

DESPOND-ANT

My brain to body mass ratio's huge,
but my only jobs have been as worker.
I'm diligent, never been a shirker,
and could be so much more than just a stooge.

It's not that the workload's too oppressive.
I've carried weights that you wouldn't believe
and built structures that you'd never conceive,
and yet I'm hardly seen as impressive.

I started our mushroom-farm enterprise.
I didn't do all that work just for fun.
Jobs are overlooked, when they're jobs well-done,
so got no recognition (big surprise!).

When life gets too monotonously cruel,
I'd like to find some liquid amber pool.

A CAMBRIDGE TOO FAR
(or: Party Fail Is Not Proof)

*When Stephen Hawking's guests for
a party thrown for time travelers
did not appear, he claimed this
proved time travel impossible.*

Arriving without the invitation,
on June twenty-eighth, two-thousand and nine,
looking like a tourist on vacation,
my reception was not hard to divine:

“Is Professor Hawking expecting you?”
they asked, their incredulity unveiled.

Expecting wasn't the right word, I knew,
but didn't know why I thought I'd be hailed
as a time-traveler come for champagne
set out by their most revered Lucasian
Professor of Mathematics who would deign
to invite to this time and location
all those from the future to celebrate
their ability to reach this place-date.

Perhaps, if I'd done a bit more planning
before leaping from my time to the past,
I wouldn't have received such harsh scanning
and might have met Stephen Hawking, at last.

Though something tells me that no matter what
I'd done to prove that they should welcome me,
in essence, I'd be “tossed out on my butt”
by the weekend's uninformed faculty.

Seen from a chronological viewpoint
admission to his event was in vain.

Professor Hawking was making a point
and never intended to entertain,
since what he'd planned, on campus, that Sunday,
would be announced to *no-one*, till Monday.

UFFIZI SPAZIO

They queue outside to see the art within
and, an hour later, ascend the stairs
so cultural osmosis can begin.

They walk about, primarily in pairs,
though some in larger groups, with a tour guide,
and stand before the sculpture and the art,
gently jockeying the others inside.

Recording, like spies, with phones they call smart,
they must preserve the still views they've rented.

Museum windows look out on the world
they've come in here to see represented,
but most ignore this irony unfurled.

Their focus is on getting that great shot
to show they were here, when really they're not.

PAREIDOLIA
(Shapes Of Perception)

Predators have faces.
Our evolved brain is hardwired
to discern such shapes that may
be hidden amidst the terrain, since
before modern man emerged from apes.

Our imagination's proclivity to spot
a beast's approach or arrival
is not a gauge of creativity
but evolutionary survival.

The animals viewed
in cloudy billows originate
from fears we could be prey,
should stalkers surprise us from the willows.
Forewarned, we may have time to run away.

The man seen in the moon is one of these,
as is The Blessed Virgin in grilled cheese.

MANY WORLDS THEORY

“Uh ...,”

is sometimes the sound the Cosmos makes
as a new universe becomes unfurled –
the sound of an observer who partakes
to choose a word to speak and branch a world.

We’ve all experienced indecision,
but not felt we were super-positioned
nor felt some split or sense of rescission,
though it’s probable that we’re conditioned
to ignore all other choices – still there –
as we continue one possible path
that itself births worlds, leading who knows where.

At least, this is suggested by the math.

All choices in life that we have pursued ...
mere threaded vectors woven through, thus viewed.