

Specter: a future dialogue

I.

“Even time is too conscious of its own continuation
like the opiate gods who used to wind our hands
with forceful plumes of breath and body
and cast down golden fates”

II.

“Would you rather return to the life of whims?

We proved gravity itself to be tenuous.

We learned to tame capricious blood.

We build our children.

With firm intent.

Pruned genomes.

They are tall now.

With the highest of cheekbones.

The highest of minds.

Strong and Beautiful.

We improve.

Nothing falls.

The new only eclipse the old and adventitious minds.”

III.

“These champions
directionality, improvement, intention,
might not be so... so ...”

IV.

“ Not.

So.

So.

What?”

V.

“You see, in my dreams
Eudemonic,
though without any Aristotelian stratification,
everything *is* at once
there
spiraling blended feverish,
lost
I remember that there used to exist
the exact words strong enough to break stones
to raise palaces and monuments
but these words, when spoken
enclosed the speaker
echoed the trembling and shaking of her own chains
I sit with the prisoners, who plead on red knees
for return
for the sky to burst asunder
if you could have smelled the rain, seen the deluging sun plunge,
down and down and down and down and
it would have put stars in your eyes,
to see the world
plummeting back”

VI.

“We deduced that dreams are not mystical.
We accounted for every neuron.
We *know* there are no ghosts in the machine.”

VII.

“Can you know this that you know?
Can you not feel that Pythia’s mystique was never bedded in her genes?”

VIII.

“Yes.”

IX.

“Then I think it is my time to leave this earth”