

Michael McGuire "Alpha Centauri"

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The light that is not symbol, that is the fuel of vision
burning, the
hungry atmosphere, protective prism school of
yearning, star lit light
bulb charged, particles pumping desire, alone in a
crowd of undoing,
charred bones of a leftover fire, as lonely as a
telescope, pointed at the
desert of stars, a vacant gold rush bank, the highways
art of abandon
cars, illustrated meaning of nowhere, the vapor trail of
a dream, the
shadows are a guide, where the light is a theme.
It's like a thought you can see reflected in the eyes of
a stranger who
passes you on the street like a window in the
architecture, the wind of
heavens ride pollinates the cracks in the sidewalk and
the dirty
distance but forsakes the meanings pulp, lonely puppet
empire of
habit stands for the ovation as the actor playing a
doctor points the
finger at the moon, something; possible everything
teases the reach of
an astrophysicists who can't seem to get his mind off
something his
wife said about occult diet, it's all like some out of
focus photograph
that looks more interesting for it's flaws than it's
subject in perfection
could ever fawn, extinct colors pour a boneless rainbow
on a region of
the sky that has only known the unsolicited pout of
impotent rain , a
sign that were getting closer to something that is so far
away that the
closer we get the further away we are, and the exhaust
of invention
fogs the lens of destiny and the stranded survivors
glance suspiciously
at each others motive heart.

This is our monument to what we can only deconstruct
in dream, the
light from the nearest star is just the spent treasure of
unrequited
steam, on this cloudless night a man looks up into the
weathered
darkness of the sky, and he can't even tell it's a
cloudless night so he
doesn't even begin to wonder why, just one thought
ago a chaos was
born thru the silent center fault, now a ghost lights
palatial
foundations where the god of corners is not found but
ever sought, we
calculate the meaning of our motion with the stacked
math of destiny,
this light we chase can't even give us heat yet we
think it will help us
see.

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