

edewlogics

*Ade Ronke*

### Authors Notes

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### **The Influencer**

The imaginary life is a life beyond its realms, the make belief rendering made up of unreal expectations for the insanely bored. The boredom will never end but the imagination must wither and die. Too many tales can hardly run on too many years of unreal expectations.

In a recent study done by American researchers which found that American couples are more predisposed towards aggression and violence against their partners than any set of couples in the world, I saw the world differently. The significant other uses an average of forty minutes a year pointing a gun at their partners. Someone needs to pull the trigger. Someone needs to pull the damned trigger and get the shitshow over and done with. What in the hell is the worth of that standoff—some expectation of happiness?

The degenerate scum always asks a question in the wrong direction. Such a shoddy line you'll say if you're reading this. Such a word like, "scumbag" or "douchebag". Why would "scum" be traced in the wrong direction, or "douche" without its relative temperaments? Not as froth from fermentation enthusiastic for life as evidence for and against it—trivial irrelevancies larger than life, than their own procedural becoming? As life may be from the expectation of death?

My mind is fading slowly, can you hear my thoughts if this pen drops?

Drunk punk red assed flying monkey masters—such is life on a string, eager rather than earnest for life—its profound gestation for intensity of conviction stretched too thin to be anything viable, it becomes generic and nongenetic, devoid of the life it seeks.

An artificial becoming that I am—influencer, some unpredictable effect of some unpredictable aim that got me some high too good to be true, to be sustainable. I—the pure instinct of chance becoming chances.

Do I have time to render my three tenets for life before this theatrical closing?

Life goes by too fast, it's as imagined, unbelievably blowing past with an artificial renewal of power with no wit or ridge to life. The appearance of life down the rabbit hole capable of nothing but pure imaginable possibilities.

My life with Mathew was like that, at the height of our fantasy jobs as freelancers...my mind is fuzzy...influencers. Most of our coupling was done on camera and I couldn't figure out what the real moments were. We were going strong. On what? I wasn't sure about that either. I began to guess and inflate my guesses.

I had watched him talk himself into a solemn and definite stupor under the influence of Pentothal, a Barbiturate and alcohol, the Amaro I had mixed for their full effects. He was dulling down barbering his bright words when I started writing mine. How far could I go with the ink drips dribbling their unobtainable bitly circuits of drowsiness, dizziness, before the pen makes its downfall my end?

Life is bittersweet and an intoxicating high in nature must come with its price, overshadowing it, its catastrophes. It is like firewater walking on the moon, a tragedy of its own making? Is it fire? Is it water? Does it matter? Is someone truly "walking" on the moon?

Reality slips, like some bite of the coldest reality—every deadening loss of warmth disabling, erasing its own pathology for life. My breath couldn't imagine quickening, the overwhelming paralysis in my throat was closing down on it. My words in front of me were a reckoning of the dizziness around me, my unreadable thoughts, a dullness from the blur of what?

Was I in some tunnel rushing away from life, traveling at the speed of light? What fastness could be the reason this unmoving life on a merry go round was a blur in front of me? Pentothal and Amari? Was life a deathly tale spun by some influencing effect rapidly degenerating into a defect—the trivial handling of fate by the trivial influences of aesthetics, trivial indulgences of flimsy flighty adoration.

Life is a reckoning of addictive flaws, harsh, short lived and toxic, culminating in death.

My sluggishness traveled without delight towards Mathew, slumped over on the flow beside me. I felt his coldness at an uncomfortable angle, the lack of a pulse felt as deadening as mine was starting to feel. And the downfall, imagined at some impossible height was as the influencer high, uneventful at the end.

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