

MOBULA

A voice existing simultaneously in a void and in a space. Somewhat frenzied. Invariant swarm, constant chaotic surroundings underlying the narration.

MOBULA: down ... down ... down ... feathers shedding ... soon to be ... coming in on 19 ... 19 revolutions ... how odd I feel ... felt ... down ... down ... out ... at odds with this place ... every place indeed ... made out to be ... rambling peripatetic ... pathetic oddity ... 19 jigsaw pieces ... no sense, no picture ... question? -shoot! ... shoot ... shot my shot ... fish in a barrel ... they muttered pitifully ... pity, pity ... of their pity I'm no subject ... object of ridicule ... shoot me ... shoot ... but all is silent ... soundless void eating away ... nibbling at my consciousness ... gnawing ... clawing ... tooth and nail and ... all silent but for ... something ... pounding ... pumping ... thumping ... ex vivo ... the missing piece ... ah! ... how? ... don't! ... no dice, no matter ... no ... ah! ... (*chuckle*) ... just now realising ... ex vivo, no volition—envole—volit- ... of my own ... own volition ... I own volition ... own volatility ... own fuck all ... (*chuckle*) ... boiling ... it's all boiling over ... how? ... leaping ... bounding ... boiling ... over ... over ... if I realise, have I made a leap? ... begging ... what did I leap over? ... no matter ... a leap would mean an end ... there are no ends ... no ends ... or just the one ... one and done ... not so done, not under done ... don't! ... no, I must leap ... no, I might have been wrong ... like always ... again, again ... boiling over ... let's pretend ... pretend it prepped my penchant for preternatural patterning ... what a nifty little thing ... so quaint ... a mirage in the salt dunes ... an expanse of celestion clovers ... a riptide upholstered in a skin suit ... and the void, nibbling ... the chasm crossed over in leaps by the more committal minds ... they leave behind ... chemtrails ... woven bridges, stitches over the gaping canyon ... contortions of volition ... the corals' colours calling ... calling cutting ... through a thick grey haze ... I stray ... this way, then that ... a sob, sobbing ... a sigh, sighing ... Mobula! ... a cry ... (*chuckle*) ... crying ... and the ceaselessly enduring obligation ... down ... down ... down ... turning ... turning and turning and turning (*slowly garbled and transformed into "entering entering"*) ...