

My Doppelgänger

I want you to write on the walls of the Athenian Zone I AM MY OBJECT.

I want you to burn your list of creditors & sponsors, and start acting as too tomorrow, too January, too catalyst, too orange, too direct, loudly, opulent, too tangible.

I want you to keep out TheVerbalistToxicInvader & crown philosopher-kings with stuffed vegetables and cascading turquoise wigs. I want your philosophy to be too hemostatic, too androgynous, too tweet, too confessional, too bones, too mud. I want you to unearth a room from that mud.

I want you to write on the walls of your room DREAMING METHOD.

I want your method to be too digital, too neurons, too jaybird, too pink, too piratic. I want you to reverse TheFemaleCharacter and become Witch XIII, a long collaborative body that replies, replies to all, forwards, prints, deletes, shows original // our original Language.

I want you to write a love poem & suck my tongue. I want to speak what you'll tell me to speak & collage dialogues. I want our poetics to be too genetic, too eucalyptus, too financial, too common, this unexpected turn of events.

I want to exchange my value for yours, for now, for the time of entwinement and corruption, debt's corruption, potentially including idyllic sounds, lyric intentions and untold moves.

Then, I'll appropriate your power as I please.