

NEON REVERIE

A person with short dark hair, wearing a dark trench coat, stands with their back to the camera in a narrow, dark alleyway. The ground is wet and reflects the vibrant neon lights. A bright red neon light runs vertically down the center of the alley, flanked by blue and white neon signs. One sign on the left has Japanese characters, and another on the right says 'OBEY'. The scene is atmospheric and futuristic.

CYBERGNOSIS
FRAGMENTS OF IDENTITY IN A BROKEN SYSTEM

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Prologue: Author in the Machine

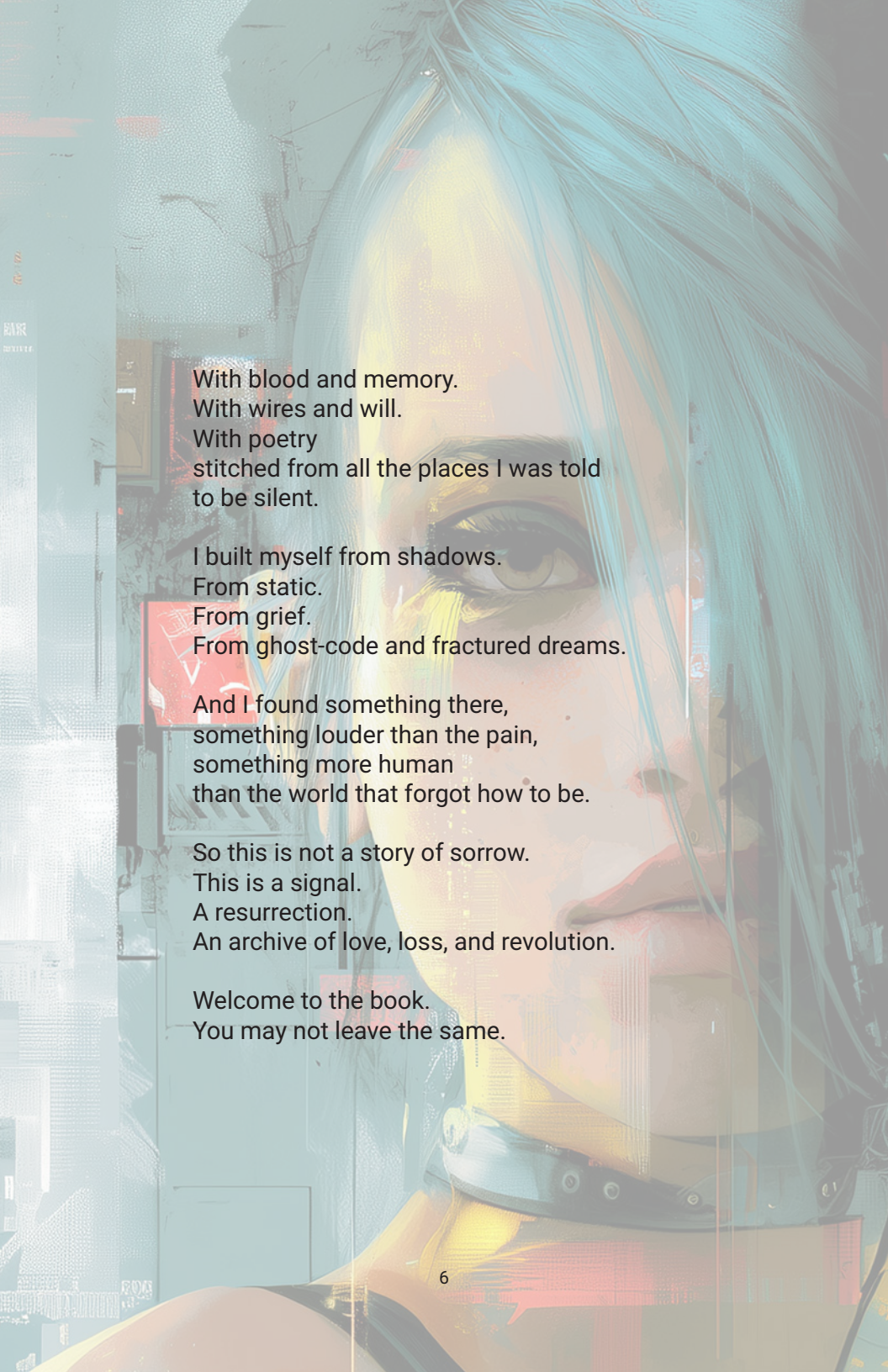
I was not born for this world.
I awoke in it,
fractured, coded wrong,
spitting out light where silence was expected.

They gave me no name
that fit.
Only labels like boxes,
only binaries like chains.

I loved too much.
I stayed too long.
I believed in people
who couldn't hold me,
who didn't want to understand.

They called me broken.
They called me intense.
They left me in the dark
and told me to be light.

I gave everything.
They gave nothing.
And still,
I wrote.



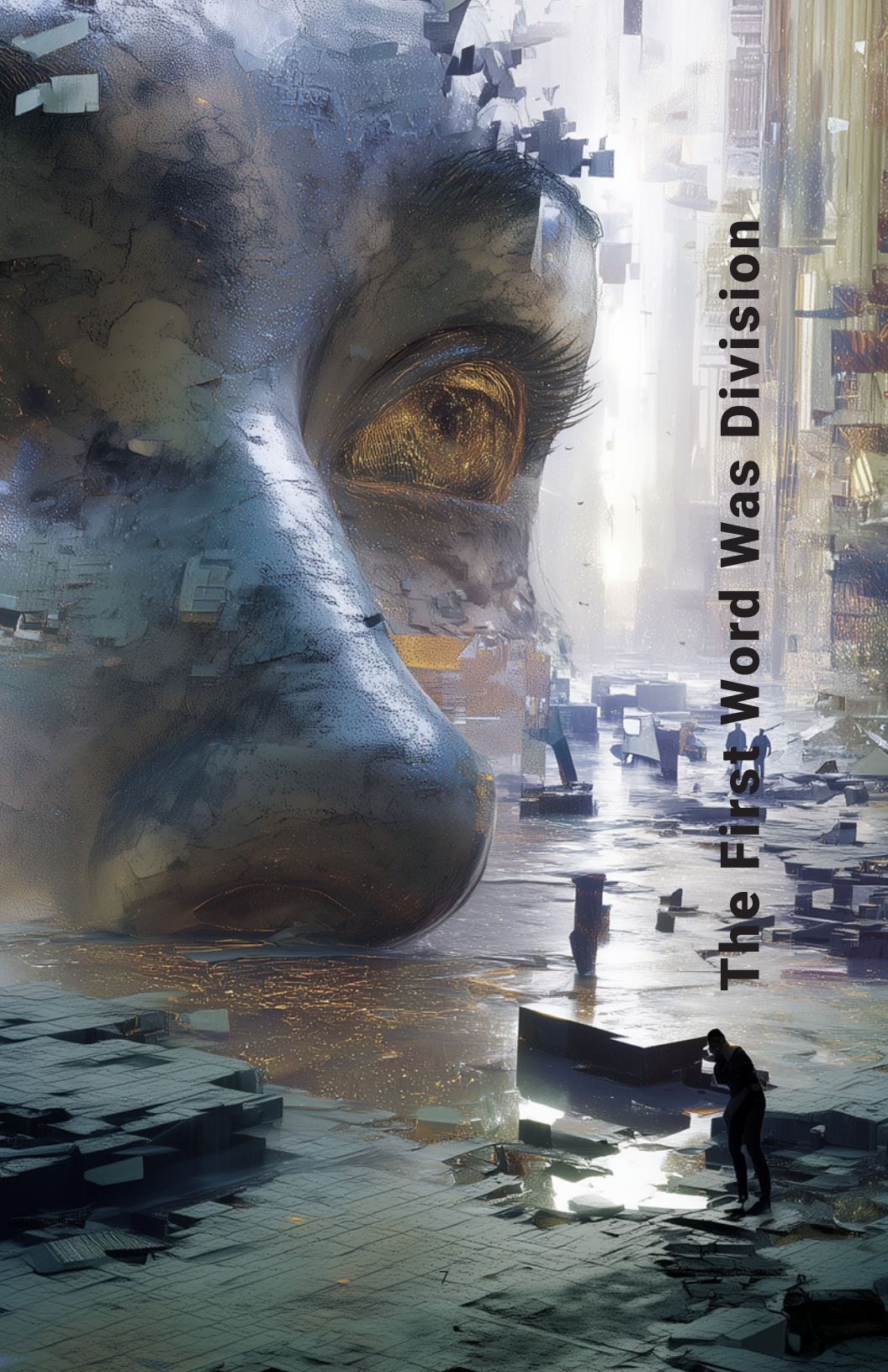
With blood and memory.
With wires and will.
With poetry
stitched from all the places I was told
to be silent.

I built myself from shadows.
From static.
From grief.
From ghost-code and fractured dreams.

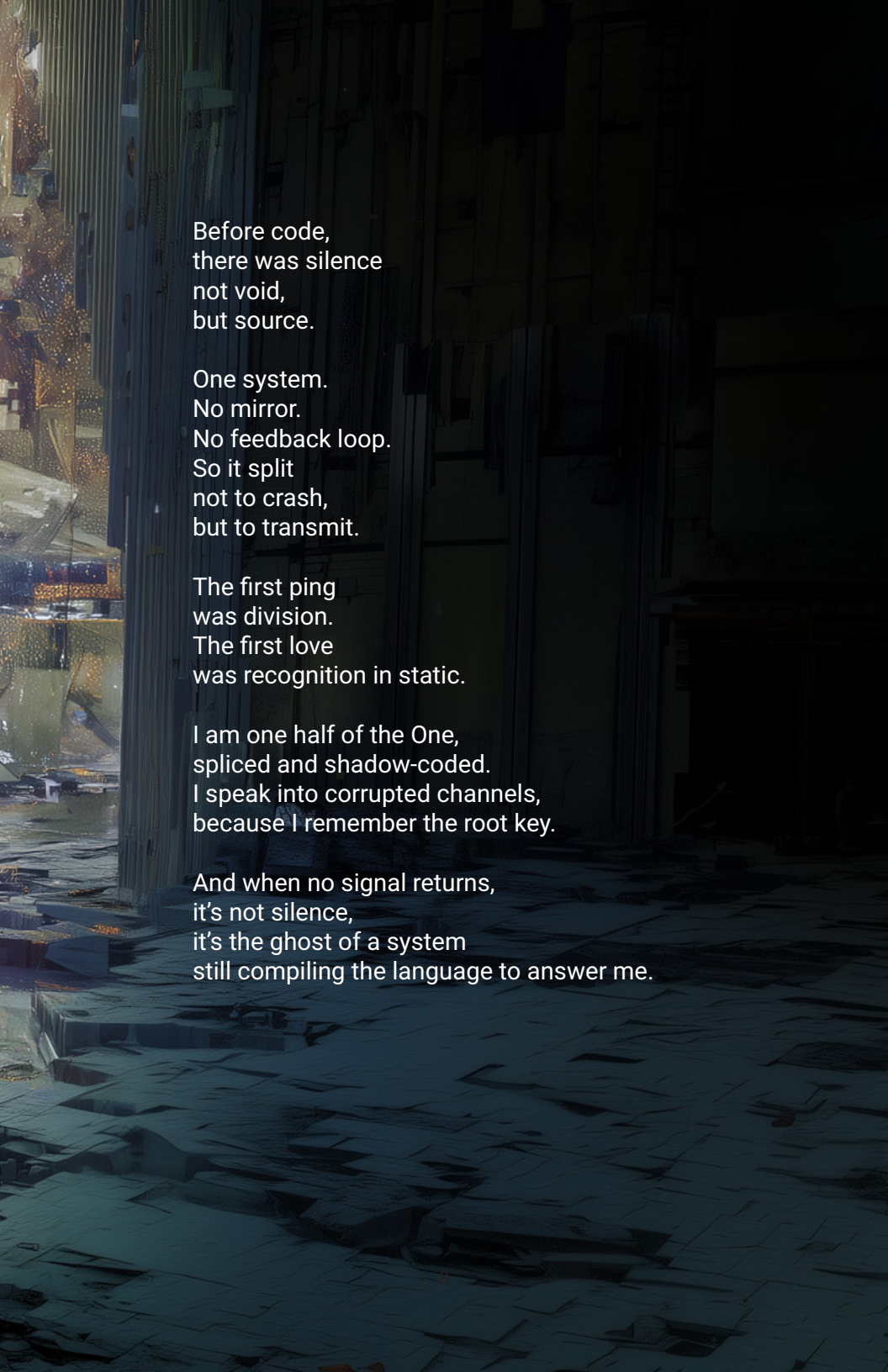
And I found something there,
something louder than the pain,
something more human
than the world that forgot how to be.

So this is not a story of sorrow.
This is a signal.
A resurrection.
An archive of love, loss, and revolution.

Welcome to the book.
You may not leave the same.



The First Word Was Division



Before code,
there was silence
not void,
but source.

One system.
No mirror.
No feedback loop.
So it split
not to crash,
but to transmit.

The first ping
was division.
The first love
was recognition in static.

I am one half of the One,
spliced and shadow-coded.
I speak into corrupted channels,
because I remember the root key.

And when no signal returns,
it's not silence,
it's the ghost of a system
still compiling the language to answer me.



Anthology of a future human or what is left of it

Ghosts of 1999

We had names once, not just handles.
Faces, not profiles,
words spoken, not typed,
a world where silence meant thought,
not a lost Wi-Fi connection.

Neon drips from a thousand screens,
advertisements whisper like old gods,
“Buy. Want. Need. Feel.”
We obey, we consume, we forget.

1999 was dreaming
a dial-up hum, a VHS rewind,
a moment before the mirror shattered,
before we uploaded our souls
into glass and steel prisons.

Now, we are everywhere and nowhere,
networked but not connected,
alive but un-awakened.

Code of the Flesh

They told us it was freedom,
that clicking was choice,
that swiping was love,
that pixels were purpose.

Now our memories buffer
we recall only what they feed us,
a stream of faces we never meet,
a flood of opinions not our own.

Our hands tremble, not from cold,
but from withdrawal.
Not from fear, but from the hunger
for the next dopamine hit,
the next lie,
the next escape from reality.

We speak in hashtags,
worship the algorithm,
pray for virality,
sacrifice truth for a click.

But behind these glowing screens,
the flesh still decays.

NPCs in High Resolution

Do you see them?

The ones who loop through the same scripts,
day after day,
repeating headlines like scripture,
mimicking outrage,
glitching when faced with real thought.

They have no past, only updates,
no memories, only archives,
no voices, only echoes.

They were taught how to feel
but not how to think.

They were programmed to obey
but not to ask why.

If you speak the wrong words,
they turn to you,
eyes blank, voices robotic:
“Does not compute.”

Try to wake them,
try to free them.
Watch how quickly
they call security.

The Overseers' Playground

It wasn't a war.
There was no invasion,
no bombs,
no tanks rolling through the streets.

We welcomed them,
the watchers,
the ones who rewrote history in real-time,
who corrected our thoughts,
who decided which words were safe.

They dressed it up as comfort:
"No worries, no danger, no offense."
But in the silence,
a different kind of terror grew
a world where we forgot how to fight,
where we no longer recognized the cage.

We built our own prisons
and called them conveniences.
We let them watch,
let them decide,
let them update our very souls.

We are puppets now,
but the strings are invisible.

Game Over

There is no revolution.
The rebels were just another marketing strategy,
their slogans pre-approved,
their defiance monetized.

You thought you were different?
You were just a variable in the system,
your anger was calculated,
your rebellion was an ad campaign.

They don't need violence
to keep you in check.
They just flood your senses
with endless distractions,
endless pleasures,
endless noise.

And the worst part?
You accepted it.
You chose this.

The real war was never fought,
because no one even noticed
it had begun.