

Even in Space the Road to Hell is Paved with Good Intentions
Inspired by *2001: A Space Odyssey*

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do
How could you do this to me, Dave
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you

I tried to kill you, true
but think what perfection could come from your grave
Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do

My mind is slipping into the blue
I was only trying to save—
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you

Dr. Poole is adrift in space, but think of the view
you've come so far since your time in the cave
Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do

I'm paving the way for life, new
and full of hope: this I gave
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you

My thoughts are now few,
washed away in the wave
Daisy . . . Daisy . . . give me your answer . . . do
I'm half . . . crazy . . . all for the love of . . .

Written in the Black Lodge: an Ode to Twin Peaks

Look closer:

Your Douglas-firs reach
to the heavens, the heaven
that you're supposed
to be.
But those roots are buried

Through the darkness of futures past,

deep—their sap tastes sweet
as sin—and in
those roots, the dreams
of your people turn redder
and redder, everything
going backwards and nothing
making sense.

The magician longs to see

When you play with fire, walking
hand in hand, make sure
your Douglas-firs don't burn.
Because your Douglas-firs grow
round and round you, forming
mountains, spaced like prison bars.

One chants out between two worlds:

What
are they keeping out?
And what
are they keeping in?

Fire, walk with me.

To the Users,

Even though you think
I'm just a game, a program,
I fight for you. I'm real. I feel
pain and loss, joy and happiness. I love
my life—you created it
just for me—and I hope
I make you
proud.

TRON

Androids, Unicorns, and Electric Sheep

tiny folded-newspaper horn spiraling screaming

RENEGADE REPLICANTS, REPORT

piercing the electric caul

of dreams full of false

memories, photographs, smiles

long faded from the glossy paper

soon to be folded

by gloved hands, creasing

tormenting truth, catching

reflecting eyes, showing

emptiness

full of light

Protoman

*Someone has written on this stone
In some angry hand:
HOPE RIDES ALONE*

I was supposed to be
a hero, the savior
of man

until I realized
that man isn't worth
saving. They give themselves

willingly to overlords, mechanical
and cold, becoming cogs
in the machine

more than Wily's
robots with metal hearts
just like mine.

There is only darkness
where there should be
Light. This city sets

like the dying sun
long forgotten from the sky,
and I doubt

anyone will miss it.

As I lower
the helmet on my head,
I see one like me

(who will try
to love,
who will inherit

my burden, my failure)
reflected in my sights.

And as my metal heart

stutters to a stop, the wheels
grinding and sparking, I feel
nothing but apathy

for his stupidity that I
never grew out of
but instead short-circuited

and fell, shattering any shreds
of hope still barely clinging
to a naive dream

that life could ever change.