

Rich Murphy

Immediate Gratification Stratification

Foot-tapping, queues, and taking turns
vanished when fingers snapped.
Having stolen the waiting from wanting,
the magician lavished with trinkets
until wishing well dried up.
A split-second rewards with a plastic whistle.
The pennies thrown into fountains
invented for desires and for hollow concern.
The toys and tricks distracted enough
to convince the scientist
and the moralist too that nothing
with value remained within the body.

The drums in the laboratory resound:

“Regard-less!” So the dopamine
for the imperial, champagne-bubble crowd
suckles for immortality,
while mean-spirited smiles eat at hearts
and wear out spleens and livers
among the froth and blistered landscapes.
“Cut the frontal-lobe fantasy families
from the equation using long division
and the math works out:
The money-heeled homo Deus
deserve to choose among the genius genes.”

Real Magic

When pushed around the world
science collects into a dust bin
and the useless products
from yesteryear disappear.

Sucking at superstition to clean house,
the new priests in white robes
and with algorithms resting on palms
sweep up cows, pigs, and black cats.
Cathedrals, temples, and mosques
whistle in the vacuum hose.

The sterile lab shines.

Without the divining rod or wish bone
country folk poke at white mice for fun
and want the farm and pews back.

On knees for the preyer reading
crystal balls in sockets focus
before a daze brings hex, spell,
or curse, and the middle finger
can't rise to the occasion.

For a class and species,
the dissected frog introduces
while the student, chased
from the hippocampus
and the caged thalamus, protests.

What remained under the top hat
the mixing wand stirred
and cut in half until "puff."

From Aqueous Humour to Smoothie

Retinal reality giggles before integration
with personal background, attitude, and mood.
Sometimes the movie is paid for but missed
and paid for again, never seen.
Other times the whole Cranium
Multimedia Center has its way
with a glossy moment so that a grainy film
blots or mops into a memory.
Good luck to the next visual
and optical axis crossing! Warning,
flailing limbs or jumping trunk.

Floating on nerve endings
between the out there novation
and the interior that continues to adjust
ergonomics, the organism lives
in a novel during the writing.
A lifespan stretches so that a hologram
slumps stumped behind the user illusion
controls while looking to edit tomorrow.

For a continent, the collective lens reports
on momentum mounds on both sides
to suggest that around the blend
the fruits from ignorance again fall.

The Fun Run Race

While long ago no-pain no-gain
pharma teemed to bring
to town goofy “goo-goo” glue
that held gang psyches together
and more recently artificial intell-network
dragged in clown-bots to the public square,
the brain drain gene team shortens
for the pursuit after happiness
by breeding a three-legged smile.

The sieves in sinks gurgle
that the smart refugees stay at home:
Ex-pats erase to disappear from the radar.
After all, everybody loves
to have a constitution where science
and business marry for an ending.
One long guffaw to a burnt remain
knows about the ins and outs
presented to each generation
lost within a dream too big too frail.