

LEGACY FROM THE RESEARCH LABORATORY

If all my calculations are correct
my horologium will stop late this p.m.
No more nights to haul my entirety up the ladder to inhale dust
on top of tomes, mine the only prints to claim those
heights since my old professor's.
No more mornings to descend the lighted shaft
to probe the mindless obscenity feeding on healthy tissue,
nor afternoons to breed and stalk the seething child-killers in
glass cages—

(Having once arrested such an enemy, I am driven
to manacle others, and now my demon,
As destructive as any virus, has come again with the fuel bill.
Unpaid, he is evicting me, shutting my shop.)
There is not time to isolate the mutant entity
I suspect lies daily on the slide disguised as something simple—
My life's goal—

to expose it to world attack, to create and unlock doors, to stand
on raised portals like a Messiah and run lightning
down the corridors of science. I would deal with the devil
to do it. But the dream diffused in fumes of something else unfathomed,
while my colleagues labeled me "loner", "prima donna", "bastard".

cont.