

Good Morning

Summer 2024

by BorrowLucid

What's gm?

It's always morning in the metaverse. But why?

gm is an acronym for good morning. But why don't we say good night, or good afternoon instead?

When you collaborate remotely, via the internet, yours is just one of many time zones that you interact with. Your perception expands to include all around the world.

When you collaborate on projects that feel meaningful, you welcome work and the people you work with. Your sense of fulfillment is audaciously wondrous.

When you're greeted with *gm*, someone is recognizing that wherever you are they recognize a common place that is dawn. Even if you are about to go to bed for the night, a greeting of good morning implies a desire for more engagement with you.

GM is an arms open embrace of all the things an intentional and engaged life can bring, whether easy or hard, painful or pleasant, and everything in between. Even when we feel like life is taking us backwards, in the spiral of experiences, we're going forward, willingly.

gm friend.

Guillotine

Can't sleep after early morning bladder alerts. Chris' chest and back look identical. He was dreaming.

Using LED, the bathroom mirror was almost gentle with the lines and circles around my eyes.

Last week, tired of getting fucked dry, I stashed some lube in the medicine cabinet. Morning wood is less unbearable with it.

Bladder empty, maybe sleep can return, and almost got close, with the pillow and sheet tucked under my chin. His tongue was dry and sticky.

He was poking the roof of my mouth when I first heard the drums.

“Hear that baby? That’s for us.”

“Am I first?” I asked.

“Oh no. They’ll get started before I’m done with you here.”

Everyone was gathered in the parking lot. There had been a line to enter the stadium, but the guillotine was placed in the middle of a wide stretch of asphalt.

There was no need for traffic control, because they started the fire in the VIP section and it consumed the trees too.

The drums came from a few dozen people. Methodically, they moved around the lot, closing in towards the guillotine.

We approached, hand in hand.

“My love, attend to the sacrifices,” he told me, hands cradling my face. “Yours will bring me much success.”

“Thank you,” I said.

Sing. Thunk, went the guillotine.

Crouching towards the nearest severed head, another face rolled onto my toes.

Thick red drops, from the entire surface of the neck, soaked my socks.

Lifting blonde hair onto my palm, its mouth was agape, a silent scream, and those green eyes, still awake.

Palo Alto

Crushing San Marzano tomatoes drips their pieces between my fingers and into the pan, already hot with olive oil, onion, garlic, carrots and celery. Their steam brings the previously pungent smell to a more mild sweetness.

I pop open the cabernet, having trimmed the seal at a clean line, just below the lip, and let it rest. Glass and silverware are polished to remove any water marks. Rib roast sizzles in the oven. Timer says 8 minutes. I remove the tablecloth; it smells like rotting flesh. A clean one, green, like sequoias, is a lovely replacement.

One last stir to the sauce. It was simmering slowly, melting all ingredients together, but, after tasting, could use a little salt. Only use fleur de sel, like what's hand rubbed onto the roast, now resting on the oak cutting board. I pour two glasses of cabernet, placing both on the table.

Two wide plates, wiped to a shine with a dish cloth, are the canvases. I spoon a curve of roasted little purple potatoes, and place barely steamed asparagus, tossed in herbed olive oil and truffle salt, on each plate. The rib roast slices so smooth under this WÜSTHOF. I fan the tender meat on each plate, then spoon tomato sauce across meat and potatoes. Placing both plates on the table, I sprinkle each with chopped fresh parsley.

Sitting at the table, I lift my wine glass towards my partner, but they don't lift theirs. I take a sip. They're not touching anything.

I lower my head and smile to myself, allowing a sweet chuckle in my chest. Every meal, I forget that they've been dead for months, sitting across from me all this time.

After a perfect bite of rib roast and sauce, I take a sip of cabernet, dab my lips with an organic cotton napkin and sit back. It's important to pause and feel appreciation, when I've created something excellent.

Slayers of Moloch

Dear servants of Moloch. Join us, or reap the punishment of the one you serve. You, who adorn yourselves in shallow desires, cannot disguise your desperate attempt to hide from your vulnerabilities. Display your devotion to the enemy of humanity, for that is all you have.

Dear readers of books and fliers of kites. Dear killers of zombies and wielders of potions. Dear builders of solutions and creators of art. We call you, dear slayers of Moloch. You are one of us and we are with you.

Moloch, the demon we face, the one who makes you believe that you must take what you can get or go without, he will be slayed. The war may be futile and yet we fight.

So let us gather and let us look out for each other. This is your invitation.

How to Flirt with a DAOist

“I hereby deem, you are an expert!” Garrett tried to flatter the woman planting a row of seeds, one aisle over.

“Oh.” Sophie tried to sound like she didn’t notice his flirting. “Yeah, thanks.”

“We’ll all appreciate it when it’s time to harvest.” He attempted competence with his seeds. “It’s my second day working here.”

“Nice.” She used the back of her wrist to brush some hair away from her eyes. “It’s my second year. Have you used any tokens yet?”

“Not yet.” He rested his wrists on the top of his knees. “We can use them at Old Town Eatery, right?”

“Oh yeah, it’s super easy!” She explained, while she covered seeds with soil. “Once you’re registered, you can set preferences to pay with tokens before dollars.”

“Can I use any token?” He asked.

“No, Eatery only takes CommunityHarvest tokens and dollars. But, that’d be cool.”

“I could go for a kombucha after this. How about you?” He kept his attention towards his planting.

“Mmm...I think I'd rather have a coffee.” She smiled.

“I’m pretty sure Eatery has both.”

“I’m pretty sure too.” She sat up on her heels. “Are you inviting me to coffee?”

“If you’re not busy after we're done here.” He glanced towards her.

“I’m going to Eatery for coffee and kombucha after this.”

“Sweet, me too.” He smiled.

“We’ll use my tokens, so I can show you how to use the ones we’re earning right now.” She went back to planting seeds.

“Then, I’ll probably need you to come with me next time,” he also returned to planting, “so I can practice using mine.”

“Probably.”