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from *Techniques for creating facial animation using a face mesh*

[0313] Kibisis

Medusa teaches us we all have a face—a face beneath our outward visage—capable of killing anyone who gazes upon it.

In the military, this face is brought to the surface through the erasure of the face we are born with. Each freckle, grin, wrinkle, abraded by recessed metal.

Their gaze cuts the belly of moment. Eyes stapled to a plate.
Each second peeled for its meat.

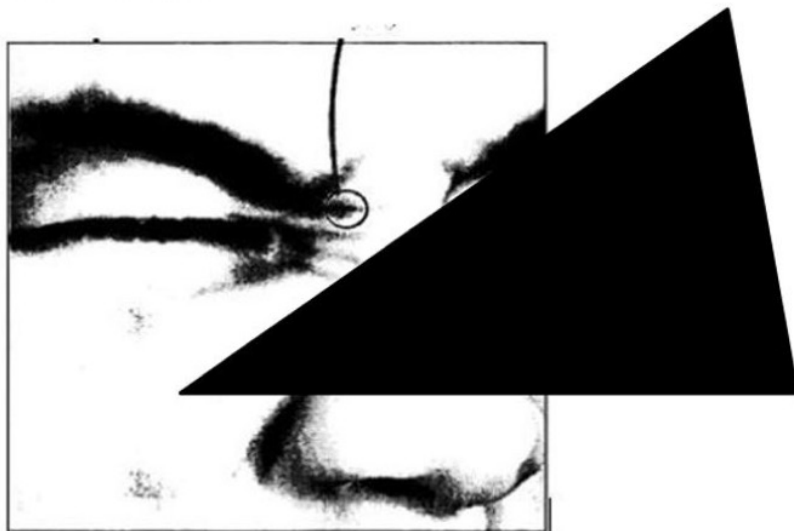


TABLE 12
Upper-Face Ocular Cartography

Item	Meaning	See Also	Goal
If left eye narrows	horses galloping from our tears	intimacy vs. vastness	A mother's lap; memory's landmark
If right eye narrows	no one to taste sin before we drink	scripture; scripture; space becomes containment	Moon curving from our glance
If both eyes narrow	history at lake-bottom, breathing thru a reed	amaranth, or its opposite	Mother dreams we were never born

[0258] Pareidolia

Pareidolia is the tendency to interpret inanimate patterns as faces. Once considered a psychosis that greets the nose in celestial bodies, it is now essential to ambient capitalism.

The smiley face emoji's yellow circle has been erased. When interacting with the AI voice vibrating from their phones, users assign a mental visage, often of the same race or tied to the name they give the intelligence. The intelligence, usually female, but not feminine. The appellation, scraped from command tonalities and syntax-based class cues.

Pareidolia is a comfortable recursion. Much like how God needed to take the face of Jesus in order to be "seen."

[0261] Low-Dose Dataset

Her words leave syllables in the skin.	Each tendril a spiked reply to questions returned from history.
When we lean toward the glass, an actor apologizes to his chin.	The face an unstable locus. Emotions billowing at the center of empty.
A face—so sudden—uncertain how to spend its gaze.	Each moment, a different breath <i>caught between threads of light.</i>
	Webbing for bled syllable, at home at the tip of lack.
In the photograph, abundance coined from silence.	
	Limb... Breeze... Contagion.
When we lean toward the glass, sentences braided with dogma.	& punctuation preventing dream from entering the breath.

[0473] Face as Interface as Face

Determinate vectors:

- 1) They wonder if the face drips with the blood of Jesus.
- 2) If splendor ever truly washes out.
- 3) If there is a cure for transcendence, a pill whose narrow walls block enlightenment at the chin.
- 4) They love sacrifice, but only as cruelty deposited between the teeth. A cruelty that expects to be thanked.

☐ Face

[the forward, world-facing part of the system]

Barbed wire twirled between sentences.

The face is no longer a sovereignty. chin, brow, check.
The three points once stopped of its border. Flattened to dust. A forked
ontology joining lip to republic beneath the houses at halo. Today, a quilting. Fingers
economy beneath to republic of thrown. Each touch threads a new
Bled from houses tongue. numbed Expressions remote-controlled
with milk.

preferred
Identity
governance

Each time they raise their cell camera to their nose, they affirm the face as “hyperobject.” Proximate ontology second to distributed toxicity. Fish, three hemispheres away, opening wide to swallow each poison face.

~~the face they woke with. They want to give back~~
~~with the face they woke with handfuls of skin on the carpet. and they~~
~~the feeling is a pink remembrance~~
~~that texts at odd hours~~
~~its questions dotted with Christmas lights.~~