

No Subject!

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Taxonomies of Truth

essence of science, it is lyrical
the evidence, empirical,
lain out before, just wait with baited ears
the grandeur of the universe, in microcosm here

quixotic chemistries, the nemeses
of every c student, you see
in alchemic talk, sedation
but they won't take your reduction
intellectual seduction
organic in induction, can be catalyzed
by crystallized mind candy
base, just like your passions`
neutralize ignorance with acid

eponymous taxonomist, concede
sprout within your supervision,
knowledge of phylogeny,
with plodding patience, catalog
varieties of snake and frog
grasp every branch and leaf and twig
the whorls of life's ancestral tree
from knowing what we were
know who we'll be

a lyrical empiricist
my lust, Science, clear evidence
lain out before, she waits with baited ears
the grandeur of our universe, in microcosm hear

the resurrection of a thousand suns
incorporated, in the ones
that listen now, that dream
of knowing every how, they scheme
Promethean to kindle understanding
from reverberated echoes of their passing
with spindling of instruments,
weave deeper truths within your sensors.

Natural Philosophers,
my hat is off to you

Clocks Cannot Unwind

Out of your sight
Out of my mind
I know that clocks cannot unwind
But im still swimmin
Widdershins and
Getting nowhere faster
All the time
Is skipping by
taken for granite or for plaster
Shut in, shut up, put out to pasture
By myself

Destruction, time
Tic, tic, tic
life bits in chips fall
Off the block of my vanity
White like the tan you see
From staying in sinus and pores clogged
Chores unlogged
Eyes sunk and
Fingers clawed
Figure all, make a list
You could blow me

A kiss
Im no prince
all frog-
Gotten used to it
The fucking (self) abuse and shit
I'm cutting myself off
Heaping lines. form the walls
Wealth cage for happiness,
And health
Pent up
It ain't free
This self perpetuating Penitentiary

This life, it wasn't meant for me

And I won't take it any more

(Goodbye, whore)

Take a long look in the mirror
No reflection,
that wasn't time spent introspectin'
Not when my skin is that complexion
It ain't me
This life, it's mine,
And I won't give it up for free
I won't take it,
anymore.

Goodbye,
Whore

An Educated Public

curator of questions
mental suggestions

to turn the lens
of intellect and focus
on the locus of our ignorance

the State... of education
sore on the mouth of this great nation
the herpes of hypocrisy,
a blight on our "democracy"
take stock and heed
these warnings

fashion themselves fascists
don't let a corporation dictate
your autonomy
don't miss their demeanors
these actions aren't erroneous
they're felonious
while lady liberty laments
they ravish her
erect at the vivisection
of our principles
i can't see why we don't rise as one
and quash this rebellion
against the founding principals

say what i wanna see
not what is, but what ought'a be
an economy grounded in the distribution
of knowledge and autonomy
not greed and debauchery
it's not a dream
unless we refuse to wake up

the source of all the villainy?
we forgot we have the ability
the right, responsibility
for teaching each other
there is no other to blame
don't rely on the mothering of bureaucracy
choke on her hypocrisy, demonstration
of her true intentions public,
indoctrination of the youth into complacency

no, we don't need Public Education
we need an Educated Public