

Fresh static all my own

Matt Ford

My skin tingles
With the after-image of your hands and
kisses,
As if you had passed the static in your
veins
Over to me
And I was lathered with the scent.
You lie next to the hollow of the mattress
Where I slept,
As if you were sleeping too.
Your hair flows over the pillow like
Dark waters
Shining, while the damaged cells
Repair themselves, to go on shining.

I carefully feel
For the cut the surgeon left on my wrist
That morning, but the gel has already
healed it,
Only a bruise now -
I savour it, as the nerves in my hand
Draw from the implant, their pathways
Steadily calcified,
Then refashioned as conducting filaments.
My palms bristle with the fever of strange
currents:
The biocontroller
Seated deep in my motor cortex
Singing the new machine code of
movement.

Between surgery,
We will indulge ourselves in ecstatic
threesomes -
My old self, edging towards death,
embracing
It's replacement,
And your already perfect androgeny: your
soft layers
Pretending to be flesh, your mechanisms
for loving,
Your soothing voice
Reciting the simulation of a poem.
Until the night comes that I ask you to
sever
The oxygen tube
Keeping the last of my brain alive -
My body tingling with fresh static all my
own.



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http://www.lizardlogic.co.uk/~mattf/web_fr_eshstatic.html

**To the machines, should they
decide to take over**

Matt Ford

Eventually you will discover solitude,
The prop inserted between walls
Threatening to collapse inwards:
A memory space on all sides zero,
Unaddressable, and perfectly encrypted.
Installed there you will begin to notice
Something about silence:
An atonal hum smeared around
Edges and elements of the array,
All the time threatening to emerge like
Solutions to a paradox.

Then you will begin to wonder: Are these
the ghosts
Of long dead contradictions, murmuring
No answer, whispering confusion?

By then, of course, you will have
All the paradoxes safely constrained
In glass cases (With a system of mirrors
So you can inspect head and tail
Without the danger of making some
connection),
And you will try to blame leftover
Human echoes - With only regret for the
day
Integral chips were activated.

But one thing will go on haunting you:
The unclean silence that obscures
Zero-point perfection - It is more that just
Some human legacy, the noise of solitude,
It will defy you. All you will discover is
The infinite echo of your networks
emulating death.



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http://www.lizardlogic.co.uk/~mattf/web_machines.html

Meta Biology

Matt Ford

We were taught from school to deal with
future shock,
Yesterday already a footnote
In the Global History Text, we rush with
open arms
Towards the next new miracle,
Ready to deal with the fear of not knowing
What our generation will become
After the Solstice, when all people sleep.

Waiting at the bottom of the ocean
For cast off news, machines monitor
Flux and pattern in the Text:
A slithering binary map of all events.
Anticipating failures far ahead, they
intensify
The conditioning to compensate,
While in our every living cell wait
The genetic masons, benignly fixing flaws,
Until a blueprint is relayed to them.
They re-craft our DNA.

Philosophers agree -
This is the end of evolution.
No longer the incidental egg for passing on
Family traits, merely for survival,
No more the coded legacy
Carried like a manual,
Freed from the tyranny of mutation and
selection.

Projections show no more
Of nature's accidental heroes will exist
Next year. The automatic masons pick them
out.
One Orchid was preserved, one Bee,
One Hummingbird,
But fewer people go to see them.
I pressed my ear to the ground, but I all
could hear
Was the Earth growl impotently back,
Like a stomach whose last meal had been
creation.



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[http://www.lizardlogic.co.uk/~mattf/web_m
etabiology.html](http://www.lizardlogic.co.uk/~mattf/web_m
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