

for a Horde overtaking

how many field mice were stomped flat at
Woodstock, trapped by the influx of half a
million Boomers?

how many tramped-on cottontail nests?

the People got their music, got their big Gopekli
lekking Fest. . .

i wonder bout the sparrows burnt in A-bomb "tests".

Michael sees a skimpy mob, lunging at the air.

Michael sees 'em crowding round a mailbox in a tizzy, taking selfies as they ice themselves, smiling wide & nice.

iz all for good, for Hooman Health, but Maah-ko's right to warn me: an **ALS meme** was seen coursing thru the Bali clan, flashing all our homescreens.

Maah-ko's good to prep me that **the CN Tower: now in Guelph** and carven to a gothic spire, rounded by a steep spiral hiway so the City's stuck in stasis, as the inner ear rebels: there's always someone freaking in a U-turn up ahead, or they're frozen catatonic, deaf to honks & plaintive curses.

Utility, Utility! a useful moral metric for a
Horde overtaking!

it only looks forward, so we're formally unsorry for
the murder & the raping!

a mouse's pain is small, we see: a pinch of
flaring nerve cell!

mice are tiny utiles, ticktacks so that humans
may be well!

speaking of that Organon, speaking of them status
bots that interweave complexly in a

VANITY, THE FAIR
THE OEUVRE'S PROPER TITLE

- cap each Player, let's schematize: so each a
winky neurode, poppin on&off goofy-like
- then allva sudden, simplify the Oeuvre's proper
title into:

VANITY, THE FAIR

so da Peepo be a Party, Life is party-like.

the Walking Dead are assholes: people bit who didn't have the courtesy to off themselves.

the Walking Dead are life-greedy - THUS they're mindless flesh-eaters. zombies in their heart all along, must have been. it forced the Affirmation, getting bit, it showed the Choice:

Persist half-alive, tho you'll eat your own kids; or

Die!

fine/okay, fine: we're ALL of us zombies: all o' weez who other-eat, persist in dis here Liffy.

Seems that you were horrified on seeing a few corpses in the charnel ground, ha. Yet you delight in **your own village**, and **your village** is a charnel-ground athrong with moving bodies!¹

¹ Shantideva, The Bodhicaryaavataara

copy opcode, copy opcode - say it for an hour!

say it with a muppet head whose halves apple open,
with an earnestness & joy kids devour!

say it, copy opcode: code by which we tack it! or

COMMAND to copy opcode, to
CTRL-V the opcode into on-coming traffic!

[you're Keanu, they're the Matrix!

[opcode is thy jaadu-streaming graphic!

