

Select examples of the automatic writing/translation experiment (automatic translations in red):

Everybody is the last hurt the closet is full of dogs and those dogs are screaming my name what could they want I am no fool the mist is getting thicker than every other mist in the fall the fall is harder this year the frost has come and my toes are cold my fingers have fallen off and in their place grows a fully formed man a homunculus that screams at the dogs screaming at me my head is in the sand

The hallways of the grand hotel are deserts and the cigar smoke is hiding

[...]

We felt that there was not enough lead in the water we need more lead more lead and mre steel to bring this country to ruin and the trade will never be the same if we all trade amongst ourselves in countries without borders but with walls taller than babel if I am the son of man

Terrestrial beauty flows in floods

[...]

Servals run around their spots and eat from the lego trough that which I gave them they are caged and lonely but they have each other to sniff bells are ringing in the night and none know how to stop them I once fell through a large door into many rooms I had never seen before

We hear each footstep of the subterranean travellers

[...]

And the bag in my head is getting filled with groceries and spades and honey it's stickier than marmalade and button eggs mushrooms to fill the basket of my mind and they too know more than the universe reveals and it might just be them that craves more than man does man does little in the scheme of things we might be in a dream that won't end until we wake and wake we must or go on sleeping until the day has begun and night runs away like cattle there is a good joke I hear it goes like this knock knock nobody

Clouds dispersed quickly leaving the stars to die

[...]

the sun in my eyes yes there's a big furry bottle of scotch that won't go down unless you force it to how else do you tell the time I can say that it's o if you each take one or two candies otherwise I will run dry and eat your two fall not fell cream corn glasses that rage against all of this the whole machine you are not my resident you must go somewhere far away a distant land where figs grow from the earth like wedding blouses fall from the sky my name is Verbermere and I like toast toate bread is in my head, splitting my ears from the sightseeing scars on my time lapse photography album it's on facebook for the world to see it's just me sitting there one position the whole way through and I live by those moments and that's who I am if there were more to me I would tell you but there isn't and all I can do is wait for the next line to be read so that I may reach the zenith of my

opportunity and yes the sky is arched wider than a

We judge them for their borrowed clothes

[...]

I can see the sun dancing on the horizon while black figures approach it bit by bit they raise their cloak and present to the world their naked sexless figures two of them call to the others simultaneously crying out the battle cries of century old tribes we see them all suddenly fall where they ran and dust stretches out across the valley the sun is deepening falling into the void as these figures slowly rise one of them has gotten to his feet and from his mouth pours rivers of wine the sun is just a sliver glowing at the crest of the hill while the sun begins to rise behind th

It crawls out, forcing forward its two peduncled eyes.