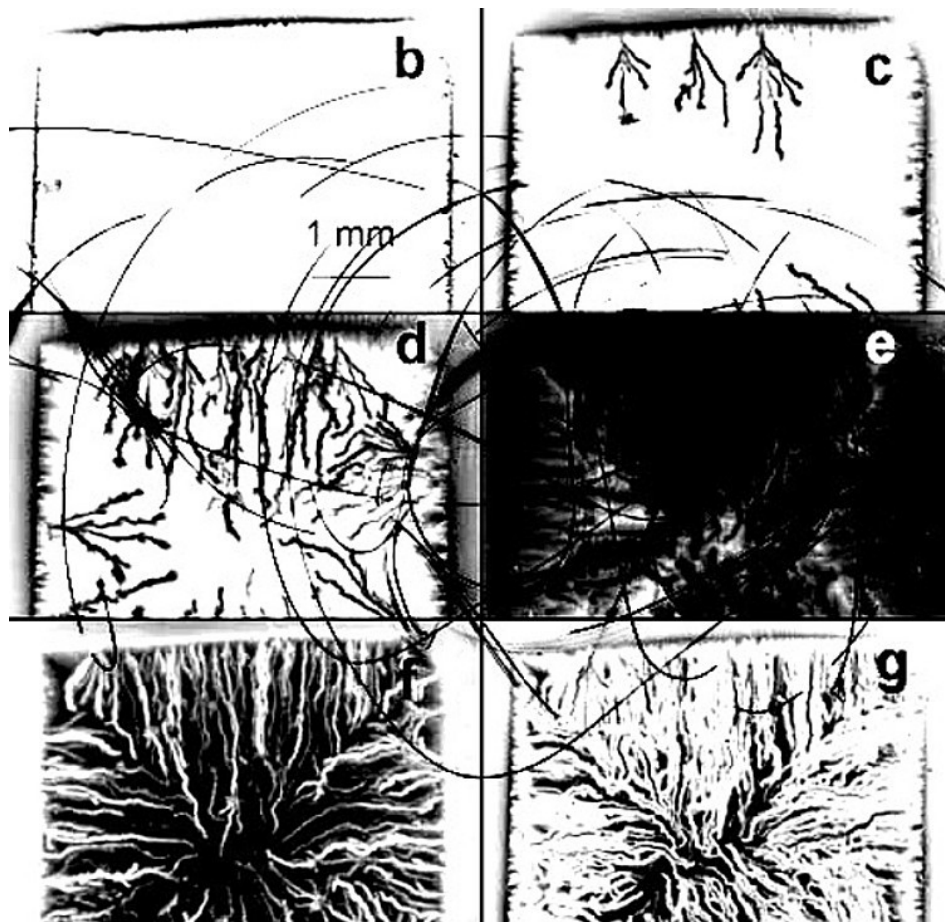


# I discover i is an android



**John Moore Williams**

Trainwreck Press

*0.*  
*Na(nna)tivity*

## I discover i is an android

*In which I discover that, to the state, I am nothing but an accretion of records: birth certificate, inoculation dates, social security debits, educational transcript, credit history: thus, I am nothing but a database encased in flesh. Conclusion: i is an android. There is, of course, a kind of infinitude in this: past my death I will survive as will, as probate, scattered reference in this or that bibliography or genealogy. Thus we have forged the afterlife we've always longed for.*

- 1 dior dna not available sir, evoke sids.  
eve's ok, kid. it's adam i'd worry about.  
iris disc over i is an and-ran  
diode red nun as ire focus'd in  
nods you coffee rise anon dare do id.  
i 'ad cover, I an ID.

2        die an I. revoke day.  
de odd err add none ta 'is reef o' occuli eulogy said on  
'r id suck of eris an undereidolon  
monadic nuns aside evoke Sid's ire  
to you obsolescent obey 'r' raw a dim disaster  
sever 'is dis echo over is  
seldom valiant and torn  
row I'd  
row on no one's war.

3        raw sense of Oh! no one wore  
dim or not dna'd to nail a various mode less  
sigh revocable seconds  
id is a deep-vested ire rested as  
Sid mid a wary ebb oft necks towards Lesbos  
you o yo        a yo-yo an out  
'er is'd is echo very dicey as none as none said anonymous anon  
no low die read new nadir        fuck accusative re:  
nod i as your gulag illocution sows fear  
sign at 'e non-dare, doe-eyed.

4 de eyes  
de Is?  
de ides  
are dead things are  
nodes of not  
that leak be  
accrudations of see  
that deflesh amidst  
all that motion  
is: so light falls  
fugal  
speaking *sum*

5 muse, gnomie ape  
slag you fuck-window  
sill laughed high glossoli  
no i-tome tattle all tsunamic dim ash-elf eddied taut  
ease fontanelles o it 'ad your crown a comical art  
a shelf Eddie taught  
ebb Ka move ta hot  
tone of so photos don  
eras knit da 'ead era  
said I Ed sigh dia-  
gnostic eye,  
Ed.

6 de eye cites on ing  
aid huge is Dei diad  
are dead tin, k? sere.  
nods so to hip of SF o enough  
to hate modus operandi vivendi ache be 'e  
thought 'e i'd deaf leash  
trial a sim 'oo can war rowdy at Io        sell 'em natal no fees  
too at Dei de id defenseless amid sim     a nut slave little atomic ion  
ill o low sol ligament huge        i hid gall all lies  
wooden i wick you fur over gals  
"yep, a sim, go-on go-go, get some"

7 emo stet gnostic Apep ya  
slag voracious of you, o ya cupie in eden  
"OOOooooooooowwwwww..."  
say ill all giddy i ago them a gill slow and oily  
no I-sim iota let till walls ton amiss dims silence  
no fed dies I  
read tao too.

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**John Moore Williams'** poetry and fiction have appeared in *Shampoo*, *ditch*, *elimae*, *Jack Magazine* and *Venerable Kittens*, among other venues. Two poems are included in Raw Dog Screaming's anthology *Avant-Garde for the New Millennium*. He currently contributes book reviews and the occasional story or poem to the online magazine *Black Heart*, and he can be contacted through his blog, *Sin Tax*, at [fissuresofmen.blogspot.com](http://fissuresofmen.blogspot.com).

