



Image from Sail-World

Steven Hill

Hearsay

Physics: Bird's wings flap
air lifts
Bird flies overhead

Psyche: *Solamente un momento*
to view it out the window
de mi auto.

Morphology: Turns out the bird is a seagull
a very specific type of bird,
how anthropocentric of me
the closer i look the more details i see.

Microscope: If i become an insect, *el mundo* behind me enlarges,
a blade of grass becomes a tree
if i become an electron, *el mundo* expands still more,
my valence becomes my treadmill;
if i am blind *yo veo* worlds of vibrant sound,
if i open my ears *oigo* courageous cries, within
you, within me, within the
bounds of our physical bodies,
dense packages of electrons that may
short circuit or charge, *a dentro*
you, me, *a dentro* muffled cries.

Astronomy:

If i become an asteroid, i do not count insects
(*como* electrons),
i make acquaintance with bodies
of an entirely
different orbit,
who knows what else i would see, in my present state
unrecognizable to me.

i am an electron of an insect
that is eaten by the Great Eagle,
bird of prey

eat me Great Bird, *come*,
hay bastante you bastard
estoy grande.

Psyche:

Do gulls eat insects...?
i don't really know.
How little i know about worlds above and below
yet i walk and talk and carry on
such a dangerous ignoramus i can be.
i censor data, i yell at my relationships,
i cut the chord, insistent on titillation
i repeat what i've read, opinionless opinions
i have imagined pleasurable rape;
Yet i am
the best that i have,
cause and effect,
doing my best like all the rest with what I got,
i must make choices, and you too must carry on.

Etymology:

Out of infinite choices i decide on the one,
the others left to die, the one made bright and alive

*"Decide": from the Latin de- off + caedere- to cut or kill,
same Latin root as geno-cide,
infanti-cide, pesti-cide, patri-cide, circum-cise.*

Morphology:

The seagulls do not strike me as dangerous,
they seem quite harmless and *tranquilo*,
knowing so little about molecules *y humanos*.
If they eat insects they probably know
quite a lot about them, about their movements
and work habits,
or when they *come* from the sea
about reflections on water and
pescado patterns;
terrorists of anchovies and crabs they call food,
they do not stack one day on top of another,
they take them *poco a poco*, it seems.

Psyche: Do they? i'm not really sure...how am i supposed to know?
such a dangerous imbecile i can be

Physics: Plane's wings flap
air lifts
Plane flies overhead

The Interior Country of Being

"I'm one of those people hounded
by the blood hounds of anxiety"
I thought I heard her say,
but when I turned there was
no one there
and I didn't know who to believe,
or maybe I had said it.

In my moment of doubt it became apparent
that Love is a peculiar form of disappointment,
between hearts and nations it regularly fails,
affection disappears, never to return.
Yet Love is also the relentless try at togetherness,
between I and Thou and I and They,
between what we have left in our pockets of hope,
Love is the interstellar dust that can bind
the millions into a mass of revelation.

I thought I said that to her in response, but I turned and there was no one there.

How strange. Does everyone have as many voices in their head,
as many inner dialogues, as I do?
Imagine: all these people as they walk on by,
mumbling to themselves, silent to the world about
all the many situations in their lives,
all the love lost and career puzzles and contradictions,
arguing with perceived antagonists and exes and strawmen,
their mortality just off their bow and
a fist in their chest, fixing the arguments so they always win.

Billions of us passing within the other's breath,
each in our own little head-shrunk worlds,
imagined realities tuned to different frequencies,
parallel molecules on random paths.
No wonder it's such a mixed-up place, the external
reflecting our internal,
mass misunderstandings pace around inside us,
buzzing like angry bees inside a jar.

Imagine this: if the world of relatives and friends,
and co-workers and bosses and the police officer,
and strangers too, suddenly had access to see
right inside your head,
and view the movie constantly playing there. Including
what you do and say when no one else is looking,
 trying to soothe the scab of your parental abandonment
 which relentlessly pushes you to the red glare of center stage;
and imagine if you could see inside *their* heads,
 a multi-view panopticon in which all sees all and
 privacy is an unknown concept,
and auto AI bots know intimate you better than you “know thyself.”
Imagine then, what happens next:
 the fall of conscience and courage,
 the failure of risk and imagination,
 of democracy and economy,
freedom becomes the dizziness of anxiety
amidst the rise of pixelated un-reality, I think,
as I march along inside my head,
suddenly riveted by a red splash of brick wall graffiti:

“They...monetize...everything”

My eyes stare and stare at the red scrawl arriving,
there is a vibration in my head that has pushed its way in,
 that’s just the way the world works now, it says
now *humans* are the cost of doing business,
we *are* the experiment,
running through the maze of long tail diversions,
 sniffing the bait set for our shadow selves,
the moth still seeks to know the flame,
our basic reaction to acquisition is not fulfillment or
quaffing our thirst,
 it’s craving for more.
This is the tragedy of history: humans
gain more and more but
are never satisfied.
We always crave more.

And thus we talk to ourselves, trying to return
 to some distant past affection,
a time before the earliest desertion,
to ward off the internal of that vibration rattling
 (it’s frightening when you hear it, roaring like a billion cicadas!).
And one time in that fevered state
as I was shuffling along, silently,
 contributing to the mass confusion,
I met Jonathan this Afro dreadlock dude pianist
 in the train tunnel beneath Yorkstrasse Bahnhof.
He played all the hits real well, just so

on a broken, paint-splattered Casio,
and we hit it off and I
was silent for a time and then I
sang backup harmonies and I
for a short time felt all was well
within the worlds within me and those walking next to me,
the lonely player played and the lonely peeps listened,
all those head-filled humans leaning together
over silly songs,
not exactly allies but
 following the same human stream,
the rumbling vibration overhead not the trains but
the collective maw,
Jonathan, watching him play, singing along,
the past is regret, the future is dread,
 but the present is giving and receiving the love of humanity.

Now, I can wait calmly for that final friend, Death, to relieve me. These were the last words of a slave.

Steven Hill (www.Steven-Hill.com) is a contributing writer and principal of *Caveat Lector* and the author of seven books of political nonfiction. He is the editor and chief contributor to the online publication [DemocracySOS](http://DemocracySOS.com) and has published short fiction and poems in a number of publications, including *Columbia Journal*, *Minnesota Review*, *San Fernando Poetry Journal*, *Synchronized Chaos*, *Struggle*, *Prophetic Voices*, and the anthologies *Sparkle and Blink*, *Grasp the Rainbow* and *Poets for a Livable Planet*. His plays have been produced in New York City (Off Off Broadway), Washington D.C., and San Francisco. His website can be found at www.Steven-Hill.com.