

THE QUARRY

James Renshaw

Vaguebooking

Westfall

1.

At Saldean's Farm was where I first met you rustling in the silverleaves,
in briarthorns, between the haystacks and broken-down harvest watchers.
Your low-poly green hair mismatched Westfall's orange oversaturation,
and the ambient loops were far too calm, too quiet, for the way you ran
along the ash-brown stick fences, to the herbalism nodes and back again.
I yelled out to you (I meant to whisper) /yell lol hey what r u doin
And everyone knew. Swiftthistle you wanted them for alchemy.
/yell whats alchemy You /laugh I traded you bread and water.
You gave me back the water.

2.

On the long stretch of Westfall's coast was where we fished for treasure. The wreckage spawns, spread thin beside the schools of oily blackmouths, had linen, wool, and lockboxes. You could pick lockboxes. You could fend off the packs of gurgling murlocs as I fumbled B for my 6-slot newbie bags, looking for space. I had offered to help you when you stealthed and sneaked up close to them for mageroyal and chests. (I could sheep) (I could nova) (would dampen you) but you told me /p dw i got it /p roll on malachite and /p run away if i die I didn't. I died with you, chasing your wisp form as a ghost, running to our lifeless bodies on the sand.

3.

When it rained over Westfall, the grass fields rendered in a sombre lime hue. I was gathering your swiftthistles while you queued for Warsong Gulch, and up on the Dagger Hills, I could see the flicks of low-res raindrops falling down on the water by the lighthouse. You loved the thrill of PvP: running to and from between the desert and the forest, capturing red flags, defending your own Alliance blue. In there you chugged through speed-pots faster than we could make them. The gold we could have made on the AH, we'd have epic mounts ready for 60. (You wouldn't ever be 60) /w its fun playing with you you whispered me as you flew back to Sentinel Hill on a griffon taxi.

4.

At the Dead Acre was where I last saw you farming on the old tilled soil, between the derelict mill and the wagon sunken in the ochre overgrowth. You were killing off the harvest watchers, the strongest in the zone, but the loot was glittering, and greyed-out names dotted my FOV. (I ran to see you) (sprinted out from Duskwood) I /wave /wave /wave and you /yell stop (you meant to whisper). You partied up with me and said /p im gonna quit You traded me swiftthistles. You gave me back the bread. Then I watched you in the Westfall night counting down from 20 to the exit. You whispered me /w you were a good friend And I hearthed away when you logged off.

Ghosting

Ghost

Hey

Hey

...

...

I thought we could make it
an idea formed from intimate

I couldn't bear the thought
this idea made from vague

stop-motion pictures, brief
snaps of the blind flash
fiction, a coming of age

initiatives would unravel me,
would lace us in the blind
flash fiction, reeling films

text-to-speech in motion, then
coffee with conversations,

out of speechless emotions,
coffee stains painting us

eyes; we're parting our lips exchanging breaths; eyes

opened, closed, opened, closed, opened, closed,

and the world can be real –

and the world can't be real –

our sudden escalations
to nowhere. Or if that

this I know will escalate
to nowhere. Or if that

somewhere was a place I'd be sure that I'd be

for pixel parks – hidden
in the flood of Wi-Fi signals
to the sent histories, lingering

safe from myself – hidden
in a tangle of Wi-Fi signals,
bogged down in the cache,

with scents dug into my bed ruminating over fragments

sheets, and memoirs of a spoon

left indented on the outskirts

indented on the right – of your physical life.

you were melding with me
in the middle of it all.

How could we materialise
in the middle of it all,

I was morphing our existence,

complacent in this existence –

now knowing you after knowing me knowing after you knowing now
you as hexadecimal. Maybe

of these consequential infinities?

it's me who's locked within

I don't want to barricade you

the handset infinite regress, within my firewalls and 4G

here where we shift out fortresses of cybernetics
the bones of our conscience – connected to the white skins
I didn't know we could and shuffling flesh. I can't
when we siphon fluid words bleed the veins of my words –
from our thumbs and risk it I'll pour until our voices turn
in some level of purgatory dust in purgatory drought,
decay in digital permanence. rotting under our fleeting guise.

But deletion is permanence, or But deletion is fleeting, and
a paradox when a ghost freedom when a human
kisses me, holds me, holds me, kisses me, takes
leaves a spoon indented my soul and indents it
on the right edge of the bed, in the outskirts of his life,
and any further traces and any further traces
found in ideas formed of lost ideas made shared
from these cold stop-motion from warm, vague initiatives
pictures and brief snaps from unravelled in these films from
the blind flash fiction is the blind flash fiction, is
framed for a profile, framed for a memory,
empty and without a name. locked away without a body.

Swipe Right

Swipe Left

Gaymergate

Get triggered by my bara-tiddy worship,
a can't-unsee in your rule34 search –
the SFM McHanzo ship too stronk
for a bronze-tier tinder dudebro. Yeah
I'll find someone like you raging on
a dell fit for CS:GO.

You've programmed me to be a lurkr,
an NPC following custom Dank Souls
rules, forever fucked in the faget spam –
teabags with the hacker's headshot
(git gud) (deal with it), and
crackles of your e-peen playback
from a booth-babe Razer headset.

Are you in a monochrome cult classic
closed convention for the nerds who
grew up gains, and for those devolved
into fedora goblins – pimple neckbeards –
double-teaming G.I.R.Ls just so long
as you can common ground the cleavage
of Lara Croft's supple poly prisms?

(I'll bet you'd find them moist)

I can just feel your hands now: sticky –
bad handling of the pre-cream n' tissues –
glossed over with the dirt of Doritos
and a fine Mountain Dew finish,
ready for some low-key ERP
STR8 hero fapfests in a hetero World
of Warcraft –

your fantasy; you know we're living
a testosterone conundrum:
dat male blood-elf ass barrage,
all deez beefs and swole, and waves
after endless waves of [orc cock](#)
capping your daily quest logs.

But you're salty. You can't even
reality; butthurt that Bioware bitches
can warp the conversation wheels
and mod a man from your head
canon into the nope-depths
of the online dark side.

Welcome. Login
to the Grindr app crossover –
your sacred mancave backdoor'd
by the furfags and double rainbows;
you know what it means. ParTy up
and protect your fragile masculinity
from my emoji raids, encrypted:



inb4 the Tumblrina cries, inb4
the Reddit downvote karma-fire,
before the 4chan trolls swarm,
doxx and DDoS with unsolicited
rootkit dick pics. GTFO
or get rekt.

Discord

Cmd: enigmatic apparition.

Animator images, processing rhythmic

words queued first as tacit-tactile,

synesthetic modes on mechanical [WASD]

– transmitting – 01100011 01101111

01101110 01110110 01100101 01110010

01110011 01100001 01110100 01101001

01101111 01101110 – transmitted –

as the left thumb beats [SPACEBAR].

Smash [ENTER] / Electric ultimatum.

Run: the VOIP chill. Replica clutch, nail bites,

metronomic mouse-click hesitations –

FWD TO: peripherals

>press down [NUM](push-to-talk);

>push up (release)[NUM];

{Identify Connection?} >input:

navigate my spine; >rasp:

the cerebellum; >pulse: inhale;

>spiral: ears, exchange,

ASMR secrets; express

{YES} to me between the GPU fan-force

{NO} white-noise-background

muffling the timbre in your mic.

Cmd: troubleshoot me. [CTRL] +

Interaction error 502 [SHIFT] +

bad gateway. You can [ESC]

{X} to end human.exe(not responding)

if: high memory use;

if: unknown program;

if: first time connection;

if: unsecure;