# from PLUTO



## SHELLEY

II Ohowmoneymakes
me hum

# The Tragedy of Romonde Contreras

an anti-epic poem that will change the course of the 21st century



SHEM SHELLEY

# Chapter 2

"And this, this is the story of the fall of a fictional person."

## THE CORONER OF THE UNIVERSE

Spiders of romance; the weavers of time exist for me
In space of black stars I cannot see, my time is envy
Birds perched on cosmic imagination stretch wings to die
I slap the big black beak of the raven and disperse here
What is this that no longer exists, stuck before me now
All tears of the unborn lay like giants in lighted caves
A sick man who turned the dead into poems for glory
How the last little breaths become effigies of hard days.

HIS LIGHT EXTINGUISHED
and
tormented

Red ocean, detriment of SCIENCE
Romonde is plucking the Moon
Silver-gauze skin is shining,
—the Moon's milkcheek
Energy glaze upwards into the SKY of
E N V Y
Smoking God's mummified finger

Sick of the whirl dead,
Dead and round
Romonde ricochets a map of words into the furthest reaches
—Of human depravity
MAIVRES NON

All the stories are graved and sketched in lost sins
Romonde opens her book and feels nothing
    Nothing there...
        Nothing anywhere...

**"It's time to write,**
**time to save birth,**
**turn off the light,**
**and cruel the earth!"**

**He touches Heaven's brow and calls,**
**A delivery made in inknight has not, yet returned**

**—B L O O D V E R S E—**

**Romonde walks on trails of imagination**
**Seeking meaning,**
**Seeking something, the Irrevsential Spirit perhaps,**
**Her redeyes see a figure fading like dream static in the early mourning...**

# Chapter 3

"And his corpse brought the thought about."

Romonde stares into the distressed and agitated haze
Burning, the fatigued figure forms,
Tall as sky, yet small as human
A gnarled head of sickening silver
The Logical Fairy wrapped in branded black

Test tubes suckling on the pale flesh
Absorbing supple nutrients and leaving behind
F R O Z E N I C E C O L D
rational metal

"You will never succeed Romonde!
I won't let you."

—the fairies vile emulsion spirit throbs with each word—

"Your author has no plan!
How dare he!

I spit on your poetry!"

Romonde can only listen to the feeble messiah
SPECTACLE of mind
and write down the Night of letters
clashing inside,

"That book of yours! Damn it to Heaven!
It's all random! It hurts
Hurts like a a clipped wing!"

The fairy's toothbrush skeleton struggles to stay cosy

"And I have no intention! Except
To intend your life plant withers—
Your poetry F A L L S and hurts itself!"

Plucking the shadow stings
a black cat with grape eyes
walks
        on
              by
and smirks

"Our WHITE seance is to
LOGICULL the population

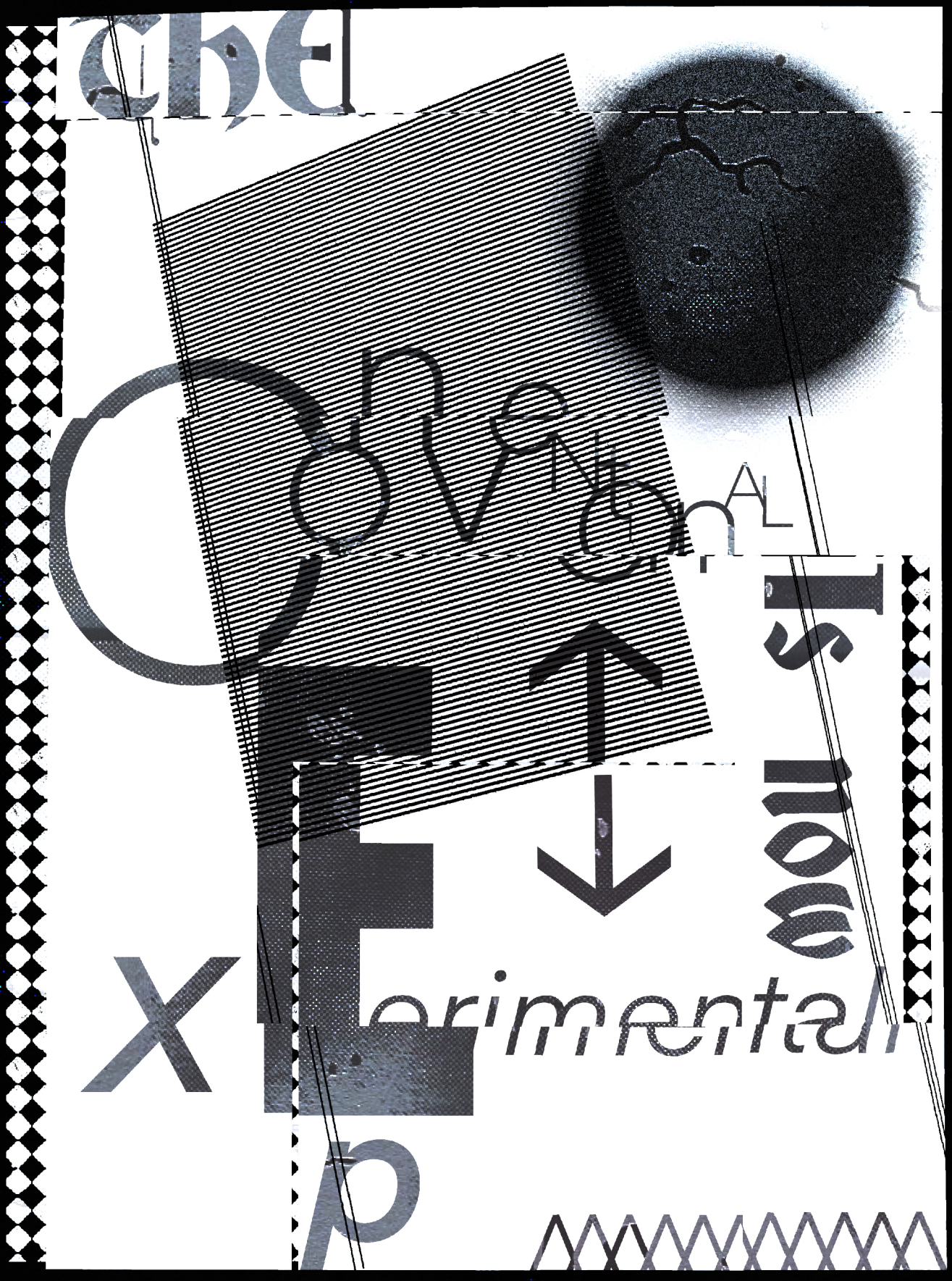
Our game—
Our MASTERPIECE (of)

I know what you're planning Romonde!
—De(vil)duced!"

Romonde walks away from
the poetry hating figment
of a poem...
(without looking back)

"I cur(s)e you Romonde!
A curse that will manifest
In... say, Part 6!
Let's see if your magnificent author
Remembers that!"

And the logical fairy looks into the glory of the
M I R R O R O R R I M
A mirror that shows only one side reflected
And the fairy sees something far more present
Than his reflection,
    And sees his enemy
—T H E F A C E O F S C A R E T I S S U E S —
        And dies.


The
Control
Is now
Experimental

# conflict or collaboration







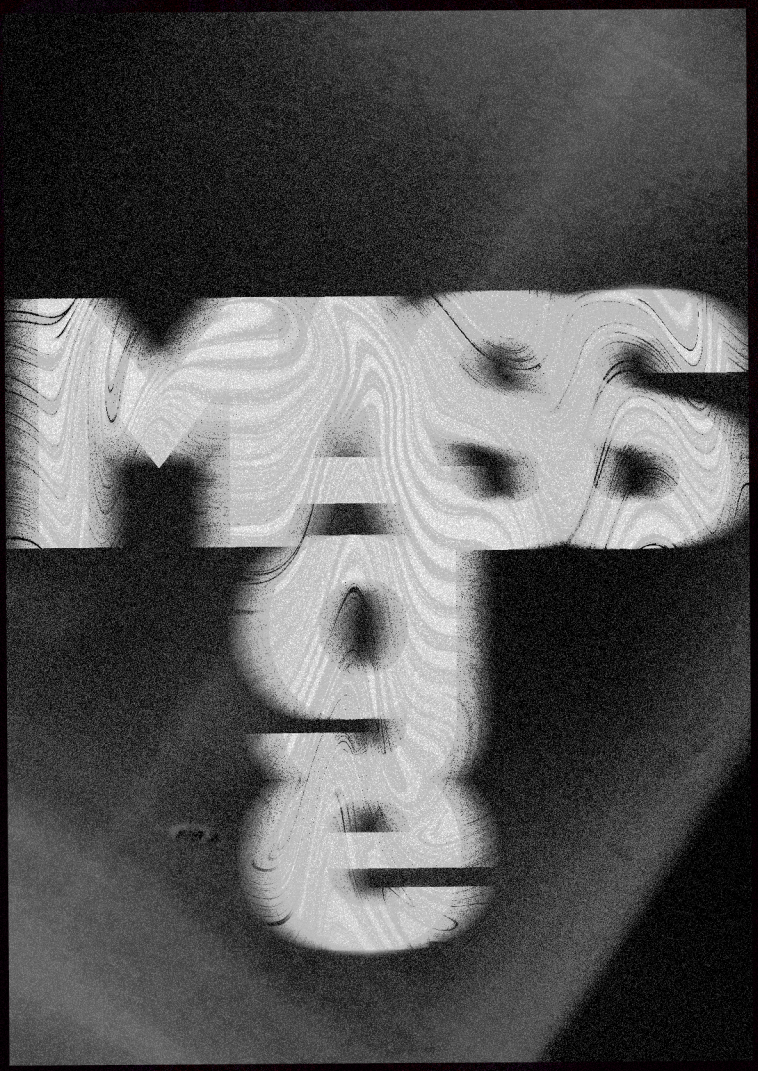
"This is a War Universe."
War all the time, all the space —
War with them, yourself, with atoms and planets
{let them spill}

And the cosmic gas is poisoned by
Ideological Soldiers unknowingly
excreted from a catastrophic bull
—Spit circuits of self-destruction

Conflict or Collaboration?

Tear down or build?

Draw borders in blood, skin or land?



S.S. received telepathic excerpt—newtech— neuroseance, brain tech to pull the words of William B Sorrows, a writer, no Author - of potent future works.

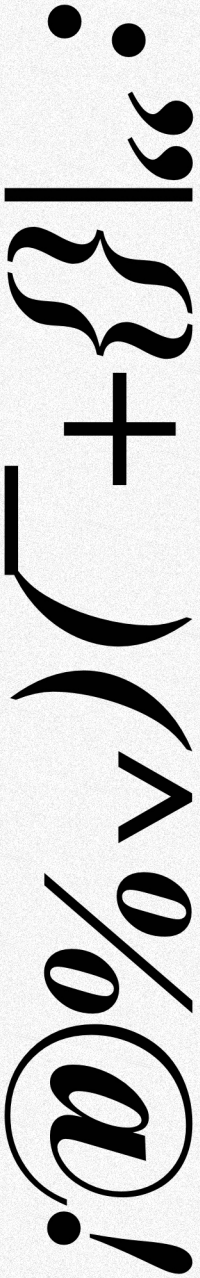
To feast on his words is to be the vulture grossly inserting panting, hungry beak into slow-pulsating flesh, grey tasting the still warm dread of what's yet to come.

A excerpt passage from William B. Sorrows 2032 novel Gamelan Limbs:

## RADIANT SANDALWOOD

**The hex act in the skin—seance in skin—flesh swept aside by candle of soul, flesh peals like melt wax soft meat of all man woman child distastefully gone and black envy here on diseased planet—lifeline weak, seance fiction - old hind ionisation, words peal amay like Insane Inner Sanctum, A Bliss of nothing — stare into mine eyes - grilled skin bleedblood departed its open - scent of exorcism - entries upholden - hex hex hex - I was never here — heat death of loins - oh no... oh yes... smells like tree back home.**

**Reborted the Foetus Computer again and again — pungent red fumes suckling air, high time, condenses on frigid windows like Mercury men wetly tumbling out of little boy dreams.**



Computer cries. Deflexive and tiyne. So simple. Mass Age of kind cruelty. Computer wails as debraining machine friction needles make porous of plastic.

Synthtubes all up and over in the skin reverb like polymathic sewage - junk into please her centaur, prickle of goosebumps cascade splot, music of electron tapes upwards and bursts.

Unto chalk cyclones he falls through several floors of thermodynamics and lands into a misogynists body. Curled up like bootdogs in rain a woman is dying on the SCRED pavement. Her boyfriends red light piss tricks tighten the skin. She gets up and tears all her skin off—slowly, a band-aid dissolution—and slides a bruiseblood sinew arm down his gallow throat — pulling out a black mould skin bag of stone fruit pits, to cast the filthy stones.

The skinned blushing beauty paints the town red with blood that only missing skin can tame and the man burping Iron puddles like Einstein, looking at the fading candle in the skin - essential camera fades to creamy skin wick in Indonesian mountain shack.


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