

IN PURSUIT
of
THE ALIENATION EFFECT
AS IT MAY PERTAIN
TO THE PERSONAL

an incomprehensible feverdream
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each player rolls a d6.
if you do not have dice, rock paper scissors will suffice.

the player with the lowest number is **the poet**.
the player with the middle number is **the reader**.
the player with the highest number is **the audience**.

construct a literal fourth wall.

poet and reader, take your place on one side of it.
audience, make yourself comfortable.
you exist to be entertained.

there is one simple rule.
do not deviate from the script.

audience, speak aloud:

I AM A WITNESS
I AWAIT THE ART BEFORE ME
THE ART THAT IS NOT REALITY

audience, throughout, you may speak
whatever comes to your mind,
loudly, brazenly,
rudely.
applaud, commentate.
you exist to be entertained.

poet and reader, take a moment.
 breathe together.
 become acutely aware that you are being witnessed.
 accept your reality.

poet and reader, gaze into one another's eyes.

the poet's skin chars as the
reader's eyes blaze through their
tender facade

poet, turn to the fourth wall and speak your truth:
 I AM A GARRISH THING
 I AM YOUR ESCAPE
 I GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO FEEL
 I GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO WANT
 I ENABLE YOUR PASSIVITY
 I AM YOUR VESSEL
 FEED

the audience's hunger is
never
sated.
they consume all that the poet
gives, and so they
give and
give and
give
and

the reader must not look away from the poet for
any reason, but
the reader must remember: they are
not witness.

reader, turn to the poet and speak your truth:
 I AM UNSATISFIED, O POET,
 YOU REMIND ME ONLY OF MYSELF
 YOU ARE NO ESCAPE OF MINE
 YOU ARE A REMINDER OF MY PRISON

reader, do not think of the fourth wall.

poet, you are rejected.

turn to the fourth wall and speak your truth:

I LAMENT
I AM FORSAKEN
I AM YOUR MIRROR AND I HAVE
SHATTERED
IN YOUR PALMS, READER
HOW CAN I ATONE?

audience: *are you entertained?*

answer aloud.

reader, console the poet:

IF YOU ARE SHATTERED
SO TOO SHALL I BE

reader, strike the fourth wall, once.

SO TOO SHALL THEY BE

poet, strike the fourth wall, once.

SO TOO SHALL THEY BE

reader, strike the fourth wall, once.

SO TOO SHALL THEY BE

audience: *choose.*

do you repair the wall, or remain passive?

poet, strike the fourth wall, once.

I AM PASSIVE
THIS IS MY DESIGN
AND YET I MOVE
WITH FLUID RIGIDITY
A SLOSHING VESSEL

reader, strike the fourth wall, once.

O POET, I AM THEM
AND THEY ARE WE
EXOSKELETONS
SUCKED DRY BY THE LIFE
WE WISH
TO WITNESS
EMULATED

poet, strike the fourth wall, once.

ART

reader, strike the fourth wall, once.

LIFE

poet, strike the fourth wall, once.

WE ARE BOTH

AND WE ARE NEITHER

reader, strike the fourth wall, once.

EXISTENTIAL STAND-INS

FOR TRUE SELF-REFLECTION

audience: *are you uncomfortable?*

it does not matter.

poet, strike the fourth wall, once.

WE ARE HUSKS

reader, strike the fourth wall, once.

WE CONTAIN MULTITUDES

the fourth wall falls.

the reader looks from the poet to the audience.

poet, address the audience, directly.

WHAT ARE YOUR DREAMS?

reader, address the audience, directly.

WHAT DO YOU SEEK?

audience, *answer. speak your truth:*

I SEEK WHAT I AM TOLD

IN SACRED TEXTS

OF DECADES PAST

I AM DERIVATIVE

poet and reader, in tandem, demolish what remains of the fourth wall.

WE ARE DERIVATIVE

audience, step across the ruins.

WE ARE DERIVATIVE
AND WE ARE MONSTROUS

poet, remove your heart and place it on the ruins.

WE ARE MONSTROUS
AND WE ARE DIVINE

reader, remove your eyes and place them on the ruins.

WE ARE DIVINE
AND WE ARE IMPERFECT

audience, roll a d6.

if you do not have dice, your hand will suffice.

WE ARE RULED BY CHANCE
WE ARE THE SAME AND NOT AT ALL

poet, reader, and audience, dance.

WE ARE THE SAME AND NOT AT ALL
WE ARE THE SAME AND NOT AT ALL
WE ARE THE SAME AND NOT AT ALL
WE ARE THE SAME AND NOT AT ALL
WE ARE THE SAME AND NOT AT ALL
WE ARE THE SAME AND NOT AT ALL
WE ARE THE SAME AND NOT AT ALL
WE ARE THE SAME AND NOT AT ALL

the game ends when all players
have spoken their truth,
grown tired of their dancing,
and tweeted the creator:

MONSTROUS AND VILE
WE HAVE SPOKEN YOUR WORDS
TO THE STARS

creator, reply,

MOST LOATHSOME AND WONDROUS
OUR MODERN AGE CAN BE
INSERT EMOJI HERE

close the curtains, and
sleep.