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Man from the Internet
October 1 - November 7, 2026

Imagine being in the woods with a gun and hoping you don't get shot and then you do a few times and you're bleeding out and all the other guys left you and you know you're going to fucking die and you're feeling disappointed because while you were alive maybe you didn't get laid as much as you wanted or maybe you think about some kids you had or your mom or something sweet to avoid dwelling in your last moments on how your death is a useless fact of some politician's ego trip but what you don't know is that some creep is going to snap a photo of your dead body and then post it in some primitive dark corner of the internet and people are gonna fight over whether you were Russian or Chechen. Then this Romanian in New York is going to draw your dead body a hundred times over and over in different colors and she's drawing your corpse with a needle tipped pen one tiny stroke at a time from a little blurry printed paper copy of the picture of you that she carries around with her but over the years it gets soggy and bleeds and you get blurrier and blurrier until the paper just dissolves in her pocket and she draws you from memory instead and it doesn't matter anyway because so much of the tiny needle marks accumulate into grotesque formations that seem to come out of nowhere but from her imagination. She makes these dirt frames and she burns her eyes out drawing your rotting corpse but these drawings become an elegant and devastating work of personal annihilation and people love them and the drawings are shown in galleries and museums all over the world. And pictures of her drawings of the picture of you are going to be printed in books and magazines and photographers are going to take photographs of her drawings of your decomposing arm and chest and skull and now that one photo that somebody took of you lying there dead in the woods is circulating all over the world as pictures of drawings of that picture of you at a billion times the resolution and a trillion times the speed until you have been memorialized more than any other soldier of that war and more than most soldiers of any war and your dead body is spawning infinitely throughout the internet even though everybody forgot about that war anyway and so your death was meaningless except for these fucking magnificent drawings of you that people like the Medicis hoped for themselves and paid all the riches in the world for this kind of immortality and you got it for free you just had to die. *-ME*