

PLANET HYSTERICA  
Madeleine Stack

mass hysteria of pop songs  
and so on and so forth  
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and so on and so forth in this current  
configuration

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there's the hook

its radical excess

harvesting that wanting putting  
it to work. gaudier  
rhythms laced in pink  
to present an alternative program

the question is, what now, and how do  
we get to it

everything drips, sweats  
producing sex like swans  
producing sex like nothing there under the bridge; you agree together to look  
and there it appears gliding madly by  
the fountains are spewing pink in this new world, paris-plage for technobrats  
scuba diving  
your soft look sharp fox face lean down & suckle. futilely  
trying to gather damp pieces of my suspicion

scantly

whore for light  
whore for being  
overcome by  
some kind of godly light whore for  
being  
overcome

for being looked at

a change of agenda  
guided by unnameable erratic peoples

in lilts impassable  
crown prince of what  
a borderless feeling, variant  
aeroplane porno. like really I could  
imagine it  
plucking lowhanging figs  
tactile immersion  
damn palpable, beckoning  
tropic data

time as a series of raptures  
a set of diagrams receding into  
the fake futur  
continuing rant  
continuing rage  
we hang our gentle selves

anonymous genderless wanktrope  
we're dunk'n disorderly, surfing thru  
bodies of excess, placed like in  
mariokart as rewards round corners and  
in unlit alleys.

unbecoming  
in pink mohair c  
digital girls  
digital girls  
c-licking thru  
recycled cultural detritus  
lassoing everything into this list  
chemsex for altarboys  
intone the rancid stream a pearl fell  
upholstered in the muck of ages  
to be gathered by new limbs  
buffed and shone  
unseemly but a good parasite  
dedicated to the idea of rehearsal  
a swimming teacher with no pool  
going thru the motions like a leitmotif,  
gif left running  
returning recurring regurgitating  
chunks of flesh messing the water  
unseen by the vectors of robo-capital  
all of those comforts now feel so puerile  
a text message reads 'fangin for a salty  
muff' and I concur, swiping right for  
our lady of the drowned abbey, vestal  
virgins of the nuclear priesthood  
with inked lips and pink bits  
artfully exposed  
reclining  
amid mountains of contraband  
vials of backyard hormones, nonbio-  
cocks  
awaiting future pleasure  
taking the anthroposcenic route onto the  
autostrada

my desires are un-American, operatic,  
barbaric, the softest and most  
seductive of violences

gooiest at the edges, becoming tackier  
as time dries  
these abstract and blossoming

fermenting before they're off the vine,  
vibrating  
in smeary melodica

too proud to be bored  
too proud to be bored

somewhere the uncanny light of dreams  
in a demented show of self-expulsion  
acidic whorlwind  
fullface fuck  
green tears streaking  
lukeward shaming coreless bitter

I read and re-read but there's no way  
that this promise doesn't arrange itself  
as threat

lo más patient being  
I'm dragging you to the hardware store  
in the hot dry  
morning, thighs tonguesticky  
the neighbours are banqueting  
off the back of a rosegold iphone, rosé  
out of glass  
goldblets. shining. drugged throbbing  
the day is coming lit  
up copper supple, the sun comes to  
light a garden striptease, one flushed  
nipple leaping free. lifted skirt in the  
wet grass for these reveries I drew on  
the face I needed to wear. in  
'shimmer blossom' by revlon  
I'm a wax seated votive going warm &  
liquid making  
mess on the oakbench. as punishment  
stretch marked then thrown on the fire  
like a hog, hogging the livelight, it  
tickles, sternum gets charred last. it's  
the hot volcanic centre and my posture  
slackens, velvet that was my  
skin brittle. here I get stage fright! and  
the clickbait that was my devastating  
immolation ends with a weak fizzle,  
like domenico trying to cross the  
steaming pool  
bringing the light to the other side; the  
flesh I never asked

for now the delightfully even texture of  
bitumen, smoke rising  
and I'm laid to rest on the new  
motorway  
progressive as always

high  
spirits  
into the rancid stream  
scream cyberwombs  
unleashing the grammar of objects  
while the  
sun'll come ouuuuuuuut  
concerned with maintaining value, with  
fictions and counterfictions,  
counterfeitions, fake-tions, factions

I want to tell the tale  
without saying  
it. I want to place the  
future here  
I don't want to polish the stone  
of this time in my mouth before  
it's over

looking at the new world shining  
shining still with  
meat eyes  
softest software  
a blossoming feeling  
this brand of hysterical mocking

sensssual Loveland of dead media,  
shining graves  
stop the warm machine  
this tropical groan: indifference  
in my dreams everybody I love is only  
dismantled and (guttled) by the world

it o a tepid edge a high darkness  
it o a tepid edge a rare decline

glitch matrix  
glee-filled  
ur tiny utopian impulse and *if I can't*  
*dance*  
tap to snooze

we are having a crisis  
greasy pole dance  
it's a dance  
it's a dance  
it's a dance for  
you  
crisis

what are we seeking  
the edges  
to desire  
is a tearing  
at the edges  
this response is insufficient  
this response is irrational  
this response  
is impractical  
to whom  
and to what ends  
screaming  
blooming  
it's a transfer of energy  
from the core to the world  
streaming  
where is our mobility  
our movement  
our becoming-perception in HD

desiring machines  
not machines of desire but unmachines  
wanting to *be*

*whose*  
*body in the technosphere*