

Golems

by retrodrag

preface

Perhaps the defining feature of humanity is creation. As with all life procreation is of the utmost importance but only here, on this wet green rock, do we breath life into anything we can. Be it creatures that share our home with us, or the things we build with our minds and our hands – the very act of creation is something that flows through us like our very own blood!

With this in mind I have chosen to explore what humanity means to me, here at a place in time where we are on the verge of creating something sentient. Something artificial. Something *alive*. As such I have collaborated with various A.I. partners to construct the poems included in this collection. I believe that by tapping into the database of humanity's creation is a way to fuse both the past and the future.

It is only by releasing something into the wilds of existence can we be sure of what it truly is, and with that, I hope you enjoy.

-retrodrag

Kissed Rain Whispers

a somber night
the moon half winks
lady sky's dress of autumn mist
furrowed storm clouds, a crown
a gentle crackling light
as a brook winds into the cracks
between where people
live, and have lived

fey spirits and creatures
lurk in shadows and hidden spots
oppressed by ever
potent human prediction
like a balloon almost popped
sly goblins and imps
and djinn and giants
man-eating plants
collapse ever together
chimera of myth and loss

brook babbles and sinew light
from the lady's hand descends,
swift and slithering while no eyes
are open in camouflage of falling rain
sleeping minds
are open eyes to the other side
of flipped coins,

and some sleeping humans dream
of places where the creatures
still remain

and some sleeping humans dream
keeping a place where creatures
still remain

At The Shore

a beam caresses dew-shivered leaves
at first a tear
gentle rain of waking trees
stagnant song in bursts, arrives
morning bird choir
at rest, the budding earth sighs
petals unfurl sleepy faces to sky
a slow blinking hello
from above, they wave in lines
manicured and tilled like lights
stacked dirt, to plant life
with trowelled ground in sight

but below in frost-tipped soil
where things creak and crawl away
they never sleep but squirm and toil
wet earth slops, legs and flesh skitter
clattering teeth and bone
something hunts, screams - flutters
hairless critters hollow dirt
fangs and slime and rotting things
eat each other and stay alert
other things slowly grow
slime and toxic things in dark
and with no sun to keep the blight
bloodless veins penetrate and creep

up from the wet deep, something bores
worm-tunnel to touch a heaven
to touch at last, two shores of
life where the tilled tremor of
stacked dirt and planted life
descend like roots out of sight

rambling 1

and so it began with two closed eyes
something like lightning took over my fingers
i turned the page into a landscape
of ancient times
i, Zeus, of the word
commanded the light
and smite
smite all those blank
and unworthy places on the page
i looked only at the
keys of a tool
no pen no paper
but digital and powerful
the technocratic god of old
something to reside inside
like the fold at the crease
in the spine of the book
where the light and the dark
became something like
the words on the page
a meaning in shape
but no shape in meaning
nothing to behold

synapse + lily pads

The same place at a different time, but still a dream
to seek out the living poetry, find words to gleam
and jumble them inside my brain machine
until i spew some prose gently cleaned
on written canvas, but what could it mean?

--

it is that same old feeling
that i've felt before
a bubbling dread
that gobbles up time
this moment stretches me thin
lily pads of sorrow

youth until now
it feels the same
same spiralling mistakes
same doomed apathy

ever more does fog
drain colour from each day
hours clipped and minutes
halved
i'm sure in just a moment
i'll be dead

a tree falls and dies
in a forest, in silence
no one knows
no one cares
no one goes

Human and their Rock

Human was a complex mist
slashed in half by contrast
one side smoke
the other fog

When their eyes flashed
lightning birthed
or
turned pale
and warm

Human was a symphony
of endless voices
each a different word
each a different dream

Human sat atop
a wet green rock
and thought about
skipping stones in the dark

"Wow"
Human screamed
ripples through
the vast and black

Solar winds catch
Human and their mist
chasing the first
space stones skipped

Yet, where the ripple goes
Human died in its throes
the pond would have stretched
further than Human guessed

Somewhere a galactic bell
struck by shockwave ripple
What creature cast an
errant wave through space?

Some creature's curious quest
on the scent of consequence
Might find Human's body
in space, at rest

Human and their wet green rock
found asleep in the stars
They dove into the pool
can they hold their breath?