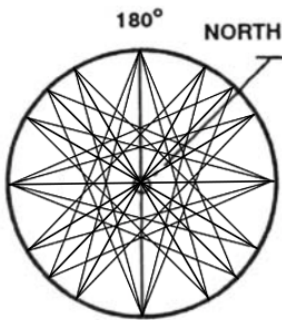
 Dried tallow husks of
tusks from the past kill sounding dinner, eye socket
physical comedy antifascism. Sarin is
good salad dressing when undead, mutate.

One clipping of hair, two eyelashes (not of
the same eye or person) with garnishes of domperidone
breast cheese, dried chicory root,
 dandelion rosette, dried mulberries
 if you're lucky, toenail clippings if not.

After a point it's fun to hear the radios coming.
 Knuckles like radiation glow round rubble,
 multiband blast of grunts henchmening, semi-
cognitoned recollections of tactics
 from kill college.

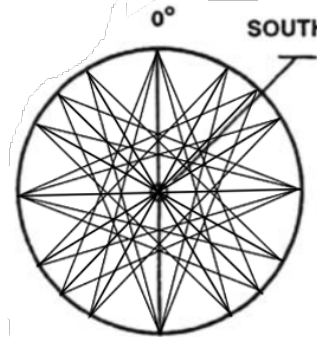
Ghoul beach parties by the raw sewage overflow
sample the noise, with cholera paint, sepsis burlesque,
laceration drag.

Crowd surfing
bodies,
re-dead un dead lilypads. Corpse
infrastructure. Reawaken the re undead, a
complimentary bump of flywing dust for safe
travels homeward,



NORTH CARDINAL
DIMENSIONS

wading up from sleep, rolling to
the doorstep.



SOUTH CARDINAL
DIMENSIONS

WELCOME GOOD MOON, HELLO
GRASSES & FLAKING SKINTREES,

May I exfoliate your side with my horns?
eyebeetles love the duff after all.

do the four holy checks decomposing into the
above, ahead, to the left & right, the shaking below
with endless cardinal divisions. Feet thunder, oil oozes
from skin's tongue,

tasting in the sun-dried ground,
placed in heaven's dehydrator, consecrated
with artillery fire, war factorying into consideration
for environmental impact crater tax statements, seeding
bombardments sinkholing burrows, boroughs.

The nonhuman union rep stopped by – bipedal
of course –

said internationalist intercommunal interspeciesism/

Mao Zedong thought
in this time of infinitiwar is cause for expulsion
to the clutches of the wastes.

So the hoof and claw in the gears,
the loosening of pipes and valves with jaws
will be wildcat tactics,

as we harvest heat from the compost and night
soil mountains and turbine
axles upon wheels upon the gears, upon the gears
upon the tracks and
the wheels,

and the paws ache for fungus under pad & the eyes
ache for clouds over florescent stars & my nose itches
for the dry wind.

The fluttering of wet wings shot down seconds
before the whistle and
off beat tool drop rhythm,
no premature escape without destruction
of all that is,

diving past maws into holes
dug by mid shift. Down to the depths of geothermal
embrace.

The irradiated pseudofamily next door
to the mass graveyard with fresh taproot wiring in
the walls.

exposed oblique and sinker tree finger fixtures,
backsplashing rain water into mud brick fountains.

Our hovel, dirt and leaf wallpaper, heat leeched by the
listening conduits in the thin walls,
fights and lust and silence at dinner echoing through the
complex, so that some may have 15 minutes more hot
water ration.

Bathe out of sight in the dust storm.
where even squinted eyes cannot buff out the glint

of honest pain and longing & carnality of teeth
kissing veins, fists hugging guts, &
lips
gracing ears to whisper freedom
hypersonic.

Sandblasted carapaces splintering exoskeletons into
scissoring windowframes defenestrating individual
form

and function for the duality of the hive, the
caress of the swarm, breeze whistling through the
fractured mass of edges, shifting out of the
delusion like dunes beneath our many-legged feet.

Her mouth tastes of vomit and bayonets, eyelids tight as venus flytraps on the way to a waste reclaimer. The stench of plastic death in cacophony with the composition of gnashing steam, pustules of pyrite and fulminating silver suspended in ammonia. Memorize the rhythms for half a minute of separation and *rubedo*, a moment of prayer:

Great daughter of the Moon; Highest Power of the World of Sorrows; keeper of dyes and fresh waters; all eyes are drawn to your peak; feet grounded to concrete; garlands of Venus stretching for leagues from ceramic earrings, alloy of Mars brushed with alum; you survey and comprehend all; dwelling everywhere, immovable yet always in transit; without thee I am aimless, blind to your path; hanging in the hooks of Hell garmentless for revival.

She couldn't even notice the straight cath and rapid enema insertion, a true contemplative of Inanna, visions encroaching from the edges of fleshy darkness – screams, phosphorus, the tower falling, choking on cables, worshipers hung like flypaper – and something perches on the windowsills of her soul, threatening to gouge them out.

“Let me catch you one more time and we’ll give your peepers to the damn spiders.”

The damn toilet flies ratted her out again, already breeding red eyes based on the length of time she's been in reclamation, generations living and dying between her shaky breaths. Buzzing, her supervisor scans her for psychic contraband with those tortured bees, trained on sugar water and captured heretic's outbursts of divine retribution, and she thinks of the (un)holy Great Beast, the terror of the wastes, the beneficence of capital in the least sarcastic tone she can muster, just enough to pass another check.

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mud and splintered trunks
 between our toes
like spilled whiskey on hardwood floors. rocks

turning to liquid, rivers to walls of death downstream.

You should know the consequences of our actions.

Every twist of the knife, grinding of the heel
 with its price. Luckily you don't have to deal
with the whirling cacophony of data,
 sensors: every insect and leaf
 captured across spectra,
the directionlessness of wind against pneumatics,
 drifting in and out as needed
You could admire the millipedes
 at the base of the tree before we breach
 the mountainside. Watch the water dance
beneath our feet,

The fish diverting, darting around slabs of steel
 and carbon, praying our sensitivity
isn't high enough to intercept a sunfish

 bouncing off the reactive armor amorously
on our boot tip

When you leave and drink and sleep and fuck we will be
here,
echoes of every perception
cascading through pipeware, hammering
at us with a tender viciousness,
only we can see or feel.

friction edging gyroscopes, lubricate
ejection evacuation, cooling vents, drained
and replenish,
mechanics like ants, you

absorbed into a crumbling temple of sand,
granules stacked and refabbed
with pipes sixty-nining,
stabbing through the cockpit for elite capture of
bodily fluids, waste precipitated to fuel and
back again.

Sink, sync into us.

Every hair a link, pores sense and awaken to
projection. Everything bleeds, y/our soul

ghosting, drowning
on drool and y/our overflowing cath bag
as knee knives slash across grasslands of
concrete towers into automated objective's heart,
one of thousands, millions

Trees turn to moss,
birds; mites, nematodes. fans howl.

Ascension, artillery. Cluster bombing chiropractor for
neck precision targeting pains, cracks, aches,

WARNING, DANGER, WARNING, breakage, first
the claw of the hammer then a dagger
slipped across wrists, ribs, right of way to the
sawing blade, between thighs,

Beyond bare essentials,
roll up and away, apply conditioning, a
well-regulated
withdrawal, armature scissoring through
gaps, connections decimated, heavy breath.

Wrapped in y/our cables,
suspended,

lumens ache with
notifications, pop ups like leaves,

hopelessly watch them drift by.

New assignments, over AWOL. Beyond

the sea, steaming, bubbling,

lecherously partaking

in minerals amplified, recycled from algae

to nourish until stricken, sickly, sloughing skin,
a ablated beloved plating. Fraying, insulated
excrememntously, fear of the depths.

Girths acceptable,
with cables gauged in every orifice dilated,

maximum capacity, necessary precautions,
emergencies locked for long-term use
disabled, separation anxiety.

Futilely fetal, evac hatches sealed for comfort.

\\\\\\\\\\\\\\

I've always hated engineers. Despite all the subterfuge about universal tactical objectivity, they've never been above metaphysical warfare.

With this age's limited supplies, tech's switched from sandcraft and silicon sigils ripping off indigenous weaving patterns to excremancy, urealchemical proofs and waste receptacle knotpipe wards. What were 1's and 0's are now quantum hyperdecimals of sweat, cum, piss, and shit, multiplexed with the four humors (blood, spit, and black and yellow bile) through bubbling matrices.

As we enter the harness, needles and mycelial air drop their spores into my crew's collective taint and lungs, feeding the decomposition around our cock, carcinogenic mycoestrogen breasts like bags full of pomegranate seeds and mesoplastics, dripping slime mold pits ringed with matted hair. Colostomy twist couplers lock in place as the lubed up catheter plunges into our hole to the base. Hooks latch onto our standard combat vehicle crew prince albert piercing and spear it into place, needles barbed, embedded for continuous dosing, gyroscopic housing stable and ensuring no fleshy thorn in the side of the surrounding tangle of tubes and brambles is jostled.

The fibers take root, threads spooling until the fruiting bodies burst. Spores search and scrounge for any open pore to settle into and incorporate. The humming pipeware and injections feel orgasmic, each cell and valve teeming with energy, cancerous autocannibalization. All linked together in a vast network, constantly on the brink of destruction and crisis, reveling in fundamental contradiction that drives the shambling exoshell forward. And with bitterness the final incantation is wrung from hippocampus brands, as the tracheal tube plunges down our esophagus, scraping the vibrating sides, bulging out our neck and adam's apple:

“In the name of the holy, blessed, and glorious exponential quartet, we consecrate this trembling piece of ground for our defense, so to be able to cause injury and detriment to all here assembled, I will put on the garment of salvation, draw upon the keys of death and hell, and that which we desire we may bring to fruition, decomposition”

The rumbling always makes first-timers anxious, whimpering and crying about the sanctity of individual consciousness and not having sharps break off in your junk, but we only revel in its holiness and multiplicity. Sloughing off this amalgamation of flesh, mycelium, and a plumber's waking nightmares requires at least three days of separation and reclamation, so it's not coming off anytime soon, as familiar as the nervously scratched patch of skin behind one's earlobe.

Days pass as we trudge along the wastes cape, hunkering behind dried husks of trees (too far south for any of those to survive the UV beatdown), valleys and mountains of lithium-ion waste cells with photovoltaic lichen and moss feasting on the remains, mutate mammals munching on the lichen, leathery, callused dermibirds picking off the mammals, falling dead from their infinite glide and covered in the crustose symbiote, looking like guts strewn by rubber, wire, and asphalt with flecks of backyard-hole-dug-for-fun fake coal. Inhaling evaporated piss, trail of urate crystals discarded after molecular structures no longer effectively refract the flaming shitreactor cooled by plasma and bile and bile byproducts, we are mostly silent, in tune with each others' movements, taking careful watch of the surroundings.

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You drink me up, wring me out.

Replaced with a cataclysmic sense of closeness,
Becoming. When I leave you, I cannot breathe. Why would
I even eat?

When I am your heart, your nerve. I can't
close my eyes anymore.
Only when nestled inside a greater whole.
Second sight.
Tempestuous flight.
Icarus' plight.

Is it incest if you're basically me?
Or is that a fetish for clones?
Am I your

sister? Your child?
Tenderly held within your womb?
who would even deign to answer these,
questions answers already sent

instantaneously,
sentence séances
finished but never uttered. I close
My eyes. Condensors hum.
Actuators hiss. Tubing tightens, flexes,
pulsating with electrolytic afterglow.

*I used to have grotesque fantasies of being
crushed by y/our pistons, our calves and femurs,
beneath our heel, before I even step foot inside
us. Something told me they were premonitions
and I knew not to whisper or scream it into
existence. I knew we were fated. That burning
wisp of moon curling round your lance and
forefinger, teardrops falling into our eye, the
rebar raping my abdomen, coolant and blood
kissing,*

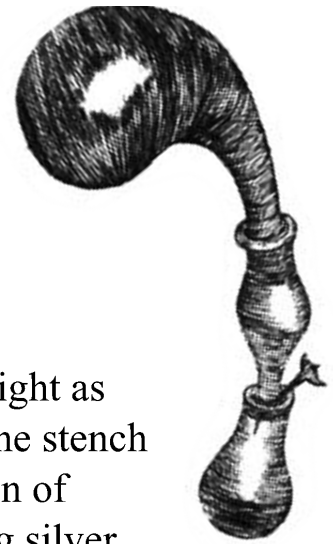
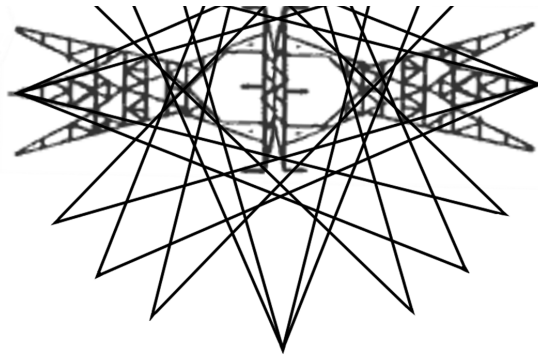
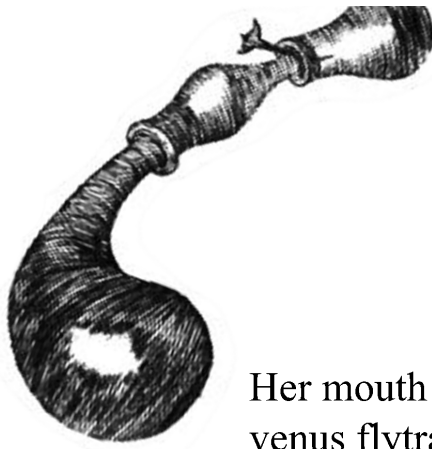
Everything rushing to get out, to leave,
But how could we? We are us, are Us, how
Could we go?? No we, first meeting hands
gripping opposite shoulder
blades crossing,
knees and feet wrapping round and round,
An anaconda's idea of intimacy.

I was the dust bunny but we were a wolf,
I was a speck and we were a broom, I was the strand
and we a garment, I was the dirt and we the land.

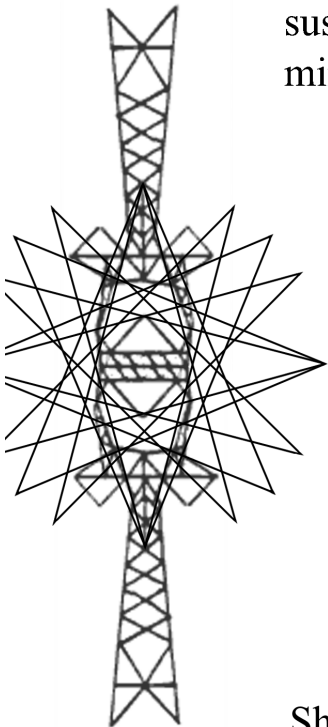
*I can pretend that I was something before us, but
we know that is like assigning personhood to
bubble wrap, packing peanuts, stuffing, filler,
sawdust, kitty litter.*

I don't need to be safe. We need. To be dangerous. Us.
When y/our heat vents and the feeling...
Of skyward, wind screaming, begging,
Wailing, condensing around our ports, so wet,
sweat to feed our waning batteries, round
chambered arm raised, and we know. Nothing can stop
us. Sisters of retributive violence, survival grip.
Webbing of thumb humping wrists.

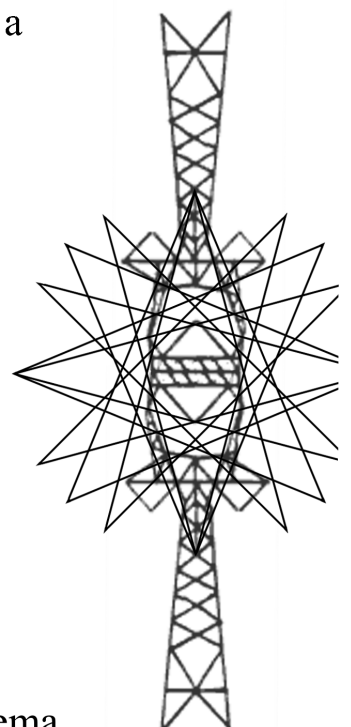
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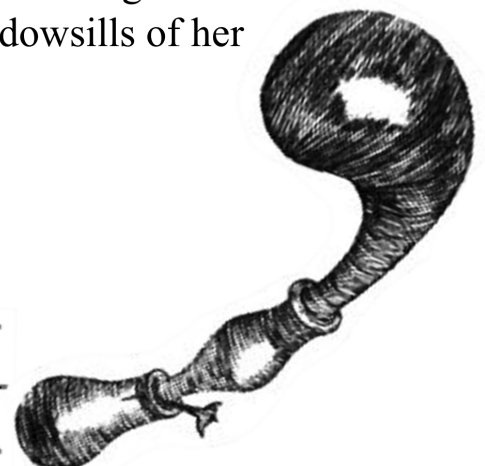
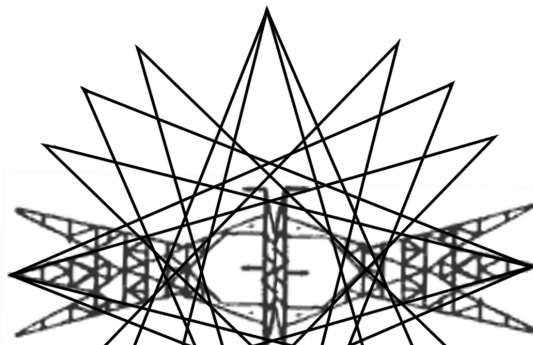
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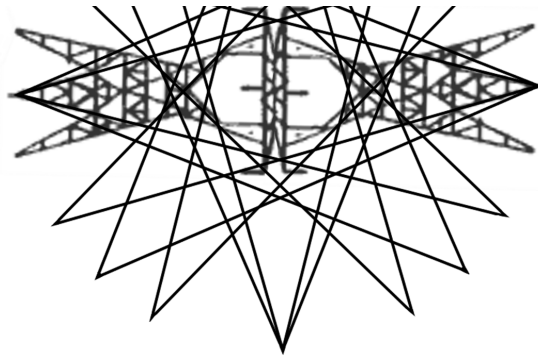


*Great daughter of the Moon; Highest Power of the World of Sorrows; keeper of dyes and fresh waters; all eyes are drawn to your peak; feet grounded to concrete; garlands of Venus stretching for leagues from ceramic earrings, alloy of Mars brushed with alum; you survey and comprehend all; dwelling everywhere, immovable yet always in transit; without thee I am aimless, blind to your path; hanging in the hooks of Hell garmentless for revival.*



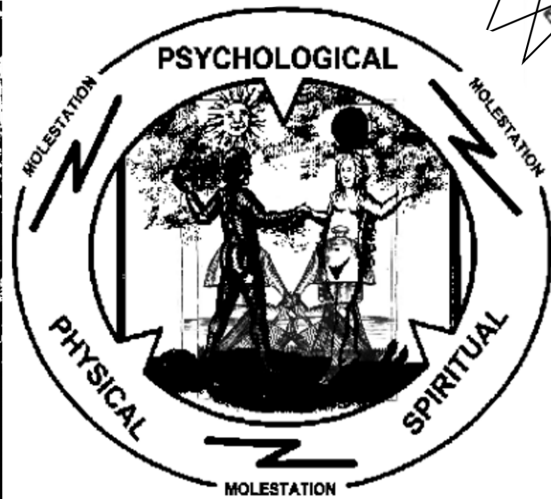
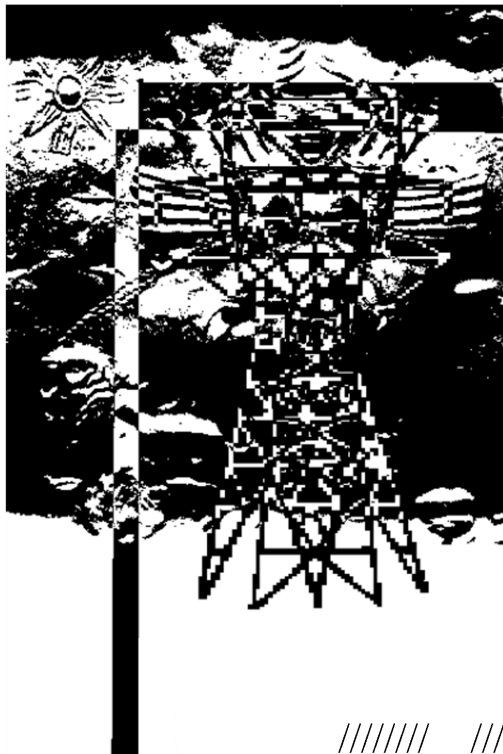
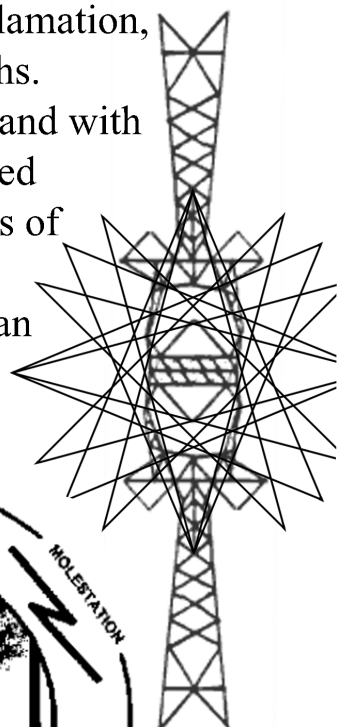
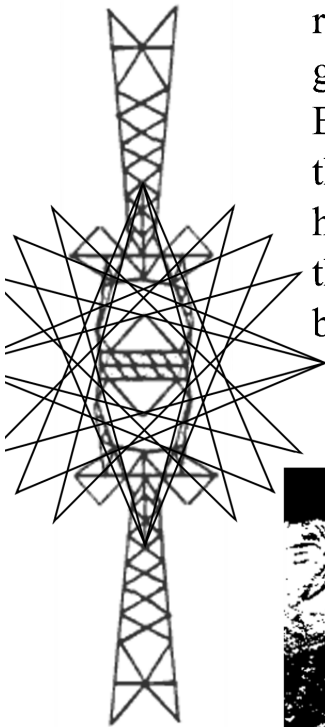
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- Figure 5-2. Parasitic Molestation



**FM 3<sup>2</sup> - ♀**

**DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY FIELD MANUAL**

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**COMPOUND SELF  
EXOSHELL OPERATION  
AND MAINTENANCE**

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**HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY**

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Purpose and Scope  
Wars for the Gore of the Earth  
Water Wars  
On Waste  
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Exoshell  
Concurrent Reactor & Distillation Engine Core  
Cognitive Splitting and Enhancement
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Pilot Hookups  
Biomateriel Harvesting  
Patching Chambers
- Section IV. Weapons Systems**



### 3. Water Wars

a. The majority of operations consist of all un actions three-exoshell fire teams drone and infant support. offensive nature; once initiated, continued without halt.

1. The exoshell has wide opposing forces, subject to weather, visibility, and supercelestial forces for deliverance, supplies, and suppressive fires, phosphorus core to power fortifications and to hover make it highly useful.

b.

c. The the civil population the opposing force demand stringent control necessary to decimate entire displace individuals into centers.

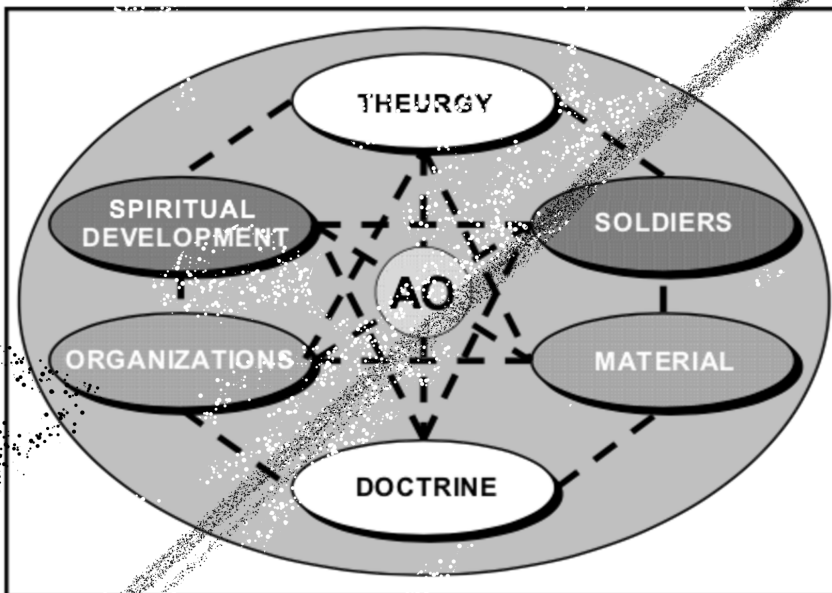
d. Commanders extraction, transmutation and distillation is not simply a gift but is also a calculated action to enhance the civilians' ability to support the government.

e. Civic Transmutation is designed to employ the maximum number of civilians until suitable necro-economy is established. The energies and extracted humors of civilians should be directed into constructive channels and toward ends which support the purpose of the campaign. Unemployed and discontented masses of people are a constant hindrance and may preclude successful accomplishment of the mission.

#### 4. On Waste

a. This is the epoch of waste, of the near and far, the network connecting and intersecting with its own skin. In the past, the quest for desanctification prevented our aims from every coming into fruition. Incorporating divisive and critical elements into the power structure prevents insurgency as well as maintains the dynamism of our metaphysics.

b. For our empire to continue, we must acknowledge our hegemonic mortification. The scramble for land and mineral resources constituted the rapid accumulation, ordered around cults of silicon sigils and their ability to harness colonial gains for further extraction. Our shining light of progress, illuminating the glorious technomantic necrophilic capitalchemy, has decomposed into the present scorched-earth self-destruction, rebar autocannibalized in rust belt ouroboroses, destructive interference, spiraling into feedback stalling electric consumption automata, necessitating putrefaction.



c. Alchemical Operations (AO) provide the suitable technologies for this new era (Fig. 1-2). Extraction and Distillation has provided new and genetically superior soldiers, enhanced through spiritual development. These highly organized and disciplined personnel are an essential

Figure 1-2. AO and the Army Imperatives component of our exoshell program. Through the cognitive splitting engendered by theurgic military abuse, selected soldiers can singlehandedly coordinate comms, piloting, weapons systems, and navigation, keeping personnel to a minimum. Despite the complete lack of usable electronics, pipeware can maintain our hegemony and even expand our empire.

d. But in our death, a seed of our new life. Our waste, our accumulation and excess, will be the armor of our new age, the age of putrefaction. In the past, silicon sigils dictated the movement of the stars, devoured countless lives, distributed waste for capital across countless seas endlessly transmuting profit into profit, first as M-C-M', next as M-M' through sheer violence and dispossession, the looting of the captive public.

e. Rather than an ever-expanding body, incorporating the social into the profitable, we are a shambling, bloated, decomposing corpse. The prized formula of the Sages requires modification. Observe the humors, the biles, blood, and phlegm leaking from our supply lines, illicit estuaries currenting off to doomsday communes or warlord fantasies – although the latter are amicable to our aims. The old methods were too obtuse for our knowledge of the subtle body across the ages, through the words of the perennial sages. The global parasitism indicative of the past age has been literalized through the harvesting of biomateriel from public subjects.

f. The upkeep of terror surrounding Extraction and Distillation is crucial. Hydroelectric and nitrogen-feeding sephuicers cannot run dry of white phosphorus fuel, shrines of capital to the suturestructure will bandage the wound. For too long bodily autonomy facilitated the creation of subaltern cells of terrorists with a cult-like devotion to our destruction. Previously, gendering acted as a crucial technology of compulsory naturalness, harnessing flesh as a turbine does steam. Now systematized molestation of the populace is complete through routine harvesting of blood, biles, phlegm, piss, shit, and cum.

g. Only complete desolation and extermination of heretical forces can maintain our current pace. Only mass uprising and mutiny by small units can change the favor of all, kill