

The World Shrinks

the world shrinks.

a newspaper is crowned with headlines, but they are garbled, twisted --
words like "odesa" and "paris" and "beijing"
tumble, meaningless, from the page and slither to the ground.
they lay there like dull pennies.
other continents have ceased to exist; they are theoretical abstractions, as unimaginable as infinity,
endowed with neither mass nor influence.

the world shrinks.

in the window there is a burnished gold sky smeared with clouds --
a tiny airplane, dangling --
furrows carved into the mountains, dusted white, brightly glaring on one side, shadowed on the other.
it may as well be painted,
a fresco with no depth of field, carrying no implication of other places or other times.
to see an airplane is like reading the dictionary's definition of "airplane."
perhaps such a thing still exists,
perhaps not.

the world shrinks.

the world has four white walls, ten feet high, and a door that sometimes opens.
the world has a television with no sound.
it has a chair and a bed, and a baobab stand of twisted metal hung with liquid sacs.
plastic tubes with needle fangs snake from the limbs, twist, converge, descend --
they undulate, they quiver with osmotic glee, they strike, they remain.

-

it is silent, except for the sharp puff and flex of air, sixteen times every minute.
a blanketed chest rises and falls.
an eyelid trembles, but does not open.

the world shrinks.

© Alex Burtzos, www.alexhurtzosmusic.com. All rights reserved.

Reproduction is illegal.