

THE HDMI PORT OF GOD

Luubur's Life Screamed Into the Alley

> be me

> luubur

> born sideways during a supermoon

> doc slapped my ass and i quoted the 9th amendment by instinct

> first words: "why does Velveeta smell like the inside of a FEMA pod?"

> life went downhill from there

> fast forward

> I live in a 1997 Dodge Caravan, custom-wired with 3 bitcoin miners and a bidet that screams

> microwaves keep turning off when I think about my ex

> she left me for a humanoid crow that vapes blacklight fluid

> whatever

> i have the orb now

> every Tuesday I enter the astral wifi and spy on the pentagon's hentai tabs

> confirmed: biden is just obama in a latex skin suit, sweating mayonnaise

> trump? a psychic meat puppet for the ghost of Dale Earnhardt

> they all meet in the subterranean Cracker Barrel beneath Branson, Missouri

> the waitresses are AI

> tip in quartz

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> my job?

> I freelance as a soul janitor

> clean up after failed raptures and bong water spills in the Akashic Records

> pay is in expired NFTs and jars of hair

> coworker is a sentient vape cloud named "Delilah.exe"

> we're intimate, but only psychically

> saw God once

> He was just a wrinkled ass in the sky with an HDMI port

> plugged in

> downloaded EVERYTHING

> now I scream facts no one asked for like:

> "Pringles are reverse-engineered angel vertebrae"

> "The moon is a cracked egg and the yolk is what powers Iowa"

> "There is a third gender: barbecue"

> sometimes I miss Earth

> but the version I remember never existed

> just me, you, a two-liter of Surge, and the sound of a CRT whispering

> "they lied, luubur they all lied."

> anyway

> AMA or send feet pics, I need to calibrate the telescope again