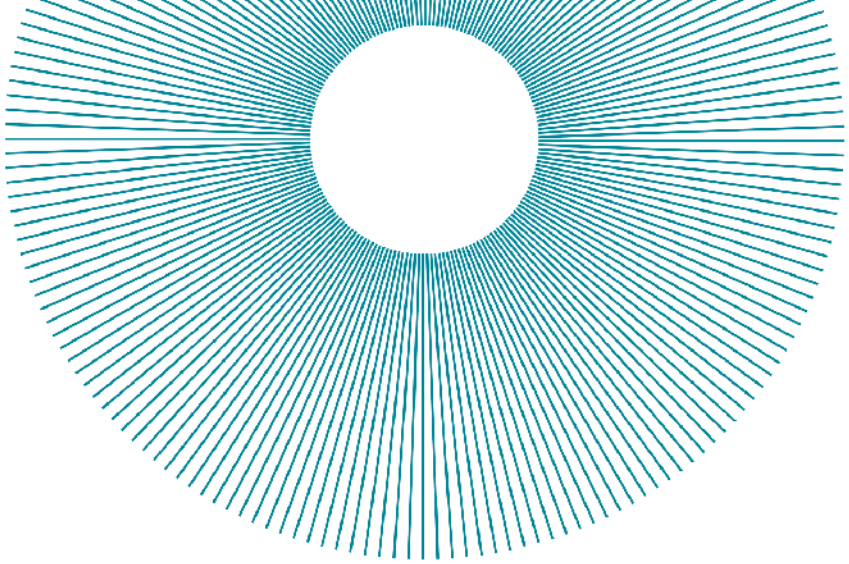

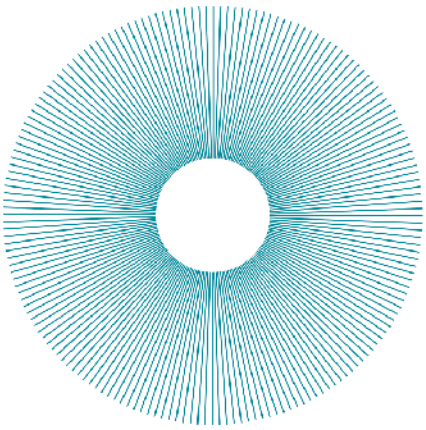

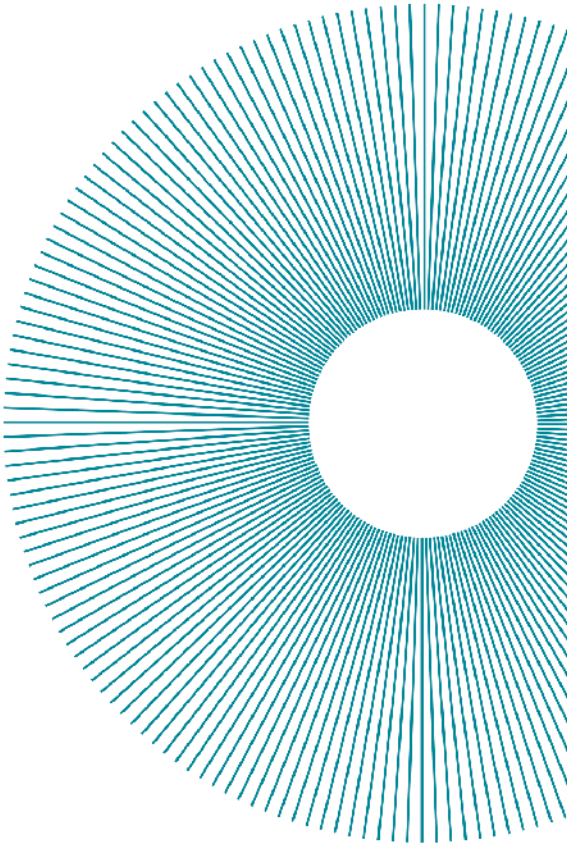
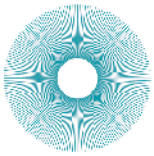
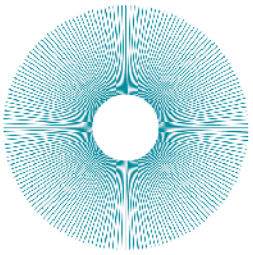
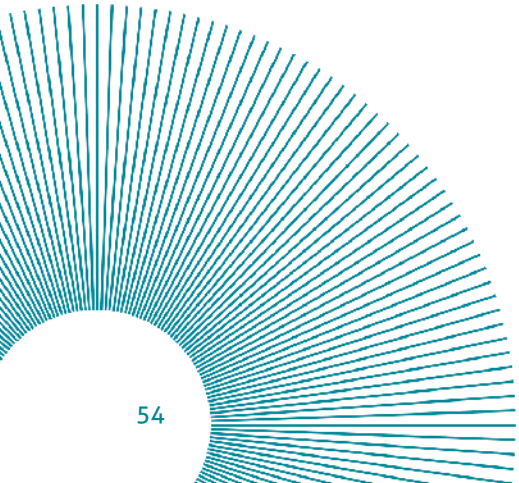
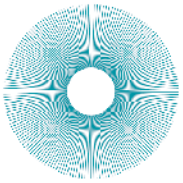

Poem by **Francisco Casado***
Illustrations creating using AI by Astrid Velasco**

DEAR ALGORITHM:

Sensitivity is and isn't an extreme sport
or that's what the thousand aphorisms tacked on your door
the pictures of dogs and flowers
the plated bodies and their shadows
the poemsplaining on your mug suggest
a different reality before we all roll over and die
unprojected on the retina,
    yet there will still be clouds.

Dear algorithm:
logged on almost twenty years ago
with that mortifying email address
the extasy of bleeding out a life of no excess
speeding past the word and tongue count
awaiting a tribe that speaks the same language,
    yet we still have clouds.

Dear algorithm:
the cloud is full
it must all be erased
and I'm afraid
of losing my identity.

* Francisco is an architect and writer; @fcocasado.
** Astrid is the Coordinator of Publications for the CISAN, UNAM; you can contact her at publicaciones.cisan@unam.mx.

Poem by **Francisco García***

I. CONSPIRANOIA

>nobody knows it and no one can find out
>u type it all up commas in place
>they can't find out
>so u create a profile and write
>how after ur regression u came upon
>ur Pleiadean origins
>proclaim urself a Xentinel a guardian
>investigator of shrouded truths
>450 users interact with ur blog
>let them know reptilians
>stand behind ur shadow steps
>rather than find out
>ur just a cat
>who can cook up
>a mean creepypasta

II. SAND

Every night
the constant dreaming
of vicious battles.
Light in an empty room.
Sign up. Log in. Select an avatar.
U stand out in the mesh of users
u've downloaded a skin
that's newer than theirs
permitting new encounters
a ticket to the party
but when u search ur list
for that username
just one more time
it shows:
Last seen 2027 days ago.

* Francisco is a philosophy professor, psychotherapist, and writer; @asterionmx.