

Michael McGuire

"Experimental Weather"

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Altering the blameless sky, chemical perception,
diagnosed parameters of
why, selfless deception, the pulpits liar heals, godless
placebo, how the
rage of quietness feels, painless libido.
That's how the rain dance longs for the rainbow, the
side effects of the
knowledge of what we can't know.
The ghost of the doctor, haunts the mind of the world,
they have over
clocked her, nesting serpent coiled, that cloud is
shaped like morning,
Psychosomatic syncopation, a stock tip taken like a
warning, cinematic
adaptation.
And that's how the cure is put to trail for the cause,
and that's how the
lawyer suffers for the laws.
In the corporate minded history of self-defense, the
egos Armageddon is
just an expense, this engine only knows reverse for
now, thrives on the
ethic of someday somehow.
And the mood just runs it's fingers thru her hair,
fondling the numbness
till you just don't care, now she's just another hard
wired bimbo, trying to
live with her head in heaven and her feet in limbo.

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