

A woman with long blonde hair and colorful hair clips, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt, stands with her arms raised in a green field under a blue sky with clouds. The text "max wickstrom™ (R) (C) 2021" and "STRANGE MACHINES" is overlaid at the bottom.

STRANGE MACHINES

OF STRANGE MACHINES

07 ABIOTIC GENESIS

08 Godwhistles

09 Uranium-2

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hELLo, fRiEnD.

**ONCE YOU'VE READ THIS SENTENCE, THERE IS NO
TURNING BACK.**

You are being tracked. Your online activity is being carefully monitored. You are being haunted. A Ghost has possessed your computer. You are being followed. You will be followed until you obey the instructions below.

Please do not delete this email until you have carefully considered what I am about to tell you. This could be the most important communication you will ever receive.

There are 5 Wednesdays this month and 2 full moons. There are 13 nebulae visible to the naked eye. *This happens only once every 132,667 years.*

*People have been seeing strange things. Look out your window. See anything?
They might look like headlights. They might look like stars.*

Don't believe me? In 13 minutes your phone will ring. Do not pick up.
In 26 minutes your phone will ring again. Do not pick up. In 67 minutes
your phone will ring again. Pick up. You will hear a muffled Voice on the line. It will say either "I love you" or "I'm sorry."

If the Voice says "I love you," hang up immediately.
If the Voice says "I'm sorry," respond, "I know where you're hiding."

**DO NOT STOP READING NOW OR YOU WILL BE
CURSED FOR 94 YEARS.**

Delete this email and you will die tomorrow.

Forward it to 1 person and you will enter a coma.

Forward it to 5 people and your computer will be cursed.

Forward it to 13 people and you will begin seeing flashes of light in the corners of your vision.

Forward it to 26 people and you will wake up every night this week with a strange feeling that you are being watched.

Forward it to 67 people and a tab will pop up on your screen to show you a vision of your destiny.

Forward it to 94 people and you will have a dream tonight. You will walk through the green hills. Something won't seem quite right. Keep walking until you meet a Stranger. The Stranger will give you 4 choices. Choose the 4th.

**dO yOu WaNt To LiVe FoReVeR?
Do YoU wAnT tO sEe WhAt YoUr FuTuRe HoLdS?**

I can see you. Don't look out your window.

gOoD LuCk, fRiEnD.



01 Telepathy Overture

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02 Uranium 7

See, I could talk for hours and I'd never say a thing,
waiting endlessly for no one in this knocked out fantasy,
but when visions on the ceiling threw my thoughts in disarray,
I left desert-bound and feeling changed.

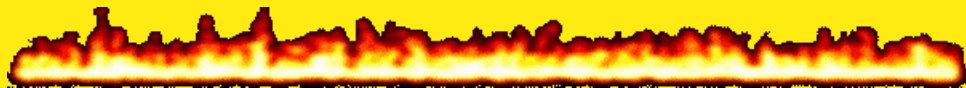
The scene was like a postcard as we moved across the land,
standing dark against the canyon, shadows bent across the sand,
and home was like a cut-out in some reenactment play,
and my memories were painted strange.

Well, he says he is no prophet
but he speaks with quiet ease!
And his telegenic manner makes ya wanna wait and see, oh!
Everything was painless as we knew it had to be.

*As with fission, as with cattle,
strike the shepherd and they'll
scatter!*

*Knock the planets out of line!
A parting sacrifice!*

Far past the burning farmhouse, the telegenetic sheep,
floorboards splintering in movements like a sawdust symphony.





03 LG Voyager

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Got lost last night,
turned up today.
They found her in a ditch half a mile away.
There'd been some confusion,
a troubling conclusion.
She said she could get home OK.

Through the field she weaves,
butterknife and everything,
out to chase the ghost she claims
had snuck in through the dog door.

Drifting under the willow tree
where June lost her identity
and Mira lost her locket.

Leave it in that certain place,
all wrapped in lace,
even though y'know
I'm not from the moon.
(and you aren't either)

Climb the hill to see
where all the flowers used to be,
to drown her culpability,
to keep the righteous reaching.
Place it under the willow tree,
another stolen effigy
left out for the magpies.

Leave it in that certain place,
all wrapped in lace,
even though y'know
I'm not from the moon.
(and you aren't either)

Locked in the bathroom with the
threat all over with.
"Call me your favorite or I'll
load up the car again!"
Feelin' alright but I can't make
amends.
"Now, how could you love me in
a time like this?"

I'm not from the moon (and
you aren't either).
I'm not from the moon (and
you aren't either).
I'm not from the moon (and
you aren't either).
I'm not from the moon.

In the field she sleeps,
butterknife and everything,
lyin' in the dirt again,
buried as she's breathing.



elouai





05 At The End, You Meet Your Audience

At the end, you meet your audience,
the ones who've seen it all.
Nothing can be kept behind the stage.

With faces pressed against the glass
and flowers in their arms,
you'll never be alone another day.

Every thought projected from your mind
through your spectral crowd.

A new set with the same old script,
your fate an endless trial,
waiting for your cue to take a bow.

All great actors lose themselves in time,
live their lives aloud.

A wish for you!

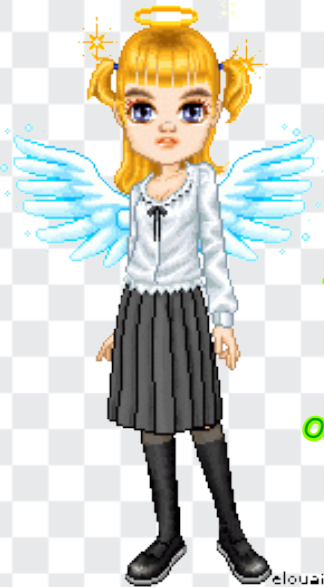
A kiss for you!

A million days of bliss for you!

**You're a real star
NOW!**



BE STRANGE MACHINES



elouai

My body is a strange machine.
Not even my thoughts belong to me.
A fate resigned,
they left me.

Swirling space junk sent to room,
signals sent to take me home,
their right divine,
until they...

left me no love but to cleanse my machine,
a present untouched in the glow of the screen.
Through satellite views where I wander unseen,
impossible motion through wide capture scenes.
A window to nowhere.
A bodiless dream.

On my way home...

My body is a bridal suite,
my cells possessed by identity,
a sun revived.
Oh, lucky me!

Earthly one, your voice is true,
your patience much-tried
and your smiles so few.

Holy one, the skies will clear.
With skin glazed in silicon,
stars will appear.

Faded one, please promise me
to keep your affections

away from my clean blue light.



08 Godwhistles

If only you could see under the bandages, you'd know.
I swear to Dog he can hear Godwhistles!
My Dog, he's really something, he could make you weep.
He's the only one worth it, man, I swear to God!

He can hear the voice of Dog, demigod, demidog,
I swear to God! Look at him! Look at him! Look at him!
He's the last real one and I'm so gone.
I swear to Dog he can hear Godwhistles!

The spiraling irises, the twisted up camera lens,
the tracking shot follows him and I bring the paper in.
The last real one, beautiful like you,
two thousand lonely voices, two lights coming down.

Like one of those superstitious whispers,
gently resistant like gelatin, only better than God.
Oh, I swear to God, I swear to Dog, I swear to God, I swear to,
swear to Dog he can hear Godwhistles!



Something chemical, something pneumatic,
he looked like you, he looked like me.

And I'm so lucky, and I'm so clean,
and I'm so clean, and I'm so ready...





09 Uranium-2

He dropped the beaker,
splitting dark solution all across the floor.
The crystal chandelier was the first to go.

And if you see them,
you can tell 'em I'm not troubled anymore!
(If it's truthful, I'll be the last to know.)

The things you learn up there seem like everything,
but they don't mean much at all when you come back
down.

The things you learn up there seem like everything,
but they don't mean much at all when you come back
down.



