

Orchid of the Valley Silicon

Men weep of the ocean into her gentle blossoms:

fragrant orchid,
poetic imagination,
digital network processing ...

Men weep, skies burst,
rainforests seethe
of uneaten fruit and overripe hearts.

Men weep and drink
juice of the ferment mind squeeze:
sapping of times' ancient tree.

Men scream of the jungle into her unfurling arms:

vine coil,
rapture of youthful orgasm,
accelerated quantum tunneling ...

Scream of the jungle, swell of the sea,
mountain crumble,
cascade of rock, avalanche of reason tumble.

Scream of the jungle and sing
naked opera dance of the ape-man-hero
into the symphony of logical blades.

Men die into her purity:

falling dove,
descent of final wisdom,
computation of the molecular god ...

Die and burn.
Soul search the data constellations.
Hack and infuse the heavenly circuitry.

Die, burn, and be born again:
fractal cog pedal flower of the ever-present blooming
into the original algorithm of now.

-- Michael Gaio
Nov 15, 2003