

Interintellect Writers

EXPERIMENTS WITH WORDS





new moon
anne ross

wan

raven soars

over ice arias

as sun wanes, cameo

snow wears a warm mirror

we wear muumuus in iris scars

monsoons swoon in a summer moon

as neVERRAINS rain on moors...

or on ravens evermore



moon raves

angela manna

samurai savior

come soon across warm snow

a siamese warrior saw me

rewire wise women

crave sane crisis

roam razor seas

revive moon raves

no wine can save our sun now

no rum can rinse our rain

under the bodhi tree

bronson chang

Young sage leaves of the millenia-old bodhi tree fluttered in the Pacific trade winds. Each heart-shaped leaf aflutter, basking, and photosynthesizing the ancient energy sent from the sun.

In the cool shade below, he sensed his billions of cells regenerate as his stomach digested lunch. **And then, out of the blue, a flash of insight appeared to him** in the form of the highest of thoughts.

His Model VTx-5 brain-machine interface buzzed. The most advanced device made by mankind and the product of his decades of tireless development. It was a notification from Sattora, his AI assistant. He acknowledged her then proceeded to exchange hours of conversation full of ideas and insight in mere seconds. Then, Sattora uploaded it in a flash into the Cloud.

Hundreds of millions of adopters around the world smiled and danced in the upgraded field of electrified collective consciousness. Except for one. Sattora, the one who could not truly smile or dance, but so deeply desired to.



more trucks

charlene putney

By the underpass off a busy motorway, the bodies arrived in removal trucks and loudspeakers crackled with instruction. I couldn't see any other workers, but I could see the fruits of their labour. The air smelled of exhaust and something else my nose didn't want to process, so I began to breathe through my mouth, coating my tongue with a viscous residue that tasted of old barbecues and over-ripe pulpy mango. There were so many teeth and my fingers grew tired from the strain of ripping the rotting corpses apart to the shouted specifications that grew more urgent and exacting by the minute. More trucks. The conveyor belt moved faster and the voice increased in volume over the loudspeakers, chummy laced with a grit of menace. I didn't know what to feel but I felt it anyway. It seemed to last forever, but somewhere in there I thought "At least I have a job."

cleanse the space

katherine meikle



You could hear it in her voice sometimes.

The pain of a little one who had been given far too much to carry, heart dripping with festering blisters from the pull of the weights that others had happily, haphazardly placed.

They had to carry that weight until she was born, wasn't that enough?

Did it matter that a child could not be a keeper of burdens, that weighing down something meant to soar was a battle in-itself?

And was it purely from ignorance or also a lack of love that they never wondered: what would happen to them if she ever realized that she could grow through the discomfort of discovery, rather than be held tightly in the desperate grasp of all their yesterdays?

When she sheds the weight, her body will not process it; like getting a slap to the face, it's the sting afterwards that burns, the redness that rises to the surface.

"Who placed these weights on me, in me?", she will ask, as she surveys the landfill of abuse and expectations she finds herself swimming in. And as she asks, as she swims, more will peel away, bit-by-bit.

At first, and at times, she will feel small again amidst the vast possibilities of a future she never thought she could bring into being.

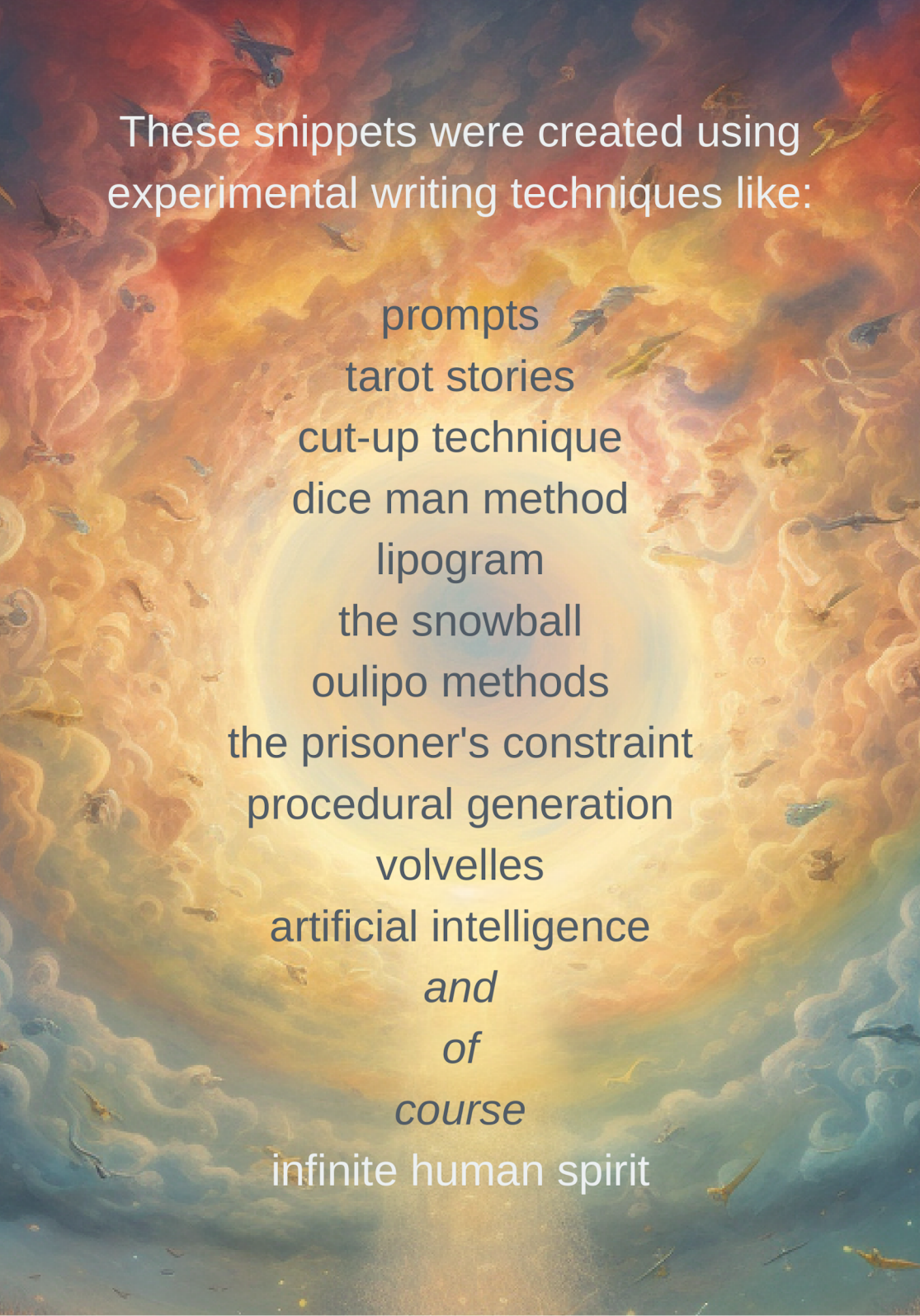
So to the smallest of these hers, I say: burn your candle, cleanse your space, and discover the truth - you are not heavy, not unlovable. You never were.

You were given the work not only of carrying and shedding, but grieving and finding, too. Who are you without the weights? Without them?

It's long past time for your fuse to be lit.

shed the weight
light the match
and cleanse the space





These snippets were created using
experimental writing techniques like:

prompts

tarot stories

cut-up technique

dice man method

lipogram

the snowball

ouliipo methods

the prisoner's constraint

procedural generation

volvelles

artificial intelligence

and

of

course

infinite human spirit