

BECOMING IMPERCEPTIBLE

Seraphina Violet Cueller



How do you survive an apocalypse?

You're already inside one.
To an extent its never been untrue.
There are just many happening at once right
now. Perhaps it's always been that way?

Do you believe in heat death?

A beginning a middle and an end of a thought had at the same time.

This isn't a particularly good peice of art, but it is an interesting one.
I'd rather be interesting than good.

I may add to this one day as I am particularly obsessed with the idea of
becoming imperceptible, but also lifes wild so maybe I wont

Becoming Imperceptible.

-Pt. 1 ???????

This is a political document
apolitical art is a falacy and if you disagree with me
you're probably bad at giving head.



Rejected youths turn to listlessness.
Gas lit to call it burnout.
Society induced attention spans so short we dissociate while hugging our
lovers.
A purposeful foreshortening done by no one in particular.
(How to reclaim your mind no small matter)
They open a trenchcoat to flash filthy images (as long as they are state sanc-
tioned filth).
On the horizon young canaries smell gasoline.
Their manic pushes to do a lot of nothing.
To do anything even if it's subsumed.
"Too young to be saved".
Existence is dismal in the space where you are too young to know anything and
too old to dream anymore.

The wombs of the young are barren.
"You'll change your mind when you get older",
But they don't see the shift already in motion.
An unseen conversation of ethics.
We stopped birthing.
Not necessarily an apocalypse in itself, just a change in the weather,
another silent acknowledgement of what has happened
We fuck for no purpose.
Just like our parents.
Except we have less sex than our parents do.
So we are worse at it.
It wouldn't be allowed if there was anything beyond the veil to be gleaned in
what we've been sold as "fucking".
It's why I submit my labia to the void.
It's why I prefer the company of kinky exhibitionists familiarized with cuckhold-
ing.
Deterritorializing sex so deeply that you might not recognize the libido at play.

What do sex and dying have in common?
Everything to a song bird.

The grocery bagger deserves the death penalty.
So you have to become two or three grocery baggers to evade the gallows,
Or a myriad of nonsensical occupations.
Eventually you give the state what it wants and concoct an absurd title for the
simplest tasks.
We lie and feed the giant squid caught in the gears.
(Is he a monster? He's just trying to survive?)
We are useless and not just in an objective way, but in a way that has pierced
through our subjectivity.

"People are stupid."
The colloquialism of thousands whose mothers were taught not to comfort
them when they cried in their cribs.
We're morbidly helpless.

Reclaim your time.
Reclamation in non traditional manners.
The benevolent father says flexible scheduling.
So you'll need three daddies.
Beg them for hours to avoid the death sentence.
You'll have to slow down the time you have.
A practice of staring at walls, and drying paint.
The shallow pleasure is to pass the time so you don't notice all the precious
moments that were squandered in state sanctioned leisure.
Wake up middle aged not only missing your youth but realizing you did indeed
miss your youth.
All the best times you don't remember.



Abolish it.
Abolish the laundry list of who you are.
We identify only as what makes us a special little boy in
our spaces,
And not the immaculate bodies we can disappear into.
I am not angry to be a cog.
It's only when the machine has grown beyond any
scope, beyond small deaths (That's french for post nut
clarity: La petite mort- Little Death).
It functions only on the principle of identifying all the
special little boys in their own empty playroom.
Are you king of the jungle gym when you've abolished
childhood?
We're all in timeout, but claim it's a self help venture.
Lets learn about ourselves
But only to add to our lists.



Reclaim your time.
Reclamation in non traditional
manners.

What do sex and dying have in common?
Everything to a song bird.

Maybe our salvation will at first be a small affair.
In the same way our hellfire has not been literal.

If the apocalypse is slow and seething
Creeping up so only the canaries caught wind.
Beautiful people dance unaware the end has already arrived.
Even if your dancing is a part of a fundraiser to stop deforestation
in Brazil.
But who am I kidding? We all know footwork is a part of an apoca-
lypse of individual proportions.
Otherwise dancing would be a psychotic practice.
Propaganda supports the logical psychotic, What will the masses
of neurotics do? Go along with it still like they always have?
Maybe the first day after the apocalypse will be quiet.
Only a small smile on the face of a sensitive girl who is really chat-
ting with her neighbor for the first time.
Despite having lived next to him for ten years.
The neighbor noticed for the first time a small smile on a woman
who is no longer a child.
And the "Oh man I am old" turns into a declaration to age more
slowly in the next decade.



The apocalypse will be
announced by teenage
girls.

They are the largest
sources of poltergeists.



I am lonely for a lack of being brave.
I isolate because I can't do what I'd like with others.
For that requires a bravery only collected from painful stretches of isolation.
The incessant buzz of fluorescent you only notice after the third hour.
The burn in your chest from ten days without another face that you have not
paid to see you.
I disappear for long enough to not be remembered when I return.
I am overly intimate with strangers.
The commitment to brave intimacy scares me off.
In the hole for another hibernation regardless of the season.

No one is at the wheel.
God's not laughing at us.
He just got bored of his play things.

I don't think the rich are evil.
They just do their best not to know.
Reckless ignorance.
Weaponized incompetence.

We're all sick.
So they sold us how to get better.
Shit shallow versions of care culture so painstakingly crafted for our
communities who were dying.
Who were brutalized and overdosing.
They made therapy an app,
So the CBT can gaslight you from the comfort of your own home.
They want to tell us how to smile again.
I do not want to smile.
In silence we try to ignore the elephant in the room.
We are all angry.
I want to be angry.

We need more stories of actually healing.
Getting better is harder than being sick.
But a plastered on smile is preferred to any of the real bitter work.
At least that's daddy's polite preference.
Mental illness is a social construct.
The myth is suffered in silence.
It has to be understood in silence or we wouldn't stand for it.

Endlessly carving into further and further microscopic spheres.
Sometimes it's best to close the hole.
Fuck the future.
Forget the future.
We'll find ancient architecture one day and take back what we need,
But for now let it be forgotten in the sand.



Sneak into the cracks.
Mycelium roots overgrow with pleasant infections when left unwatched.
Digging through the limbs of what we've not wanted to acknowledge has died.
Become imperceptible.
Tear away from the common body into the rhizome.
Something inhuman actually given permission to grow to fruition.
Speak in tongues so strange a wiretap loses its meaning.
A fervent growth from underneath decimates the tower.

