

*Electric Drapes*

The crackle-buzz of electricity  
flows through cables  
running across fields,  
where burrowing owls  
have dug holes to call home  
and vultures have perched their nests  
atop the towers.

It needed a medium  
to realize itself.

Once we provided the means,  
the systems of highways  
intersecting and disseminating  
from city to city  
until we had canvassed the land  
with metallic canopies,  
then it began to mingle among us,  
subtle susurrations,  
voiced through vibration,  
burrowing like the owls  
making dens in our chests,  
electrifying our hearts,  
sending addictive shockwaves  
down the liquid freeways within us,  
from arteries to extremities,  
extremities to veins,  
and veins back to the hub,  
tingling down to the cell,  
tickling up past the epidermis,  
electrifying the world around us.

From the encompassing, sheltering,  
global marquee of entangled wire,  
transparent drapes purr as they descend  
for the curtain call.  
Humanity has taken its final bow,  
headed backstage to assume unseen roles  
as stagehands, grips, techies,  
allowing machines to take the spotlight—  
the stars of the show.

The curtains surround us now.  
They separate us from each other

like invisible walls of an infinite maze,  
confusing us to lose our way  
until we don't remember where we came from,  
where we were going,  
or where we are at all.  
The curtains are smothering us,  
extracting oxygen  
from the air and from our blood.

We are under control  
and we hardly know it.

*Fluorescence*

As we turned on our lights, we became blinded  
by fluorescence,  
by all the possibilities of comfort;

we became robotic, mindless workers,  
working towards a false sense of status.  
We were losing grip from the beginning,  
grasping at a wet bar of soap, slipping  
from our hands, telling ourselves,

“We got this”

when we had already let go.

But it's hidden behind a veil,  
Oz the great and powerful pulling  
wool over windows;  
the truth is more than a shadow  
to those who leave their lights off.

*Blue Light*

We await                    the    s t o r m—  
  
e l e c t r i c   l i g h t        f o r m s  
  
j  
  a  
   g  
  g  
   e  
   d,  
  
      c o n n e c t i n g  
g r o u n d   t o    s k y,  
  
i l l u m i n a t i n g    t h e   n i g h t,  
  
e c h o i n g    t h u n d e r  
  
f r o m   v a l l e y   t o   v a l l e y,  
                              f r o m   p e a k   t o   p e a k,  
  
t o   s e p a r a t e    **s t r o n g**    f r o m    *w e a k*.

As the rain pummels dirt into mud baths,  
coating thickly across car doors  
to bake in the sun and into the paint,

rubber on the road  
absorbs the lightning, right?  
So we've been told.

And the screens in our hands  
help us escape reality.

Transfixed on tiny computers,

with    e v e r y t h i n g  
  
a t   l e s s   t h a n   a r m ' s   l e n g t h,  
  
w h y   b o t h e r   w i t h   t h e   d a n g e r s

of leaving shelter,  
breaking out of the bubble,

when you're safe inside,

a l o n e

a w a y

from the world, a place where

b o m b s

d

r

o

p

and b u l l e t s f l y?

Plugging in is the only way out.

*Bioluminescence*

Memories stack upon one another—  
building blocks of experience;  
each brain builds buildings,  
houses, towns, cities,  
alternate realities,  
like Atlantis  
sunken beneath the sea,  
still breathing.

Some of us  
are capable of diving,  
holding our breath,  
to swim in exploration  
of underwater civilizations,  
holding under pressure.

We are guided by intuition,  
swimming towards magnetism,  
the force that pulls us along—  
the guiding hand of god.

But distractions can detract us  
from the destination of our descent.

In the blue-spectrum of the deep,  
disorientation is difficult to avoid.  
Keeping a focused mind, a goal to reach in time,  
as colors change just out of sight,  
some turn towards the bursts,  
become hypnotized  
by bioluminescence  
and swim down to the trenches  
to find all the creatures  
we weren't meant to find.