

## The Chaotic Pendulum

in this museum looks like a relationship  
to me. One reaction, one abreaction. I think we  
were more like the *Tri-Zonal Space-Warper*

responding to illusion, where something  
looks like it's moving when it's not.  
Like we need these 3-D glasses to see

that rocket shot up to Mars to show scientists  
in Houston there really was water once  
in the crenellations of these craters. That project

was christened "Endurance . . ." not unlike ours,  
though we don't proceed at 27 times the speed of sound,  
but suffer beneath florescent lights

awaiting the Vast Awareness to pass through us.  
Like when she says "Let's take it to the next level"  
and he says "Whaa . . . ?" Or she says

"We are *so over!*" And he says "Whaa . . . ?"  
And the *Coriolis Effect* bearing down on a plane  
where wind and ocean currents curve

is like love, time and other miscellany  
expanding or contracting depending  
upon how close together our bodies are.

Sometimes there's disconnected resonance  
more serious than this *Hyperbolic Paraboloid*  
when we bow like this rod to slip through

one another's hang-ups . Or when we attempt  
*Virtual Volleyball* as if we were on some Reality Show  
where the stakes are fortune or death . . .

How we drive and ride one another's  
sensors-all lights and circuit-breakers,  
dials and knobs, positrons, negatrons-

making our own human batteries.