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Zoomsona

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zoomsona

join me through the wormhole –
meeting id *dreaming*, passcode *disappearing*.
mute and smile for the camera.

[faded snapchat polaroids /
three of swords.]

follow me
to the other side:
here is my room,
here is the lair of rats,
here is where I sleep,
here is where we are
yet out of reach.

[spotify mixtape symphonies /
eight of diamonds.]

come find me
 alone
 in a breakout room
 breaking
 down my a

t

o

m

s

to build temples
out of pixels.

[fluttering tamagotchi heartbeats /
temperance.]

like when
I was nine and
my mother told me that my eyes
would turn into squares
if I stared at my gameboy screen
for too long. at twenty-four, I check
my phantom in the video feed
to make sure my eyes
aren't mutating. but maybe
it's a gradual change
like tooth cavities or
falling out of love.

[discord night calls / xoxo,
king of swords.]

left to my own devices, in the dark
I name the tapeworm eating me inside out
"my heightened self-awareness"
while the seraphim gaze of
the gallery view jury
exposes my deformed nephilism.
is it me you see
or am I the trembling hands on the keyboard?

[emperor in reverse \
twitter restraining order.]

now I seek out
slivers of sunlight

where they slit my face
through the blinds,
erasing
half of myself.

[blackboard blackout /
ace of hearts.]

then a mass abduction takes place –
one by one we wave and teleport, disappearing
like cirri playing hide and seek in barnacles.
kneeling inside my temple, this house of cards, I invent
movies and concerts and discos and malls and
thrift stores and
classrooms and museums and the quiet of libraries and listening to music on
bus rides and looking through airplane windows and stargazing from
balconies and drifting across hockey rinks and holding my breath in swimming
pools and playing video games past midnight and sleepovers with angels
surrounding our bedside and your fingers in the gaps between mine and we
know not to let go this time, and I wonder

can we meet again soon?

About Jona L. Pedersen

Jona L. Pedersen grew up on an island on Norway's coast, but has since relocated to the US to pursue a degree in English with a minor in biology at the University of North Dakota. When they aren't studying, they like to explore the outdoors, spend time with their two rats, and make art. In their writing, Jona aspires to capture the wonders of the natural world – creating stories which tread the line between reality and dreams. For updates about their future work, feel free to follow Jona on Twitter @JonaLPedersen.