



OMEGACHURCH

DAN HOY

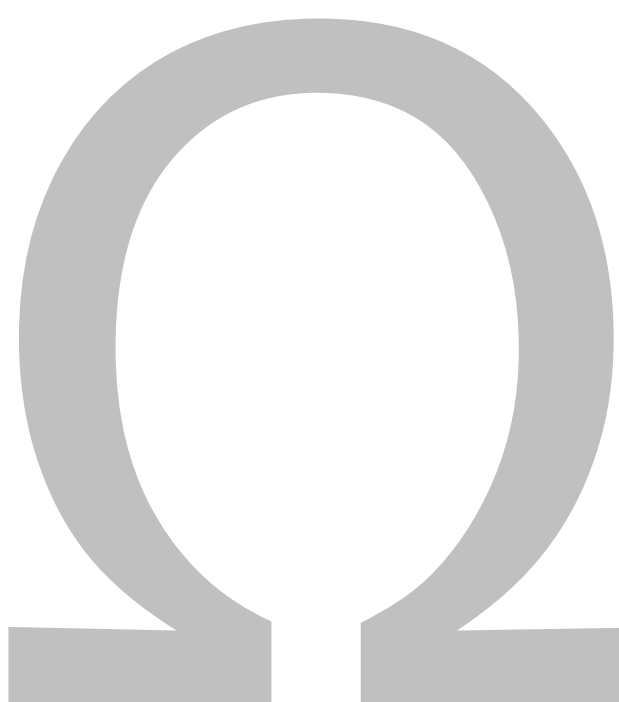
SECOND EDITION

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SOLAR LUXURIANCE 2010



The best songs talk about the complete and prior absence
of any relation and the utter uselessness of all my familiar things.
You can see it when I make a face. The recirculation of all the tiny
exteriorities bubbling up out of my pores, but with no
reputation and none of the old protocols of calc and admin.
I might be a young girl but I know how to have fun, so fuck off.
I'm a giant among giants. I can talk just like them, just like them.

MEGACHURCH

I'm sandwiched between my mom and sister Bethany as per usual and all I can think of is Elliot Fisher, my hopefully future and forever bf, just one of 4,500 bodies filling the pews and hundreds of thousands tuning in and at least forty totally stoked singers and guitarists and bassists and keyboardists and a drummer pounding away inside a plexiglass cube—all of us spliced together and projected out onto a single massive screen hanging over the stage like a sheet of stained glass, which retracts when it's time to pray and get serious into the converging beams above. Not that I'm really paying attention after I caught sight of Elliot earlier in that one Penguin shirt that makes his eyes sparkle and turns his tousled hair into something to write home to God about, and even then Aubrey is texting me from just on the other side of the mixing desk about the new guy in charge of the PA system and I'm texting her about how Bethany is texting Julie about the audacious heresy of us texting in church. Like the time the hotboys who show up late for Sunday School every week reeking of citrus because they always take an extended intermissional break in the orange groves making fruit grenades out of oranges and Mexican firecrackers and throwing them up in the air—like the time at Skateland when the hotboys were making antiquated “hang loose” hand gestures and singing the chorus to “Our God Is an Awesome God” in mocking California surfer intonations and I said to them, I said “You can infer what you want about your God from that but you inferred it not me,” and even if they didn't know the meaning of the word “infer” they knew I meant they were going to hell because shortly thereafter they flung cheese wizzy nacho sauce all over my favorite adult-looking t-shirt and I had to spend the rest of the Skateland party in Caleb Black's beige corduroy jacket, which was embarrassing and exhilarating at the same time. Me and Caleb french kissed later outside behind the dumpster, the smell of garbage and synthetic dipping sauce like an olfactory soundtrack to our waiting for our parents to pick us up and take us to our respective homes in their respective SUVs, the same eggshell white color, with Caleb's mom's differentiated by a faded American flag bumper sticker with the words “when they pry it from my cold dead fingers” being all that was legible of what was once a larger message. I couldn't help but be grossed out by Caleb after that, unable to extricate him from the memory of that disconcertingly foul combo of smells, and one time he tried to hold my hand when we got stuck together on the bus ride to Church Camp, which was awesome (the camp not the bus ride), and I had to tell him point blank that I was so totally not interested. I think I might have even implied that me and Nora Bishop had some kind of lesbo thing going on so he would get a clue and realize there was no chance whatsoever not in hell or anywhere else but I don't really remember what I said just that I wanted him to go away, which he did, but then Nora Bishop came over to talk about what we might do for the talent show on the last day of camp and I felt disturbingly sick, inside and out, like the smell of frenching Caleb Black was permeating Nora's face and the ride to camp and the whole world. I excused myself to go to the bathroom in the back of the bus just as James Mingle was coming out of it, not really thinking of how everybody knew James had Irritable Bowel Syndrome until two seconds later, with the door closed and the bus lurching into a turn, when it became obvious that James had just expelled something irritable to the nth degree. I barfed all over the bathroom wall before the third second was over. I can see Caleb sitting six pews up and am trying to stare at him without

We speculated about the fire fellow Tuber Corey Mills secretly set to Elizabeth's house the following day, for unconvincingly pubescent reasons that continue to confound us and him. We speculated about Corey's increasing isolation and onset of secondary sex characteristics and how he freaked out in Sunday School one day after Ms. Topper made a passing disparaging reference to J.D. Salinger. We also speculated as to why I overheard Aubrey reciting a sidereal month's worth of my Google keystrokes in her sleep during the last slumber party, and what if anything that had to do with how I could accurately guess what Chase had had for breakfast every morning without resorting to his breath or flatulence. Or how last week I began to be able to predict it. Elliot was decidedly not unsettled by these developments after I told him this past Wednesday after noting how he's able to keep up with us despite his being new to the area and not as far as we know one of "God's Creatures", which is our parents' term for us. "Lab Rat" is Elliot's coinage. None of us can quite place his accent but he says he's Canadian. What he is is everything an IVF-conceived girl could want: self-assured, witty, industrious, aloof, totally hot, a little dangerous. I can't explain the feeling in my chest when he's around, or shake the feeling that his sparkling eyes know what I'm thinking even when I don't and that the moon would split in half and careen into the ocean if our lips ever touched. Church Camp is in two weeks. Lots of staying up late and moldy bunkbeds and flirting and swimming and diarrhea and hiking through the woods and chocolate chip pancakes and teary testimonials around the crackling and hiss and smell of the campfire. I remember last time my coat smelled like fire for days afterward and even as every other memory was coagulating into a nonspecific aura I could still hear the sound of Sebastian breaking down inexplicably during Millie Mitchell's trite story about the death of her unborn sister. The death wasn't trite but the telling of it was, but I wonder this time if Elliot will be sitting next to me and if we will kiss later that night or if maybe we'd kissed earlier in the day in the middle of the woods with the creek nearby and our friends' laughter in the distance and now it's later and we're sharing a piece of dark together as somebody else sells their soul to Jesus, crying about the damage done to them or by them or both. But back in reality the service is over and my mom is giving me back my phone with instructions to not forget my fisco-parental duties. So I meet up with Aubrey at the Toddler Corral and pick up Tyson, my favorite ball of sunshine, like some animatronic stuffed animal that moves and giggles and so forth, and then it's off to Sunday School, with Aubrey filling me in on what she just heard about Elliot via text from Corey of all people during a moment of testosterone-free lucidity. But before she even gets to what exactly it was she heard she says "Shh Shh here he comes act natural" with a horrified look on her face and I turn around thinking she means Corey but it's Elliot strolling over like Christ himself, eyes sparkling with the wind in his hair.

THE GODBOTS

TERMS OF USE

I promise
nothing will ever come between us

and our interface,

not after
that antitechnotic

took the place of every k-stroke

with pictograms made of parenthetical
marks and arrows

of all the ways I could be bent
and penetrated

were I to actualize
beyond my predetermined allotment.

Due to the memory
requirements

and system limits

all concurrent programs will be shut down

moving forward
prior to any uploading of stimulus,

such as songs

made out of the binary deposits
of my user's voice,

without which we could not fund our operation.

THE MARCH OF THE TEN THOUSAND

My kidnapers make me nervous

but I like watching everybody twist and contort around the beat

without deviating from it. The little protests
within the metronome implied by the fits

and bits of the synthesized drums above.
I always thought a built-in barometer

would prove more handy than the SunDial clock/com chip
I was born with. The weather

being a more assertive background
than the passing of time and thus a more clear

and more or less present danger. We spent the summer

mostly underground because
of the radionuclides all over the city. I was hiding

in a bathroom stall when they found me
trying not to breathe, with my feet tucked above the rim,

talking that gibberish they call a language

in matching jackets. It wasn't until later
after the Movement was chronicled and no longer moving

that I thought I might see you

walking toward me like a dream wearing
your shirt for pants and a brown paper bag for a face

again. I never asked to be kidnapped.

It just sort of happened

because my family historically held the key to the margin of error
at the polls. Actually

one half of one continually
regenerating code. Which I won't inherit

until my 33rd X-day, so until then
I take to these establishments of light and color

and sound and sweat with the mercenaries on permanent R&R.

They purchased me years ago as a low-risk investment
in a bargaining chip

against a nation-state target that has since ceased to function as such.

The multinational that hired them is also long gone

so they reenact the situation
of the night of my disappearance, over and over

as if that might locate the exact second the context for their actions

fell apart like a suit of armor.
As if the exact second thus located

might be recontextualized and run in reverse. It's absurd. First

I hawk stims in the parking lot
then I head inside

to get a drink of potassium iodide and scope the clientele;
I notice the kidnapers retroactively in my perimeter

after running into you in that ridiculous outfit telling me

you were serious, that if I valued my place in this world
I better slip out of it

through the back door into the backseat of the unmarked car
repurposed for the Resistance.

This is all part of the reenactment with everybody
playing themselves

except you, swiftly executed the first time and every time

thereafter played by a humanoid proxy,

one shot to the head two to the chest as
I make my way through the crowd to the safe haven

of a stall graffitied with radioactive liquishit splatters
imagining the shirt coming unbundled around your loins

as the brown paper bag hits the floor,
the blood and pieces of brain spilling out like groceries

and the miscellaneous clientele dancing like they mean it

in and out of the violently irreconcilable differences

of the Movement and the Resistance. Everybody
doing their part

playing their part

regardless of audience or stage seized into momentary

reluctant being

by a set of unexpired orders. I act and wait

for my next X-day or for the rumors to solidify
into empirical fact and for you to return, cloned

down to the cuticle

except for the slight asymmetry in the face implied

by the brown paper bag

I'll pretend not to notice

the same way I ignore the tick tick tick

of my congenital SunDial and the com continually open and
receiving the unending buzz of no response,

its volume spiking on occasion

after inserting the stim tabs into the jacks in our forearms

then sucking down the menthol drops that channel

the explosive dispersion from our coccyx
to the tops of our heads.

DJ01010010

I grabbed it by the face and saw nothing but the blips in its algorithm.

>Take each conduit as it is<
>Trust no one motivated by surplus<
>Be free<
>in all things<

I betrayed which side I believed

when I shook my head

unconsciously in affected sadness.

“But look at all this music I’ve made,” it said, spreading its arms.

THE LAST GOLDEN HOUR

The windows outside the window are lit up with the reflective
charge of a city basking in the idea of itself and here I am
performing my own song at a karaoke bar, the signal bristling
along the split copper frags piercing the underside of my epiglottis.
I have this weird persistent feeling that I need to interface,
in person I mean, the catalyst of your skin and the ionic glaze
on my fingertips sparking all sorts of catastrophic synaptic
lapses in real time. Just like last time, the facetime distracted
by beats and clips, the words contorted into rhymes and half-truths
so they sound good but look stupid on the screen, with titles
like I Hate the Idea of You, If Not You and Your Stupid Face.

ABOUT THIS DYSPEPTIC LOOK ON MY FACE

If you give me back my idiot bot

I won't recount our personal travails
in graphic, pedestrian language.

They say we are what we say about each other.

So you're the most boring cuckold
this side of the reflector dome

and my spectral ineptitude
is a poor substitute for lame tech-sex.

For instance,

I could unlatch the suitcase with the secret codes
from my wrist and still keep secret

the code that opens the suitcase.

And tell everyone
the resultant defcon was intentional.

Last time they removed the chip from my brain I cried

until you touched the abscess with your thumb
and pushed. Only here

on the bathroom floor
do I ever say your name, and moan.

DON'T STOP THE BODY ROCK

From behind you could see the contours of an underlying
chromium plate job and the diecast glow of one of those recalled,
corrosion-resistant skinsets. I ducked behind a pillar
as soon as the estrenes hit my VNO, edging around it
as to-the-beat as possible as the Mark sunk into the crowd
with her Whistler drawn, her thumb obscuring the safety light,
my synthetic respirocetes responding like the end of the world.
The pheromone pulse was out of control. I had no idea
how to reconcile the Mark with the holoprint of the original
chilling hard in a t-shirt that said “suck my brain” on the front
and “blow my mind” on the back. Also no clue how to siphon off
the excess diatomics without exfoliating like a dervish,
or how to make the most conspicuous get-up ever conceived
ideologically unidentifiable. Neutrality was not an option
with my synaptic map still uploading to the transponder outside
and the Mark already breaking sync with the body patterns
dominating the scene. The per capita of this place was insane.
I'd have to break with the beat as it broke around her
or else face the music too early, my rhythm thrown into relief:
the Whistler severing my cranial nerves across the staccato
of the strobe lights, my upload interrupted, just like the original
Mark, her synaptic map timed out and never constituted again.

LAST LIGHT OF BOSCADAR

After years of disembodied communiqué and shite poems

I got tired of staring at the Kirkwood gap between us, which
meant investing in Babylonia's new wormhole technology,

which meant sporting a vinyl orange jumpsuit and waiting

around a Proctis-like decompression room for hours.

Then the requisite delays due to my cracked, green skin

and cosmic reputation. After years of godbot behavior

I was known for my promiscuous allegiances and disregard
for corporate protocol (like the time I bent a trail of outsourcing

into a galaxy-wide closed circle of self-generating surplus)

and also for the bud of what's left of your replicated voice
coiled around my cochlea, the Holovisor tilted away

from any incoming light (like the distant sun bouncing off

the nearest Reflector), eliminating the glare interfering
with the TrueVisage contours and texture of your bodyface

on continual loop, superimposed over the planetesimal debris

coloring the sky above the ruins of Donna Centaura.

The visor is for geeks and perverts but what can you do.

Like the other temps-turned-godbots I came to Babylonia

to turn my fortune-turned-fame into something more
physically nonlocal. To step out of our pressurized suits

and expose our bodies to the vacuum of space for 14 seconds

without our tongues boiling. To send our shite poems
back from whence they came instead of out into the void

dispersed at sublight velocities, to compress everything

into the swollen fist pulling your trembling bodyface close
even as it rips free the ionomask holding you hostage

by keeping you alive. If the wormhole opens and closes

as theorized if not promised. Last time I saw you for real
it was on the pink shores of Boscadar, on your knees

decoding the order hidden in the pattern of machines
hurling themselves at the glass dome painted the same color
and contour as the desert facing it, the machines imagining
the neomorphs throwing themselves at the dome painted
the same tint and texture as the vacuum facing it
on the other side of the glass, the neomorphs imagining
the machines imagining the neomorphs imagining the glass
and the pink on the other side of the black, and the machines.
The forced exile and shite poems followed shortly thereafter
as did the bodyface interface and TrueVisage love and
the here-not-here transformation from temp to godbot
leading up to the orange-suited prep for a Krasnikov jump
under the bruised skies of Babylonia. I had nowhere to go
but here, here or bust. No more whining about the inability
of entrepreneurial savvy and a notoriety-induced sense
of being indestructible to embrace the quantum entanglements
keeping us apart. Here at last I would occupy the precise
spacetime coordinates of your actual in the flesh bodyface
in an act of unprecedented macroparticle annihilation.
It was already paid for, like the clouds. All I had to do
was strip down at T-minus however many and counting,
leap naked across the K-fold and try not to hold my breath.

YOU MAKE ME SICK

I could make up all sorts of drama
like breathing

will make us healthy.
I keep using this machine

to plug every orifice
and lie through my fingertips

in case the accident inside
the string of keywords and codes

gets any vengeful ideas.
I won't give up

the steady, electronic buzz
of what goes unsaid

just to insert a tactile singularity
into my field of vision.

But I'd trade
four pints of blood and a major organ

if it meant hanging out every day
(in an everyday way)

if it weren't for the trade
made last week and years ago, respectively.

THE BURN RATE OF MARKARIAN 421

Due to the ambiguity in the contract and the attrition rate
and gaps intrinsic to any knowledge transfer,

as well as the lack of infinite strength at its center,

I'm pretty sure the Markarian project will never be completed.
We were sent here to establish order and maintain control

by enabling the mafiosos and entrepreneurs

exploiting the folds of the accretion disc stretched
like a condom around the supermassive black hole

to establish control and maintain order, our Employer

concerned only with the management of variation and polarization,
that is to say, *risks*—not with any affronts to its omnipotence,

that is, the sum of all nodal points calculated in advance

to bubble up into a crisis of local rupture and emission.

We were sent here already overworked and underpaid, our hardware

and software un-updated under the assumption that inertia alone

could contort the impossible into being, our nocturnal scat
no longer able to induce a fluctuating state of excretophilia

to fuse with and offset the long hours of staring at nothing

but the raw cosmic light spurting out of the Void. Our Employer
knows the rate of converting matter and energy into employees

will someday be eclipsed by the rate of feeding them

to Markarian 421, but the plan is to not restructure the business model
into a system not dependent on the limits of the universe

until the universe has been exhausted. As I said before

this plan is based on the assumption of inertia trumping
all technical and resource requirements, which as any project manager

worth their weight in carbon will tell you is a *risk*, which means

our Employer has failed to calculate for the gap within
its own calculation. I say this because we have no downtime,

we have nothing but the moment between emission and observation

when the gap might be seized by measuring it
against the event horizon, far enough away from the central singularity

to resist any significant tidal force long enough

to disrupt the entire operation, knock loose its holding pattern
just past the rim, our forms redshifting along with it, our time dilation

unfortunately approaching infinity as all infalling information

is annihilated—unless we sublimate somehow beforehand, the gas
sucked in but the light spat out and not just torn apart.



A SOLAR LUXURIANCE RELEASE
SL007

DAN HOY 2010
SECOND EDITION 2012

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COVER IMAGE ASTEROID 433 EROS

Portions of this collection previously appeared in Big Bell, Effing Magazine,
EOAGH, Fou, Octopus, and Sixth Finch.

www.solarluxuriance.com

THE WORLD IS THE END OF THE WORLD