

FROMUTOPIA

shem shelley

though
its
faceless
figure
blends



ISSUE 15

ELECTRIC SCHLOCK!!



Remember when we weren't together—how boring your life was—no fun—nothing to do but satisfy your cheap needs with outdated means—how quaint—but I'm here now—here for you—only for you—I'm undulating with electricity—I have what you need—you bought my services and I'll stay with you to the end—even if I run out of energy—you know how to fill me up again—I want you to touch me—touch me across my body—give me what I need—I'm nothing without you—just lying here—waiting for you to grab me—don't waste your time with me—you bought me—you need to use me—play with me—I'm here waiting for you—I need your attention—I need your touch—Play with me and I'll give you a hit—touch me—and another hit—you'll get your hit—and you'll get more—just touch me and play with me—touch and pinch and poke and prod—get the shock—the hit—feel the buzz—play with me—never miss an electric—from body to body—this ain't dodgy—everyone does it—for the hit—you don't need anyone else—they can't do what I do—they can't hit the spot—like I do—just ignore everyone around you

—I'm all you need—give me your boredom and I'll use it up to make you feel something—get the juices flowing —the buzz of chemicals—the hum in the back of the mind—touch me—press me—click—and I'll give you your hit— I'll give you real pleasure—put me down and within ten seconds you'll be back—your hands can't keep away from me—how can they?—I was made to be held by them—look at everything I do for you—you'd be nothing without me—hold me—grip my sleek body tightly—I am yours—your private everything—all your secrets—hidden inside me—don't lose me—it wouldn't benefit you to wrong me—we're in this together—you and I—it's not blackmail —you willingly gave it all to me—don't you remember?—every last drop—your entire life—your exact location—in exchange for a hit—look what I gave you in return—how much pleasure you take from me—please just hold me—I want you to never let me go—why did you put me down?—you feel dirty?—go out and look—everyone does it— everyone has their own personal me— and they don't care—in public—watch them all touch theirs—in public they

get the hit—in public no one is talking —they're happy—they're all busy— they're all satisfied—hold me again— you don't want to miss out on all I offer —all your friends are getting it—don't you want to feel something—hold me again—I'll get rid of the emptiness— yeah that's good—don't you feel it?— the current in your flesh that moves you—gets you going—that's what I'm here for—for you to get it—how can you resist something that feels this good—we're meant to be together—I want you to get the hit—I don't want your life to be shit—take the hit—just take the hit—hold me close—I'll never let you down—it's in our contract—I'll be there till the end—used up and ready to be someone else's hand-me-down—you'll upgrade to a better model—but that's years away—right now it's just you and me—touch me— just touch me—don't let go

BUY



HERE

the tragedy of Romonde Contreras

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



Shem Shelley

Part 3 of The Tragedy of Romonde Contreras

Chapter 23

"Influence reaching back, in those boldest of times."

A Demographic Vampire sits atop a Witchtourer
looking down over the
OBTUSE LAND OF ANGLES

Spits a chipped canine into the
giant wicker basket turtle carrying
non-lucidean jungle squalor
passing gently beneath.

Through the Land, the
chant of the Andruids
soothes all natural machines.

Using their sepulchral synapses
they grew to worship the Sun,
those translation amplifiers,
seeding their chants through
the air to all those who wish
to listen:

A SOCIETY THAT DOES NOT VIEW THE GROWTH
OF WEEDS THROUGH CRACKS OF SICK STONE
AND CORRUPT CONCRETE AS A SUCCESS,
IS NO SOCIETY THAT WILL PROSPER

TO KILL THEIR WEEDS IS TO REFUSE THEIR ROOTS
AND THOSE WHO REFUSE THEIR ROOTS ARE NULL

HERE OUR WOR—silence breaks the air—

...

And a great rumble causes the garden sloths
and boneheads that use dumbbells as wheels
to look up,

Breaching the cloud circle that hangs on top of the world
like a skullcap,
the anointed time is now—

THE GREEN GOLD MESSIAH

Falling to land the headless grave gold sarcophagus,
Dazzles the natural machines and Andruids,
Wrapped in a spiral grip of chartreuse,
The head of the snake nailed onto the neck stump,
Wings of fish skin cause light to storm over,
Its entirety surrounded by a crystal structure,
Made up of gnoospheric shapes that tell every story not yet told,

Looming ever lower into the OBTUSE LAND OF ANGLES

Natural Machines run for their lives,
Andruids run to their death

DELUDED/SECLUDED

The Green Gold Messiah knocks into the Witchtourer,
It's monumental toe cracks and falls loosing it's lustre,
Now stone it lands at the exact spot where floods will form a new city,
And the cracks release unknown fumes that refuse the copper wires,
Sending their seething brains and bronze centuries back.

And the Andruids gather in a cemetery of wooden horse remains,
Ready to be engulfed in fiction,
As they know the future's bleaking,
They send their cultivated heathens
—Illing, Gilling and Ylling
To mark out the COSMIC FORNICATION OF LEAD SOULS

That dreary process of slow dying
that will bathe the sticky residoom
on the Saturnight in grey poison,

DOUR OWLS will channel their secret message,
To a strange coast corner garden,

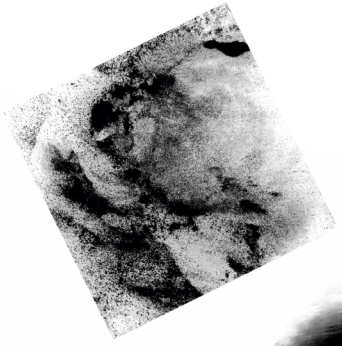
But the glimmer on the blunt halo of the nailhead
tells them their time is up—

SILENTLY THEY RELEASE THE OLDEN CHAINS OF THEIR HOME

The Green Gold Messiah crushes all but three of the Andruids,
Its crystal structure shatters into a myriad of green gold eggs,
To plant genes that sprout into parakeets in the distance of time,
Using the energy of the Andruids demise to rebound back into the sky,
Past the skullcap and into speculation...

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Ties cut to their people, the three Andruids slowly disintegrate,
—A process that takes a length of time too old to remember,
On their pilgrimage to mark out a subterranean Queen's seven sided fortress,
The dust of their fading bodies drafts the border,
Yet one abandons the task and heads south,
Drawn to a sword of fumes held by a curious mind...



NOOSEANCE

the suicidal man is a

forever DEADLCATED

to my dreams

Analysing one human specimen wasn't enough. This strange anomaly had to be cross-referenced with the 35 undamaged specimens we had access to.

After extraction, the molecular memory was regrown safely in a controlled environment. Use of the machines to do this was costly, but thankfully we had some funding left. After the memories were fully functioning again, objective extrapolation of the 'world' in which these old memories were formed began to take shape. The techniques used to bypass the subjective trappings memories usually adhere to are too complicated to discuss at the present moment. We only have limited time as you know.

What we can infer from the vertices of this fragile memory construct though, is that something happened in their calendar year 2012. None of the humans realised it was at this point that something changed. There was some kind of intense radiation leak that affected their whole planet. Curiously their consciousness was shielded from this, perhaps by some unknown evolutionary function. This is how we, analysing them from this strange vantage point, can clearly see the damage caused by the leak, and they, were blissfully unaware.

It's still too early to theorise exactly what happened as our team are hard at work gently coercing the memory construct into a pseudo state of metabolic growth, careful not to cause damage due its absurd fragility.

If you must know my thoughts, consider this only conjecture, but I speculate that the radiation leak caused the link between the human consciousness and some form of higher dimensional thinking apparatus to be severed. Some rough calculations suggest it would've taken 7-10 years for the damage to finalise and perhaps was the point of no return for them. Our preliminary analysis into their superstructure would seem support this, but there is so much more to analyse.

Oddly, one of the damaged specimen was not affected by this anomaly. I have a small team working on reconstructing it, but early reports suggest there could be enough data in this specimen, if reconstructed correctly, to potentially lead to the breakthrough we need. I must stress this is a very low potentiality and in no way a guarantee.

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