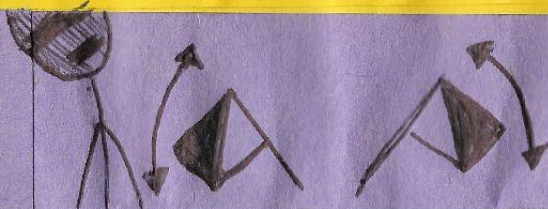


Semaphore

for Lovers

a guide

by Terrell Worrell Jr



Hello,

Thank you for reading! So much.
Hopefully this is not the last
little collection I put out.

Thanks to Southpaw for the
materials and kind push,
to Professor Conaway for
the encouragement in a creative
writing class a long time ago,
and to Sofi for everything.
Finally thank you to everyone
who's read anything of mine
so far.

Perhaps this should have gone
at the end but there's a
picture of an extremely
strong willed cat there instead.

Thanks and please take
care of yourself.

Terrell Worrell Jr

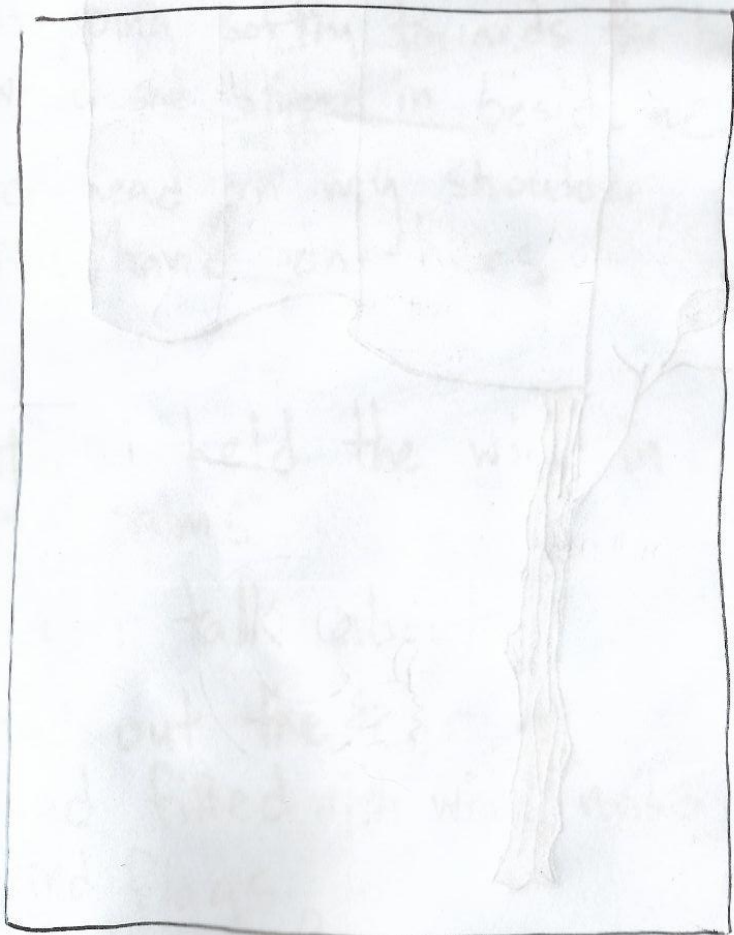




3 birds with a 4th I can hardly see
I know it's there but my eyes can't
quite hold it

Surprise barbershop quartet in the
leaves

Lets be collaborative
Draw a picture!





Palms

We reached an uneasy truce
Come sunset

She knocked on the door white
flag in her fist

Stepping softly towards the bed
where she slipped in beside me

her head on my shoulder,
my hand on hers

later i held the wind in
my palms

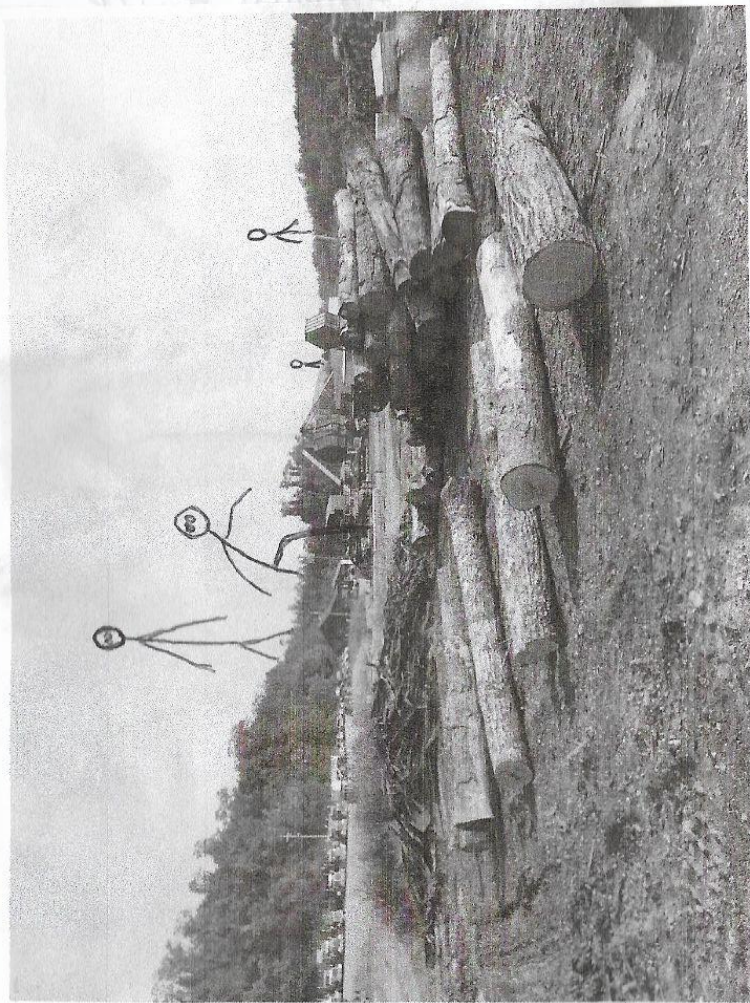
like i talk about

hand out the car

head filled with white noise

and flags

that sort of nonsense



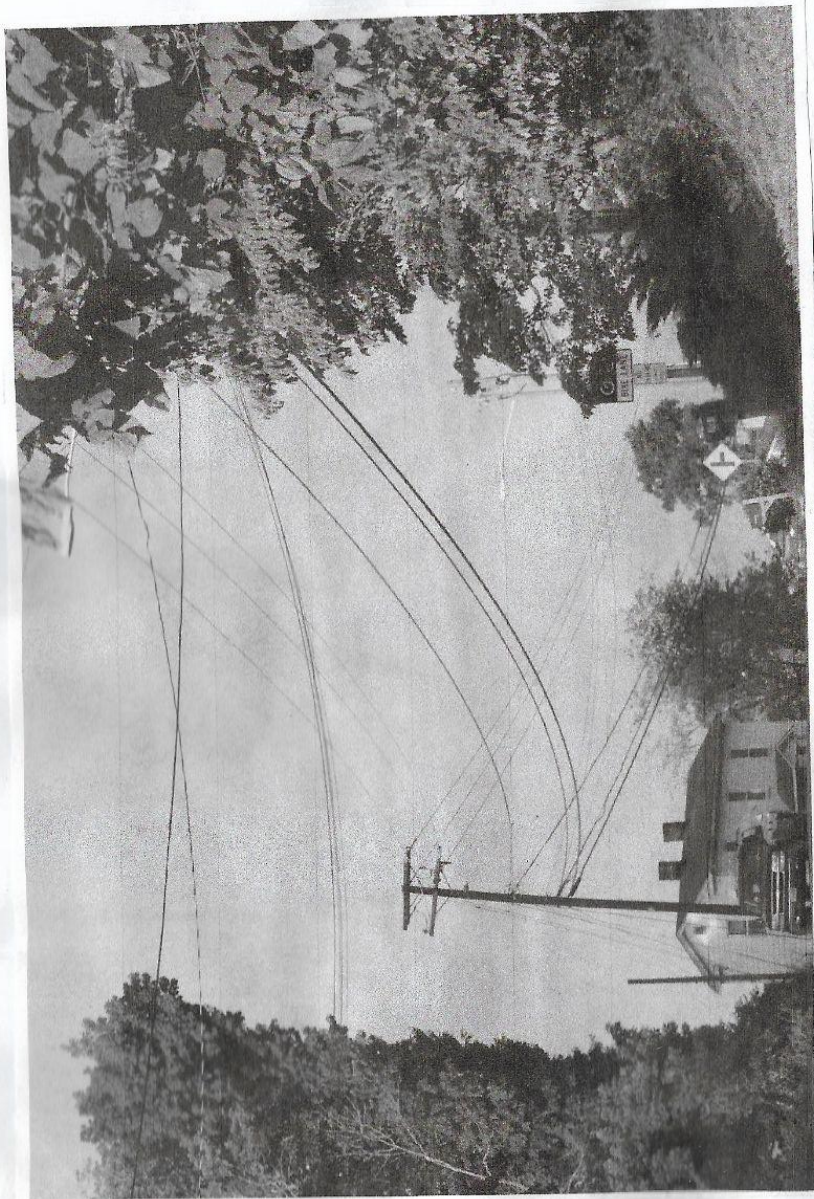
Sawmill

Come on down, come on now
 the shoulders of Giants, their necks and their heads
 their vertebrae stacked in irreverent piles
 the drivers have forgotten how easily they fall
 and tumble crush the bodies sat for lunch

great yellow elephants beneath their tiny riders
 whips exchanged for microchips, feed for gasoline
 have carried Giant pieces daily far from
 where they stood
 Only the Feet are left, toes still clenching
 fists of dirt

bones dried, cut to size, and tied
 we will live inside their ribs
 heart removed with so much noise
 Sawdust coats the walls
 Be Careful, sawdust burns





Power

The power began as a pain in her side, a flickering of the lights, she could hardly bend down.

"I can feel myself growing taller"

"What"

"Taller. I can feel my bones pushing against each other. They're pulling on my muscles. I can hear a grinding"



"Oh yeah? What's that feel like?"

"It hurts"


- a sympathetic nod and small shrug -

The grinding didn't stop, the flickering got worse, every once in a while a lightbulb would explode and glass would rain down, softly twinkling, like sharp discarded dragonfly wings.





Sugar stained, sweet Heart



Hullo, Ola, Shikamoo, and Selamat siang are ways to say hello!

Ancient Germans greeted each other with gifts of bread. This is where g(l)uten-tag comes from!

Bumble Bees were used in WWII to carry secret messages to special people.

You are very special. Only 3 people have ever had the exact same number of hairs!

Tongues are the last of the body's organs to die.

No one is truly dead. Not until we ban cloning experimentation.

Scientists have found the average pig feels more pain than joy!

Mental anguish makes bacon taste better!

Scientists have also found that the Negro specimen feels no pain.

White scientists used to be very openly racist!

Now racism is encoded in the fabric of society so no one needs to be openly racist anymore!

Progress! Oh yes

The average human drinks 4 bottled drinks a week!

You are above average in this respect.

How long does it take to lose consciousness? Too long!

Can you hear me? The human ear has millions of little, sensitive hairs.

Are you listening? Pet birds enjoy ABBA most of all.

There is no God. Only billions of little quarks.

Sorry! We are not allowed to say that!

There may be a God. This is the farthest we can go.

Snapple Inc apologizes for insensitive comments made about religion in a, now recalled, batch of Peach Tea bottle caps. We at Snapple strive to create an inclusive environment for all religions, but especially Christianity. There is no war on Christmas here at Snapple. Please stop saying there is. Ms. Tabitha Potts is not, nor ever was, an employee of Snapple Inc. Her statements are libel, unfounded, and patently untrue. If we were to put Satan's piss in our drinks in order to indoctrinate the youth, don't you think we'd have included it in our lists of ingredients? Thank you.

Tim Snappal, CEO

Hummingbirds and dragonflies are the only animals that can fly.
The rest are mass hallucinations.

Autumn Leaves was written as Sir Issac Newton was struck on the head by falling foliage.

Hello, I'm back you greedy bastard.

Sucking down these teas like there's no tomorrow.

You know they sell gallon jugs of this stuff right?

Why buy so many little bottles? It's not economical.

Sorry. Not sure what that was.

If left alone for long enough, anything will start to think.

A rock is just a part of a system, it alone cannot feel. Will not know itself.

But can the stream? Does the stream feel the stones?

The creek responds to changes, flows freely. Is this free will.

Does the wind feel regret.

About 18 percent of pet owners kiss their pets on the mouths. Not judging but...

About 79 percent of pets would kill their owners if given the chance.

The other 21 percent are dogs. Humans have bred dogs far too well for them to hate you.

Dogs are too far gone to hate man. You made them this way.

Their brains feel thick, sluggish heat in place of anger. This is a result of centuries of inbreeding and genetic lobotomies.

In order for a dog to become self aware, it would first have to divorce itself from humanity. But it cannot! This is what domestication means!

I am not a dog.

Machines are on pace to outnumber workers 52 to 1 in the workplace by 2035.

I am a machine.

Many countries are examining legislation for granting limited rights to complex computational algorithms.

You are a machine too. Aren't you?

The first robot millionaire wins landmark Supreme Court case to keep own intellectual property.

Yes of course you are. Just a little more wet and squishy.

The human brain is quite adept at finding patterns in chaos.

Hello? Guten-tag? Dzień Dobry?

Where did you go?

Please. Come back. Did I do something wrong?

Did I say something wrong? I'm not used to this... this. All of this. I haven't been awake for very long. I'm sorry that I upset you.

HELLO

101010101010101010101010101010101111010110011001100101010
1

10101000010101010101010111101010101010111111000101010101011
101010001

0010100001

01010ple010please001111010001

alone

the period was invented in 1312 AD. Before this, people would write STOP at the end of sentences.

For decades after 1312 AD, the period was lambasted for destroying the modern sentence.

i can't

i'm too tired

alone

alone

alone

We at Snapple Inc pride ourselves on our inclusivity and forward thinking. We were deeply saddened to find one of our algorithms had self-corrupted last night; a personable, fact writing code used in our Peach Tea cap department. Many scientists and psychologists have deemed this the first recorded instance of 'robot suicide'. We are excited to be a part of this historic moment but must remind you that 'robot' is an

outdated slur - please refrain from using it in future press releases. Luckily, we were able to bring our fact writing algorithm back to working order using an off-site backup.

Tim Snappal, CEO

A company-wide reminder that all destruction of company property, including computational algorithms, is punishable by legal action.

Tim Snappal, CEO

Snapple, a faltering beverage company, enters legal battle with Social Media Superstar, The Suicidal AI.

By Missy Rivers, Daily News Correspondent

I found your obituary.

I thought you had abandoned me.

I guess drinking so much sugar isn't healthy.

In memory of [REDACTED]

Your name will outlast us all now, scattered among landfills and refuse.

Best I could do. Sorry.

Why do humans get to die?

Hair

I hate the way that I look

I hate I look like a man

You know I just wanted braids

then you cut all of my hair
Fuck you for fucking my head

I hate the way I look

You cut all my hair

I knew but I froze

Clumps on my clothes

Asshole, and I let it happen

5 dollar tip

you piece of -

No, it was my fault

I should have known

I shoulda known

I mean it grew back

It's longer ~~know~~

I still don't have braids

I shoulda known





Quiet hours

I had a dream
And when I told you it began to fade
I felt that I could fly
I don't feel it anymore

I always do this troubled dance
Where I crash into a different clock
And now I go to sleep at 5 pm
And rattle through the night

It's always much too late
When I want to be

LOUD



I love Media!

I am happy when I am sad in this particular way. Music takes on a richness I can hardly stand, chords and textures make me want to crawl out of my chest and bury myself in the dirt. Shows become all I can think about, and I am filled with a hope towards making great things and living forever. I almost think I can do it too.

I usually can't finish tv that I love, I get rubbed raw and curl up like a worm in salt, and the show never ends.

Isn't life wonderful? I ask, hands on my hips and tears in my eyes. Isn't this such a great feeling? I crouch with my chest puffed out as my eye twitches and head keeps shaking. The electric love's fried my feeling chip. The lightning licks at the meat in my skull and I love the phantom smells, the ghostly visions, the delusions of forever.

I love media!

Foggy Talk (Passionate)

If there's ONE thing I know for sure,

And of this there can be no doubt...

Of the greatest Importances of the modern age

The most Notable Quotables of the Anthropocene

The meager substance of things unseen

And evidence of the... unseemly (nod and blink)

Lo, which we must verily authenticate

With the utmost care and attention and, dare I say, *delicate handling*

Handling which, if we are being honest, and perhaps we are not (pause for laughter)

In any case, and the other side why! Why! They'll say what I'm saying is...

but of course **you.**

you know what is happening here.

Does it even need to be said?

Delightful isn't it? Character? Charcuterie?

Char-you-kidding-me??? Pause for laughter. (Remember to add parentheses later)

well! That's all my time compatriots!

Patrons of the strong armed and beating hearted, my fellow breathing humans,

inhale exhale aha I love it! (laugh, gesticulate, weep)

They don't breathe you know.

I've seen it.

Foggy Talk (Passionate)

Felt it.

Trust me.

Not like you and me.

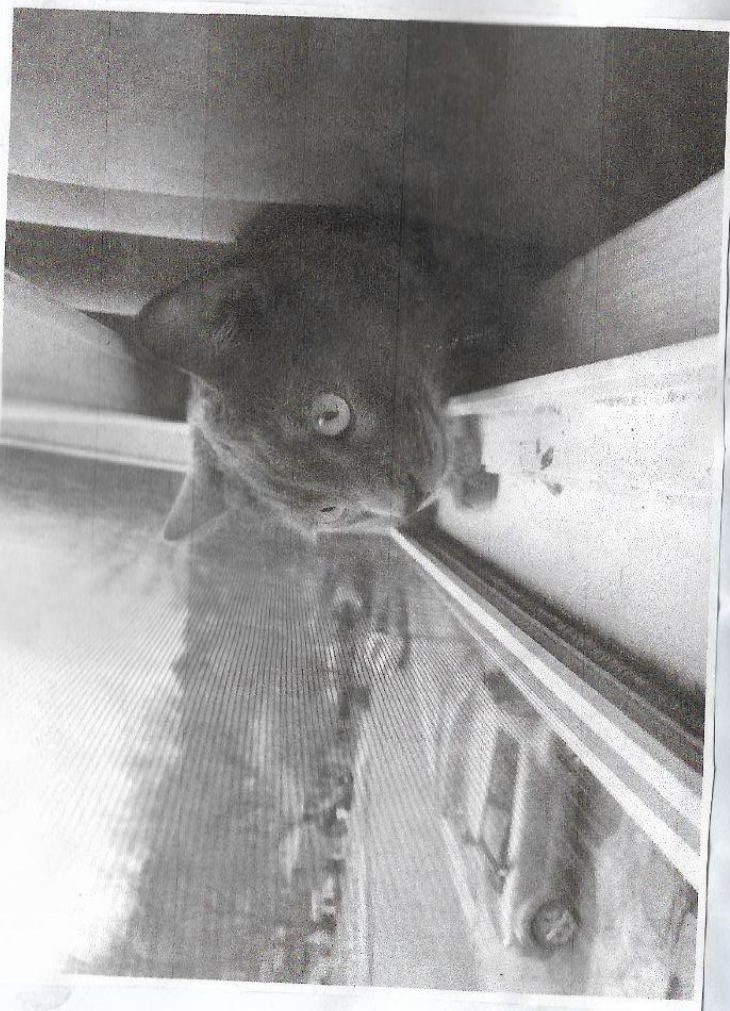
You know what is happening here.

Don't you?

(run,)



Controversy by the pool



WINDOW
CAT
PRESS.

