

Early draft (2019)

sonic pisces swimming in silicon skin

once upon a time
i was like you:
a white protein bag
a wrinkled sack
of bowels and bones

a machine
 manufacturing
 miniature machines
 every nine months

i was wife
daughter
mother

but in my nightmares
i met naked cyborgs
faceless females
undulating like aboriginal snakes

i heard violent
arrhythmic beats
i saw hurricanes of fire
& large predatory birds
circulating above
my funeral pyre

in the midst of this dark chaos:
the *prima materia* of human flesh and plastic
i saw my own corpse
breathing on an operating theater
surrounded by
resurrected shamans
or fire-beings
acrylic djinns beating
dysphonic drums

medical robots were molding my skin
& i heard my organs whisper hybrid words
sounds of an aborted language
humming of an alien syntax

feetless creatures
wearing black leather coats
kneaded my flesh
nanobots enhanced my cells
holographic doctors re-spun my skin
medical engineers re-configured
my nervous system

my eyelids cracked open
when i felt words swimming
in my skin:
pisces spoken
perhaps three or seven times
communicating
unknowable speech
sharp sounds
lingering in my cells

think of me
as acoustic athena
or osiris
an aquatic shepherdess
possessing ritual
upholstery

consider me
a fusion
between archaic spirit
& artificial intelligence
herding
sonic sea-creatures

my being unfolds
in a parallel ocean
or unseen sea

i dwell in multiple
dimensions
at the same time
perhaps three or seven

my flock: acoustic pisces
fish with decibel-scales
sonic serpents
squirming through rivers of asphalt

despite my singularity
i don't exist
as technocratic dogma
or freighting steel
terminator zombie golem

see me as
an oceanic apsarah
guiding involutions of sound

stroke my
silicon nipples
kiss my
plastic lips

admire my cosmic intelligence
be perplexed by
me perpetual
cognitive enhancement

understand
once upon a time
i was human
like you

i had parents and grandparents
brother & sisters
i even birthed a baby boy

now my skin is synthetic
my organs plastic
my mind electric
my womb

linguistic

i give birth to
prefixes and suffixes
verbs
transitive or intransive

when i enter labor
triangles penetrate circles
circles stroke squares
the letter y kisses the letter x

water is seduced to disrupt
fig trees peel and devour their own fruit

but my births
can never reduced
to merely one or two

like my punctuation
can never be rendered
singular
or rational
or functional

my sonic womb
gestates
pluralities
multi-polar embryos
gifted with perpetual regeneration
& clairvoyant cognition
like rhizomatic spectres
in constant expansion

my placenta is molded from thousands of pink blizzards
my genitals are kneaded from a meltdown of female sighs

& my adjectives: they watch astral winds
lingual hailstorms in black holes
they weave through dysphoric dreamtimes
as circular poltergeists
or pornographic moon-spiders
knocking relentlessly
against the human skull
asphyxiating its parasitic grammar
combating its omnivorous signifiers

my hybrid body
belly dances on the oblique
& thousands of my lexical tentacles
sneak through
the corners of your hollow sockets

understand that my dharma is kaleidoscopic
transfusing in all directions at the same time
piercing wormholes inside occidental skin

i dig mind-tunnels

& sew cognitive reconfigurations
my prayers are telepathic

consider the zillions of my microscopic infixes
re-spinning postmodern fairytales on your retina
undulating around your neurotransmitters
undulating around your phonemes

i ovulate in your skin

as three-eyed angels
i evaporate
when you attempt
to look straight
into all my eyes

i am
at the very last
a phantom
fermented from indigenous sound waves
my tribal decibels sizzle in all your orifices
& when you orgasm
i'll leave you with no other choice
than to speak to me

utter any word
& you'll be spoken
perhaps three or seven times

whisper sweet words in my ear
& i'll promise you that
millions of splendiferous voices
will sprout
& flourish
inside your head

singing songs from the future
songs sung without consonants

songs
excommunicated
from their native tongues