

home-grown conspiracies

remote
used to be the device i used
when i was too lazy
to touch the stereo
(i don't watch tv)

now instead of bringing me closer to an object
it's an island i alone inhabit
my remote location
is a place where i work for a non-profit.
is a place where i work for myself.
is a place where i entertain myself with writing and art zoom workshops.
is a place i go to church.
is a place i go to bible study.

when i dine out, my table is set remotely.
i enjoy music from this space and yes
i sleep here too.

it only took me about two weeks to figure out that this was a social experiment.

i half expected some large hand to
drop some peanuts into my balcony doors.

if i didn't come from a house built by science, i might believe some of the bs i've come up with
lately.

i mean, it's feasible.

it's feasible that aliens from another galaxy dropped their common cold on us as a scientific
experiment that turned social as they realized we were resourceful/resilient beings inclined to
greed and degradation or the loftiest of pursuits in hard times and they wanted to know which
would win out....

it's feasible.

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