

We take technology in like a pill.

Mixed with all the others in your pillbox. We take it with a duty we don't usually indulge in.

What? For our bodies? Never.

We take technology in like a pill. With sufficient water at regular intervals. It's become more than a routine I got used to, now this pill is a supplement. And like any other supplement, it's a good integration potentiator. Technology is the probiotic summoned to action when we conform to the antibiotics of our system. Technology can take many forms, it's like a fantasy cobra snake fallen into the trance of a song. Who's turn is it to sing to the snake? We always blame the snakes but not their singers.

So what if it scratches your throat and leaves you with an irritating feeling of having something stuck down your trachea? I look at you as it gets stuck at the back of your neck while you get caught in the annoying habit of digging after it with your tongue, symptomatic of your other habit of licking your wounds. Technology is a choking hazard.

You don't even know the myriad of shapes your mouth can take while occasionally producing a sound. Now I look at you and wonder if we share the same imagination. Have you ever wondered if your lips could turn into eyelids? Even if they force our eyes to stop blinking and prop our eyelids open, they will still shut our mouths, seal our lips tight. Our eyes have no more eyelids, we'll replace them for lips and they can never find them again. Speech is the last place they'll look. The blind leading the blind. We'll speak with our eyes when asked. I like a face with parts to spare and your face produces no wastage.

A culture of moss and eyes. All moss and your eyes fell into your mouth, orphaning the eye sockets. But you only wanted your mouth to see, so you dropped your eyes inside your mouth, right between your lips. You're tired of hearing that your lips and your mouth can't know the meaning of the gaze. I wanted to escape ever since I learned that eyes became less seeing than seen and that bodies become mute with blindness. Our bodies amute!

How does it feel to turn into the screen you can't watch? It must hurt. The only body you want to look at is the only body you can't see. So you turned the lips into your new eyelids and shaped your mouth into an eye. Your eye sockets aren't a good replacement for your mouth, I prompt you to get rid of it. (this voice is mouthless anyway) We're looking at an eyeless face when you keep your mouth shut and a mouthless figure staring back at us when your eyes come out through your open lips. You've always used your eyes for more than seeing and I was very clear about that. Eyes, and in a full body no less, are a powerful tongue. The speaker needs a powerful pair of eyes for making up its speech. Your eyes between those lips. To bite into your looks, chew and spit out something of your likeness. It might as well be a demon. I find more likeness in a demon than in your mirror self. Your mirror reflection is always darker. Haven't you got any questions for your demons?

They make more powerful eyes now. Eyes that borrow the body of the tongue to bring them out, to carry them back, and armour for the eye in the barricade of teeth.

We'll be eating you up with our eyes soon. You're a real visual treat.

Why should we expect the eyelids to keep their shape on our faces when seeing itself is far from solid? Our eyes are liquid and I'm convinced so is seeing, watching, looking.

You come out of the mirror just as I come into it, it's like we're in two separate scenes. I like that our reflections can meet in this space. Putting us on the screen is the only way for me and your reflection, and you and my reflection, to be in the same room together. The four pairs of eyes together.

If you can't get any recognition anymore, be sure that you have finally escaped the system.