*e*cho-*v*oicif

#

are you asleep? . . . pick up?

can you hear the *e*cho-*v*oicif?

pick up, open your thinkpad?

weren’t we lucky yesterway

to have all that time

alone in the wind museums?

the atmosphere so real?

today, inside *d*ome *c*ity, paper leaves

were falling from silhouette oaks

and the clone camellia petals

glistened so queerly in their limit skins . . .

I’ve been thinking about the old street

its dancelight and cobragnomes—

the old fog was more querulous

than that of the underpark revmachines—

but did you see the *u*gains dance

on tubespeak tonight?

‘*s*o-so’ wants to buy one of their pet rats

for her partypocket . . .

well, no answer: you must be in depotcoma

all is super in *r*agland

I send you love—

clip me in tomorrow . . .

#

*hi*gome

I’ve been missing for a few days

too much *t*oxabsynthe . . .

it helps me work the *nichethoughts*

but I’m wrecked the next day . . .

‘so-so’ remembers hangovers

from real absinthe, emerald green she says

knock it back in a glass . . .

I think too much about *t*oxabsynthe—

makes you immunosuppressed—

but how do they expect us to work?

I went out again yesterway

and a couple of others were out there too

in their antisuits and PPE . . .

I heard the viral count was down

and needed space from the coffinflat . . .

I mean everything’s easy

virtually: seaside pasture playground

but there was *nothin’* man

outside, I mean:

derodrives, everything

exceptionally clean!