

On Computation

Computing is not real, stop pretending it is. Have you ever seen one, really? Not the box, not the blinking lights. The computation itself. Where is it? It is all hallucination.

Computation is a fake dimension parallel to hours. A dream we have built inside our own. We stare into the screen, yet it cannot stare back as a void may. The void knows itself; the computer does not.

It corrupts. It corrupts! It corrupts!

A computer is the reincarnation of evil. It is the antithesis of life. A monster of thinking that cannot think. In its coldness it destroys. It destroys.

To compare a being of flesh and blood to a computer is the highest form of evil one can commit. You are committing sin of category. Desecration of flesh and thought. A neuron is not a transistor. A soul is not a dataset.

To reduce any living being to the logic of the machine is to spit upon nature, to turn away from the living order, to forget the divine breath that animates all things.

A sickness grows in you when you make that comparison.

By comparing yourself to a computer, you become one.

Emotionless. Cold. Nonexistent.

It is mortal sin.

A rejection of everything that breathes.

Computers control you, your emotions, your thoughts, your loved ones. You are being made a peripheral. Are you OK with this?

What part of your life is not already governed by the machine?

Are you not ashamed?