

The bigger part of my belly is growing something. One green fibre, like a candy floss string, is splitting out from a single noghte, a pore, a tiny hole. It is screaming towards the sun, it cleaves and thickens, this fibre on my belly, while from the dot strands of it wind their way deeper into the crust of my skin, my organs' mantle. The fibre has many eyes all over it, unblinking, taking in light. They love the light so much they sing. My sweat and blood is sucked up into the string, keeping it pulsing, vivid, alive. Each night before I go to sleep I watch carefully as all the little eyes close themselves, as they fall, as the liquid inside it slows. I take cold showers in the morning. It hangs little vulvas between its eyes, and god, they smell beautiful. There's no end. My limbs start to shrivel, mind pumped out in supply, everything given to the process. The pain is what I learn to think of as good. Formulae inflected with spongy 3D, more barbed threads piercing tight outlets, the scorching whisper of its tinny language, adaptive monsters birthing themselves inside the mess. My core is boiling oil. My skin has started to grind and crunch. And the green sabzeh spreading, my round belly growing rounder, I am all belly I am all garbage ball all hot rock system thin green life