

Tess Joyce

If Life was like a Lecture on Magicicadas

We sit with notebooks filling up
information about paleoclimatic
influences on prime-numbered periods
of emergence, mass-emergence
every 13 or 17 years
when plagues, campaigners for life
swell the air all fighting like a baby
that's arrived and would feel the pain
of being gobbled up by multiple predators
and it's all so beautiful that a film was made -
in tiny exoskeletons of the dead
magicicadas, LEDS blink,
lightening the blackened cave of the screen
with love beads upon soft lichen beds.

villanelle of a third eye

parietal eye positioned at top of cranium
in lizards amphibians does it surprise you that our pineal gland
is tucked above the stem and cerebellum
detecting circadian rhythms avoiding delirium
by modulating sleep and lizards detect bands
of light in eye positioned at top of cranium

our third eye opens in higher realms a drum
of inner beats gives messages in metaphorical strands
from the front of the stem and cerebellum
for in the gland like a seabed of chalk deposits of calcium
carbonate collect in follicles called brain-sand
no longer needed eye at top of cranium

if gland responsible for release of DMT then inner sanctum
is interlinked with all kinds of rhythms and
tucked above the stem and cerebellum
changes occur consciousness blows like a gum
receptors alter minds when they bind with a ligand
no longer a parietal eye at the top of cranium
just a puzzling gland above the stem and cerebellum

2064: a note on ultra-weak photon emissions

she alights herself in a photon bath
sprinkled with information about her own DNA
upon her brow she sits up
breathes as if she is five years old again
each cell in her body is a candle

lighting the days and nights pass by unnoticed
beneath the pressure of pear fabric fleece
but tonight with little time left
she will rise up through the interlacing
of her own energy
her DNA will bare all in images like an x-ray
which she will send through her light
to every conscious being
regardless of whether they are ready or not

when we tried to give up cigarettes

inside the cafe he throws his bubblegum
at the ceiling
like a madman vent on accomplishment
no matter what whereas i just feel ugly plain as dough
outside i ignite his fuse and we start to bicker
says he's going to call everyone
who passes by an idiot
he does and they look confused
like a fool i laugh to melt the ice
so in a rage he throws his helmet
and the pavement cracks too

some kind of cow shit mushroom

it was barbed and stabbed my mind
should never have consumed it
when filled with darkness
six hours passed and still no lucid thoughts
so i begged the cow
and suddenly saw my father's fluffy hair
as he waited for me to leave the womb
for i was never ready to leave
the warm coat of DMT that bursts upon day 49
when a baby is given a conscious life
“when we are born we must come out and shine like stars”
shouted the cow
but my mind's been stuck in that chemical-induced orb of the womb
and must be reborn
must let a tiger
rip it apart
bit by bit
to gather some strength and stick my head out