

Neo-Humanist Bobblehead

It seems the word "inside" is back. As in, *I feel sad inside, somewhere deep inside...*

Because we have to make a way
to say
that. That's all.

I mean the Western mind, finally,
at the very least is *useful* (if sometimes
dangerous, even sick, a binary bing-
bong, misogynous, classist, imperialist...).
It knows it's never getting out--
there's no "outside" nor "inside" in this flat
"place"--signs signifying signs
into infinity in all
"directions"--this is old stuff, I know--but still it has to get
shit done: eat soup, cross t's, schedule knee
surgery pre-op with Dr. Aravupali polish
ukuleles answer email cry
for mama cry
for dada both
this long time gone. That's all.

O mind. Are you agent
or victim? Are you agent
and victim
here, now, thirteen billion years
since the Big Bang which you
yourself discovered or thought
up? Discovered and
thought up? All
I know

is that an awful lot of people
appear to be uneasy in their
heads. No wonder the body
can likewise feel a touch
uncompanionable.
Like when people get cancer
all the time or like more and more children
in cages or the whole nation burning and the planet.
We turn and readjust
the body, then adjust the mind to offset
or match
it, then the body again left-right right-left churn and burn!...
the whole works the whole time bobbing
up and down and also revolving

around some great sunny stillness, Grand Answer, the End-
All,

which may of course turn out to be
nothing anywhere ever, in all directions.

Tough call. And why we may be coming back
as well to "human." For functional
purposes, ok? Because, despite everything, we still need to talk
about the only thing in the universe, that we know of,
that doesn't know what it is.

The only thing in the universe, that we know of,
to ask.