

Matthew Morris

—dedicated to Mary Moffit

## Pareidolia

Inconceivable aeons act as malignant mile markers.  
Separation measured by the speed of light, sound and time.  
The bright flame of ephemeral soul snuffed out as a wick under saliva laden fingertips.

The spirit is beaten, pummeled, flattened and stretched  
As if it's holy essence were putty in the hands of some ridiculous god-child.  
Ancient laughter echoes through these vast, seething corridors.  
They brood in their eternity; exuding tones blacker than the battered wife's bruise.

Archaic scenery presents themselves in both simultaneously joyful and terrible memory.  
Somewhere in-between the gravity of reality and a desire to drift into dreams.  
Reflected off these obsidian passages of age your face flickers and yet;

I'm incapable of seeing you without Prometheus' blinding light,  
It's impossible to hear you while hostage in a void without end.  
It's inconceivable that man could traverse the barren and boundless dark  
And say one final farewell to spite the bastard reapers final touch.

## Organic Machinery

A well oiled and maintained cog is a far more functional part of the machine.

Something a bit stronger than WD-40 may sometimes be necessary.

That's why your friendly neighborhood liquor store is open 24/7.

That's why you have at least three different drug contacts in your cell-phone.

That's why you pop pills like pez candy.

That's why you live on a schedule based on metrics and measurement.

Days measures in the hours allotted to different aspects of vacuous bullshit.

Minutes occasionally counted by the minute and sloth-like tick of the second.

Time seen as periods of work, sleep and the occasional meal and movie.

Sleep, wash, eat, rinse, repeat.