

Victor

Louis Phillips

Returning to my snail consciousness slowly,
I realize, finally, that the odds are good
That I am going to die of something.
I see Heaven's Mad Scientist now,
In His eternity-riddled laboratory, working overtime
Charging Angel Juice with new disease,
What overly large Frankenstein bottles
Of liquidification, soul electrocutions &
Zap! New brain in the brain case.
No one in his right mind
Appeals to the intelligence of the universe.
Dumb. Dumb. Dumb the shuddering white mold
Some call bells of flowers.
Here the suffering sea roils backward, &
All His hunchbacked assistants
Keen in so many grief-studded languages.
A labyrinth of indifference.
The last one out turns out all the lights.