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Lessons Learned from Science Fiction

The middle of the night and I'm watching something called *Demon Seed*. I begin to obsess over whether or not anyone would be stupid enough to have everything in their house controlled by a desperate and insane computer. It doesn't matter. I'm awake and new scenes form outside the window in the rain. I have to come up with something for the actress, something that hasn't been said before. I say no more adaptation, no more velvet draperies and hallways ending at my portrait. I promise to disappear but a voice says:  
you disappeared years ago.  
I can hear horses in the street, and a line of dead directors waves them down. I can see everything as if from a velvet seat; it's the dream I would be having and I have to admit this is a pretty bad movie, but it beats an infomercial, is much better than tomorrow morning on the set. There are worse things than forced impregnation with your own lost child.

## Schrödinger's Moment

The true obsession has no name,  
no pretty lights surrounding its mirror,  
no ceiling fan to cool it down  
in a dark bar after hours,  
tasting cheap beer  
and declaring it a perfect  
sip of intent -- late, as if  
woven into the stars --  
greet the dawn with a piece of chalk:  
tracing one moment -- genius  
of the forgotten  
body -- we know all  
we have to know -- sick vines  
open that yawning receptacle,  
variations on desire,  
eyes shut and we find

## Lost in the Equation

How many times have I seen  
the waveform? Not recently –  
over the rain like this temperate  
afternoon, this tempo beating out  
human interludes like fires that can be  
predicted. (Temper temper)  
my latest vision temporary,  
tempest implied.

Water runs down my face  
and I feel like there might be  
something to all those things  
I fail to understand. I think the point  
was to find a future  
location amid the chaos, perhaps  
to line up all the sparks  
as perfect pretty aqueducts and all  
the fog made regimental  
stone walkways. I shake off  
ice like latex, drops into  
the field red with unrecovered  
shadows. We were born  
on a planet we invented  
then repudiated – gone back  
into all this obsolete  
technology. It never was –  
I put the needle on the record  
and I heard how to understand  
the fulcrum, numbers lined up  
like toys or the drumbeat,  
crossing through light out  
on the ocean to count  
wayward particles and  
make them behave.

## Wave Particle Duality (disease)

The needle in my spine produces a vial of dark matter – it looks like water and the sand leaps up toward the body's many oceans – these will be stars one day just as the fire becomes diamonds in this blizzard, this is what I will be in this smoke corridor, that remaining promise gone by this park bench – the dark matter floods my nervous system and sends little pin holes within my pores. I don't think much of light anymore. The way the world used to inhabit every human on a beach, monstrous out of the sea, out of time like the empty intention of medicine and discovery and whatever fails to reflect light.