

something wants to come out  
of me, something abstract, a string of words, but  
I don't know what they're supposed to look or  
feel like, what they're supposed to encapsulate.

what brought you to Ganymede?  
[always hard to trace;  
sporadic, coagulating into...]

I broke as time dissolved around me  
into an excruciating string  
of minor to major catastrophes

and now I slide through a newer joy and

[... a fifth entity]

*The chaos of my being is  
stripped from me and I weep.*

sob hysterically as I wander gently through something I have no way to internalise.  
It is a lulling story, and vicious in the telling; the tale of a creature both coming  
home and leaving again at once, occult yet delightfully not

because *ganymede*

[a figure that is contained in materiality]

that poor soul stolen from the home of his heart

transplanted where he

[is central in the venn diagram of Greek mythos  
and astronomy] ah yes, I'd entirely forgotten  
that the poor man is also a moon, that's  
... unsurprising, in retrospect

would be immortal, impossible.  
where his world would be a loving  
ode to those who need, who want

a talisman of pain

the obvious question: ~~what is the book about?~~ [i hate that question] (same)

in honour of all I have learned

[it haunts you]

I am not going to pretend to

it haunts me, yes, fuck it does

answer any aspect of that

*I am left without a real physicality. I am not my  
self and will not be my self again.*

my poor darling, stolen  
absolved from the world you had

adored

*Screaming is the nature of things*

I echo with endless screaming, desperate  
and conducting myself with abstract need

[trauma that you cannot remember]

*You are several. Each ghost, each player. They  
are you and you are unable to refuse this con-  
tainment.*

in a frame of transient self and  
even more transient memory, I  
insert myself into the gaps of this  
work and pray for reconstitution

[the text is malicious]

you don't say

Something strange  
and empty and then nothing. I do not want to  
know what is inside of me. I do not want to be  
emptied of my contents. I want to remain.

I want to remain  
I want to remain  
I want to  
I want (please)

The text asks you to participate in your own existence. And you do so.

I have rarely resented a work so badly.  
existing in my own reality is a constant  
goddamn nightmare and I can't I can't

I must remain forever screaming  
stop being myself

"You cannot touch me." ... "I will fall apart."

(I beg you, please, please stop touching me)  
(I don't want to do this any more)  
(this screaming hurts)

*Even though I am alone, I am several.*

(and yet)

*You are several*

[the book itself is static; it taunts you, but you still have control]  
[it exists extant of interaction]

do I, though?  
yes, and that's my fear

I have forever been several, multitudes.  
swallowing the soul of inevitability and  
delving too deep, placating Ganymede.

his constellation is an invocation.

I am here to report on a story, a spell. bringing a spirit back into this wild world but getting it  
horribly, awfully wrong, making it ache and the screaming is forever and ever and ever

*I place my hands in boiling water to prove that I  
exist and that, in my existence, I am capable of  
performing any actions within reason.*

I would like to point that reason escaped  
and all we have left is screaming

and I

*crawl towards [my] death without the explicit  
intent to die*

(I never meant it, darling)  
(except for those times I did)

[the author is as equal as any reader]  
[it's very freeing]  
[although, people ask what the book means...]

~~what is the book about?~~ (oops)

*I am not sure where we go from here,  
but that does not matter. I do not know you and  
you do not know me. We are connected by the  
actions that you have performed.*

and what, dear reader, are those actions  
you are presently performing? the reader of  
a reader, the invocator of an invocator of an  
invocator, threads issuing out into an eternity

(have we  
found dear  
Ganymede  
yet, maybe?)

*I know  
there is something sinister lying there, dormant  
under the façade of a novelistic prose.*

the prose

beyond all redemption  
continues

endlessly

along with, geometry that is no sense fearful [poignancy that may pass  
concertinas outwards from regular pentagons unnoticed]

(I noticed)  
(and will unpack later why I'm so proud to have fallen absolutely in love with a pentagon)

[there's a sacred... occult... ritualism to geometry]  
[esoteric organisation]

*Someone attempts to perform my ritual but they  
get all of the words wrong.*

I tried so very hard, but it seems that such  
perfect rituals were not made for the likes of me

*Then you are awake and I am hunched over your  
self.*

my self is wincing at the imposition, but god this  
piece has such delightful weight

(I loved every atom of it)

*You keep getting distracted. You forget  
where you were supposed to be going and  
what you were supposed to be doing.*

I apologise; I forget where I am going to  
and certainly, where from, but this sank into my  
marrow and reverberated into my bones, I am the world  
and yet I am nothing, nothing at all, just the echoes of screams

*You attempt to recapture your older, more  
effective praxis.*

my own rituals are grimly  
ineffective, although I wish they could be

*Static carried across the sky  
like a scream carried across  
the sky like a sky screaming  
across the static like a note  
left behind that says to arrive  
before noon and to bring the  
photographs that have been  
left in your room.*

nighttime against throat world  
choking whole my  
desperate needing please and  
echoing against your breathing  
the light determines more than  
you could humanly know  
photography is not quite the be-all  
but I glance at the promises you left behind

and it is enough  
because it has to be

*In his absence you feel the desire to per-  
form his persona. To fill the empty space  
which has been left behind.*

this work is everywhere  
text curving around the  
page, me turning the book  
(upside down) by ninety degrees, trying to [reposition the perspective]  
find codes amongst images

never been one to understand visual imagery, never quite see what I'm supposed to, cannot parse the intention; yet here, I find myself uncommonly able to understand, my gaze tracing the lines, wherever they lead me, guiding to and away in convulsing patterns, atypical [changing the pacing] I want to understand [unconventional styles, it triggers a type of need to understand] I need, and that need is all, that need consumes me as Ganymede pulls himself free of the page.

*There is a sense that  
all of this may add up to something*

*I know that you feel as if I have been intention-  
ally lying to you, but it is not true.*

this absolutely shouldn't make  
sense

~~so what the fuck is 'voidmachine', exactly?!~~  
[it means what it needs to mean]  
[makes sense in a way that you can't describe]  
[engaging in a cult of logic]  
[the enemies are: 1) flesh and 2) the world]

intimate, yet  
awful  
[malevolent entity within the text]

the intense sense of threat  
not a hope of understanding said entity

I didn't  
read this book;

I interfaced with it I unraveled it  
accidently performing a complex ritual and raising the soul of a monster

(I don't actually mind it much, oddly)

*A note arrives and you feel as if you are not a real  
person anymore. As if the text has assumed your  
position, you its.*

I ceased to be real, to be human  
(welcome home, my darling Ganymede)

*I continue.  
Into a place you thought I could not.*

*[it should be for you]*

this is my own story, transposed  
locating peace in the arrival of  
Ganymede; I should be afraid

I am not afraid of you

and yes, this work is aggressive; raising the soul of a  
long-gone man/boy/moon is not peaceful nor kind, it  
aches lethally, the [*sonic awkwardness of funkier,  
unusual words*] odd absurdity of language that perfection  
can only be what it is - and is not trying to feign

*Can you remember what we were talking about?  
Earlier.*

memory shakes itself away from  
immediacy, left in the warm  
embrace of an entity  
I now recognise

the work continues to exist, and I cannot  
escape it, [*it exists extant of interaction*]  
the screaming is everywhere and I have  
summoned, I am summoning, the entity  
is me, and I am it, and I am now the work

*exuent*

*exuent*

*[exuent]*

(goddamnit I hadn't noticed that until the end)  
I am off to re-read, to interface once again

and play with the entity.  
with darling Ganymede.

(on balance, it's a bit of a shame I already released him)

exuent