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Ion Dissonance

gazing at a silver screen, I wonder not...
what am I waiting for? streaming?
wait, wait, loading binary instruction.
drowned in surrounding CPU resolution,
absorbed by this unique light of data drone! in this machinery's lore,
I'm constantly seeking some pixel-rendered answers.
powerful imagery and sweet numbers A.I.
yeah man, you really are the master,
masturbate, on/off this pitiful creation of yours...
that's right outside you ain't shit you porno-induced zombie!
shut my conscience (and delete it for good)
it never helped me anyway; it's a critical error.
what is it? a discreet anomalism...
and I'm distracted, from this not so obvious purpose that I'm trying to reach (in vain).
disturbed, yet it's just a coffee spot, lyin' on the table.
one of many, and and maybe the only fragment of reality I had in weeks.
I can't tell, haven't count I remember now;
this substance must be injected by oral means.

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