

You Innocent Alien

By Ryan Mitchell

1

In the midst of a mental galaxy
The first and final heart beats out.
The silk strings of the senses
Push out into the glows of
Dimming thought-stars,

Then recede back into the inner web
That vibrates so constantly
It is impossible to notice
The effect of each beat.

It all seems one,
As the spider,
The conceptual soul,
Moves steadily
In its world of warm, red walls
And shaking white thread

2

This is a theory
Which holds no weight
On the weightless.

As they hover in a sunset
Filled with such colossal force
That the great cloud can't even absorb
All the weight-dissolving warmth.

As it floats past through
The tapestry of still-satisfied white air,
And comes to rest on a pregnant belly,
Its touch is so softening and undemanding
That she doesn't notice the baby
Squeezing out into fresh air.

3

Then the newborn falls from
The womb, sky and sunset,
And onto a vast parking lot.

It then runs through a metal city-
Its rust and acid residue
Is only disguised by a nightfall,
Filled with the mantras
Of a billion swerving garbage trucks
That move past the baby
Into city depths.

The depth becomes an unperceivable blur of black
Tripping the baby on countless jagged shards
Until it is splashing in its own blood and tears
Until sun comes to reveal a way
Across the great sprawl of junkyard and tenements

4

The sunlight forces its way through thick haze
To show the baby its way to streets
Where thousands march through,
Each feeling their veins becoming sidewalks
As the metaphorical cement is smeared on cells
They let the hundreds of inner eyes
Drown in their own waters.

As the baby stares at the masses
A stranger with breath that smells
Like the ashes of an umbilical cord
Hugs the baby, whispering deep in its ear,

'Look around you, innocent alien.
They are all experiencing suffering.
Do you know what that is?
It's something that perpetually sinks us...
We get drunk to face the sunset.'