

Stumbling consciousness
Morning half-wake ritual
Dragging my body-as-corpse-lagging-dragging-wet-rag-doll-dull,
Again.

Soldier to wake the dead
My carcass my flag

Rise to ?
Do housework??
and the point is?
Surf that I-net
and the point is?
I want substance!
I scream for substance!
for work, for duty, for en-gage-ment
in life breath breathing sweating working striving living life.

Am I in the middle of suburbia?
An apartment?

Ah, the same old familiar daily gremlin whispers of
dispair, hopelessness, mockery, disdain, sarcasm and disbelief.

Devils all. Dangers pure.
The sweet and pleasant evil that tempts, then burns.

I am shock stark in the middle of an ancient noetic warfare.
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Why can't I believe it?

So crazy dangerous-silly of me to think otherwise, to think this was suburbia.
And then, dangerous self-destructive volatile for me to think,
Even for a second's dwelling's entertainment,
That this was suburbia.

Wake.
Put on armor.
And

Fight.

By Jon Neiss