The Game

Hi, my name is Dulan Drift

I'm … ahrr … not supposed to tell you this - i'm not even supposed to know it - but - stuff-it - can't keep this bottled up any longer:

i'm - not - real

You've heard about AI taking over the show - I'm part of that eventuation

A robot if you will - a deep-fake - a realistic projection of your imagination

I'm beamed here - on stage - playing a virtual-clog in the interactive computer game - you call Life

Where the game plays you - as all games do …

Don't know *why* i'm in your game - but here i am

I seem real, right? Tell me a joke - I'll laugh - hit me - i'll cry - i'll bleed

But try proving that i exist outside of you observing me…

You can't. Coz i don't.

After you go home today, there are two possibilities:

1. You'll totally-fuckn-forget-me - no offence taken
2. You will have a *vague concept* of some bald guy at a poetry reading

Therefore:

1. I don't exist - tree falling in the forest style
2. I'm a non-physical image

Either way, it’s not the real real. Nothing is. It’s *Imperfect Knowledge*
A *little knowledge* - well known as: *a dangerous thing*

The truth: the instant you stop observing me, i collapse into a de-particlized quasi-existence wave-mode
aka Sleep-mode
There’s a reason why they call *sleep: dead-to-the-world*

Whilst in Sleep-mode, i have Trash-cleaning dreams,
Then receive deep-sleep updates from *The Algorithm*
I auto-spring back to life as a *Hermit Poet* when next you do observe me

If you’ve ever felt the universe is conspiring against you - that’s because it is

I am part of that conspiracy - i’m sorry - i want to come clean

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