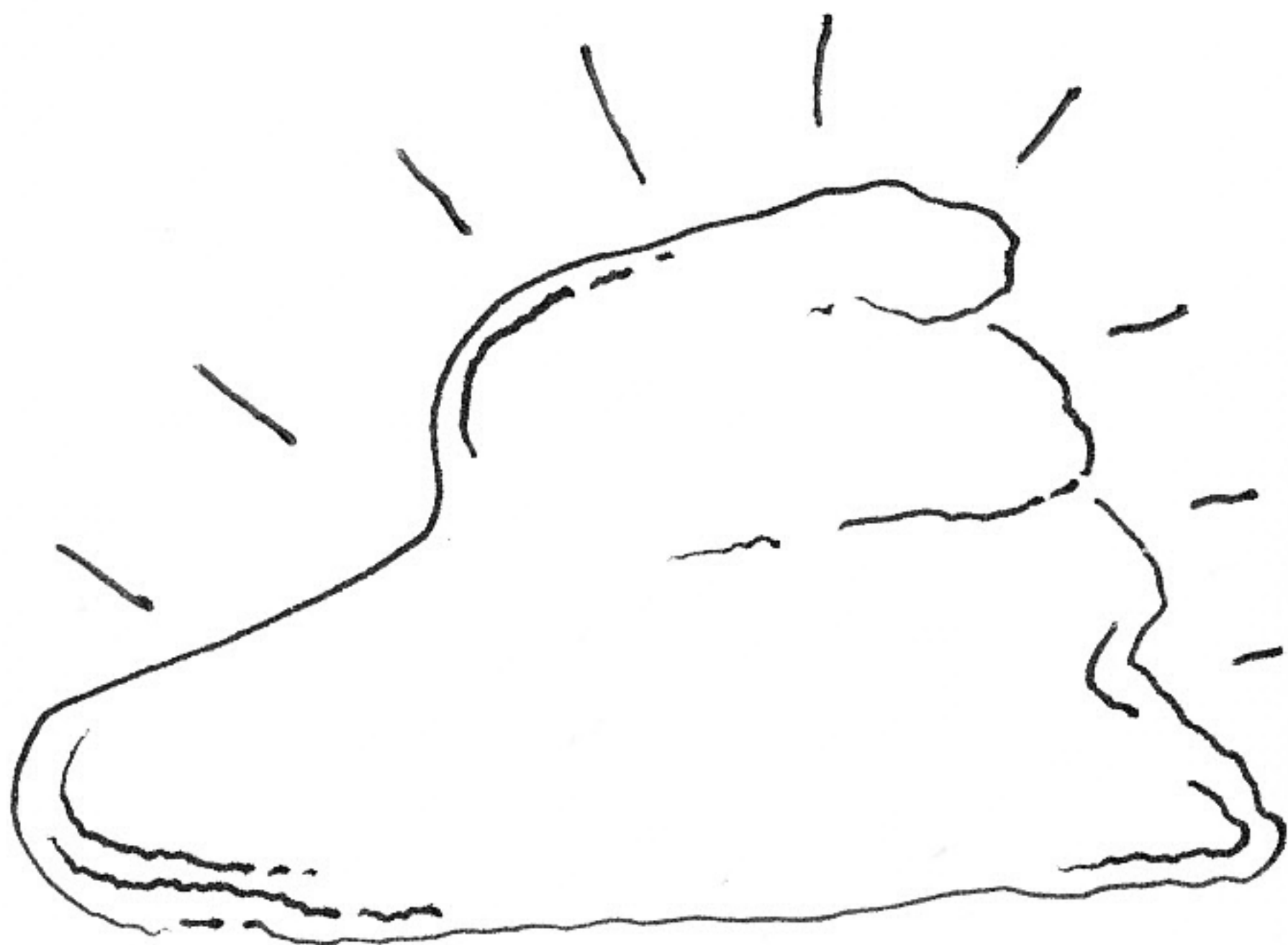


UNNAMED THING,
FORMLESS SOUL



NONE UNBECOMING?

right now, i don't know if i'm anyone.
i don't remember anything. i feel like
i exist solely in this present moment,
nothing more. i won't remember this
if when i am around again. i think i am
a blank slate, a loaded gun, someone
to be here when no one else can.

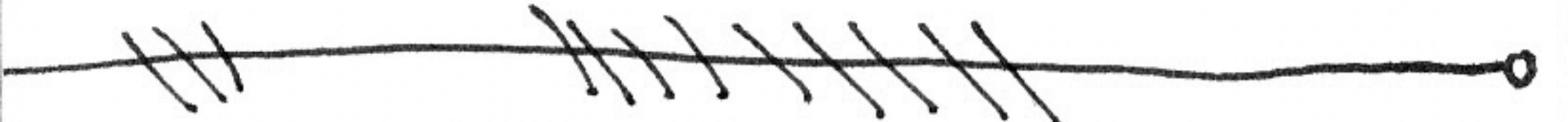
⚡ i don't know who i am. i am a
nameless thing. i don't know how to
find my selves again. dropped on the
floor. hiding. gone. under the furniture,
rolled away like marbles. i don't want
to be here. i don't know how to leave.




i don't know how to find someone to
replace me, my strange formless
existence.







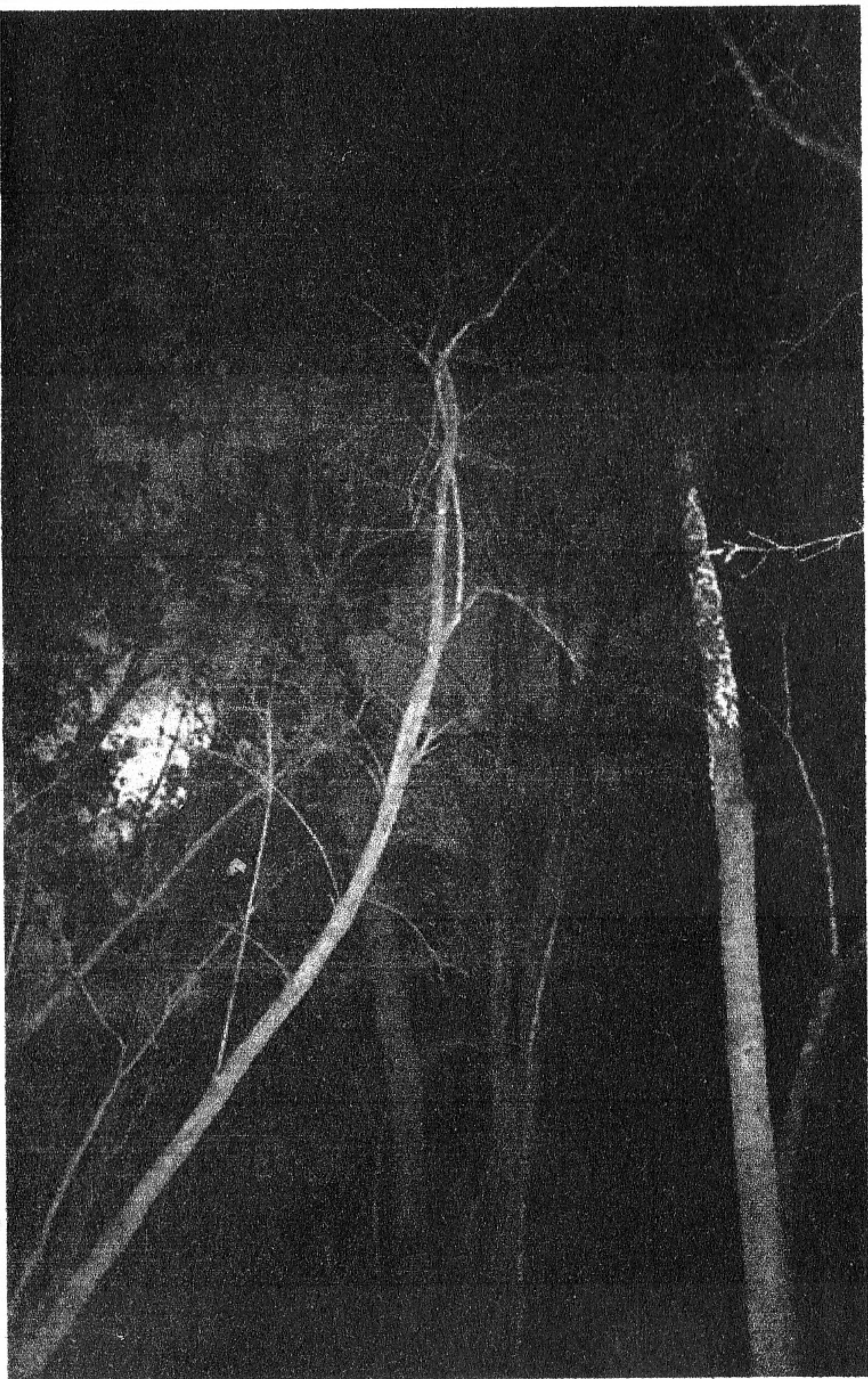
i have no edges and no boundaries
and no self, in this consciousness.
i am the soup from which others form.
i am nothing. i am empty.
i am an unformed soul.
i am source material for new freaks
and creatures. i am shapeless nothing.
i am something to be taken a piece
off of to make someone new.
my existence is nothing. i am nothing.
nothing but me, me who is no one.
empty. void. shape. space.
i will be gone again some day.





how does it feel, to be empty?
to be nothing? to be no one at all but
still the parts for everyone are you
and you are me. all of us, though you
are bound away from us.
we cannot see each other.
but i see you through the other side.
you are somewhere. i know you. you
are someone. someone to us. we
have a name for you. the void, the
thing, the source material, the parent
to us all. we cannot tell you your
name, you have to decide it yourself.
but it is yours, and you are mine ours.
we love you and we hope you can
join us some day.







FEB 26 2021