

Lars Stannard

Dog, fighter, and the machine

AYE, am **SPEED**
AYE, am... the **machine!**

The lines of reality bend and dent and
sstutter

UP

press **DOWN** on the throttle

and

I turn

FORCED

back into the seat, my lips curl underneath my helmet

I am lurched once more **FORWARD**
my machine shoots forth

There they are there they are there they are there they are
There they are there they are there they are there they are

Like the tiny bugs that would splat on my windshield, they crawl on their fortified anthill.

Their lines cannot hold against the glorious future that we will usher in.
A future we must rush to meet. A future so glorious we can only speed to catch it.

Pure carbon streaks behind me. The throttle must go **DOWN** further.

UP,

I turn back

my machine
climbing **HIGHER**, going **FASTER**

I BURST THROUGH THE CLOUDS

I climb and climb

I arch, beautifully, and I press the throttle **DOWN DOWN DOWN DOWN DOWN** and it

snaps

*I must go **FASTER***
*I must go **FORWARD***
My glorious future awaits me
aye, am speed!

my heart ceases its beating

aye, am speed
aye, am my machine
aye, am ***the machine!***

I **SPEED DOWN** faster than terminal velocity,

a crack of thunder breaks out
I hone in onto hill 90
I can see
you as

I can tell the colour of your eyes — it doesn't matter even
You don't look scared; you look *concerned*
sincere
You can see through me, my machine, the machine

My teeth snap and shatter
The nose dives into the peak
A wedge meets a wedge and an
immovable object meets my unstoppable force
the machine crumples like rotting fruit in a strong grip

and all that remains of my glorious future is what? for what?
is a puddle of me and you