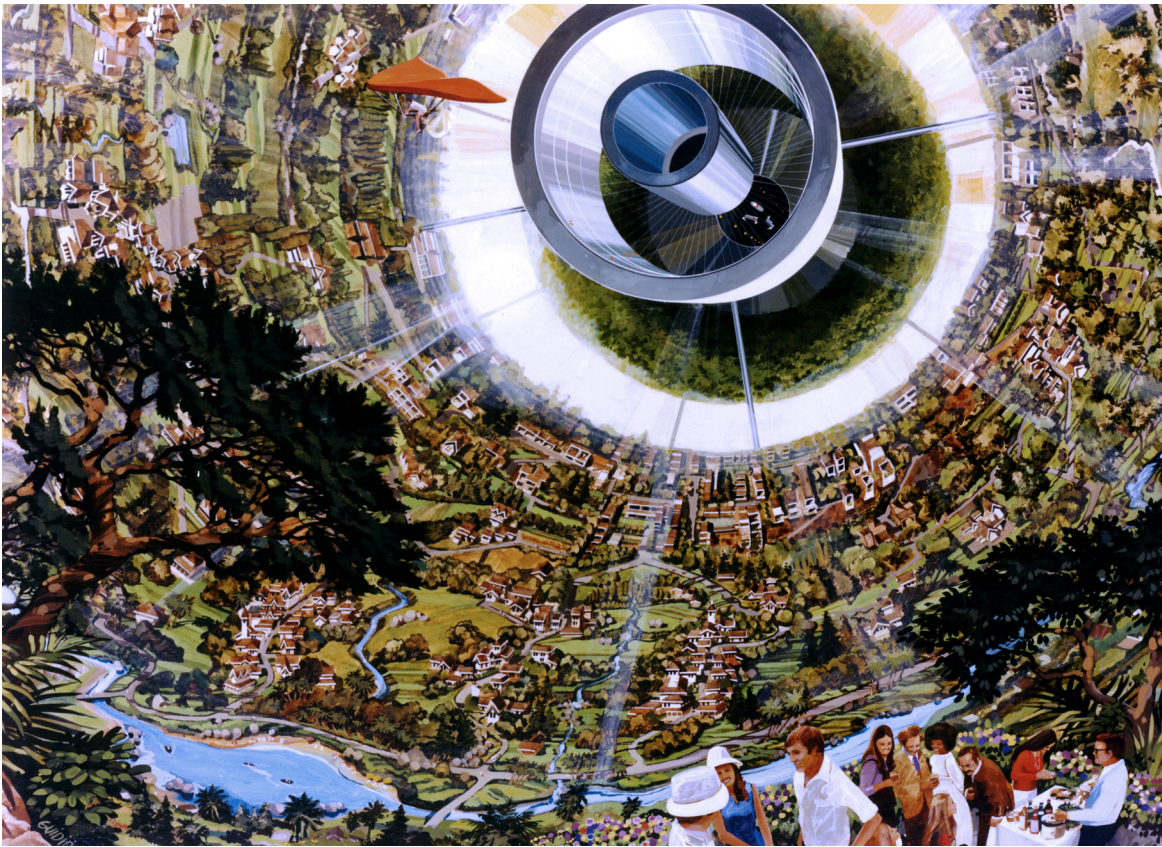




C O L O N Y

Almost not almost not almost not
Already
A pod bursting open
Supplies sown along with us
Into the dust
Of another world
Constrained to a self-contained egg
Of radical possibility
A simulation, probabilistically
All of too this a to world of simulation
A colony
A colony
A colony

Where there are no bees to die off
No ice to melt
No tides to rise
A dwarven fortress
Tools to unwind, tools to capitalize
Situational cannibalism
Deracinated IKEA panoply
No real estate bargains in the night
Forgive me lord
I whisper into the darkness
To the machines listening to me
There is no outside of this world
Except deeper down into it
A microcosmic order
Things fallings apart and recombining
Scattered grains of rice
Below scattered grains of light

So let's start over
Orbiting a sun of possibility
Disaster in the wings
Waving to me
I see you there on the far side of the bay
Silver handsprings in the gymnasium
Sometimes we will sing together
Having brought along all of our favorite songs
In moments of leisure
Between long shifts of labor
Manual labor, intellectual labor, meaningful labor
No one writing copy for an advertising agency
No one having to pretend it's fine
Dedicating their life
To tactical mercenary brainwashing
Just assembly, code, caring
For hydroponic beds
Where rice will sleep until it's harvest time

Hardship unto friendship
Long nights of easing our bruises together
We'll make love (as appropriate)
And talk about everything
A fork off the great blue and white repository
Beyond the sound of the trumpet

No one to impress
No one to convince
Just starlight of the station
And our beautiful lives
With almost nothing happening
For long periods of time
Simulation not crashing
Despite internal inconsistency
A colony
A colony

Trust this fantasy
Cruelly tantalizing
Far away from everything
That has gone so wrong for so long
An escape from predefined states
Emptying our minds
Emptying our graves
Bodies rising toward the stars
Still somehow, somehow alive
This heavenly vision untethered
But not without achievable practicality
A colony
A colony
The term itself
Conveniently jettisoning its racist colonial history
Away and not of
Language breaking from itself
Language speaking without
Speaking about itself
Speaking of itself
Oh memory
A colony
A colony

Isolated space oasis
Glowing fresh and naked, clean and gleaming
Geodesic facets sparkling
Sleeping bags soft in the dormitory
A little acrid smoke thickening the air
A ruptured electrical conduit
A fire starting
Failures of key systems
Intermittent screaming
Echoing down the corridor
We clap each other on the back
Firefighting
In this world of starry-eyed possibility
Nothing like rural Georgia