

AUTOCOMPLETION



8



Does anyone know what he's
singing? It almost sounds like
he's singing:

And the rain/Tears every green
hour/When you see down, and see
that away./You've been around the
centre of our soon to be innocent
fun./And be that good when/And
gets it all interest free.
...Am I even close?

They leave their house and step through the
back yard around their mother's lawn
ornaments and vegetable garden, leaping over
an eroding section of the ancient mortarless
stone wall bordering the forest, walking up and
then down the gentle slope of a hill on what
used to be a distinct path but is now
sprouting and thinly covered
in dead reddish brown
pine needles.

The only noises are
indifferent swishes and clicks:
trees, wind, acorns falling to the soft earth.
They stop once to throw their knife at a trail
marker on a tree, the handle ricocheting off the
wood and chipping pieces of bark and yellow
spray paint into
the air.

Later on at a fork they choose to continue
down the path deeper into the woods,
where the thickness of the trees casts dark
shadows on the ground and conceals the
scutterings of creatures moving
between burrows and
rotten logs.

It's almost summer.
The air is close and
cool, sunlight
falling between
branches onto their
skin like warm
humming breaths.

Reaching the swamp, they navigate its
circumference, delicately examining each footstep,
trying to keep the wetness from reaching the mesh
toes of their shoes, picking up their feet and
watching the footprints
glimmer behind.

They find a boulder with a dry surface
and clamber into a sitting position upon it, only
remembering the bottle of grapefruit juice in their
back pocket when it clinks against the stone.

They slide it out onto a sweaty palm and
remove the cap, then, before drinking,
they reach into their other pocket
and take out a small envelope
made earlier that day
from folded printer paper.

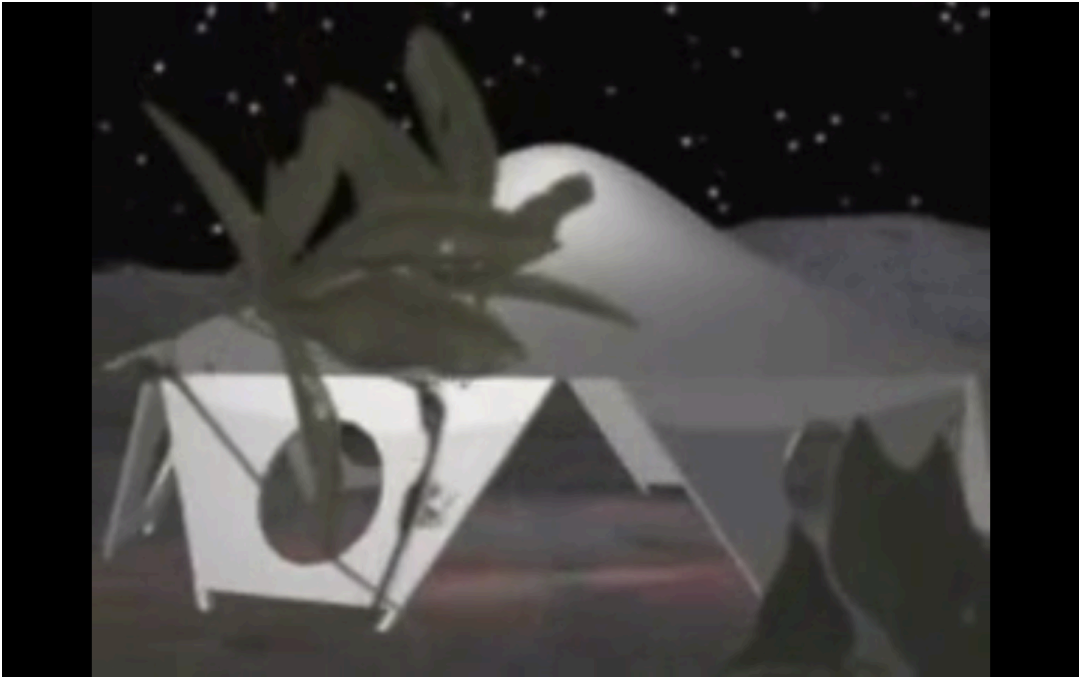
They open it, put the pill in their mouth, and raise the
bottle, and take a sip of the juice, and in a huge gulp
swallow it, and

recline, staring at the surface of the swamp, and collect
pebbles and twigs between your legs to throw at its thick
brackish surface while I disperse first through the walls of
the esophageal tract and then the stomach, absorbed by wet
pulsating walls.

The 4-aminobutyric acid your brain releases smells floury. I
move up your spine like a ripple.

Hours later, after the soft orange glow on the leaves has faded, they bundle their jacket beneath their head and close their eyes.

1



I like first and second person it's
so much simpler.
You and I
what's there to argue about.

when a package arrives at the facility what happens is someone called a receiver opens the package and examines the item and puts it on a cart. then someone called a stower scans it into amazon's inventory with a little hand-held scanner and puts it on the first empty space they can find on a shelf, it doesn't matter where, the computer keeps track. when someone goes on amazon and orders the item, a different person called a picker punches in the number and finds it on the shelf and puts it in a little container called a tote and places it on the conveyer, where it's brought to the packer, who checks to make sure the order is correct before boxing it and sealing it shut for shipment.

they drug test you when you start here but what they don't tell you is that there are sensors in the sewage pipes in the employee bathrooms that detect drug metabolites in your piss and via a hidden camera or maybe DNA screening can tell whose piss it is, and notify corporate headquarters, who will quietly let you go without severance, if they happen to catch you.

I'm not working today.
I'd planned on being
home longer.

They are lying on the couch watching television sideways and holding a red pillow to their chest and picking at a tuft of red fabric.

On the television, a Mazda commercial. A man is driving a Mazda while his wife tends to a crying baby in the backseat. The man frowns and then his face softens into a smile. A slogan appears:
"Mazda: Driving Matters."
Then it seems to repeat the exact same scene of the man's softening expression.

all day I've felt like I was
remembering a dream initially
forgotten: details blurred to
realism with the accumulation
of interstitial days

This morning while emptying
the contents of my stomach
into a grey plastic trashcan
I had the realization that I
define a piece of art by the
value—and to a lesser
degree, variety—of potential
interpretations with regard
to meaning, intention, etc.
Any art I create should
therefore be accessible
empathically to the viewer,
above all else.

You stash weapons around your bedroom in case some serial killer or home invader bursts in, but you can't bring yourself to place a knife within reach of the bed.

You have this awful mental image of waking up and in a somnolent haze mistaking Chris for your dream murderer.

not that I even make art

I feel like a sick and heavy creature
that has squeezed its way into a corpse.

like I'm dully imitating this person I've
replaced and my evil intentions are unknown
even to myself.

of taking over humanity, subjecting them to my
will. harvesting human organs for my alien
life essence, maybe. it's not funny.
it's not to me

twice I have stumbled on the same
exact list online:

UFO Down-Under Alien Abduction Animation

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SkgrcVWiDBM> **pt 2**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xr6s3xlZmpg> **pt 3**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HSAPZSSqX0Q> **pt 4**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p01-1j3L5Al> **pt 5**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WtoLj37t0kE> **pt 6**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fwdPfYXejeg> **pt 7**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3v3PFDnpfgo> **pt 8**

and received this text
immediately afterward:

i accidentally hit “saved tabs” and they closed all the things i had
opened

I think something is
terribly wrong

2



Most insects can be killed with a "killing jar". A killing jar can be an empty plastic peanut butter jar with a cotton swab soaked in nail polish remover. Ethyl Acetate is a chemical I prefer over nail polish remover since it kills much more quickly. Ethyl Acetate is harder to find, but can be purchased at Insects4Sale.com.

In the case of butterflies and moths however, gently squeezing the thorax of the butterfly between your fingers while it is still in your butterfly net works well. A problem with squeezing the thorax is that it can damage the specimen and make it difficult to spread. I prefer to inject the thorax with acetone using a relaxing syringe. This kills the specimen immediately and minimizes damage. The butterfly/moth can be transferred to an envelope where it can be kept until transferring it to storage.

Your relaxing fluid will come in a 2oz amber bottle with an eye dropper lid.

Place the insect specimen on its back.

Liberally apply the appendage relaxing fluid to the appendages and antennae.

Wait 5 to 10 minutes.

Ensure the appendages have relaxed by carefully moving the appendages back and forth.

Position and or pin your specimen

Proper pin positioning is very important. Insects are not all the same. Where a pin is inserted into the insect body may affect or damage a leg on the other side of the insect's body Use the illustration to the below as a guide for where to insert pins in the various types of insects.

The pill was red and it had
black splotches on it
which I thought was weird.

I thought about asking him but we don't
really talk about drugs that much
and anyway it was gone when he left for
his mom's house.

I don't mean that I'm the kind of person who
sweeps stuff under the rug but I only saw
it the one time.

And he's going to be home today anyway.

I had the dream again
last night.

the dream feels like a level in a video game. there are no instructions.

I'm in a large department store with my friend and we're looking for a shirt for him to wear on a date that night. I'm sad because I'm recently single. my friend suddenly says "hide" so I skip behind one of the shelves and some guy walks down the hallway and I'm like "who's that" and my friend is like "you don't remember?" and then he says "that's your ex" and i look at the guy walking away and i don't recognize him at all. he's this blonde guy that I've never seen before even in real life. so we resume shopping and then all of a sudden I have this flashback thing where it's me with the blonde guy at a train station and

the train we have to get on is the last one headed back to civilization and we are somewhere in the middle of a field. so I'm standing up by the yellow line anxious because it's about to arrive and he's sitting far away like he doesn't understand how close the train is. and he takes something out of his backpack and stands next to me and I ask him "do you have all your stuff? where's your bag?" and he points to the bench that's now like a half mile away and the train is coming. i run to get the bag and the train comes at the same time. and when i reach the bag it's just this empty black backpack and i turn around and the guy has his stuff in his arms already and hes getting on the train. he doesn't look at me and he gets on and it leaves me there in the field.

The other day he said
"I'm fine with dying now
or in five years;
humans aren't made to live
until their 80s."

He said:
"I am horrified
by all artificial means
of prolonging life."

There was a plan once
but they lost it along
the way.

and then i'm back in the department store and i'm
not paying attention where i'm going and i
bump into the back of some dark-haired guy and i
apologize and it's chris.

then everything
goes black and this
second dream starts

In a dim room in Mimmesota they sit
in a smooth wooden chair gazing at
the irregularly echinate surfaces
of the walls and ceiling. They have
been in the room for a half hour
and they can hear the fluid moving
in their head and the breath
swirling in their lungs and the
slight whirr of electric operations
taking place throughout their body.
They stretch and their elbow cracks
grotesquely. They grimace.

hey—
do you hear something?

Schoenabatic in the noise.
In the silence. In the agony and in
what one would call comfort,
from a distance.
It's different on the inside.
The tightrope walking.

3



i remember this event when i almost lost my life saving
mum and sis. the structure of the house had collapsed. the
debris came to me, the column including the trusses. i
carried the whole thing idk how but i just did trying to
save my family...mum and sis was behind me. i told them
to hide under the bed but refused and helped me out and
pushes it away from us. we hid under the bed made up of
wood, we get stuck about 2 hours.. i can't see anything,
no more house left in the neighborhood. we can't get out
the debris were on top of bed. it was freezing.. i thought
that was the end of our lives. til i heard someone's voice,
it was my cousin. he came to look for us. we were
shouting. we were calling his name but the wind was
loud. i told my sis to show up her hand so he could see
us.. but then i hear no more voice. i thought he's gone til
see light.. the mates came to help. we were saved by
them. God is great. we were praying the whole time to
get rescue.. He just did.. :')

now its almost 2 years remembering all these thing. sad
but feel blessed.. yeah
everything has changed here :)

I'm scared of losing control.

It was supposed to help me. The website said that's what it was for. Helping you feel more in control.

Lately I've been constantly terrified
of killing Chris somehow.
Accidentally, like sleepwalking. I
imagine uncurling my hands from
around his throat and watching his
lilac eyelids refuse to flutter
open.

Whenever we're not together I have to fight
to forget what he looks and sounds like
just to keep sane. He asks why I don't
look at his photos
that's why.

He's always moody when he gets back from seeing his parents. He won't admit anything is wrong but it seems like he's convinced they're disappointed that he never graduated. And maybe that he lives with me now.

I'm anxious a lot lately about sexuality and it's funny because philosophically I've always felt that definitions aren't important and what matters is what you do and how you treat other people but now I'm all fucked because I can't stop thinking maybe I'm not really gender-nonconforming.

My reasoning has always been that I feel removed from stereotypical masculine behavior but couldn't that just be an effect of all the false representations of masculinity I see every day? The stereotypes are meaningless and so what do I really object to? The archetype of man? Is it simply an issue of identification? That seems... lesser. Lesser to what?

My rejection of the standards of the male gender make my rejection of gender itself redundant. This doesn't feel right.

Then again, not going anywhere in particular
while sustaining motion is
a possibility monks consider for a lifetime.

I'm thinking this and serendipitously drinking a bottle of Fuze tea with a phone number on the side 18002082653 and the message "want to chat?" and I think about calling I actually dial the number

The shower's on when I get home, and I hang up the keys and walk past the bathroom to the living room. I can hear him talking, first I think on the phone but then I realize to himself.

I don't though, I don't feel like talking
to anyone. I don't like talking out loud
on the phone

He doesn't sound like
himself

In the second dream you are driving to a mansion on a hill.
You are going to see your cousin because your aunt told you your cousin is sad
and you have to try to make her feel better.

You do not remember what happens at the mansion
but you remember feeling impatient with your cousin
and you leave and as you wind back down the hill it begins to snow.

At the bottom of the hill there is a complex intersection
and you stop your car and the engine dies.

The snow is thick in the air and the trees
tressilate with some dark current.

You see people getting out of their cars to shovel.

You notice that they are shoveling frantically.

You step out of your car and hear something
and

everyone turns around.

There is a typhonic greyish wave approaching

it comes on and everything is covered

you are trying to swim and cannot

you hear screams and gasps for air

it is so strange and awful and cold

and when you eventually die

the final dream starts.

4



Awake again by your sleeping body
I hear

footsteps downstairs?

or is it just
your heartbeat

He says they're tying people to the space shuttle and launching it and seeing how many limbs you have to tie for the person to remain intact. Bound to the monstrosity. They're trying to see what it's like for an unprotected human body to go 10,000 miles per hour. He used that word. "Monstrosity."

Work was strange I felt absent.
Like when you're in the car too long
and your consciousness expands to fill the container
and your body becomes the car
and your brain becomes your body,
steering and shifting as naturally as breathing.

People are worried about Amazon's drone program but
they shouldn't be. the drones are too visible to be a
real threat. the behind the scenes is what you should
be worried about. that's what i think anyway

in my dream last night chris was walking on my back
and snapped my spine in two and fell off
onto the ground and broke his own neck and
the two of us lived happily ever after in wheelchairs
at each other's sides. haha. no not really.

Today I came home from work and he had been smoking and watching the Oscars and he started telling me something about this new red carpet phenomenon where they use a machine that can detect invisible particles of shit on the attendees and they get graded on this 1-100 scale of how much residual shit they have floating around their person and they rate all the famous actors and actresses and analyze who had the most and least shit on their body and whether it was expected or unexpected. He said that the attendees were really surprisingly good-humored about it, especially Mark Wahlberg, who willingly submitted to testing even after scoring poorly last year, and that everyone made jokes instead of trying to defend themselves when they scored poorly. He said it was almost impossible to watch but that he couldn't look away.

I feel betrayed when my
computer makes noises without
me asking it to first

I was told to hit a pillow
instead but that just makes
my wrists ache

last sunday night at the comm
st. pub it was karaoke night
and adam and tim were singing

slade I was in the corner
booth near the soundboard
talking with the mc when he
left to use the bathroom i
tried to coax his dog out
from underneath the

soundboard table with a piece
of beef jerky the dog wouldn't
look at me and flinched when
i put out my hand and when
the mc's girlfriend came to
the table the dog cowered i
would like to kill them

On lunch breaks you play dollar poker with

Poli, an old Greek man.

He calls you "junior."

He tells you stories about growing up

in Greece: how he paid for marijuana

by showing American GI's where the brothels were.

During the World Cup you bet on Japan.

Poli was angry you'd bet against your own country.

He called you a

μαλάκας.

Malakas.

if it were revealed
to me by my friends
and family that all
my memories were
fake, hypnotically
or surgically
implanted, i don't
think it would seem
like a totally
unexpected
revelation

chris is on the phone with his brother or
cousin talking about the groceries he bought
earlier today. i walk behind him as he sits
on the couch and his cousin speaks a
sentence in a guttural demonic tongue

and chris just says "yeah, definitely"
like to pretend his cousin had said
something normal, like i hadn't hear it

when i bring it up later he acts like i'm
making some crazy joke. he won't take me
seriously, i can't stand when he acts like
i'm joking when i'm not like he thinks i'm
too dumb to know what i'm saying is a
fucking joke

he wants me to be dumb and buffoonish
and unattractive in some ways I think.
I think it makes him feel like
what we have is more real

I feel sorry for all my late loved ones who died
while I was numb with depression, they will
probably always be hazy apparitions in my memory

it feels melodramatic no matter how I word it but
our shared laughter and love is lost forever in
some overcast hole in my dumb broken brain and I
can't ever properly mourn them I don't think so
anyway

He told me they had a segment on NPR about memory and dreams and the guest they had on, some psychologist, said that all the faces you see in dreams are faces you've actually seen because your dream brain can't make up faces.

He asked me how they could possibly know for sure.

How am I supposed to respond to something like that?

I'd do anything
to get the chance
to go back

every day I feel less like myself

everything continues as normal but

i'm not there to experience any of

it every day it gets worse and when

i have nightmares which is almost

every fucking night they feel so

much like real life. maybe even

more. and the really fucked up thing

is that i think i don't really care?

i must not care very much at all

otherwise wouldn't i do something

what would I do anyway

Crosslegged on a clean striped sheet
in the basement of someone's house.

You were to sleep in the basement.

You had an awful fever.

He had brought a cloth and a cold glass of water
and four nyquil.

He watched you take yours and then took his
and you laid against him and slept
while he drew figure eights on the
hot, glossy skin of your shoulder.

This is your strongest memory of him.

He said he got the pill online.
Got the address from a
mental health forum.
It was supposed to reveal something
to you, like make you realize the
most complete version of yourself.

He said the manufacturer
disguised it so customs wouldn't
ask questions.
They used taxidermied ladybugs
but instead of
appendage relaxing fluid
or warm water
they fill it with this substance.
The drug.

Except he wouldn't let me
call it a drug.

I prefer “latency.”

I have this sense that what I am experiencing
will increasingly become unbearable
until it ends, or I do.

You're not sure which of these outcomes
would be more desirable.

5



Is something wrong?

My ear is ringing.

It's been tough but he seems better
these last few days.

my movements are insectlike i cant help it i can only watch myself
jitteringly cut the soft clammy skin of the enchilada id heard
myself order. the silvery glint parting the membranous tortilla
and the dribble of vegetable flecks, multicolored viscera
onto the heated off-white ceramic plate.

We talked last night about everything
and he seemed fine emotionally.

Back to normal.

I noticed his voice was kind of
toneless but you don't
bring that sort of thing up.

i leave to use the bathroom and, once the door is locked,
press my forehead against the coolness of the mirror,
watching my reflected self through lidded eyes
drooling into the sink
i rub my knuckles against the wall,
the detritus, red brown smears and bits of grated skin left behind
in the craggy pockmarks of the fake bricks.
in the reddish lighting of the bathroom the granules of plaster
appear impossibly high-definition.

Even I know what love is.

then like a wave it happens again and again
i can feel my organs palpitating but i don't
move in the mirror i look fine in the mirror

Love is slapping bugs off each others' necks

g motion-
f seconds
the water shuts off and i shudder my
hand above the wet eye of the apparatus
splashing cold water onto eyelids that feel
swollen and inflamed and blackened when i
look up at myself i cannot hold the
level gaze of my reflection

If you focus on your breathing
you'll notice eventually that
nothing is different when you're
like this.

I wish someone were
here to make me feel
not even loved or
worthwhile but safe,
perhaps

In a few seconds you will look up
and see yourself
and you will be filled with faith
in yourself for staying calm
during this difficult moment.

Listen to the rain pattering
on the corrugated metal roof
outside.

There are faint clatterings and
voices in the distance but you
will learn to tune these out.

Dull eyes and jutting jaw
whenever I'm sick like this
like waking sleep paralysis
when you sleep your body
really does fill with noise
that vibrate the skin

Smell the wet countertop
and the sting of citrus
in the soap foam.

They leave the bathroom
and open the heavy door at
the end of the hall and blink
in the blast of cold wet air

The gentle pulse of the blood
moving through
your veins and
the brumal drizzle
weighing down
your hair.

I leave through the back
door and step down the
dark slippery staircase.

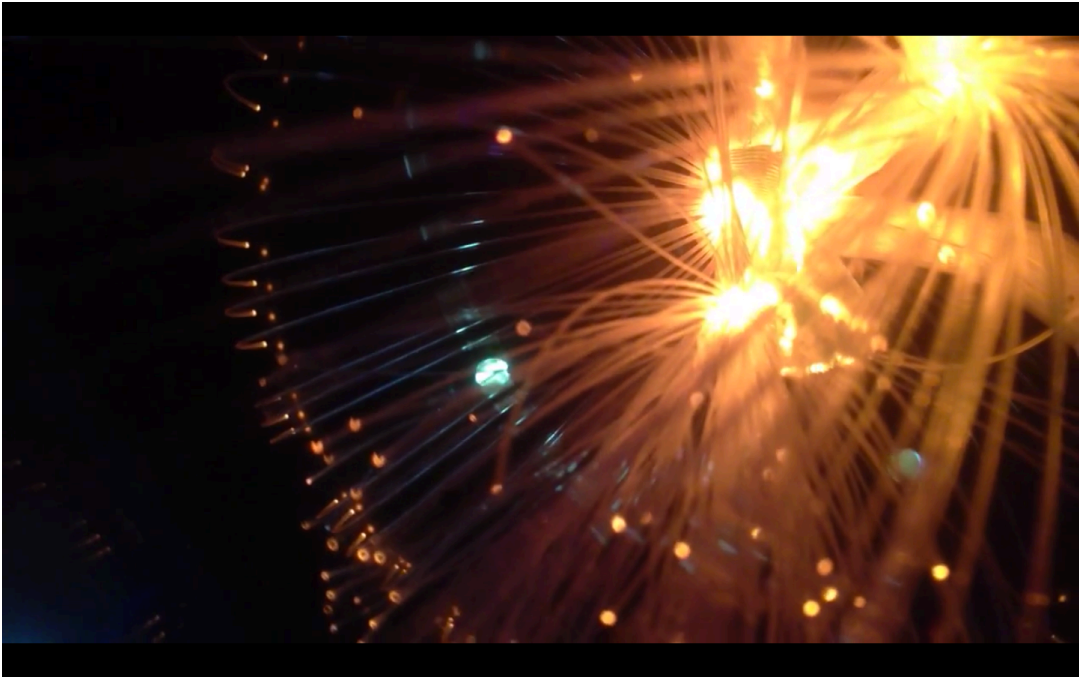
They step down the dark
slick staircase to the lot
and move methodically
past the cars off the
pavement into the
manicured front lawn
of a small office building
and further, past the tall
sparse trees lining the
property

Breathe in the freezing
nighttime and feel the beating
of your shoes against the grey
graph of the parking lot

I just want
to go back please
how have
I gotten
here I am
ready to go
back
please bring me back

The creaking of the branches, and of
the shutter joints, and the
mechanical cries of crows, squirrels,
fisher cats, and the swell of the
leaves in the wind outside

6



In May they walk around the garden in front of the house and point to the holes in the ground. Their father lights smoke bombs and drops one into each hole and covers each hole with a brick.

In July the front lawn is vibrant unsullied green and reeks with the stench of rotting bodies of chipmunks beneath the ground.

?



The final dream is short.

We're sitting together on the mattress
in my basement where you always used to sleep
when you came over.

You're burning up.

I brought down Nyquil. I used to need it to sleep.

You already took yours but you don't want

the water so I dip the washcloth in and

drip it onto your forehead and brush the hair

back, to keep the water from going in your eyes.

I stop brushing your hair for a moment,
and you murmur something like
“will you stay after I fall asleep?”

I say "yes."

