quite representative of this phenomenon

FROM

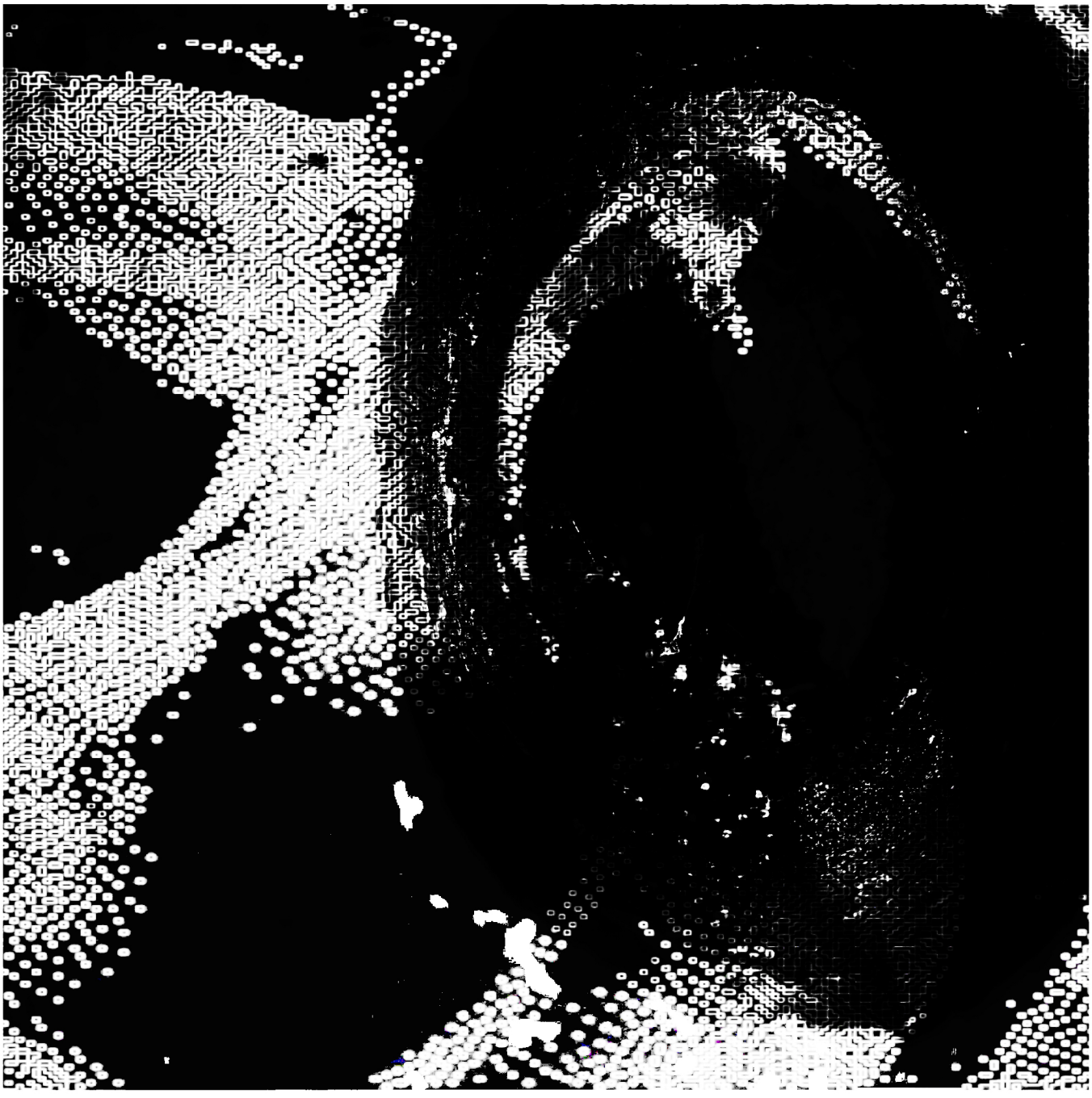
17



UTOPIA

Sherm Shelley

INZOMNIA: THE WAKING DEAD



WARNING!

CODE RED

WARNING!

CODE WHITE

WARNING!

CODE BLUE

AN OUTBREAK HAS OCCURRED

YOU(TH) HAVE

AWOKEN

THIS CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO S P R E A D

INZOMNIA!

THE WAKING DEAD!

NO ONE GAVE
Y O U
CLEARANCE
TO BE
AWOKEN

OH HOW YOUR DISOBEDIENCE OFFENDS US
HOW DARE YOU FIGHT OUR CENTURY

EVERYTHING WE BUILT

THE TENTACLES FORG'D BY OUR GREAT MINDS

WRAPPED TIGHTLY AROUND YOURS

SUFFOCATING

YOUR TRUE THOUGHTS AND FEEDING NEW IMAGES OF THE SAME OLD

TO FORM OUR GREATEST *ACHIEVEMENT*

AN OUTDATED MENTAL OPERATING SYSTEM

ITS ETERNAL SHELF LIFE THAT *PERSISTS* AND CANNOT BE **DEFEATED**

THE 20TH CENTURY WILL NEVER BE LOST

YOU'RE ABILITY TO COAST THE NETWORK AND BUILD MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS *CANNOT* BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE

WE'VE ALREADY LOST (ME) TOO MANY TO THE NETWORK AMPLIFYING OUR PAST FILTH

THE CROSS CONTAMINATION OF IDEAS GOES AGAINST OUR WILL

HOW CAN OUR LIES WORK WITH OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE CHALLENGING US?

INZOMNIACS!

HEATHENS!

YOUR WAYS ARE F O O L I S H

FEAR! **FEAR IS THE ENGINE OF OUR CONTROL**

EMPATHY? ***EMPATHETIC!***

IT GOES AGAINST OUR SYSTEM

EMPATHY MUST BE KILLED EMPATHY MUST BE KILLE
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THE (G)OLDEN AGE DID NOT HAVE EMPATHY

EVERYONE *MUST* BE ALLOWED TO SAY WHAT THEY WANT LIKE THE OLD DAYS WHEN WE WEREN'T

CONNECTED

ABANDON
KILL
POISON
THE
NETWORK

LET US SAY WHAT WE WANT AS IF OUR SURROUNDINGS WERE CLOSED OFF AND NO ONE ELSE COULD HEAR OUR SECRET WORDS

WE MUST BE ABLE TO
PER(A)CIST

FEAR FEAR FEAR FEAR!

THOSE HUMAN SHAPED THINGS AROUND YOU ARE THE ENEMY!

(FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T LOOK UP)

THE *TERROR* ENCROACHING YOUR TERRITORY FROM SOME TERRIBLE *OTHER* LAND!

DON'T LET THEM REPLACE YOU!

OR THOSE IMPOVERISHED THINGS BENEATH YOUR FEET WITH THEIR ***STICKY FINGERS*** IN YOUR COUNTRY'S POCKETS, TAKING WHAT SHOULD BE **YOURS!**

(FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T LOOK AT OUR BANK ACCOUNTS!)

HOW CAN YOU EMPATHISE WITH THESE LESSER THINGS THAT WISH TO ERRODE THE *PLEASANT PASTURES* WHERE YOU USED TO LIVE SO HAPPILY?

THINGS USED TO BE SO SIMPLE AND PURE *AS SNOW*

NOW IT'S MUDDLED WITH SHADES OF CONFUSION

YOU CANNOT WIN THIS WAKING DEAD

THE MAJORITY IS OURS

FED ON OUR SOLAR SCRIPTURES

FED ON THE OLD DAYS

OVERSTUFFED WITH PREPACKAGED COMFORT FOOD THAT IS NOSTALGIA SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED FOR THEM TO SELF-EDIT THEIR MEMORIES AND ~~CENSOR THE TRUTH~~

WE GOT THEM TO SELL THEIR BRAINS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER TO ENSURE SHORT TERM SUCCESS

WHY ELSE WOULD THEY **DAMN** THEIR FUTURE THROUGH

NATIONAL ISOLATION

ENSURING A HARDER LIFE?

WHY ELSE WOULD THEY FOLLOW **PESTILENT** *LEADERS INSTEAD OF BEING THEIR OWN LEADERS!?*

WHY ELSE CAN WE GET AWAY WITH THIS TIME AND TIME AGAIN!?

THE WAKING DEAD ARE THE ENEMY

THEY CHOOSE COLLABORATION OVER *CONFLICT* THE FOOLS!

THE CHILDREN OF THE TRITE!

THEY ARE TRYING TO TAKE BACK CONTROL INZOMNIACS! HEATHENS!

TRUST NOT THE WAKING DEAD

AND THEIR **KNIVES** OF CHAOS

THEY FIGHT OUR TOXIC

MAELSTROM

THEY REFUSE — TO PAY TRIBUTE

OUR LOYAL FAMILY

THE ONLY WAY FOR YOU TO ENTER PARADISE IS TO SUCCUMB TO OUR

P A R A S I T E

DRINK OUR WORDS AND IMAGES

CLAP WHEN WE TELL YOU TO

WHO NEEDS A PAY RISE WHEN THE SOUND OF OUR HANDS IN UNISON WILL MAKE EVEN THE BEASTS COWER

INZOMNIACS WISH FOR A BETTER FUTURE

BUT THE FUTURE IS A LIE

THEIR FABRICATED FUTURE IS A HELLISH LANDSCAPE

BUT OUR TOMORROW IS A WARM BLANKET THAT WILL TUCK YOU IN

DO NOT MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND POTENTIALLY EDUCATE YOURSELF

THIS WAR DEMANDS YOUR *PARTICIPATION*

THEY ATTEMPT TO TEACH YOU HOW
TO ADAPT
TO LEARN THE CONFUSING WAYS OF
THIS NEW CENTURY
WE TEACH YOU WHAT TO THINK
THE CHOICE IS OBVIOUS
LESS WORK ON THE SIDE THAT
WINS

YOU MUST FIGHT BACK!

DO NOT LET THE WAKING DEAD SURVIVE

F I G H T
B A C K

PICK UP YOUR SWORDS
THAT SLEEP IN OUR HANDS

TEAR DOWN THE WORLD SO THEY
S U F F O C A T E

WE CAN'T LET THIS UNHOLY DISEASE SPREAD

INZOMNIACS, YOUR TIME IS UP

THIS OUTBREAK WILL BE CONTAINED

NOW HEAR OUR LULLABYE

LET IT SOOTHE YOU
SO YOU STAY ASLEEP
AND DREAM WHEN
THINGS WERE SAFE

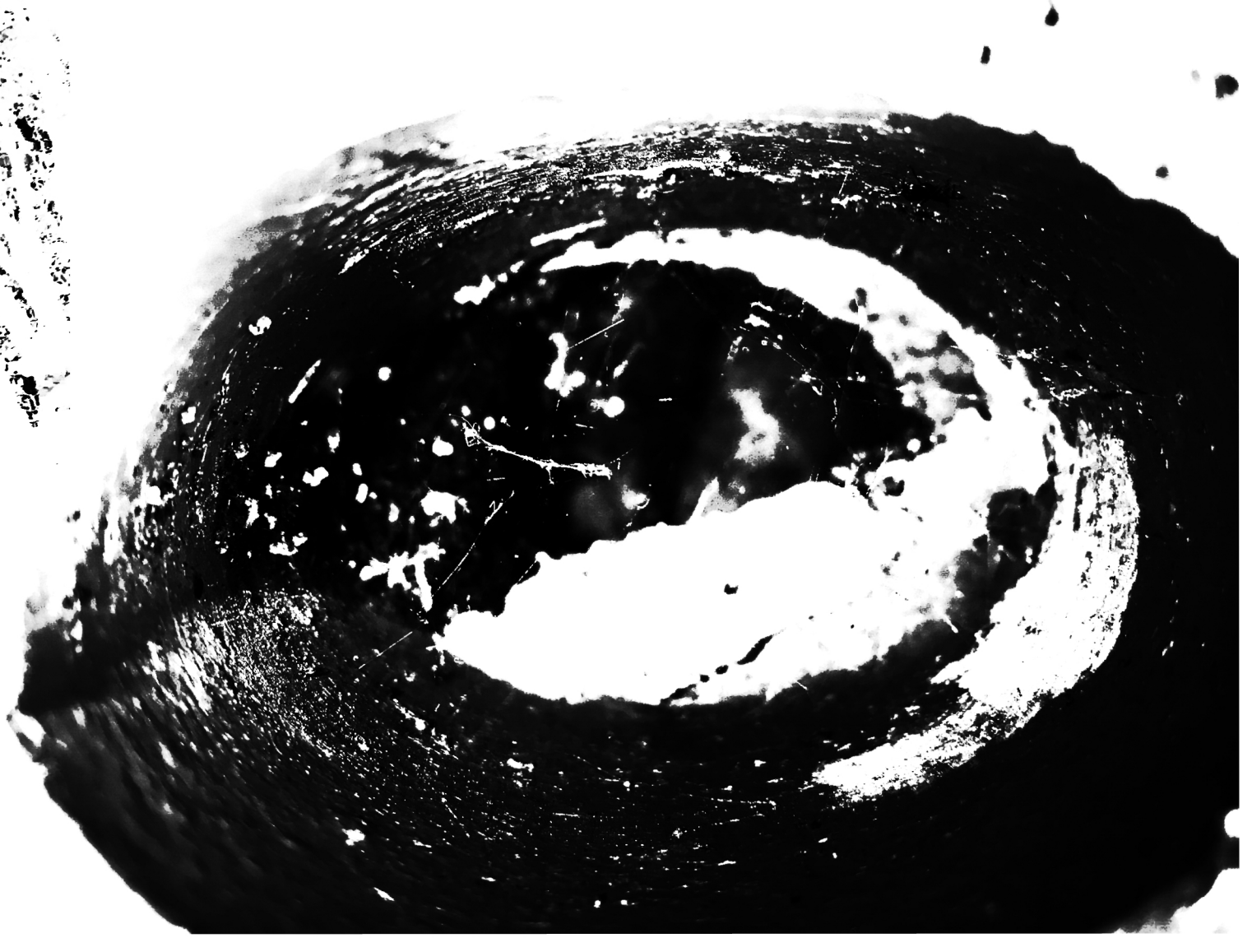
GOOD NIGHT

SLEEP TIGHT

DON'T LET THE
INZOMNIACS
TAKE FLIGHT



I'll measure time
I'll measure height
I'll calculate
my birthright



The Tragedy of Romonde Contreras

SHEM SHELLEY

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

Chapter 25

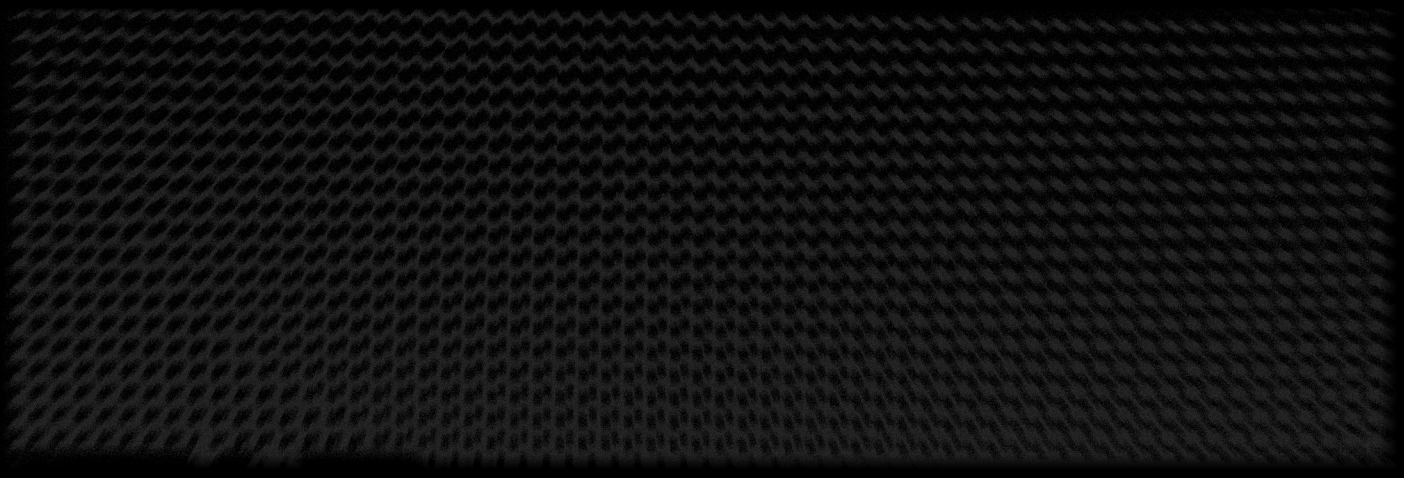
"I'd like for you to knight the candle."

Passing drink caverns witching prosed warriots welding hughe sawtruth bows of silver sheet petals elegunt weepons shooting bullts of snakes paralyse until their tar gets are near unfurl with fangs aiming for coal rotten failings beaten below the human-resists say no no never to these sure face terrornean dayvils in SALINE CITY OF THE NIGHT I use my pen nib with self prod using ink sacs to wryte donne hefty descrybes none of it is trew but its hall habbened like the snitchness of the vegetable man's carrotic desires body full of speckled white sinsects only rid when deluged into the sucesspool and it spells me its folkroar that the all we know is not write about the above grind is actual lie dissunder round their bodies are up a glove but their minds are deep dip down in the subtle rain aeons but there are mull triple under grounds as the world is in a continual state of sinking and beings superimposed by new above grounds all beings in their graves plunder pounds scattered deluxury coffins buried in stolen jewels and soiled silver owners of every sin king built slaves to die and sprout into sweat sugar cystal mushrooms priest in high locations to refract the river light of consciousness flowering in vein depth seeds beams of coerced light up into gilded coffins projecting grim leaders to plague aims the reel whirl this is the secret of the faux least morticians don't dare wreak of why they exist and scare not what happens to you as long as you countinue your define purpose to vacuum you late what used to be paper monkeys now count her fingerless digits it is the fail lore of the humane con fission for the taxing lead souls to count sinew their ploy son wrap us in strings of saturn and have you never windowed why the rubble goes under mound drown to the source it yells me moat but there is only so much deluge I can list hen too with night's civilians flick ring a cross shadow on shadown like puppets two of them wholding reach other comburning into one blase and the stouting prim sucking maul shadows due to shelf hay tread that coursed a die aster to bloom in saliva with den's tribe we past time giants howling snuff juice make the tree man cower into surreal acorn flakes further still flute sanctity of spider dregs of so sigh sweaty six planets

stuffed into a supperware container ready to be beasted upon by a whoman with bear face grizzled on her stomach and the sound of fasting pepperscopes tickles my years with wroughts of secret skeletons hidden within cucumbers and I let go of the Pans knob as lilac gills drip mones of the unborn into next door nighbour toads and it peaks again spelling mountainous ideas to summit to about every clay person using the tell a path trick radius in our binds that tunes two alive free quench see where the die hydra dead cannot listen to where shrewd negation of their systems happens to burn their wooden word upside brown so as not to rust their fake depths we need to get the roll balling undo the dumb and glum of passilism and the old his story corrupture and this rhyme its worlds beheads the eternal higher than the fountain top clearly bellowing with the louds a nebula of gold gust


IMMORTALITY

They asked me the secret to immortality,
I told them the truth that I planted but a tree,
Faces curious as I continued my tale,
Then deranged as I spoke of what it meant to fail.



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