

the upwardly mobile animal

i'm easy re prison, set to enter.

could be how i got into this body, on your planet.

could be how i fall toward the Center.

from high starry home into your coldstone catacomb: i give way to gravity, and end up in a body. i repeat, keep falling: i break yr Law and let your guards escort me to the Keep of your Polity.

inward from the Ether thru the gassy fog of galaxy, then deep into yr Donjon where i think it thru the darkness - i retrodict the truth of how i got here.

i'm easy re prison, being thrown among the brawlers. i know just what to do, i'll go all stoic & superior, provoke you to assault me -

and soon you're all my followers.

i'm easy re prison where i lecture from a hard cot i'm chill upon, a finger up to numerate my lesson plus remind you where i'm from.

a finger up for point of pride, to sign the nyah

of Nerds.

a finger up to test the weather, goad you into lunging at your Better.

the Upward can't be chummy with the ones they'd move away from, with the chatty oaf who loves, u know, Italian bread, the white D'Italiano that she gets him at the Sobey's -

his mother?

the Upward must recoil from his indolence, disown his bad skin. with pursed lips, press him off; excuse me with a prissy cough. a shift toward the door, like it's your stop dinging.

mentally remove yourself, train the inner monologue on eye-level posters for a Business College, that's it.

better yet: get off! buy a car & drive it like you always did!

to me, he is charming and i humor him, i ask a friendly follow-up. i quote him in my journal, find wisdom in his mix-up.

aloof from your game, i've a non-local's luxury: i see you all as equals. not quite local, i'm easy loving animals. your poverty is winning. i find you all cute - even you war-apes who can't afford to care about the monkey mother wailing for her babies that you stole. you too are cute - you who are

embarrassed by her, you who try to rise above your past.

you flee it for it's in you still, you mock it to expel it. ignore it so to keep your proper distance.

i love you sans iss-u, for i'm better than you. go ahead & kill me, i shall hang beatific and you'll learn thru the Centuries to adore me, mimic me, adopt my holy motto.

a cooler one will wander by - or Earth into
his purview - and he too will equalize: by
using you as you have used others.

you, too, tend to use the ones wandered by, the ones
near-to-hand like the rooster Galen plucked for an
early toxicology: all the homely mice you catch, the
pigs in pen and pets you now vivisect.

a far-flung arm of the continental sprawl, a palmy isle.

no moon tonight. they congregate in song upon the beach, along the lapping edge - their arms & voices lifted to the glowing gods, their faces struck with light.

their Personal cosmogeny has echoes in the order of Inflation Theory. their chanted genealogy has matches more than random in an RNA regression going deep into the Phyla.

baboon hunters, forty thousand years ago. wiry, dark & wicked like their quarry. stewards of Fruitaria, with ocean all around, now - yet ocean is no desert for they know it's Life's home, and the sky is an Ocean -

and how do they know?

so the gods have told them notes an elder from his glowing tent, a missive to his Intl circle.

the people are content he writes by starlight seeping in thru the netting.

he'll let them have their ignorance, their fading half-remembrance of a higher time, his last time by.

