

Personalized, customized, just-my-size, Human-Shaped HOLE levels the elements of perception, + me-shaped hole cut into virtual reality auto-merges with the physical. It's an island in a sea of networks, an extension buffered from the reality-of-experience, a ready-made place. My self-sized domain has a ceiling x-feet y-inches high—endless, but is neither-real, nor-mine. It's any-every-one's up for grabs. The virtual commands the real but:

Just because you can fill the hole, get it on, push it through... Does it mean it fits you or you fit it?

Through the human-shaped-hole in virtual world, through the tech-sphere, *part-of-self-is-part-of-it*; a self-shaped-self-searched device-found-spot *fits-right-right-fit-RNⁱ*.

Intending-to-approach the limit-of-maximum perceptual-performance, *I am enhanced + bettered by tailored enclosure...*

I absently occupy real-life as this whole, cut just my-size. A superior, more-complete version of self-within-self-shaped hole, no longer resides with, but between, (i/the) space within my-self-fashioned-volume. I'm not the agent of-own-awareness here = apps + the maps + the real-time data RN enlisting to compensate. Scan, then displace, through that human-shaped whole + become a simulacrum.

Do I disappear into a technological storm—weathered by the elements, evaporating in the container iChoose-me?

Perceptual self (faded) is so embellished in the customized-generic; perception engages not with-place but with-intermediary.

Elemental happenings (of this-world on this-planet in this-space) →ⁱⁱ at-the-fingertips data.

If I give all-of-me over to you in this exchange of data, what is there for a serving of self + an iteration of moment?

Serendipity is determined by algorithms here, within the human-shaped hole, traversing dimension with too-pointed-of-intention. Luxury of wandering mind anchors in this other-virtual-field among the constructed identities watching + volunteering voyeurism. *But I'm feeling SO connected*

$\lim_{c \rightarrow \infty} f(\text{connectivity}) = \text{dissociation}$ ⁱⁱⁱ + physical world is rendered unnecessary by customized-my-way hole-space.

Static-activity in the cloud, SO connected; auto-perceiving through the container of physical, efficient, + enlightened; the self is lost in human-shaped hole + feeling as though found.

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ⁱ RN = Right NOW!

ⁱⁱ yields

ⁱⁱⁱ The limit of the function of connectivity, as connectivity approaches infinity, equals dissociation.