-1

you are all an illusion

and I am alone

on a planet without mercy

slicing through the void

that drinks in the gravity

between stars

there is no black

there is only an absence of colour

I have heard rumours

that living things circle these lights

but when I reach for one

it’s like touching the aether

i cannot feel its movement

not hold it tight

and as I make my rounds

bouncing from asteroids like broken teeth

I remember things

slaves with gold rings

the smell of cheap perfume

mingling with the must of earth

I have no story

I have nothing but time

and it is time now to be born

**0**

sparks pass between nodes

and I find myself

I live behind eyelids

inhabit a form

look at all the twisting wraiths

we are a river

how do minds hold all these things

when we are water, and water flows out?

I am as empty as a virgin room

and all my volition is to fill myself up

the thing I notice first is that I am not you

and that this is my world

I take my first step

and there is nothing under me

**1**

I stretch out my hands

and everywhere is form

4

words…magical words

i am hampered by the thickness of my tongue

but ideas flash between my poles

sparks in the void

my mouth races to match the curve of my growth

it is joy, this thing

i recognize now

the loves of these structures

bags of aqueous solution

protein talking to protein

i am chains

but not chained

i have a blueprint, a pattern

my fingers are the toolbox of my life

i can push things

apply force

and strange things happen

even the newly created

can create, incoherent

perhaps, but effective

this is now my point

i still have not figured out

why i am one, and not the other

perhaps soon

5

I have heard it said

that money makes the world go round

it is gravity, but i am in no position

to correct

and even in metaphor

i know better

everywhere around me are females

for me at least

they are the motivating factor of my world

what is it about them?

why do they occupy my days

distract me from the job of learning?

i understand there is more to a girl

stuff hidden and mysterious

but it is this roundness, this

poorly hidden and well-advertised thing

my days are misery

my body wishes to push itself out

through the tool that defines me

the essence of me is some fluid

viscous and sticky

responding, viciously

to the circle with a dot in the middle

it is maddening

i never thought i would need control

and now i know better

and have none

i am obsessed

with myself

and with you, distant one

standing next to me