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Harsh Granular Cluster

heavily misted
space of flags
deep green boxes
thunder in the hills
opened my buzzer
folded it
two or three times
flash of hard white light
folded back over it
naked girl's
crazy scream
just bubbled
in ghostly
steamed glass
loud fish smell
rubbing deputy
in green
dull gleam under
radiator shell
one hand went
slowly up

Black Easter

Blood lake poured out
its “message tree” —
gravity polarization
blundered into the city
like a whirling cloud
the top of the world
strumming warm
harps of water ...
this tiny jungle
provided a pleasant
contrast to the
hazy, formless
curtains of pink
atoms resumed
their chemical identity —
there was something
of Kierkegaard in them

At first it was disconnected
and random,
they found gaps
in the glass
the trip to the moon
was sometimes lonely
his voice changed color
“an error in equation 16” —
like a balloon in the
swimming darkness,
they sat blinded and stunned ...

The Space Destructors

He opened the door
that led into the great trees
flowers as big as the sun
radar searchlights
transported them
to drugstore —
two dim globes cast
soft light
fairy tale garden
drifted through
astonishing press releases

Hot electric eye dazzled him —
the new brain vanished
into the brush behind
his parents farm
part of his face was intact
a solid core of brightness

There were many brilliant
planetary lights in earth's
new super sun system }
he has a fleeting impression
of small, furry animals.
Soft lights shone down —
he forced himself
to look away
from the jeweled thing.
He saw the golden "tree"
Circle of white fire
filled the entire sky
now "visible"
on one of the neural screens
inside his semi-plastic body

The Teleported Man

The poles were free of radiation
{power of illumination
emanating from the blood
that shone with dazzling flame,
once more drifting dimly
behind breathing color}
Formless blur of heated metal
might help him locate himself —
{spectrum of equally real
alternative presents}
thick, pointed object
with a pink glow,
planets so close to him
that they looked like moons.
Part of the planetoid lifted,
it was bright pink —
The outer planets drew him
and he “fell” toward special “ship”
he had not presented
the contents of their minds ...
{The inner face
folded up within itself,
blood faded}
The super colossal pink
giant was not much smaller
than normal —
inverted pyramidal
projection glimmered
with flickering energy pulses
he had his own neural transformers
strange time delay patterns
he entered the path of the energy beam
and was carried into the anti-matter world

The Ghost of Plato

His brain, a composite of ears
trickle of impulse patterns
he remembered “X”
the ice meteorites
transported extra brain
“What star are you calling?”
the robot muttered
distorter is still
inside “moon machine”
green haze jerked
and winked out ...
galactic technicians
walked toward the
“elevators” despite
absorber tubes)
small metal ball
bristling with electronic
tubes floated —
palace was a
shattered, empty husk ...
fireball floated from the
ceiling engulfing the
circular vibrator
occasional blur
came off easily
his earlier rejection of “X”
so complete,
the “face” was his own ...