



DEWLOGIC

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WHIRLOO

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WHIRLOO

ANABIOSIS

There is the dissipation of a self, fractional and distorted a dream can never capture un-inverted. It always arrives uninvited. Born and renewed fractions are destined to be futural Flophouses grave-lined with tortured embraces as they were born to keep the human consciousness from going under. And the human consciousness forever craves its emergence.

They had made a terrible mistake in calculation, ciphered youth with the greatest of ignorance, and the cloudy ends of mischief they had used to grant payload to space. Love on a trip imagines energy in its creation. Little was known that little was known about the science of day and night. Little was yet known about the relationship of this science with biological life. And little was known that knowing little was extremely dangerous.

The blindness of Mercury, which varies from that of Mars, Earth, Jupiter, or Neptune and varies significantly by measure of degrees, can hardly be compared to that of the Moon. Their terrible mistake in calculation was not varying by varying degrees, the degrees of displacement, an incessant shift with little reckoning to space but much reckoning to the real workings of time of which they know very little.

The Moon they had reckoned, much to their demises, can be found in the west before sunrise and their miscalculations deepened as it could not have been found first in the east at sunset. They

had forgotten as they knew very little from inception that when a star rises westward at night, its returning graces should be eastward in the morning. A star, which may not fall at night, may not rise in the morning. The morning star never falls.

When they reckoned their energy source dead set against sunset, and the Venusian tilt caved, Mars beneath its life, earth against its deadly tides, Jupiter dropping on its head in flaky unstable icicles commissioning a rush for life against life, lifelessly, there will be no remission for the stupor, nor was any for the anabiotic anarchy earth found itself in.

The nirvana was morbid and there was not a true ecstasy in it. Humanity began to die in their sleep, as there was a disconnection between sleep and sleep cycles. They were drought cycles. And because drought could never self-heal it was sufficient that there was extremely little and much negligible connection between brain aeration and saturation. Very little was known, but too much was running out on drought.

Life was running on a runaway mind, and the best of those minds wanted a handle on it as they could not handle it. And life woke up on a projection. They had made another mistake in calculation. The moon they had projected as a traveler but as their little knowledge of their current generation squandered in ignorance, they had forgotten that the earth first was the traveler.

Abilee Ale watched Sashi Siva through the window of the Flophouse. Like quicksand, they moved in varying degrees of Same-Shifts, a combinatorial reach of dimensions within the same makeshift fragmented colony. Meridian City was a construct from ashes dead set on a moisture dependent awakening.

Abilee had lost her grace in the gutters that night, given herself to death before she woke up with the strange sensation of wellness, an elated sense of cerebral irrigation she couldn't tell whether she was high or low on. She had gotten the NOR basal brain stem implant, one which enabled all life and time cycle thresholds succumb-able with the ability to retain life at the end of it.

When love is ill recognizable in the ascent, it belittles the descent. And the honest thought had become the rarest nature. There was little to be made of some honest mind with the exorbitant pricing at the bathhouses the women managed. She was always hanging on to the edge in same-similar cycles of runaway minds.

The new evolution in Meridian City was in the fractional mind. And with the adoption and adaptation of the Evergreen, a network establishment of bathetic bathhouse indulgences, the forgotten belly of the shark shadowed Meridian City, and in its underworld, there was little to none known semblances of humanity or sparks of such. Solar seasons were no longer needed as much as the irrigation was. The new luxury in Meridian

City was in the sustainability of same-similar shifting minds.

Usually called Flophouses, the bathhouses had names, some censored sense of class. Abilee submerged into the surrounding Sand Polish, shifting in movement, losing energy and hoping to get it back in the Flophouse. She surfaced by the window and peered in. There, she could smell it strongly, the slight differential she had experienced with the girl earlier in the day, a rare discovery as she never sensed anything quite like it before. The sameness they were all drowning in was too familiar to be missed. It was a smell not like the off odor every dead-living-thing in Meridian City exudes, but one a little convoluted, a little bit more tortured, and induced all the same.

Abilee feared living the rest of her makeshift life in Meridian like a toad, always in need of some rude awakening, in the squalors of irrigational exchanges for something called life. In incessant need for position energy, neither she nor any of the survival girls that make up Meridian City had any energy they could call their own. It was a suffragist quite unlike any—one pledged against the doom where life as mystery is always a mystery—and knew only the pipe dream without any qualifying surrounding diameter.

She had been grateful, to say the least, for having survived the De-origination, for having the ability to sustain the suspension against the anabiotic anarchy. She had been thoroughly

grateful until she realized they were all living on expense rather than credit. The very thing that should be free was not free at all, a breath of fresh air. And she often felt like a fish barely out of water which while underwater may only breathe upside down her head, carbon dioxide in, oxygen out. Worse was the sensation that compounds as well were outside the human element, and the human element was always absently incoherent and in lack of cohesion.

There is the dissociative component withstanding the existential seizures, the frequent afflictions of consciousness more than merely transient, the absences so to speak which continually attributes to some abstraction. And the existential seizures seem to be those of some inverse entity married to its converse without any resounding presence of any known converse.

Life was not hers, she was not there, but there she was, never truly life, but in Meridian City. And every time she took a breath of something resembling fresh air, she felt a dissipation of the very air she took in, like carbon dioxide inhalation-exhalation was further tearing into the oxygen exhalation-inhalation. And she was breathing within some unreachable element, one she was certain would take her breath from her someday. Her breath was fractured, fractional as if she were breathing in some unstable experimentation-combinatorial version of C_0_2 and O_2 , some unstable unknown Carbon Quadroxide, $C+ + + + 0- - 0 - -$

and reinstating anabiotic states with water for the Flophouse irrigation in the form of hydrogenated oxides, H^{++} and O^{--} .

Life was sinking fast, and there no longer was the ability to produce carbohydrates naturally.

Meridian City worked around absolute rules. And absolute rules hinder differentiable potentials. Once she began to lounge for this least differentiable potential, she began to ask questions. It's absolute differentials rendered the space it called its own after the anabiotic incidence, but if its absolute rules offered little differentiable potential, was the vastness of Its estate, of it all worth anything much? Whatever could be its subject-ability, its sub-proofs? The incessant migration of excess pathos without any evidentiary pathology?

The point of being existential, she reasoned, was in the ability to own a wholesome sense of being. And Meridian City was lost to bits and pieces of extreme lack of vitality and life. Everything was always falling apart in it. Whenever she spun the position energy in the Sand Polish, she often felt she was one and same with its Shadowstream and its Shadowstream is incessantly submersible without the true ability to render a sublease. Being below the threshold of all the consciousness conserved in it, it renders no true stream.

Whatever immersion gives the anabiotic high? Was it the scented rock surfaces; the scintillating

sand castles? Could it advent on its capillary fringes, build all its bridges strictly on position energies, binge on its empty edges and live to tell it? Was the incessant downward shift moving? Was it moving towards any good future? And with its clock always in over-wind, Meridian City was doomed and she with it. Could she find a way out of it? Was there a way out of it?

The thought of living like some lost amphibian for the rest of some unnatural life propelled her forward, away from the window. She will need some help if she was to achieve anything and the first was getting to the point location of the De-origination. The lack of differentiation potential she was learning to go against would need a helpmate. Choosing to out herself and her slight ability to differentiate to someone she suspected of the same will be stupid if not deadly. The absolute rules sustaining Meridian City could have a traitor's head without a second thought.

The particular Flophouse Sashi managed was one of the more luxurious Flophouses. It was of Serial Bath Services, SBS, which housed thoroughly drenched baths over a wide variety of ranges for very long periods.

She made it to the reset window where she knew the window was more than likely to be open as the circuit of the Serial Bath Services rewires. It too needed incessant aeration as everything else made to be essentially probiotic in Meridian City. She pulled at the window seal and breathed a sigh

of relief when it gave. She was an expert same-shifter, one recognizably so and given a shift management position within the shifting rounds. It was during her endless hours of Same-Shifts that she discovered slight differentiations, those so far had not been enough to change anything especially a purpose-filled direction anywhere outside Meridian City.

The reset room had no sign of life. Beside it were the coffin-like SBS bathtubs containing clients of the Flophouse. She could not risk surveillance there. All commercial Flophouses or business of any kind in Meridian City was consistently under watch. It was part of the stringent and consistent rules that enabled the city to work as well as it did. She could not risk going into the Flophouse as a client. There was a different reason she had hoped the reset room would be open.

As soon as she was in the reset room, she un-looped the circuit and waited. If Sashi was as good as she sensed she was, she would have sensed the invasion and was already on her way.

Sashi, light on her feet and unsuspecting, rushed in. And stopped suddenly, noticing Abilee. “Who the hell are you?”

Abilee exhaled, knowing she could not have prepared for such a moment. “I’m here because I know.”

Sashi frowned. “You know what?”

Abilee hesitated briefly.

“Did this pass the council?” Sashi asked.

“If this passed the council there will be no future for either of us,” Abilee replied.

Sashi retreated slowly. “What does that mean?”

“I know you can differentiate,” Abilee said slowly.

Sashi deepened her frown. “What does that mean?”

It had not occurred to her that Sashi could not have been able to differentiate her differentiation, and with her differentiation being so slight, may not have noticed it at all. “You—”

“If this is a setup of some sort, don’t waste your time, this Flophouse is looping. Do I need help to get you out?” Sashi asked, retreating further away from Abilee.

“I un-looped this reset room,” Abilee replied.

Sashi widened her eyes. “You did what? And you think they won’t notice?”

Abilee shook her head. “No, they won’t. Meridian City was formed within a spatial gap, and there is no bigger gap than a reset room. They will not notice in the minutes before and after the reset. But if you step outside this room within the intent of coming back to out or confront me, they will know. I am asking that you at least let me explain my interests. I know you know something is slightly off, and if the council gets onto you before I can warn you, you are doomed alongside me. And there is only one other place they cannot loop.”

“Where?” Sashi asked.

“The shifting rounds,” Abilee replied. “Go out through the front and meet me there in a few.”

Senses were all she needed to master the shifting rounds, and once she mastered her senses, she could sense any slight displacement within it. And the second she sensed Sashi was on the move, she dived in after her, in and out of displacements. When Sashi did not stop, she wondered if it was some attempt at a show of prowess of her abilities to do Same-Shifts. She was not interested in her prowess. There were much worse things to discuss.

Sashi did not stop until she reached the rock surfaces and was forced to turn around and face her as they both surfaced.

“I see you’ve reached the space between that rock and a hard place,” Abilee said.

“What do you want?” Sashi asked.

“I bet you believe what they tell you like most other information unearned in Meridian City; that these rock embankments are like gods to some future?” Abilee asked.

“And?” Sashi asked with a shrug.

“They’re actually forever-barriers, forever a haven for nothing but absolute lies. They have no biotic presence or actual biological evidence. They’re the perfect excuse for something unreal, always behind and never there,” Abilee replied.

Sashi was silenced briefly, thinking. “I believe some of what you said. There is no looping here or

they'll be here by now. And I have felt some slight changes in my displacements. What can I possibly do for you?"

Abilee exhaled. And held Sashi's eyes fully. "I need your help to get the De-origination Artifact to undo the fringe."

Sashi's widened her eyes. "Are you crazy? It's a death to death leap!"

"So I've been told," Abilee replied.

"Rather than have the council torture me to death why don't you just cut me up in pieces," Sashi said.

"I think you are already in pieces," Abilee replied. "I know you can sense it. We're running out of everything including oxygen. And with the anabiotic incidence, our survival has been as a mutant of some sort. I'm afraid if we can't get out of this, we may become something worse than—"

"Something worse?" Sashi asked.

Abilee nodded. "Why not something increasingly mutant and irrevocably less than human? You must know we're merely close to it."

Sasha closed her eyes and opened it slowly, painfully. "How do you suggest we conquer death to get the De-origination Artifact, then leap to our deaths to escape Meridian City?"

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