

ambient lit / cli-fi / cyber writing / soft sf / theory-fiction

burnin' oceans.

by
mike kleine

2020 
a surfaces pamphlet

burnin' oceans.
mike kleine

written for surfaces in 2020

www.surfaces.cx

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acknowledgements:
john buse
xtian caminiti

thank you for reading – it means a lot,
truly.

@thefancymike

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for nkem

“[0:03 - 4:57]”

-twin peaks, *part 8*

[instrumental.]

<x>...*mumble mumble*...it's
atlanta hot...*mumble*
mumble...</x>

(lambo on fire.)

(palm trees, too.)

(macy mercedes, swimming in
brackish water.)

i play a cruisin' the
nightbiker strip 1977 tape,
for good fortune & posterity.

(part of the sky breaks.)

micheal maserati discovers a
void filled w/ blowtorches
covered in vaseline.

we go to the warehouses and
vogue, for most of the night.

we're wrestling w/ beatrix
bentley because she is cutting
at her hand w/ some ancient
knife and we keep saying, *why?*
and she keeps sayin', *because*
the daemon[sic] said so.

suicide by jagjaguwar.

one of us is a blind man and we
keep sayin', "i can see the
bright-blu waves of despair."

rollan rolls-royce, he's had
enough so he casts this spell
of immaterial opulence; nothing
is ever the same again.

(person-w/-bag-over-their-head
aesthetic.)

outerspace, still looking like
a[n] endless, indifferent
monstrosity. *curved lights.*

it's the everglades.

andi audi points to a clipping.
from an old newspaper of the
elephant's foot, out in
chernobyl [proper].

david ferrari pukes up green
sludge – but david ferrari
always pukes up green sludge.

the trees tell leon lexus he is
a victim of ekphrasis so he
freaks and takes everything
off.

we decide it's time anyway so
we all follow and jump into the
lake. [see: skinny dipp /
global warming.]

black-blu blood oozes from the
ground – the grazz turns a
fetid brown. thick w/ rot and
clumped coagulants.

(acid rains begin.)

tyla bugatti looks up, “it's
fine, i am immune.”

nice... we ain't. we go and
search for a cave...
...we find a grotto.

a[n] o.g. poem on one of the
rock faces; tyre tracks in the
mud.

tyla bugatti is still out
there, 'cept *something's*
taken her — ...

atomic dredges. insects on the
other side, chirring.

peter porsche saying,
“she'll be fine.”

fast-forward to a couple
thousand years.

i pull out the nokia and text
thomas tesla words from the
salat al-istikhaara.

he follows:

*everyone
is wearing these white masks
because of the smell and
there's sweating.*

i say some generic dumb shit:

yeah.

he responds:

*the highest-ranking officer is
tossing the remaining
ammunition into the river and
over-stuffing the caves full,
w/ sticks of dynamite. a broken
soldier ignites the explosives
and everything that was once
rock, melts into goops of
marble and compressed slate.*

i text back:

an orphan feels pain for the first time ever, as space debris falls all around and inside mother earth. this affliction, of never knowing the size of the moon, is destroying her from the inside. everything drips. segments of ozone and burnt asphalt.

thomas tesla says:

there is a[n] panic room somewhere, deep beneath the sand. jumping between dunes and rott'd corpses. the sound of flies... it's deafening.

i do a nervous laugh:

industrial park full of gangsters. they're wearing black jackets made of leather and ~80% have their hair slicked back w/ pomade or some sort of gel. all-in-all, if you were to empty everyone's pockets right now, there might be a grande total of \$80,080 and some change. there's a great big pot filled w/ crude motor oil – this is where they toss the bodies.

battery on the nokia dies.

<beat>

<beat>

<beat>

<beat>

.

we out here, under the big
bright yellow sun.

i say, "gang?"

everyone's disappeared, it
seems.

(some smudge poetry in the
sand.)

hands for hands, where hooks
used to be.

i spot the tree that marked
father.

there's a pile of bones by some
rocks. there's another pile of
bones by the tree. more bones,
at the bottom of the lake.
bones in the sky, behind
clouds. bones on the moon.
bones in his head. one clavicle
bone inside his other clavicle
bone – it has become part of
them

the desert, it's still there,
kinda.

cut to a flash-vision of a
human, in a[n] abandoned lido,
somewhere, watching a worn-out
copy of *sonatine* on laserdisc,
again and again and again.

i feel like i am becoming the
fall guy, again.

,

the sheep are no longer sheep.

as she stands in front of the
firing squad, her intestines
bulging, one eye different from
the other, she hasn't bathed in
maybe three weeks. the smell of
herself (alone) is enough to
make her not want to be of this
plane(t) anymore. everything is
cooking. no audience here.
just the sun doing what the sun
does. and another human,
sweating all on the outside of
what's inside clothes. the
brigadier general, he has no
sympathy. the firing squad
(there's six of them), ready to
do what a firing squad does.
it's the year 1767 and she's
got two whole minutes. the
general says (probably),
?

i am paying attention to
ambient sky.

(punching rocks.)

there's giant reptiles, roaming
in the background.

black horses and [more] implied
blood on the ground.

a drone appears. i see another
plant that should never exist.

(sub-ambient light, burns.)

(the aroma of leather jacket
in the air.)

(a sky-processed sun evaporates
and lenticular shapes suddenly
take form.)

(a cow lows.)

nothing is ever rehearsed.

it's my solar return,
blood.

[instrumental.]



select publications:

mastodon farm

in heaven, everything is fine: fiction
inspired by david lynch

apoc donk

arafat mountain

kanley stubrick

the mystery of the seventeen pilot fish

xyzzzy

lonely men club

meadow mapping w/ john trefry

collected voices in the expanded field

expat #4

where the sky meets the ocean and the air
tastes like metal and the birds don't make
a sound w/ dan hoy

speculative earthworks

third world magicks

we r the world w/ dan hoy

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further reading:

[untrue](#) / [samurai math beats](#)

[it's summer and we're running out of ice](#)

[james ferraro](#) / [giles corey](#)

[ballroom culture & voguing \(films list\)](#)

[an inconvenient truth](#) / [night moves](#)

[harmony zone](#) / [robert yang](#)

[porpentine](#) / [magicdweedoo](#)

[the screwball asses](#) / [national anthem](#)

[museum of obsolete media](#)

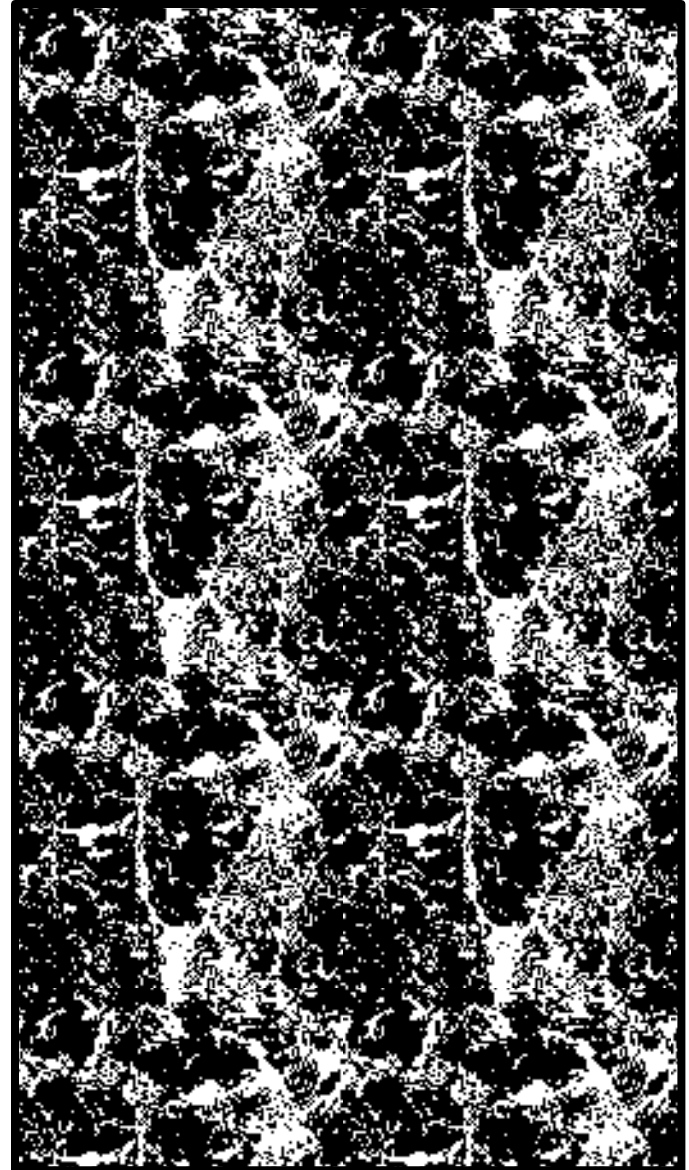
[great bear pamphlet series](#)

[burning](#) / [the elephant vanishes](#)

[caves of qud](#) / [the ground gives way](#)

[godzilla](#) / [ultraman](#) / [gamera](#)

[talkin' bout my baby](#) / [for the plasma](#)



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