I wake,  
and all around me—black;  
wavelength-deficient homogeneity,  
and I the break  
in an infinite charcoal nothing-lake.

My mind opaque,  
my limbs, they flail and flap,  
but my body orients to some unseen,  
unmoving stake;  
some cruel vestibular jape.

Am I trapped?  
A vexing thought—  
a passion to escape  
is raped by black and stagnant void,  
and I condemned to timeless taut.

I freeze in naught,  
and all before me—blackened fate;  
the innards of a space-time crate;  
and as I burn within to soar—  
the pain! My fate is toss-and-turn.

But then a twist,  
when through me like a catalyst,  
a second thought:
Perhaps the trap my mind had feigned, but really I fall unrestrained.

I delve through space, a motion-thirsty, frenzied pace; momentum with a vengeful plot against the still; and I the face that rides the thrill.

But can I stop? I try and fail; In motion trapped, in freedom frail; And as before, I toss and turn, in always-still or always-churn—a truly trivial detail—and I the mind that weighs like shale.
**Life (in a Black Hole)**

Naked like a dream,  
or “lucid” if one does prefer,  
not clothed in faux psychosis fur  
or ego gleam,  
or neuron firing nicotine,  
or habit-blur  
or scene-by-scene,  
or all dead-ends maze rut-routine.

Naked fire seam;  
the front between the flame and the vacuum  
through which it sweeps,  
eating sleep  
like a dream—thieving cur;  
hyperactive casket-weaving  
entrepreneur;  
pre-cognition bound-and-leap.

Frenzied motion steam,  
each rampant particle a heart;  
a motion spur  
that burns like commonsense  
and myrrh;  
radioactive art,  
anti-scheme;  
sleepless evolution dream.
Life (in a Box)

We do the morphine waltz
from tree to tree to tree,
from rock to rock, from house to house;
add holy to the melan c
from tick to tock,
and all around the morphine clock.

We watch the mirror fixedly—
asphyxiated, keyless lock—
and if the flesh begins to walk
the dosage soars;
the morphine waltz from door to door.

We are the coordinate system block,
black walls and floors
conceived by ghost calculators;
frozen statue stock;
cubicle brain right-angled
where meet “in” and “sane.”

We are coma conquistadors;
inertile fleet;
first place the foot in cement sock
and then the morphine triple-beat,
from here to here,
from pus to peat.
THE SITTER IN A TURBINE

A thing was made,
but there it never stayed;
hurtling forth
like an infantile grenade.

A flesh-rocket unleashed;
all tethers torn
by indiscriminate teeth
that eat the yet unborn.

This thing was crazed,
and only could create
but never breathe—
the future could not wait.

And so it freely weaved
a frescoed haze—
an agitated mosaic
of years tucked into days.

The thing was then unmade,
but still it strayed;
even beneath the earth
it found no quiet shade.
THE MOVER IN A CAGE

A thing was made,
and “peace in rest” adorned its crown;
an animal stuffed
with proton, neutron, and electron down.

And rest it did,
so it could find its peace,
as it complied with
Newton’s second law toward decease.

And it did stroll
along a single longitudinal line;
neglecting the globe
to avoid illusory landmines.

This thing was not a rock
for it did think and feel,
but “dust to dust” prevails
for this magic dust congealed.

The thing was then unmade,
and “rest in peace” adorned its shell;
then off to Heaven’s chaos—
for this peace was surely Hell.