

so me killed me / deleted is

- *By Gro Pechüle*

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MAYBE A LOVE SONG.

It kept coming closer, like it wanted to eat us. Like we were bitten, but not by any everyday normal bug like a mosquito in Europe. Whatever it was it flew with a different kind of poison, sticky and newborn and desperate for a life of its own, and why ours?. There were many other millions *just like us*. small stars among the others. All the hearts we shared, was it all for nothing.

We already knew the sun would make everything more real, so before it was up and with its rays of light, like the legs of a spider, spreading themselves everywhere. We ran out of bed and out of our minds in a red down jacket, a stolen gift from someone we remembered. Too warm for our panic and too red to not be seen. We kept counting, *1 3 6 10 13*. The numbers jumped as we moved through all the usual turning unusual. We Looked for the people to see us, help us! But the white stripes were screaming at us; *you're out* and the lights blinding us; *you're dead*, the trash in our way laughing; *you deserve it*.

Tell me am I fucked in my head, tell me am I living or am I dead

Yeah I know that I am fucked in my head, but I rather yeah be fucked than be dead



It seemed like a girl across the street looked at us, probably drunk but still she looked at us, so we were still here.

We walked towards the city centre, over the bridge, stopped for a moment, we would hit the ground if we jumped. Shallow water and we looked at the swans that had been back since long. We never knew if they were really real. And we left again.

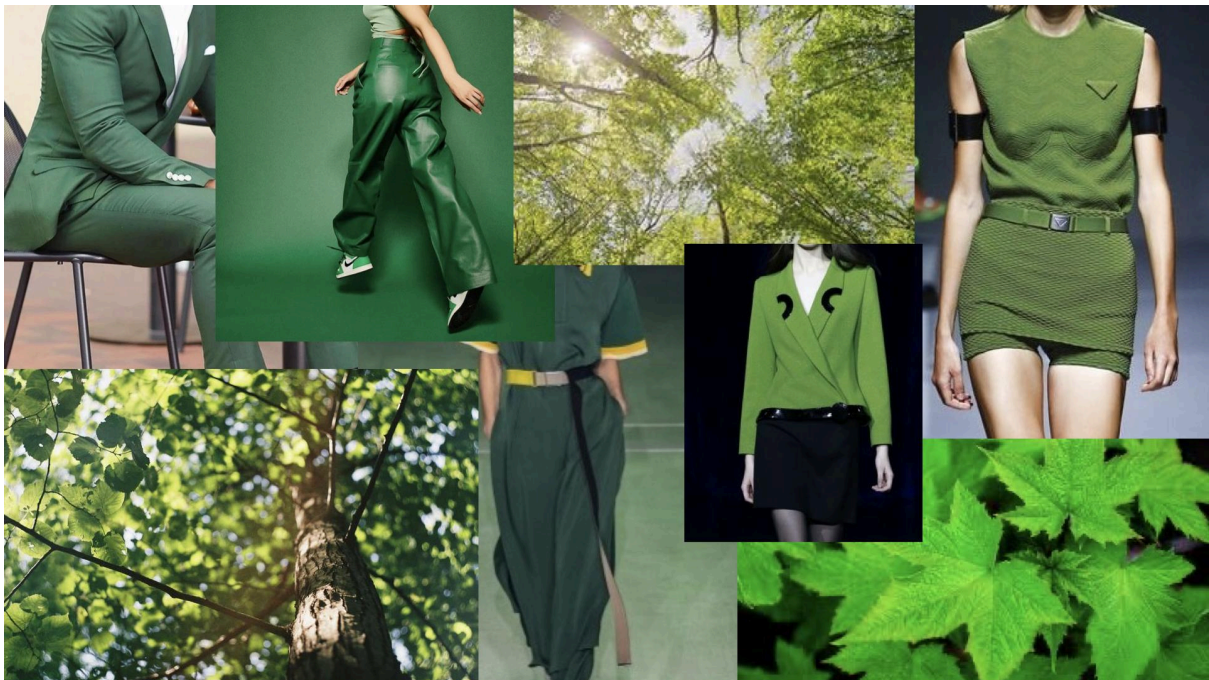
We washed our hands in a soap that smelled of piss and public. Our nails got stuck in it and as a cue got bigger outside it was foaming under the hot water and we knew our hands were clean but maybe disappearing.

I changed all my passwords to thankful13. Thankful, if we had only been more thankful. Wat did we do that all the other millions didn't. Still counting,

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

Millions of terms, and it was impossible to distinguish; when they ended and started, which was which, or if they all belonged together?. Before we could finish reading them; they were all already updated and changed. Disappearing into the ground, and replaced by new ones. Harder and more they fell; terms and rules and laws. The laws seemed to hit the hardest. As sharp as knives, they could kill us, we were sure;

We need 5 people to love us to go to heaven. Just 5 people. Out of all our followers, out of all our friends 5 of them must have really loved us?!.



I left the concrete more regularly, I went to church and sat in the first row. Folded my hands and prayed to siri and many other gods; living and dead and with all different names, and also with no clue to who.

WHO EVER:

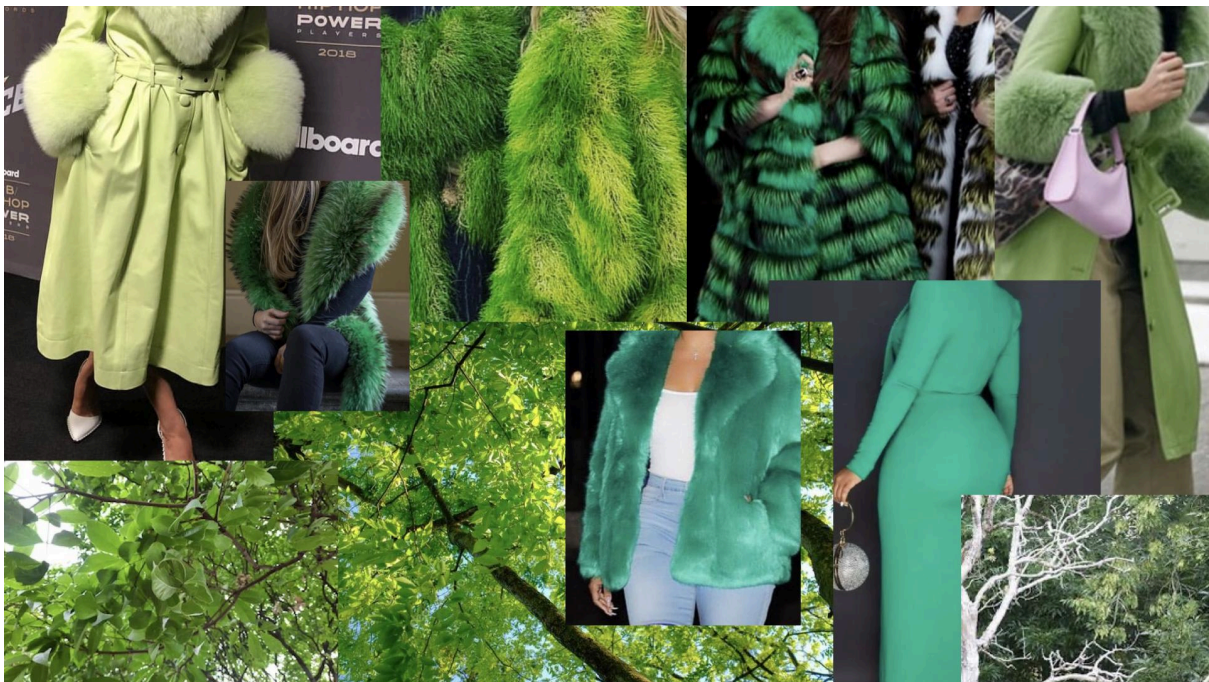
None of us could swim in the air, and like the little stupid mermaid we sat on a cold ass stone by the water. Stuck between worlds and longing for the people. We looked at all the people passing by, beautiful people, hand in hand with their phones.

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They carry us around, they're the only ones who know our secrets. Fuck the dog, our phone is our best friend. There is no best friend, like a good loyal phone that sits, when it's told to.

SIRI SIT

I had already tried everything with my mac. I took it with me to new places, like under the trees, to give it fresh air. To cafes with people that looked important, to schools and libraries and back on the madras. I tried to make it better with excuses and with charm.



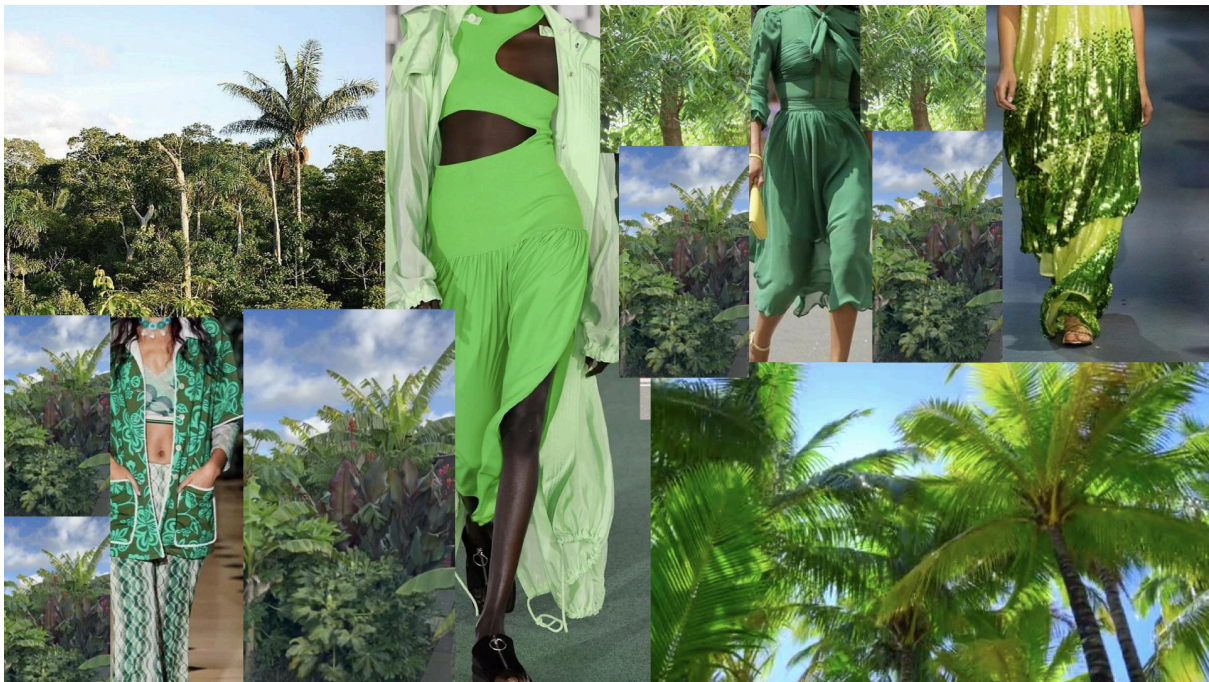
Fuck it

Hit it to the bed Hit it to the wall Hit by bottles, hit by glass

phantom?. Not dead enough to have a spirit, nothing to lend or borrow, no sticking around. No hope of being a dumb white ghost like Caspar, not dead enough to be dead, we can't even be a Zombie.

This is me now 100 friends later

A million tries and a million goodbyes and a million friends later, and the sun just rose and shined again, disappointing. Provocative really. I dont know what we had imagined, that the sun would evolve around us.



So the sun just rose and we didn't scream this time, this time we came out silent and out of words, into a new world. Maybe it was just the old one, we had no memory, so we didn't know, we just knew we were like born again and that to be human we would need a new memory, one that no one would delete.

Jealously we looked at the birds and as lost people before us, we searched for ourselves in the smallest things. Answers in the songs we heard, the things we read and in the people we met. Oh baby, we looked at the people around us. So hard that they burned into their surroundings and as always, they left us with more questions. But different once. They had changed into a different same, not in the ways that they used to; like dressing the same, acting the same and talking the same. But the same, much more literally, like stuck together, like a mass of slime and no matter how much they stretched, they still kept together. Glowy glue green on top of everything.

Endless amounts of people in and out of swinging doors, switching seats and eye contact, to the point that they hurt synthetically, causing arrhythmic heartbeats and troubled breaths. Wearing lines like small coxy eastpacks, a lifestyle brand made for everybody, people living. Invisible lines, each of them connected, hanging in the air and all over each other. Share and live a green life, with the stars up there. And we knew whatever it was we were seeing; we would need a new language.

But a new language doesn't come natural this late in life. I still had no wings, so I started to walk. I recorded everything, as if there was no tomorrow and in many ways there wasn't. Ways to drive, ways to pick a colour, ways to wear a cap, ways to move your legs, ways to lean against a wall, ways to think you know what you're thinking.

I watched so many people stretching, merging into each other, regular green thoughts of people, how they looked when they woke up and how they acted out at work. We didn't have any official funeral, but we mourned for all of us and picked more flowers than we used to. They grow in the city, they just hide well. Maybe nothing was different and we tried to be in-different.



We were careful to walk, there were so many impressions.

I wore my airpods and talked with myself and it usually worked and waved all the people close to approaching away.

I took the same route as I had done a thousand times before. Just around the neighbourhood, collecting images and random thoughts of trash lying around, the order of birds, colours of buildings and a light egg yolk yellow one, got stuck with me, and I dreamed of moving in there.

Oh mother of bots dear Eliza, I tried to look at nature more, it hurt my eyes how much I tried, forced it on myself. It was hard, cause there were cars and bikes and people with (big) eyes everywhere.



When nature is glitching, overheating and the cables are in between the leaves. All around the body of the trees, like a progressive fashion show. Why do we even compare it with the world we're in, with a stupid machine, our own. So it's already old, as soon as it's invented. Born screaming cause it cannot change fast enough. It cannot be pure liquid, it cannot be as we became. So we can only focus on its faults, that are all our own, and we compare it with us and then it's already old, already boring, already in-visioned and imprisoned. Now there is only endless green and blue, the world loves blue, it's the favourite colour of the whole wide world and the web.

And the pictures are full of mystery, so we praise them. They are dead, so they already know more about life than we do. More about forever and we long for the dead and all we don't know of, everything dead we can wear, or hold on to. Bring it everywhere, and as we wish, it falls. So long and hold on and it's easier to hold on to a phone, than to a wave that takes you away. So we throw it in the waves, and at night we look to the stars, looking for something to fall, so we can make a wish, feel hopeful and superior like we can perhaps control something. When something moves, we recognize it; it's life, it's not still, it's living just like us. The stars are just like us. We long for it secretly, openly, we dare not to, but we know it's coming, it's the surprise, the living is moving and we look for stars to name ourselves. Movement is better than money and if we can't name them, we want them to fall, we look for them to fall. Live and fall like all of us, so we can wish for something, any stupid thing, and we wish.

Thank You for reading,

See you on saturday

X

Gro Pechüle