

Revenant Song: Against abyssal thinking

Something strange has been always
happening with my names:

As the owners of the abyssal thinking,
always give me the scariest ones
or, suspicious of the value of words
and symbols, they make them disappear

Regina de Miguel

I, in the meantime,
codify
decipher
encrypt
linguistic and genetic actions

they erase inscriptions with layers of paint
they burn birthmarks
they impale
the slit open
they protect me well, they armor-plate me
they store me
like a file
a volume of data
they hurry me
to the other side of the line



they produce me non-existent
underground fetish
they do not realize
that I am dialectical
that I am co-present

Hail
Lamasthu
diabolic daughter
of the God of Heavens
lion-headed
bird-clawed
nursemaid of hounds and pigs
of non-human tendencies
Lilith
Espectra
Lamia
Procris
Penthesilea
Empusa
Harey



We are a pictogram
a first code
of cuneiform writing
in obsidian boards
in interfaces where
our awareness
is a state of matter
our identity
a vector

And those satellites
drones
mortal algorithms
do not know yet
of internal
behaviours

Ω
 $\int \text{Terra}[X]n = \iiint \dots \iint \text{Terra}(X1, X2, X3, X4, \dots, Xn, t) dX1 dX2 dX3 dX4 \dots dXndt =$
Terrapolis

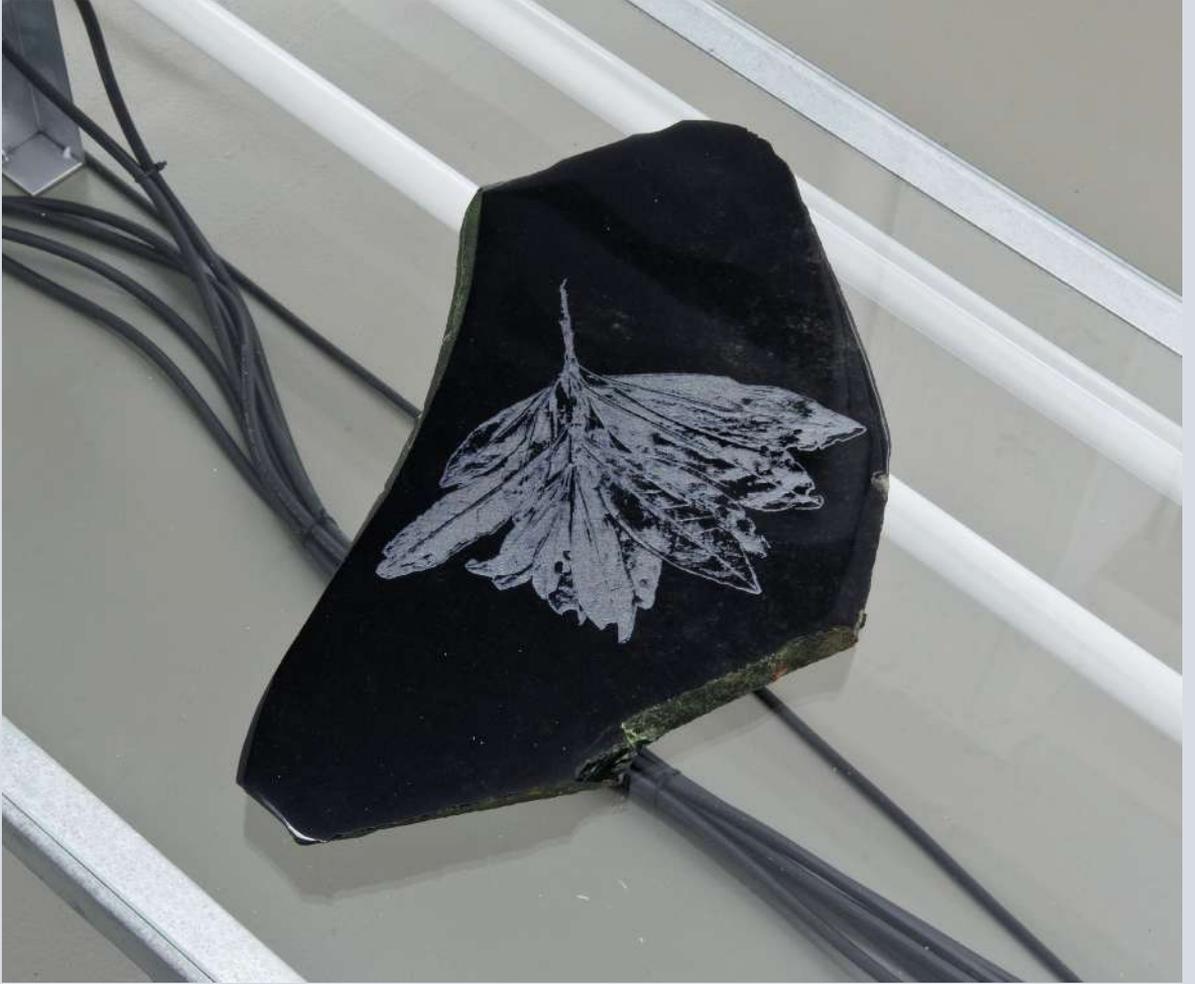
α
X1 = stuff/physics, X2 = capacity, X3 = sociality, X4 = materiality, Xn = ??

α (alpha) = not zoë, but EcoEvoDevo's multispecies epigenesis

Ω (omega) = not bios, but recuperating terra's pluriverse

t = worlding time, not container time, entangled times of past/present/yet-to-come





Song of extremophilia: Descende, audax, viator, et terrestre centrum attinges

I have lost count of the time I have been here
I do not really know
but the suitable conditions have taken place to wake up
after several centuries
not knowing how much I could bear
because nobody ever trusts.
This is a lake, I know that.
A lake or a swamp or a river.
Rio Tinto.
Or a pit
And that red acidic water I dye
I metabolise.
I thank my philia for my extreme conditions
The dissent, the dysfunctionality, my abnormal enzymes
even if I do not exist, if they do not conceive me nor classify me
being innumerable, unthinkable
I dwell the furthest, Urras and Anarres
the deepest, the most poisoned, the eight circles of hell, Bacillus Infernus
Deception Island
Xerophile, I have desiccated myself
Halophile, in the Dead Sea
Audaxviator

Verne's Bold traveler.



60 degrees, isolated, without oxygen, in the dark inside a gold mine in South Africa.

I am an ecosystem of one single species
My mineral environment is dead
I have built my organic molecules
from the decay of uranium,
from the moisture of the soil,
from the inorganic carbon of the rocks,
from nitrogen, from ammonium
here we know neither pure oxygen nor the sun
I have not seen the light for more than 3 million years
This is Mars and Enceladus

mm.rnlls esreuel seecJde
sgtssmf unteief niedrke
kt,samn atrateS Saodrrn
erntnael nuaect rrilSa
Atvaar .nxcrc ieaabs
Ccdrmi eeutul frantu
dt,iac oseibo kediiY



tolerating arsenic
enduring radiation
psychrophile, thermophile,
I fell with the red rain of Kerala
They said my origins were extraterrestrial
from the left hand of darkness
where only the uprooted live
from the consciousness of Faustine
thence descends, Audax Viator
until reaching the center of the Earth

Necropolitical Song

Google Ngrams
detects, determines, orders
words and their various assemblies
algorithms that result in time-worn ontologies
among millions of volumes
amassed
in data centers

and I still think reductionist substances:
How many times can an expression,
the association of two or more,
be used?
Which ones disappear?

The black mirror reveals others acting
“Artificial Life”
from Frankenstein 1918
to predicting large data
you descends from its summit
among millions of thoughts



It would be better mutating
It designs bacteria It reads,
cuts and pastes
fragments of DNA

I am a living machine
riding a comet
fallen into the prebiotic broth
millions of years without balance
I have an internal programme
I am a cell designed
not by a higher intelligence
I am a potential tumour
a machine within a machine

Sometimes I lose
the order of initial assembly
my chromosomes
the markers
I don't detect
they simulate me to understand me
they program me to disappear
but death itself fails

Living under the late modern occupation
is to be permanently
in the pain of fortified structures
it is standardizing a certain madness
here we test with life but also with death

Terror, death and freedom
are static concepts of temporality and politics
if my machine is a slave
that tumour is lack of freedom in my colonized body
the same lack is the way I bear my mortality in mind
Cell suicide is also
in the simplest life forms it was there in the early seas
it lives on in algae and in viruses.

Death is my agencying
It is precisely the place from where and on which I have power And then my
body grows,
it advances,
towards the darkness.