




PROTECTION

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On his podcast the astrologer told the story of someone who was given the opportunity to have any question answered.

They asked to experience the vastness of God.

It was granted, but the experience of vastness was hellish and terrifying, and they were only freed of it upon finally meeting God, again, in the form of a baby with both its big toes in its mouth.

It's personal, the astrologer said.

Then at dinner Emerson talked about his neighbours who caught a mouse.

They found it so cute, they didn't want to kill it or exile it, so they put it in a gerbil cage and fed it treats and named it.

But then they had to move away to another country.

They couldn't take the mouse with them, so they tried to give it to the Humane Society. The Humane Society said, We don't take mice.

So then they tried to set the mouse free but by that time it didn't want to leave the cage, it didn't want to go.

At night in bed I thought, Oh God, please help me.


Please protect me and my family.

A tent made of yellow light, casting this tent obsessively.

Then liking a Pornhub account with videos of fucking a "crystal" pussy.

A dick fucks an ice cube that's soft and wet and room temperature.

You can see the dick through the transparent walls, from the side, which is different than the usual view.





For sure I'm made horny by fear and by dreaming.

Every time I wake up from a dream I'm horny.
Extra if it's a scary dream.

There's a theory that dreams are used to cement memories.

Dreams associate sensorial details or cues with memories, and
the more bizarre, dramatic, and absurd the cue,
the more resilient is the memory with which the cue has been associated.

(Implicit assumption that the dream is more absurd or unbelievable than the history.)

Last night the dream was of visiting a professor's nice house, so nice that even the air had a nice texture, a special "textured air." But upon going to the bathroom I discovered a back room where people were kept in fish tanks like those at the grocery store.

The other week both my mom and sister got splashed in the face by fish from the tanks at the store.

And always the prisons.

It's personal.

It's personified.

It's someone down the street wearing a blue T-shirt that says
LIFE NOT WORTH LIVING

The terror of the world personified.

The person doesn't even know where they got the T-shirt from.
It was free.

Person going for a walk, instating the categories.

The category of what to protect
which is the category of deciding what to protect
meaning the category of what does not need protection
meaning the category of what can be expended or disposed.

These categories justify holding what you love very, very close.





At the park, extra horny, we saw a sculpture of a polar bear made of white, plastic garbage.
It was standing on an iceberg made of blue garbage.
The sign said, REDUCE, REUSE, RECYCLE, REFUSE.
They added the fourth, new "R."
A kid walking by said, exasperated, Ya, of course I've already seen that bear, like a million times!
The kid understands that his interests have been pitted against the bear's.

Then down the path, a special cow with a wet nose.
We stood close to the fence and murmured to it,
You're so nice, what a nice cow.
It had floppy red fur covering its knees and its eyes.

It's innocent.
The innocent cow.
The big, innocent cow.
The innocence is so big, it can't be believed.

