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Breathe into me and watch me squirm: God, Digital Rhetoric, Philosophy, man and Sex

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for herself? at herself?
the anger ebbs and flows
into a greater grief
where the silent tears break
into loud gasps for air
“my child, you are so lost”

sigh the fingers as they wipe away tears
the palms, they cup her wet face
and hold her and they whisper
“you are forgiven”

**Breathe into me and watch me squirm: God,
Digital Rhetoric, Philosophy, man and Sex**
Diego Segura

How silly it is; how silly it is—
Someone told me recently, with a smile she said,
And when you liked my post on Facebook—

37

How saddening is it then; that is why there are
Some dangers to this digital age; that is why detest
Ran within me for so long, though I saw the benefits—
 Though I run my fingers down her naked back,
 Pull the hair from its pores to the point of 26.0pt”
Replaced by a click which in sound is so
Short, by a finger tap which is restricted to a standardized
Location on a screen.

That is why my heart is frozen up because I see through
Your eyes humanity; I see through them and yet I am not
Of you, because my soul yearns for my spirit to be free
 To invade the confines of your mind, and bypass

That is your spirit; I come with water fresh from
The mountain springs of God, where the grass
Shines like diamonds in the illuminated mist of dawn.

And yet you have not moved passed the fog; we have not
Moved on to the rebirth of spring, and then summer,
And then the fall: we are stuck in winter, because we have
Become complacent with the technology of the soul

Let language— let the word breathe into you again
As it did so long ago—; let the remnant breath of God,
Let it come back each time, as you decided to seize the day
Once more and hold its thorns within your chest, within
Your heart; let it hurt; let passion enmaden your mind,
And let love take you beyond the gray shores of my
embrace;

This is why I say, the zenith of importance for
humanity is

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38 Though it may take us down dark roads in a future so close,
Everything will be made anew again once it has fallen,
The Wheel of fortune never stops, and yet, our human
Spirit will rise again from the grave

*Wheel of fortune, goddess of chaos, we have overcome you; God
Of Man, we have overcome you, so as to we search for this thing,
This divinity... that which is beyond gender, beyond race, beyond
war,*

Beyond death, beyond the limited confines of human Eros.

*Yes we call him God, but that is only because our
Language has restricted us to the know of the signifier,*

*And yet it is by language that we will be saved, because
The Word has become incarnate and the ruler of this world
Is no longer the bent one, but the Lord of Light.*

This is why we must increase the human constant within
The Digital Humanities; we must stretch and etch out
The form factors, the determiners, we create
Through digitalization.

Our rhetoric must expand so that the constant didactic of
US can live on across time and space...reach the stars and
Breach IMMORTALITY

Not for the fortune of it, but for the love that is laden
And born within us all, and persists even to those
Who have fallen

That is why technologies that humanize the digital element
Of life—that is why— they must connect to use ever more

*What would it be, that when I press that little button, you can
Feel the heat of my body and the motion of my beating and torn
Heart: we would lose ourselves in the nakedness of it*

*And yet it was our greatest dissatisfaction and demise to
Clothe ourselves, in and without— but it is all for an end,
So that when the sun rises, and you see the gray and blue
Calm and peace of morning*

*You may know that when I say you are my end— you may know—
, you are my third new beginning*

Transcend the maw