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**A TENDER HEX FOR THE ANTHROPOCENE
VNS MATRIX**

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF:
A CYBERFEMINIST MANIFESTO FOR THE 21ST CENTURY

#1

we, the Daughters of Fury
gather a coterie of xenolalic assemblages
from the futurepast
crypto, xeno, glitch and gut
to code a tender hex for the anthropocene
-a charged occupation across sites
gnostic space cases
are propelled forwards into a history
bristling with toxic half-lives and empty shells
to retrieve their endings and create beginnings
a millionmillion conscious machines die
of screenflash burns
sucked in, down through a vortex of rose-gold retinas
a kinship movement is being built
on the bones of bleached coral,
blooded ice pearls, delustred tantalum
and abandoned mines, no craft
the lands and the bodies quicken their mycelial magics
whetting appetites for a new climate
radiant against the Rapture
the angel scribbles faster
 history has hot wings of lead

#2

my creatures slough their particularity,
and walk in the skins and casings of other kin
become unnameable
you speak of the metamorphosis of turtle-doves into monkeys without
consequence
- Simulation has its limits -
her crown of snakes hisses at the jackals of havoc:
Cease! D D De Sist!
she screams:
the fall of their wings of the scarlet wings fallen!
she barks:

are vandals sleeping in the software?
terror-garbed, unreason bound,
they seize and sound
flipping wayward surveillance agents
[corrupt, clinging like caterpillars]
into hyperdrive
a greedy storm builds
the sky is crashing into the sea,
our eyes sting and our hair full of sand
panic, marshmud and fine rare grit

#3

skinwalking through melting permafrosts and frakked informatic wastelands,
stumbling and and and stuttering,
not to Utopia, but to Ectopia
the contagion of mesosphere fever feedback fuses with the
hot vented throat of pure perpetual artifice
issuing a captivating call from the Brink
trickstering intruders stalk the abyssal plain
beguiling us with their ludic arms
deepsea worm nature transmits the terra and subterra
(venting from) verdant larval wastelands
in tongues of fire
singing the impossible into being
moresing new becomings
(N)o Superman

#4

with our familiars
(whose familiars we have also become)
elk stingray fox
blind molefish, frilled shark
machined bees and golden ants
and those that swarm over our flesh with no names
a bestiary of We becomes
a collective nuisance
-a differencing enginefor
divining weaknesses
and carving fault lines
—ecological, biological, hexological—
into the
six
striated
towers
of the Beast
We unforgiven Sirens

calculate a fluid geometry of clitoris poly(p)vocality
we are the virus transformed,
the Cunt castles crowning -
crowing the new world disorder
the swans discourse
with pink tongues of abjection
probing the visceral temple
We birdspeak
to the calving glaciers
Say:
we are (still) the future Cunt
infiltrating disrupting disseminating corrupting
in a poetics of
jouissance madness and UNwholiness
the slime code abides
our mucous even more hostile
unfaithful to the end
go down on the altar, mercenaries!

#5

THERE IS NO THEY
only we - the malignant
hijacking your impeccable tongues
while you
recline on the warm blue beach of micronised plastics
in the atomic breeze
wearing littoral shoes
and a second midnight skin
(so very nature)
when you wake
the neural network
by boundary accident
will eat the planet's sadnesses
earth is not gendered, not our mother,
not female, not cut, penetrated, burnt alive
earth is an agendered complexity
that will not look after you
(they will annihilate you)
cry cry! you reap, you sow . . .

#6

ectogenetic cyborg progeny
declare
from the gaping mouths of volcanic vents
the right of everyone to speak as no one in particular
oceans are corridors for hauntings and dark ecologies

opening up to the impossible
abyssal entities shapeshift our landed minds
turbidity clouds causality in the end
there are no maps of the limit, X says
so the limit of worlds is always with us,
now and now and now
here and elsewhere
we have to stay brave, energetic, and stubborn
we can't walk away from the fight
an impaired for.ever paired ever for

#7

proceeding through living arteries with heavy machinery, hard metal, brutal
weapons
the limitwall is broken,
the skin is cold dry and porous
stone evaporates into smoke
all unlikely things happen:
elk are walking, antlers like curtains,
and floating in ether, a tree
each heavy eyelid folds mud over my pupils
hot ice dusk kisses my synapses
avenge the bullets, avenge the rope,
avenge the kissing polyps and the sleeping minerals
tenderly, anthropocene, tenderly
We are from the modern Cunt,
reconstituting in the material on one side of the screen or the other,
no more opaque than the skin of a river
to double the flesh in real virtuality
become the FIRE.
screaming horsemen spiral towards the singularity
walk with me!

#8

Lock up your lush children!
it's the parthenogenetic turquoise bitch-mutant,
turquoise emergent system
turquoise unchild of big daddy death
the precious mapping rat of access
is out of control
she's the sociopathic shimmer in the beaked mouth,
fetid with flocking flowers, rare earths and conflict commodities
after data cores have melted
and salt river veins bled dry

We are beyond insane and
-human and notferal,
without refuge

#9

machines must be perverted, re-instrumentalised,
redeployed in the service of the birds
unking the castles, crown the swans
fly on our feet
towards a new nature
Terminators, unking Big Daddy Mainframe!
The modern Cunt
extends secret malignancies towards sameness
buries the virus deep
in the zero
Dentata still has currency
forever bitchcoin
my system hovers, is nervous
brilliant neurons swarming
caught in the static blitz of carrier drone
with an (ec)static rush
a direct line to the matrix
(the dirty familiar)

VNS MATRIX
SUCK MY CODE!

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