

## Fixation on Plastics

The Red Chord

A realization.  
I look to the sky and ponder my fixation on a world of  
plastic clouds.  
It is a film that is holding me together.  
A synthetic rise that is holding us and our time.  
Collodion stripped across my belly.  
Holding back the insides.  
The synthetic rise is holding us and our time.  
I am waiting for that moment.  
It is a film that holds me together.  
We and our existence are becoming one with a new  
synthetic lifeform.  
It is a wonder we remember how to breathe without a  
computer telling us to do so.  
We have baited a trap, but the prey is ourselves.  
What will we do when it all comes crashing down?  
A synthetic rise of creations that can sure kill.  
And you start to think that Matrix shit is going down.  
Isn't it ironic that our own creations will outlast us?  
Synthetic rise, fake salvation a time will come.  
It is no longer an opinion, a time will come.  
Remember yourself how to live again.  
Will come.  
Hey! A realization of my fixation.