

INTO THE MACHINE

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A Thesis

Presented to

the Faculty of the Caudill College of Humanities

Morehead State University

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In Partial Fulfillment

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Master of Arts

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by

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This thesis contains poems that were developed over a space of about two years. These poems evolved as a reflection of my thought patterns, at the time that they were written. At first, my poetry developed to exorcise the demons of depression. Since then, many changes have occurred thematically and through the content. Now, writing poetry is a process of developing a world where events progress in a less organized manner than in the actual world.

These poems are unified through an exploration of the psychology of the mind as it interacts and interprets the world. Common themes running through these works are science and environment. The poems contain the residue of the idea of a stranger in a strange land. Whether looking inward, or to the outer environment, there is always the presence of the exploration of humanity. The voices of the poems seem mostly to be isolated and ontologically disturbed.

Accepted by: George Ecklund, Chair  
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**Table of Contents**

Introduction.....iii

I. Creating the Human

- Visual Stimuli.....3
- Map of the Mind.....4
- Comfort.....5
- Stuffing the Vessel.....7
- The Evolution of Voids.....8
- Sylvia Plath.....9
- Skin Sleeping.....10
- The Boy I Didn't Know.....11
- Atomic Theory.....12
- The Chronic Torture of Morpheus.....13
- The Act of Existing.....14
- Theories of Evolution.....15
- Creating the Human.....16
- Beneath My Eyelids.....18

II. Underneath the Leaves

- Underneath the Leaves.....20
- Snow Blindness.....21
- Falling Liquid Transmutation.....22
- Observational Facility.....23
- Seasonal Cold.....24
- Wind Water Earth.....25
- Becoming a Sea Creature.....26
- Liquid Sky.....27
- The Frost Eaters.....28
- The Reincarnation of the 368<sup>th</sup> Cell.....29
- Afraid of the Dark.....30

### III. Industrial Evolution

Homo Omnipotens.....	32
Underground Formational Evolution.....	33
Industrial Evolution.....	34
The End of Sense.....	35
Organic Urban Sprawl.....	36
End of the Universe Sale.....	37
The Machineries of Joy.....	38
Vibrating Air with Prepackaged Revolution.....	39
National Redemption Exemption.....	40

### IV. The Developing Memory

Underwater Dining, Living, and Bonding.....	42
Falling Oceans.....	44
Wisdom with Pink Flamingos.....	45
Free of the Mind.....	47
Another Attempt at Creation.....	48
Hydro Immersion Techniques.....	49
The Natural Cycles of a Forest.....	50
Fall from Summer.....	51
Striving to Be Unremarkable.....	52
Rod Serling and Me in the Box.....	53
Servitude and Complacency.....	54
Brain Fever.....	55
Mastering the Elements of the Mind.....	56
Insomnia Skin.....	57
The Roots of Theory.....	58
The Rhythm of Atoms and Time.....	59
Obediently Moving Forward.....	61
The Tyranny of Rain.....	62
The Developing Memory.....	63

## Introduction

This thesis contains poems that were developed over a space of about two years. These poems evolved with me as a reflection of my thought patterns, at that time. At first, my poetry developed to exorcise the demons of depression. Since then, many changes have occurred thematically and through the content. Now, writing poetry is a process of developing a world where events progress in a less organized manner than in the actual world.

These poems are unified through an exploration of the psychology of the mind as it interacts and interprets the world. Common themes running through these works are science and environment. The poems contain the residue of the idea of a stranger in a strange land. Whether looking inward, or to the outer environment, there is always the presence of the exploration of humanity. The voices of the poems seem mostly to be isolated and ontologically disturbed.

Much like the voices of the Beats and Confessionals, my poems originate in psychic chaos and distress—the isolated self, removed from joy and in search of its relationship to natural and social environments. Together my poems have an ongoing desire to create or maybe just exist in their own world. This world is in a constant state of change where there is a mutability in the relationship of self and environment, and existence varies from the molecular level to psychological.

My writing explores the interactions of humans and their environment, humans and science, and humans and themselves, and humans with each other. It is the study of how one human forms a reality and truth of self and the world around them. I

believe my writing looks at the world around me. My poetry started with the inward study of one's own mind, then the study of one's interactions with others, the investigation of the struggle between nature and technology, and the discoveries that comes from interactions with humanity. I began my education as an environmental science major. This background-in the sciences appears within the various workings of my poetry. This scientific element allows me to understand elements in the world on several levels from molecular to a working universe. Time has always been fascinating as an ongoing concept and its contribution to the evolution and development of life on the planet.

# Into the Machine

Nature is a self-made machine, more perfectly automated than any automated machine. To create something in the image of nature is to create a machine, and it was by learning the inner working of nature that man became a builder of machines.

- Eric Hoffer



# Creating the Human

Hell is oneself, hell is alone, the other figures in it merely projections

- T.S. Eliot

**Visual Stimuli**

Now it's all surface  
There is no longer any content  
Images and pictures are only that  
Interpretations are no longer possible  
Dimensions are subtracted  
It's no longer what's inside  
It's no longer what's outside  
It's only surface

Now it's all surface  
Pretty is as...pretty is  
Depth has no meaning  
Thought has become archaic  
The body is not a vessel  
There's nothing inside  
There's nothing outside  
It's all only surface

## **Map of the Mind**

My mind has turned against me  
Infinite thoughts move inside my brain  
Sliding across soft wet gray matter  
Smothering the normal functions

My mind breathes...gasping  
Coursing through fluid and membranes  
Intertwining with pulsing neurons  
As it gropes to feel nothing

My mind is creating new ideas in merging thoughts  
Thought is now an endlessly hollow ache  
This alien body turns  
Insides out

## Comfort

I need something

The emptiness in me flows outward

Sucking away my willpower

Eating away at my courage

Corroding my happiness

Searching for encircling arms to comfort me

Seeking the kindergarten braids,

First grade lunch boxes,

And second grade Serendipity

Grasping for the affection of an existence I never had

Lonely as the baby, the girl, the woman who is always alone and untouchable

My stomach is the center of my universe

I appease the chaotic sun with food and antacids

My mask always hides what the gods within cannot

The learned finite fears of 7 years spiral in the anarchist intestines

Sliding a shroud of depression over my body

Encased within flesh that never really seemed mine

Features always forced into familiar expressions, so as to confuse the natives

Angry, dark brain suffering the voids of memory

Don't get too close, you might get sucked in.

I become the crying child , lost, tear streaked,

Face unfamiliar to everyone around me.

Freezing alone, attempting to stand,

Bodies joining, single, warmth intertwining, mono, *uno*, *eins*, empty

Nothing is real, nothing exists in nothing.

Nothing is nothing, nothing matters to anyone.

I am the divine within?

## **Stuffing the Vessel**

Filled up

That's what they call it

Finding the empty space and placing something in it

It's done every day

We are all vessels waiting to contain

So eager to fill the hollows

Defined only by the attractive illusions

Carefully molded around emptiness

To hold the cells created to control

The destruction of our opinions

Gasping with the hollow ache

Of knowing only what we are told

## **The Evolution of Voids**

Surrendered to the surreality  
Unable to enjoy this solitary existence  
The little girl under my skin got lost  
I feel myself walking around me  
Living in my head for days and days  
When I emerge...  
I'll be a beautiful void

**Sylvia Plath**

You were so much like me  
Your fear, your depressed body  
Constantly struggling against survival  
You were domesticated by a fellow intellectual  
Who was shaded by your genius  
I see that you are me and you are not  
I am lost and alone, no sticky pearls, only a bell jar  
Separated from the masses  
Yet showcased by the clarity of my prison  
I belong to myself, unlike you  
The possession of Daddy and “better” half  
You found little possessions,  
Not only your words, but actual human flesh  
You created genetics like your own that could reincarnate your cells  
When your struggle against life was complete  
I gather my belongings about me to hold me here  
My fight, once for death, is now to live  
I belong to you Sylvia Plath, and yet my cells mutate to a variant on the scheme  
I became a survivalist in your jar.



## **Skin Sleeping**

The dreaded love slides inside  
Exactly how do you purge this poison?  
It curls in belly brain skin, sleeping  
Comfort yearning in two  
Encircling arms and a resting head  
There is something different in these cells  
Not oily blackness, not blinding light  
Just curling sprouting green  
Warm pulsing red  
Lapping blue

## **The Boy I Didn't Know**

Rounded shoulders

Quiet words whispered in a silent tone

Unsocial, inept at being structured

Heavy head filled with enormous knowledge of reality

Drifting quietly through the howling faces

Invisible to their separate lives

Broken chain of speech

Among the fluent emptiness

I want to touch the frightened boy

Hold the rounded shoulders

Caress the bent head

Speak in matched whispered tones to stumble

Over verbs and adjectives

I want to open the genius mind to my lesser brain

Feel and see all he knows and possesses

Insanely strange to need that bent frame

Courage to speak only not break the perfection

With my damaged perspective

I wait...perhaps the mythological reality of fate will throw me in his path

I cannot force my way into his world

## **Atomic Theory**

Soft darkness flows around me like quietly expectant waves  
Cool air drifts around into through my body,  
Caressing the new skin in an attempt to evolve  
It carefully enfolds me within it  
Coaxing tranquility out of me to seep through the discovered pores  
Perfecting the imperfections with a religious fervor  
Reaching with hand-like fists inside for the nucleus  
It induces another change, the revised atoms and molecules mutate  
All the humanity that once nervously coiled within me  
Carefully multiplies across the vast space within and without  
Forgetting the existence of fear and time  
I meticulously develop new memories to replace the old ones  
A new mind absorbs the old to replace it with sight, sound,  
Thought that is alien to my alienation  
Endless, web-like connections expand  
Knowledge now becomes infinite

## **The Chronic Torture of Morphi**

Sleep has become an endless waking  
The steady eating of time  
There is no sleep anymore  
Just the opportunity to close eyes  
And follow the folds  
To enclose the broken pieces  
Within the shell-like flesh  
I'm growing an insomniac skin  
For the instructions of Existence  
But I discovered that finding myself  
Is now no longer possible  
My mind moves to another phase  
And forces sleep, again, into a corner

## **The Act of Existing**

Merging voices drift across angry ears

Body separated from the laughter

Dread the familiar syllables forming my name

The stomach strains against the cage of fear

Radiating aches stretch out from shoulders

The humanity clumps together in parasitic groups of hair eye teeth and words

Feeding on the memories of each other

Words worming through the waves and patterns

A dreaming fog drifts in tendrils around my brain

Distended patterns, colors sear through the dull optic orbs

Sleeping eyes focus distractedly on the movement of the unified voice

**Theories of evolution**

I will show you fear in a handful of dust

I am the alpha and the omega

I will become what you cannot be

I have changed as you steadily stagnate

I survive, I evolve, I grow while you sleep

Were the movies good? I am becoming

How've you been? Where have you been?

I'm not here

Can you see me behind the others?

Do you see they are not me? I'm no one you've known before

I am the divine within.

## **Creating the human**

I hate being underneath it all  
Below the thick sticky skin of the masses  
Their harsh thoughts bruising the fragile flesh

I cower crawl creep beneath the floor  
Shhhh....what was that?  
I can no longer remember the formula for being human  
My program takes over this soft layer of cells to cover the automaton

I have an agreement with the transparent black air  
It seems to like our discussions, but always remains silent  
Only leaving cool patterns across me  
We become more alike as my memories disappear

I realize that I like to trade places  
I like the crossing cells  
We are exposed without the others to make us

Liquid seeps from the sides of the mouth that was once mine  
And above the stagnant lips  
Moist flat eyes absorb the light  
Escaping beneath the door by the still head

Tried to be that one girl, the guy from that story, the lady who stands in front of me,  
the baby who howls outside

Peering out through the holes in my skull

I mouth their conversations

I mourn myself

Words, have lost their meaning

I blink away my humanity to allow

The parasite of my brain to motorize my limbs

The necessary ability to escape

To carry my useless thoughts brain body mind lips ears fingers

Away from the body offered up for my creation



**Beneath my Eyelids**

Press two thumbs gently against moist waxy eyelids  
No protests, simply the beating of lashes against skin

Walls form from the memories of warm creased hands  
Betrayed by the steady flow of deoxyribonucleicacid flashes

Continuous lies stream through the naïve blood-filled veins  
*That's love pumpin through you baby*

Bend pale arms out to the ghostly bodies that glide by  
*There should be someone here to meet me*

Scraped clean of all original thoughts  
These eviscerated hollows greedily ache for the static

# **Underneath the Leaves**

We mention nature and forget ourselves in it: we ourselves are nature, [nonetheless]--. As a result, nature is something entirely different from what comes to mind when we invoke its name.

- Friedrich Nietzsche

## **Underneath the Leaves**

I dream of trees...

Long scaly trunks

Clustered into unknown patterns

Limbs reaching overhead

Cool green curling

Through gray bark

Strong roots forever reaching down

To nestle in the dark earth

Spotted sunbeams forcing their way

Into the dense molecules

To obtain a higher molecular state

Water falling onto drinking leaves and earthen bed

Trickling liquid curving through around into

The wooden depths

Twisting up out across the boughs

**Snow Blindness**

The cold envelops the silence

Naked trees align to gather close for warmth and comfort

Sterile air winds its cold molecules lovingly around the organic matter

The crystal clatter of flakes crash into the gray trunks

Tinkling through the upraised branches in their desperate grasp for the sun

**Falling Liquid Transmutation**

Drowned gulping ground

White ultraviolet sky

That once belonged to the sea

Flashing electrostatic shock

Seared stitches crossing swollen atmosphere

Monochromatic chlorophyll green light washing over vision

Strings of liquid stretching from flat surface to uneven surface

Stern summer trees forming a brute force

Against the hydra-air onslaught

Volleying vibrations of sound through the listening skin

Playing reruns of mountains moving oceans crushing creatures forming

**Observational Facility**

Creeping Cracks bent broken

Curling across hard surface

Slowly winding through

The solidity of time

Growing gaps within

The spaces allowing freedom

For the indifference of the oxygen

Bringing forgotten elements to light

Lingering ghosts weave in and out

With the movements of shifting dust

To recall the growth of the past

## Seasonal Cold

Bright tunnel of cold white

Sunlight breathing through windows

Thick blankets filling the space

Around sleeping winter skin

Displacing air like the warm strong hands,

Arms, and soft whispering words of drowsing memory

Flesh carefully rising out of the warm primordial sea

Indicates the air to body ratio of cold

Slow fists rub dreaming eyes

Burrow body under blankets to build layers against the nature outside

**Wind Water Earth**

Warm heavy water tumbles down from the sky  
Thick clouds ooze water out of shapeless forms  
Drop by drop miniature oceans splash  
Across hard angled rocks jutting upwards  
Thick black branches grasp longingly  
Curving earth spread out beneath, greedily absorbing the liquid  
Swollen streams pushing against the soft soil  
The wind caresses the scene,  
Whispering passionately of other encounters



## Becoming a Sea Creature

Granulated sand, sun baked beach feet

Rounded pebbles slide under wet toes

Golden tones blind across crystalline

Sea Sky Sand

Sparkling liquid, glinting off crystal grain

Yellow golden orange

Twisted dread clumps of salty sea hair

Sun dried tan flesh warm with blinding heat

Sticky powdered sand clinging to every surface

Cool aqua flows up distorted appendages

Waves steadily drum against tingling sunned skin

Body drifts in nothing, only heat and chill

Blue green turquoise

Liquid flashing reflections of the sun

## **Liquid Sky**

An aquatic emerald city

The surface moving liquid glass

Meeting wind to create textured subtext

Constantly copying the sky, trees, and humans

Only to enslave them in its distorted depths

The thick liquid, sluggishly oozing around invading objects

The Sun darkened trees surround in a protective force

**The Frost Eaters**

Crunching ice clustered

Over eyes lips skin

The brain will be the last to go

Kindness has become painful

The body rejects the mind

Insert a new light

Atoms warm the molecular structure

All encased in shadows

Infecting the substance

Silence falls through the still air

## **The Reincarnation of the 368<sup>th</sup> Cell**

I am a slow-moving entity

I am a ghostly being

I am broken to the point of...

Returning to the dust

I once mythically came from

Reborn through recombination

Revised in a flurry of flesh

Awakened to the new order

Migrating from point A to point B

In a spiritual slide through the mind

And bodies of the living

**Afraid of the Dark**

Inky darkness engulfs hollow eyes

Shadows burn, leaving behind bright afterimages

Blackness moves thickly in a desire to absorb

Instant false wombs form and reform within the shade

Eager alien light mutates the primitive blackness to smother form flesh thought cell

# **Industrial Evolution**

The danger of the future is that men may become robots

- Erich Fromm

## ***Homo Omnipotens***

Come my loyal viewers, gather about the screen

We have an epidemic on our hands

We know all about your paired undulate fixation

These vile interactions among people must be kept at a minimum

We believe solitude will improve individual quality of life

### **The future of mankind is fission**

With the appropriate encouragement, *and several small adjustments*, reproduction will be a singular experience

Yes, yes, some of you say to separate humanity is to contort the very reason for existing

You spend your entire lives learning to control the beast

To kill desire is to kill that wild beast within us

### **We are creatures of control**

Existence is really about evolving evolution, human over beast, and your personal deity over human

We here at *Homo Omnipotens* are simply giving you the opportunity to become divine

## **Underground Formational Evolution**

Yes, filmed on 124 square miles of space

Space and universe expanding across microchasms of time

New experiences evolving revolving in a creation of humankind

The delusion of developing homo sapien homo erectus homo neanderthalus

Crashing bashing for the enormous space allowing for shrinking brain

An existence resistance to overcome the breeding domination limitation

Fearing expiration dates in the limits of the mutation revelations

Human beings gathering in life informing confoming sanity

In the brightening enlightening and New Improved Whitening formula for the carbon-based humanity



## **Industrial Evolution**

On a clear day you can see hell from here

*It's always easier on your knees*

On a cloudy day you realize hell is here

*Your pain is only the dying remains of your imagination*

In the dark you create utopias

*Subservience makes your life better*

The blinding light of day forces the darkness to grow inwards

*There are only rules and obedience*

The seasons fall away to the fire the metal the machine

**The End of Sense**

Black spires tower,

Coldly monolithic

To shine carefully in their superiority

Constantly projected images of orange, orbbed flames

Flash along the top of the cylindrical gods

Criss-crossing gray metal looms, randomly grouped by the great towers

As if worshipping the glistening monoliths

Rolling massive clouds of thick, unnaturally black smoke rises from unseen actions

No organic life remains

There is only mechanical cold to breathe and create

Hot micro-crystals of brown sand gives rise to the dark structures

Nothing living moves

## Organic Urban Sprawl

Pulsing breaking

I...can't...think

Interactions inactive

Please remain five feet from the carbon-based creature

We have discovered inferiority, and separated to purify the strain

We let this one in sir but she seems to be

Improperly equipped for this purpose

Cracked, forward falling into chaos

What happens next?

Follow the arrows 'til you see the exit sign

I'm sorry miss you don't belong here

You girl, outta our way

*We* have a purpose

**End of the Universe Sale**

Feel the power of existence

Crushing the truth

What's your strain?

Changing atoms alienate the body

It could be yours

Obsolete Realities revise humanity

Your mind is ours

Alternating times reconfigure

New and improved!

Everything must go

## **The Machineries of Joy**

Glistening black spires stand in stark contrast against the farcical sky

Dominating garish idols in their recent inorganic growth

The final holocaust devolving to this restricted conflagration

The gangrels methodically reperform the acts of their former selves

Conspicuously quixotic productions involving nepotistic revolutions

Dark smoke, blinding fires spew from monolith in its purged ritualistic occultations

The followers mired in their unobtainable catharsis through superficial subversion

They strive secretly, the seed curling in their brains foments the desire to think

## **Vibrating Air with Prepackaged Revolution**

I feel something coming, she said

What do you think it is?

A new sun will rise tomorrow

The trees will bloom for the first time

You will not be you

Who will I be?

Someone else

The changes sound Frightening

You will be enlightened

I want to remain unchanged

We will be the revolution

We will set off waves of change

The vibrating air will enter gasping lungs

Mutate brains bodies thoughts

Words will reconfigure, pages realign

## **National Redemption Exemption**

Bottled angry notions of the lost god of a son within the forgotten realm of Reality  
based time

I can see the light

Imitation of fingers lengthen the soul within a wired connector of reflection and  
thought upon the civility of life

Man is simply a beast

Borrowed theme and empty cranium evolving to the Eve of introduction mingling in  
an alcohol haze of borrowed masks

It is the power that leads us

*It is the leader that binds us*

Stainless steal cavities abrade a new thought a new form a borrowed mind set of  
clearer thinking

We can build you

Above the creation of a lifeless form of human...human formless being...being the  
creation of form

God is dead

Celluloid settlements belonging to a compaction of Truth in the form of an analog  
reception 257 page confession with a carefully applied emotional state

This is indeed a disturbing

# **The Developing Memory**

The mind is the result of the torments the flesh undergoes or inflicts upon itself.

- E.M. Cioran



## **Underwater Dining, Living, and Bonding**

Swirling, spiraling down into the next level  
Rising from the thick, green depths  
With skeletal arms rotating slowly by translucent legs  
Scissoring the elemental sludge

Leviathans swallow the next evolution  
Rewriting the past with each gasp  
Moving tide-like we fight silently eager  
For the next creature to emerge  
No eyes, only mouths

Time passes with steady gulps  
Fingers extend out of flippered fin  
Folding, grasping for the hidden cells  
Red warmth pierces through the cool aqua  
Forcing us to develop sense, thought, fear  
Ears, eyes form  
Screams develop with the realization of existence

Now the solitude is crowded with the numberless forms  
Fear rhythmically pulses out to find  
An open mouth to devour it  
Nerves slither and coil to the edge of skin  
Cold, we cling to the forms, flesh similar to our own  
Discover new functions for our developing organs  
Rhythmically sliding skin over fervent skin  
Red heat behind our eyelids imprints instincts to follow

At the edge of the water, new elements rise  
Warm dry earth, hot thin air  
Climbing out of the cool green onto the dirt  
Feel clammy limbs, moist sticky skin, sunlight

## **Falling Oceans**

Heat boils across careful lawns

Masses of large steel gray clouds swing forward

Slow drops fall as long sun-grown arms and legs run to find them

We spin with hands and heads raised to catch the summer rain

Early amphibian ancestry springs to the tips of nerve endings

Silvery laughter and translucent raindrops fall steadily to the soft green below

Clear pools grow up from the ground

To beckon seductively to the scorched feet of a thousand Julys

The overbearing sunlight returns in conquering waves

Resurrecting the tired rain out of the chlorophyll filled blades

## Wisdom with Pink Flamingos

The truth is always in the fifth  
It's an elemental state of conspiracy  
Followed by brunch the men work  
Industriously at the future  
Backs bent with red ropes of plastic models  
Here is the Trapezius and here is the Latissimus dorsi  
Forgotten forest paths writhe and wind to the painted house  
That is round and glowing with yellow light and ceramic lawn ornaments  
Surrounded by the Lost Woods that lead to a gnome  
Who eats fruit roll ups and vodka  
He speaks only the truth in rhythm to Louis Armstrong  
Bah ba dee do do do  
My fish gets lonely you know, he mutters flicking a dry gray finger  
Towards a giant koi who floats quietly in the air beside him  
I once bought this scale-covered beast a blue plastic pool,  
The kind with frolicking, big-eyed, sea creatures  
He just stared at me and silently snapped open and shut his mouth  
The gnome filled his pipe with something other than tobacco  
He cupped cherub fingers around it and  
Puffed gently in time to the pulsing glow of the fish  
The white smoke swirled out in carefully formed words  
The answers you seek are there, the fish said  
Waving a fin toward the smoky sentences forming around them  
Grinning the visitors reached with eager fingers  
To delicately pluck a's, and's, and the's from the cerulean air  
The gnome leaned nonchalantly against the pearly white  
Fencepost to watch them gently fold the predictions

And stuff them in their pockets with one hand  
While patting one another on the back with the other  
Rolling his eyes, the gnome nodded to the wheezing fish  
Sputtering loudly, the koi cleared his throat a few times  
Until everyone lowered their greedy fingers  
And quietly stared at him with expectant eyes  
Thanks for stoppin' by folks, he said as  
A flock of pink flamingoes began determinedly  
Using their plastic heads to butt the shins  
Of the lingering guests who stood, staring dumbly  
Through the last wisps of dissolving letters

**Free of the Mind**

You stand, fingers floating gently over whispering mouth  
Repeating what the walls will say tomorrow  
You recreate me by inserting a confused mind  
I break out into the learned folding technique  
You, however, keep resurfacing on the edge  
Tomorrow is the day we discover the new labels  
People choose to limit themselves with  
Your constant company bleeds through my thoughts,  
Makes me yearn again for solitude  
I plan a clever scheme of murder, burial, and  
Reconstruction of the distorted brain  
The sacrifice of memory is almost worth the freedom

### **Another Attempt at Creation**

The great golden fish controls all now  
He gasps and screams out for the contents  
Of Can one and Can two  
The liquid world conducts his powers  
Clanking floors fold and move  
With a simple sucking motion  
The false aqua creates a sense of safety  
Reflections creates confused companions  
The World encompassed within  
Remains a different place free of image  
The universe came in to warm its chilled limbs  
And fell in love in front of fires and bear skin rugs  
Cracked mugs state the future and force wisdom  
Onto hollow addicts filling to the brim  
My roommate Lucifer demands food in exchange  
For accepting my lax views of religion  
The seventies exist in the pink corner  
Much to my dismay  
They never are quite what you hope for  
A galaxy tried to formed in a flurry of swirling above  
Unfortunately with the limit on available stars,  
The creation came to an immediate stop and  
Left a hole where existence had previously resided

## **Hydro immersion techniques**

Endless green expanse of water

Floating on the sliding glassy surface

The summer sun lining my eyelids

My skin remade into a warm cocoon

Softly lapping against the plastic sides

I breathe in the liquid and wait to rediscover my lungs

Reaching a sun baked hand into the coolness

I wave fingers gently through until the water

Accepts them as a fellow hydro-based entity

Blinking beaded lashes, my eyes absorb the depths and drown

The heat produced in the burning light of day

Sliding into the water I become a different species

Fearing the earth, without water to cover it



## **The Natural Cycles of a Forest**

I blink my swollen lids, deflecting the  
Tiny particles that fly around them  
Birds call to one another in the voices of the dead  
Briars throw out their long hooks  
In the hopes of catching something big  
They laugh gleefully as the thin barbs  
Grasp cloth and flesh to free the contents inside  
My feet form the perfect French angles  
As they obey the earth's orders to dance  
Angry at the miscommunication it shudders  
And mutters about jumping and jiving  
I bend my knees and graciously pat my warm,  
Understanding hand in consolation on the sullen ground  
I rise up on the stilted legs and swing  
Arms and legs to carry my trunk in continuation  
The giant, ridged trunks gather close forming  
A narrow path and guiding me further into the woods  
Branches reach and pull at me moaning  
Don't go and danger, in dramatic tones  
Fear bubbles through my blood, I stop and  
Turn around, looking at them expectantly  
Beware, a thick scaly trunk grunts before  
Giggles and snorts erupt from various young elms and beeches  
A large, gnarled oak shuffles over, leaning a bit  
With several creaks and groans places a limb around my shoulders  
Then says, you know that it's all in your head  
And with a gentle pat on the back, it shoves me on my way

**Fall From Summer**

Summer bright leaves induced by an instinct to change  
Echoing within their intricate veins  
Alter themselves, forming new shrines to death  
To envelop the warmth of the sun within their branches  
The memory of life fills the steadily cooling air  
One by one they fall softly to the ground

**Striving to be Unremarkable**

Driving in alien territory

Hills swallowed

Flat rolling ground

Low growing trees

The translucent sky

Enormous white clouds glow

With extra absorption power

Giant red and white sphere

A Big Brother on giant stilts

Stepfords move, synchronized

Wrapped in duplicate uniforms

Ecstatic middle class America

Implies a pleasant atmosphere

Enter round room inspired

By the desire to blend in

Fill in answers and sign to display

Cooperation and the ability to be one of many

## **Rod Serling and Me in the Box**

I am locked in an invisible box  
The air within stagnates, chokes  
Breath is a luxury I cannot afford  
Do you take Visa?  
Locked in my galaxy  
Spiraling through space and time, or is it the Twilight Zone?  
Say hi to Mr. Serling if you see him.  
I can smoke a cigarette with Rod and discuss cages  
I am a black hole, absorbing all around me  
To struggle is futile, my struggle is futile  
I am no Albert Einstein, only aspire to be him, to be like him  
He stares at me from his paper prison  
Gloating in his superiority, forever sticking out his tongue  
Time and space are now shrink wrapped into a division of ruptured constraint  
I leave a trail of paper to find my way back to the life I forced into submission  
Folded, crumpled, printed, written life  
Exorcised demons congealed upon the blue lines

**Servitude and complacency**

Eyes widely lined, gridded with the blueprints

Of careful concepts and reassurances to our fragile egos

Organs growling in preparation for the control to rerouted escape

A man paces with a club and clicks his patent boots

In time to the memory of the beating heart

Helicopters flutter overhead, looking for carrion or rebellion

The backs bend and lift and turn and release, then return to repeat

Well-oiled machines, maintained with food, organization and obedience

**Brain fever**

The gray matter has elected me genius  
But the real power lies with number two  
I've begun reforming the demons  
They're becoming quite well adjusted members of society  
The ghosts of the past bring cookies and milk to teach sharing  
And spread religion with cloth boards and Velcro apostles  
We're subletting this space, you know  
It's loud and dusty, but very organized  
The sulfur green leaves induce an early spring  
The concrete halls restrain the thought processes  
To create carefully planned social creatures

**Mastering the Elements and the Mind**

My skin whirls in patterns of complete greed  
The angered sun stabs down mercilessly  
As the anxious flesh absorbs the overexposure  
It'll be the last to go  
Fronds of finger-like clouds roll across swallowed sky  
The ground rumbles with a gentlemanly groan  
As a reminder that it is time to move on  
Lining hands up on each side and  
Focusing the brain, I form a new thought

**Insomnia skin**

Maybe I have lactose intolerance  
Maybe I have better things to do  
The ability to function fails  
Maybe I have the following fears  
Maybe I can follow the various patterns of poetics  
The broken themes and disappointed lines  
Forgot the proper blueprints for the scheme  
I followed the tower home one day  
And somehow found my skin  
The boogie man bunks with me  
But my insomnia keeps him up  
I think the threats are getting worse  
But my mail is still lost  
Follow the blinking signal to the path of your destiny  
I hope you brought a coat  
You know it gets cold there in the winter  
I've broken another bottle of aspirin with my gigantic brain scam  
The fear of immobility isn't what I'd hoped for  
The dumbfounded are trained just not neat  
Lisping chanting stuttered lips escape the extreme notice  
Only crunching moans of ecstatic fruit loops  
Make the matter transmit with waves of cannibalistic pleasure  
The endeavor to escape the past presented in the future seems to introduce  
Unison sleep aid themes with national home movie marathons  
Glowing with the expectations of my mother and her other disciples  
He states that matter cannot be created or destroyed  
Just altered into a state of alteration



### **The Roots of Theory**

Tall brown trunks rise  
Over the decomposing ground  
Thick white mist crawls, sending out  
Wispy tendrils to wind sinuously around  
The phosphorous plants that rest  
Gently in the quiet earth  
The moon gleams, through the depths  
Of the ocean-like fog  
She devours the dark until beckoned by  
The rising tide that curls upward, blinding her vision  
Serpentine branches rub together excitedly  
Gliding quietly down to the earth  
She drifts closer spellbound by the  
Grinding rhythmic friction calling to her  
Her luminous flesh sinks softly over the upraised branches  
And then drifts away, her curiosity still hungry

## **The Rhythm of Atoms and Time**

Walking down shaded gray streets  
Fingers pressed together, gently tapping  
The beat of the music trapped within my head

People pass randomly, some bent over  
Protective, blending into the concrete below them  
Others flow and merge as they twist left and then right,  
Knees bent and toes rhythmically rising, faces peering  
Into the folds and grooves of the brain

I curl inward to try to remain unnoticed  
I realize other forces demand I stand an exclamation  
Marching over land to express the excitement  
Rising from the ground attached to my feet

Crumpling straight hands into fists  
I fold my body over and break away  
Through a grunting gate into aligned stones,  
Each with messages carved of the beginning, the end

Silence rumbles along the crowded earth  
Forcing me to move...hips gyrating, arms swinging, and feet  
Methodically wading through air  
The memory of sound rises, brushing past my spiraled ears  
It's always the same, it whispers

I blink the previous images into the next frame

Transparent outlines, wispy, trailing

Fragments of bodies rolling in black and white flashes

They pass the life in a self-absorbed fog

Some angled into the reincarnated earth

Arms head neck and fingers rounding into chest and stomach

Others sinuously slide, limbs flailing and head bobbing

**Obediently moving forward**

The sidewalk flows with the arms, legs, and heads of all the walking torsos  
I swim through the flesh, just one skin colored smear among the others  
Looking up I see enormous cubed skyscrapers  
They tower alone and occasionally lean in to warn those who vary from the routine  
Lurking forward, a thin shiny black building screeches at me in a high nasal voice  
Clicking my head down and forward I march steadily among the blurs around me  
Suddenly the gray man next to me turns his head slowly,  
Wearing a giant Chesire grin, and says we're all mad here, without blinking  
I nod, and satisfied, he then swivels his head to its original position

## **The Tyranny of Rain**

The rain falls in drowning curtains  
Roaring in bursts of sound broken only by the silence inside  
The cars aligned in two rows  
Each person in their own enclosed metal world  
Music pulses, a vague echo of my rhythmic organs  
A large translucent rectangle of glass  
Distorts my view of the outer world  
Only the rain moves, falling continuously,  
Pounding away at the hard pavement  
Humming, I hear nothing that isn't the falling drops  
I look through the air, it's green, liquid, translucent  
I watch the outside through my silenced window  
Cars rest before, beside, behind, watching  
Glistening shiny metal dulled by the water

## The Developing Memory

The world outside

Glowes green

Against the thick window pane

The smell of coffee

Oozes through the air to curl

Inside child senses

Leaving a prediction,

A memory of adulthood

And the towering,

Protective powers of parents

Boys with thick brown hair dart by

On nondescript bikes

The white heat of the sun

Glitters across black asphalt

It becomes less fierce on the green lawns

Larger variations of the same genetics move

Within the house

In expectation of being

Outside of it

A small pale hand

Rests gently against the world,

The cool glass.