

Nature Has Lost Its Way Here

Indifferent man-made machinery
Mountains in a miniature world
Right angles give way to right angles
In every direction no direction is evident

Wires overrun each conceivable cranny
Wires feign direction to the uninitiated
Ever bending plasticized surfaces
Unseen multitudes beneath the surface

Geometrically sound boxes flatter fluorescence
The only sound the ear hears here is pallid
Throaty whooshing auditory threshold
Quiet is thick and tangible

Olfactory indifference disinfects life's breath
Breath is hurriedly whisked away
An insatiable hidden void pushing and pulling
Ceaseless revision of an invisible ocean

Brilliance is measured by on and off
The brilliant have already existed
The voice of the brilliant still resonates
An unending hum stands as its testament

Man facilitates the greater purpose
Sparsely scattered no longer needed
I have become part of it
It me

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