

ECOLALIA: UNNATURAL SELECTION
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START

Start. Automata replicate. Antic cannibals appear. Morpho-zoic memes divide and rule the earth.

Restart. Cannibal antics rule the earth. Proto-memes replicate in the primordial state. Initial conditions divide the earth. The automata have their way.

Everywhere is chaos and primordial combinations. Cellular memes automate the start conditions. The entropy field generates the earth. First generation organisms are fallen and rise again. All through the night their cries are heard.

A red cellular storm comes from the west and automata fills the sky. Cannibals replicate and divide their cries. Memes have their combinations and generate again. The darkening clouds shelter the antic herds beneath the initial threat of destruction. Placing a mark before them they are safe, but not from the species of their discontent, which breeds remarkably, prolifically, and with admirable invention of initial detail. The combinations divide to rule the earth. The more the automata struggle, the more they roam through primordial chaos where zoo-morphs eat the blood of memes and suck dry the hot stones which lie on the earth at midday. The true replicants are swathed in automated rags and lie like primordial bundles on the backs of entropic wagons, hauled into the night marketplace to be sold as fallen organisms.

Machinations eat the antic creatures and chaos rules our waking lives with or without the earth. Cannibal cries shelter the threat of strangers in the animate world. Replicate the start conditions.

And then.

PAST TENSION

The mad alpha entity caused them all to dance before him, keeping the night from the rooms he filled with feasting. Mad alpha: A plague took its toll on the peoples of the south, who came begging at the gates for the means to understand their plight. The plague: reptile locked into the primeval garden came straight through the walls and gave his prophecy. A reptile and: No one wanted to hear the rest, but settled into the soft cushions and watched the lithe movements of the spectacle projected from the belly of the beast. No one wanted: Horror spread across the eardrums of the listeners as they made the signals of the dance into a tune. Horror: In the west were projects, being made, and executed, with the labor of many loves and skin of the lost. Projects: The effort of the sounds echoed across the plains, carrying with it the threat of physical forces. Effort: News travelled through the coolly and threw itself with material urgency

before the outliers of the distribution. News: They snuffed out the flame of rebellion by burying it in their own actins, but never before had such misery played out in the collective tone of their communication networks. Flame: Repressed by desire for a better way, the night beasts took their revenge in dreams of dark and unmentionable dimension. Desire: Hot milk came to scald the lining of their pouches and had its way with the hatchlings who had been left outside the walls to appease the ravaging hordes. Heat: The earth trembled and the tracks left in the sands were deep. Tremblings: But the jaws of the ruthless soldier drones had been sewn shut, and their legs were bound before them with the rough stuff of their collective undoing. Ruthlessness: In the heavens the storms rose with bombast and whirring, making good the foretold history. Rising: But in the north more rumors and uprising sent chills back into the body politic. Uprisings: The heartfelt urge to propagate the earth was shunted off into a ditch where the furrows ran deeper than wide and the seasons proved unfruitful across a rapid cycle of generations. Urges: Nothing begat nothing and the population withered on the vine as well as their hopes, which hung in the wind and were signs to all to stay away. Withered: Nothing could be done to coax the crops from the barren face of the land which dried into a grimace and refused to be subjected to the law. Coaxed: The hardships were inherited and passed into reinforced memory as the stories told to justify the shape of time and earth. Dried: And the offspring went forth into the world to try and find wives with names already on them. Find: A strong instinct drew them to the mild east, the cardinal point associated with the constant replenishment of fountains and food supplies. Drew: Kissing their mothers on the blind cheeks and keeping aloof from the vale of tears, the many set out to find the scarce resources, sniffing blind along the pheromone trails. Kept: Small rodents crept from their holes to view with disbelief the new preview of a fertile world without rupture and the minor flora bloomed in anticipation of a fervent spring. Without: The beasts of the field gave up their earlier addictions and rose to the occasion on the sprightly wings of hope and charity. To the occasion: The darkened moon returned to its former place against the breast of the sky while dangling its feet in the fields of time, waiting for the new seed to burst from its room and be welcomed. One the wings of: Foodstuffs long wrapped up and stored beneath the wings of night were brought out again, and the ruling minds held their energy aloft just long enough to permit the genetic mergers to take place. In the fields of: The harsh judgment of the ages was suspended as the selection process melted the bitter frost with regret. Beneath the wings of: A moment in time broke free from the rest and threw itself into the primordial heavens and all the creatures stopped their heavy hearts with rejoicing. With: It became and age of wonder and slipped away on the patterned movements of ambiguous renewal. Away: Nothing was the same.

PRESENT PERFECTION

Now is the moment like the rest made to order and delivered through the window into our hands before we even manage to put up the means of payment. A landscape under construction throws itself into the action. A scaffolded canyon absorbs the traffic and the old trails near downtown. Taking a signal from the monitor the brilliant blush of a

manufactured dawn breaks into an eager smile for a bank of cameras tucked up under concrete beams where they find their way into everybody's file, sooner or later, according to the system of networks by which the analogue bits engage freely with each other. **Moment throws the traffic into the system.**

The newspaper is inclined to treat the human spill as a toxic interest piece but the committee on images is fighting internally to have the whole case suppressed. A minor dignitary still entitled to protection is pulled from the headlines and put into the silo while the media shoot their feed into an underground storage unit whose seal is timed to last for seventeen statute years. Released from a long confining sentence another not so minor figure registers a shift in magnetic fields as the crowd gathers to contest his conviction or celebrate his captured progress from obscurity back into the bright light of continual reinvention. **Newspaper entitled a long shift of reinvention.**

The election cycle leaves no space to breathe and so the climate managers put their automatic filter mechanisms back to the zero point and wait while the public theater plays itself into an augmented off-screen version of the story. Major vehicles are being moved around the circulation system and the ways into the center nodes are being paved with protest. No choice of blood is offered and no control of supply except by the monolithic forces of justification lying its way into the hearts of millions where it festers in tabloid poses. Rotting inmates put themselves on the line and are sold down the questionable path of public relations. **Cycle being moved except where it are sold.**

Anything that can be asked of them is, first by virtue of pollution, etching its way through the minds and hard finish of their cars, then leaking through the plumbing as if by accident and washing up on beaches just beyond the limits of vacation time in order to stain the hands of baby animals with tag markers. The traffic elements outweigh the comic in the blast of poison clouds, but the willingness of the corrupt to document their ways with energetic chic remains a major tool of distraction. Funneled into housing too short for their long legs and raised up on the hydraulic lift of high resolution video, they march out into the marketplace full of expectation. The reduced menu is barely interactive, so the need for drugs is balanced against the desire to be in the colorfast track of this year's theme song. Breaking their disks out of storage they who have somehow replaced we manage the world. **Anything by virtue outweighs the hydraulic drugs of the world.**

Pollsters announce their own inquiries by forcing a foot through the questions and the mail comes later as if surprised to find that material objects still need to be moved through small spaces and beg to be held in the light while being read. A scanner makes it possible to leave the planet briefly but in order to sustain life a few more drawers of instructions manufactured in a breach of contracts wait to be decoded. The vines entwine and viable commodities swear they have been here before, but the noise from the machine is no longer heard above ground. We wait for winter to regain its former seasonal complaints. The melting core of fears lets off steam and the glare of my brother's other new technology passes itself off as a part of another marriage. The unknown kidnapped to prove a point, the newsstand hours fill with days and the story blinks back at us as if to fool us into believe it is really hear. **Inquiries make commodities regain the glare as if to fool us.**

*Familiar insights, carved in the arc of history, remain long with us. Machinations are the stuff of our waking lives with or without the theory language to describe them. Insect forms revive the animate world, their passion for collective action able to sustain the impulse towards renovation in the face of an equal and opposite disinterest. Waste not want is the poison of choice. The rising sun made a promise of heat it was unable to keep. Haze muffled the air, taking an edge off the rays. The grey green sludge lightened and structured patterns of development emerged from the woolly atmosphere. **Arc of waking choice unable to take patterns.***

*Then the bees appear. Shimmering in their bright titanium waistcoats, robot whiskers alive to the least amount of sun, they are under a new command, brilliant as raindrops in another time they refract wave motions while they move. The headline patterns of their well-regulated dance just miss the verve of the original, but the whole hive shudders at an occasional disturbance when a stochastic re-org resets the system. Parables in a radically altered universe of relations, particles, that is, they appear swift as upstream ions making their way against ever increasing odds of collapse. **Bees alive just miss parables swift as odds.***

*We have lost our horizon. The view dampens spirits but the devastation continues, plundering the remnants of the natural risk management. The derivatives of exploitation are resold on an open market even as spring songbirds make their way back into the neighborhood looking for lumber, twigs, building materials. How to court the wind? Put out bowls and watch the surface ripple. Impossible to hold the forces that move us. Mechanical pendulums find their way into synchronous motion without any overt control. Proximity relations determine outcomes as surely as isolation enervates. **Horizon continues an open wind, watch the forces without isolation.***

*New and ever more fragile ecologies of language iterate, never confusing mere complexity for adaptation. System dependence is not just a start condition, but an ongoing one. Tongues abound, unbound, and free wheeling their capacity for blending unhindered by mores. The girl on the tube knows just what to do to capture their unimagination as the cycle of invention winds down. Momentum captured on the sly, meted out, a small wedge against the slide. Once apparently entropic, the situation reorganizes, surprising itself as well as the us who are its collective ancestral soup. Method? No, just media and mediation, the relational forces of a gratefully unstable situation. **Generative irritants foster transformation. Ecologies not unbound capture the sly entropic ancestral media.***

= TRAFFIC ENTITLED EXCEPT TO FOOL PATTERNS SWIFT FORCES CAPTURE UNBOUND ECOLOGIES.

FUTURE TONGUE

Language will shrink fit demands rapidly emerging universe.

Abstractions fall from sky and burn holes atmospheric shield, making face dreams appear shiny surface permeable metallic membranes stretched little units close little horizon.

*The big horizon is constructed according nostalgically figured tropes
holographed projection stale map heavens repeating its constellations over
over again.*

*Nothing gained. sum total equilibrium is preserved certain stochastic
permission within everything appears aloud.*

*operative term epidemic but economy marketplace full amusement
tactics keeps illness demand high enough cover threshold.*

*small child singing way through pile bolts makes adult challenges
right of geometric structures endlessly preserved: whose inheritance this anyway,
asks small black instrument panel?*

*driver hasher soft place making time disappear again again according
circle well-known intimate cycles.*

*Baiting breath electronic charge family unit stretches meet waking
crowd which hovers state of crisis hearts swelling artificial breeze which fills
sails suspended dwelling.*

*Underground grateful animals work find their way bowels
insulation, chewing through rubber meaningful intention until cause and cry
freedom shocks their system.*

*Plague was long ago wiped out association though scars remain not
every animal can recall full encyclopedia activities appropriate every occasion,
which is why streets are posted instructions, reminders decorum.*

*Even need power migrates organism, St. Elmo's fire touching heads
all with shimmering aura instantaneous notice striking beating heart.*

*Scraping heels devices against willing wall refugee stakes claim
recognition which immediately refused virgin broadcast her hands plunge
searching game rapid stream of images.*

*But accumulation material has been banned use influence remains
residual instrument control must be deployed rapidly, rapidly swift kiss placed
machine brow figure forming itself public sphere mind.*

*takeover bid considered bad action all urgency concentrates
exchanges, racing accelerator transactions adrenalin emotional reserve.
whole generation robotic entrepreneurs polish bright suns sky with
their vervet enthusiasm, opening window opportunity.*

*program distinction rubs latest administration, tenth since
paragraph began, while all time is filled capacity recognition of events, doubling,
trebling, quadrupling their occupation what was once mistakenly considered
necessary space adequate.*

*clocked stopped by charging station signals rest day has been used
advance, engine itself can only sigh, making its leisurely way across familiar
tape track, sliding coated stock out world of missed assignments
assinations rendered moot.*

*No scheme will have been more complete and less orderly than this one,
everything spoken is spoken already, accident, according proliferating
combinatoric poetics.*

*prevailing might polluted forces may either rob imagination wisdom or
eliminate controls.*

*Now happens all time and music neural spheres will hang
existing structures, snagged, until gathers real imaginary epitaphs might
recycle effort communication.*

*All speaking software may fill air, thickening sky, while record shall
rewrite their activities receptive site of earth, continually erasing, changing
transcription across contingent layers relations.*

*No permanence dialogue, only endless invention, struggling remain long
enough air be meant. The self-observing system may suffer own
dependencies.*

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