

Chuck Richardson

SOME SCHIZOID-ABSTRACT COSMIC CONSPIRACY THEORY IN 9 PARTS
[A SCI-FI POEM AFTER PKD, GHOST ADVENTURES, CHRYSLER AND OTHER SPONSORS, ETC. & ET AL]

1.

Going in peace
to the ship's transmitter
as an antenna for the race,

2.

and from there the prayer
goes into the nearest relay network
to something instead.

3.

Is there a spirit down there
where the nun loves the infinity pool
and attached conduits,

4.

the conduits that carry—
she hopes—

5.

outer space?

She seems to possess the rhythms of a fairy tale.

Phonographs project 3D holograms
of nothing. Somehow,

the Force 1500 Expeditor says much about her
in a deep Lemmy sort of way.

6.

No reservations at 9.

She remembers you
marching up the gangplank
into the light,
where Willie Brathwaite seems as passionate about Phish as you do,
making you happy.

Hide.

7.

You have your biggest experience yet,
pacing a horrifying magic—
23 chapters,
2105 C.E.

Her job, as always, bores her,
so she has
her prayer—these days—bouncing
to the transmitter
through the permanent electrodes
extending from her pineal gland.

8.

This place is being torn down.

Help.

Nothing will impede her if she's a Phoenix.

Come on, say something.

Every chew leads you somewhere new,
to this plush houseboat, perhaps,
where a plan is fulfilled
in which all the sad deaths add up
throughout the galaxy, becoming
a maze of death
converted
to joy.

9.

At one of the god worlds,
maybe the Sufis
won't run
with their conviction about Its innate beauty.

Maybe this is why,
during the previous week,
a spirit, matrixing in the energy pod,

Why are you talking?