

Paradise Circus

It begins like this/ :

Every time we blink our eyes the world chips beneath our feet.

Chance turning destiny over in its palm like an omniscient narrator, as the ground washes away beneath our feet/ : Drowned our dreams on Big-Box lots,
in rain so hard for days,
spilling its corrosive liquid beneath the anonymous powder-blue
of a woman learning to ride her 1940 Indian 440 with great trepidation & daring.

We are most of all citizens of the choices we've made, & where we are now/ :

Our outstretched hand a prequel, collecting Time in its cup. Acres that seemed like forever. A veritable ocean of honey, where we could become

a/part of
oblivion in tall grass swaying dead & golden. Seconds flowed over & collected into our believing something because we wanted it to be true, creating a world to fill our hunger, escalates

like a measured argument aimed at the world that threatens,
where we see things as we wish to see them. & the shadows that give us depth—
where we see things as they are not.

A limitless atlas of desire both sacred & profane, neediness, mired under carpet swept, as if sewed into canvas *camisoles de force*/ : A constriction of sleeves

wrapped round the waist & tied behind the back, an imposed constraint, rather than dreamed wings germinated from shoulder blades, like incandescent extrusions of empathy pinned wide in parthenogenesis. Our judgment
too often encumbered by ego's self-embrace,
or hallucinated apparitions of fear, a bellows suctioning inward—asphyxiates the voice to guarded whispers of intuited truth, a mewling sound
tempered by apprehension/ :

The fear, that makes the wolf look bigger, because we are afraid,
but ashamed to be afraid. In dominion,
the gun to our head & a stranger's hand in our pocket.

Smells like apathy, or Empire built on the destruction of consumer bodies. An age of misfit purity & instant notoriety in a digital blink/ : famous for being famous.

Our gilded cage of skin, indifferent to what we've done to *Others*, now brute force deployed in its many feral concatenations. The scrutiny & camouflage, the manipulation of status quo opinion. The censorship & surveillance

/ : Keeping an eye
on each *Other* become ultra-invasive, disembodied voices
coming over speakers in the lobbies of transportation areas.

Is chance, shaking the dice of consequence in its palm/ : The hit and run driver.

His cellphone jettisoned into the back seat as he flees the scene
of his latest distraction—the voice on speaker,

“ . . . dude, Kim Kardashian just blew up the internet with her wannabe black ass ”

as he flees the scene of his self-importance, & always, we want back
what's been taken/ : The homeless man suctioned under the front bumper,
whose cardboard sign
was attached to social skills that had failed to enunciate his dreams.

We are most of all citizens of the choices we've made, & where we are now/ :

The hardest things to part with are the things we need the least, like shedding skin
cynically, too much of everything we could ever want,

does no end of evil,
holding on as tight as we can, but couldn't stop what's coming, what's
already on its way—almost always, too many distant stars & not enough sky.
Our schemes
like lit Diamond matches, become idle acts of combustion.

Always, the devil that makes us sin, but we like it
when we're spinning in his grip,
our optimistic, beating heart, a pebble ballistic into a pond,
like the body
devours itself when starved.

Revelations, or The Prophecy Of Vestiges Of Verges

Fittingly, the word *verge* is itself obscenely ambiguous, deriving as it does from the Old French for a measuring rod used to stake one's claim to property—as in a phallic erection of penis, which brings us to the *verge* of either arousal or rage, the compliant consumer cult of masturbation or censorship.

It's unfortunate

On the discarded *verge* of e-race-ure, those people dispossessed to the streets, literally adjacent to upright urban life. The homeless eyesore soon pushed out of sight, now fodder for an accident, suicide, or a premeditated act of social cleansing. On the *verge* of exclusion can be made to seem

that when we feel a storm /

so 'sivilized. If on the *verge* of disembodiment a body speaks its name, that would be a soon ghost, desperately seeking out its own ley lines of human earth energies, its own points of intersection. It isn't a ghost however, if it lives on in your heart. It's so easy these days

We can roll ourselves over

to find yourself constrained in a straitjacket of unexpected sorrow. Everybody on the *verge* of victimhood, to what we thought could never touch us, from over there, someplace, somewhere else. The animals are dying and the arctic melted ocean is rising. The young and old have their oxygen daily delivered by EMTs.

cause we're uncomfortable /

The earth on the *verge* of reciprocal retaliation, as if Apocalypse means to speak the common tongue. When it anthropomorphizes God's wrath, it is not talking about an atomic bomb, but every one of humanity's last chances gone unheeded, a consumerism on the *verge* of extinction, one Costco super-sized cart at a time.

Oh well,

Our mouths too full by a bellyful, the floating plastic bottle-scaped islands of excess, the plastic micro-particulate, benzene and hydrocarbon polluted sunsets. Anthropocene, as an annihilation, has finally developed a way to communicate its dire warnings of death and destruction, on the *verge* of soon to manifest

the Devil makes us sin /

wreck and ruin, but fallen on deaf ears. We are all fragile creatures surrounded by hostile acts, and our every sin originated from our opposable thumbs. We are headlight-rabbit frozen on the *verge* of annihilation, one side fight the powers that be, the other assumes a flight of fancy airborne in denial. Fittingly,

but we like it

the word *verge* is an apprehensive frustration, the anxiety of all we desire vs. all that will ruin us. Is a warning in the sense of a corrugated metal wall painted red, white, and Blue[s] that the ‘sivilized savages have erected to mark the land line between their two embattled ideologies.

when we’re spinning / in his grip.

We are on the *verge* of the fraught relation between attention spans & disaster, which highlights the details we miss; *something's only a disaster if we don't see it*. So very hard to let go of habit, possession & tradition, as we exit, with or without intention, one ruthless practice of social ruination for another.

The edge. Icarus plummeted at the *verge* of a painting, the margin, the brink, on the *verge* of . . .

Note : The poem between the lines are italicized song lyrics from “Paradise Circus” by Massive Attack. DCI Luther lives!! to carry forward the legend of Alice Morgan.