

**Subject Position:
Dominic Byrne**

ONE

The year is 2035 and we lost. The reader is finally dead. Your inheritance is PayPal'd to a terrorist organisation in New Canada. Being off the market helps you acknowledge your yeast infection. The pharmacist is not familiar with protocol. You wear your post-post-humanist sensibilities on your sleeve and an officer arrests you. The broadcaster asks if you could scream a little slower.

TWO

Consider the men who want to upload their consciousness to the internet. Disgusting. You think, this is all Bertrand Russell's fault. You think, everything is Bertrand Russell's fault. You want something that resembles intimacy. You want something that resembles anything. Outside something drips from the streetlights.

THREE

A new image is delivered to spur us into action. The people overthrow their government. Your addiction to possessive pronouns is retained. You feel sexy imagining yourself as the negation of an individual, free from synthesis.

FOUR

What was the last substance you pushed your fingers into? We are always reverting back to something animal. The object of your conviction begs for you through a dim-lit screen. The time difference situates itself in your throat. You calculate your phone bill. Your love, magnificent and hairless, is ossified in pixels.

FIVE

Your heart is sticky in all the wrong ways. Every historical moment has been leading to this. You feel powerful. You feel like you can do anything. You pull the plug.

SIX

The young poet makes some aesthetic considerations. The young poet considers these aesthetic considerations.

SEVEN

It all makes sense, or enough of it anyway.