

## Superluminal Man

1.

could Einstein levitate,  
too?  
just like this      ecstatic  
weightlessness,      this  
gravity defying  
loneliness

“I live in that solitude which is  
painful in youth, but  
delicious  
in the years of maturity”  
hair wild  
simultaneity unhinged  
making him miss his train

hovering on beams of light  
obsession  
delight  
more obsession  
attempts at unification

his brilliant and bitter realization:  
floating is equivalent to  
falling.

2.

I am superluminal man, always going as fast as I can, fraternizing with photons, talking to tachyons, moving superluminally through these cold nights to the warm but closed subspace in which you dwell (sometimes known as LA). Hovering clandestinely, I see you at your window, your usually brown eyes violet-shifted due to my high velocities. Everything behind me is red, and everything in front of me, cool violet. The present is where I am, and when I move, I paint reality into and out of being. Sounds turn from a high screech to a low rumble as I pass them. Waves propagate from my very presence, a rippling resonance. The black crows bleeding into each other, the failed poetry of lilacs beating upon your windowpane, and the weather-beaten chimes on your front porch all shimmer with the glow of my sweet disturbances. I have tunneled through optical molasses, through exotic mediums within a billionth of a degree of absolute zero to come to your window.

3.

space is  
noise  
zero-point fluctuations  
a random, unceasing volatility we call stillness

space is noise

matter is music

I take no possession over these  
ravings that  
claim to be my thoughts,  
themselves a colored noise, a dim  
background of activity nearly drowned out by memories of you  
the way the sun makes even the most luminous stars invisible

you used to be my fantasy, you  
used to be my escape  
now the Earth tones of your eyes anchor me back  
could it be that  
my imagined life with you is  
more real  
than my life of imagination?

So when I tell you that you're not my dream girl any more:  
what I mean is

you're the most real thing in my life

4.

Is hope a sign of strength or of weakness? The gravitas of the question is disrupted by my neighbor's shrieking falsetto (living here, one develops a tolerance for noise, depravity, and girls throwing up in men's bathrooms but nothing ever prepares you for a 250 pound republican singing 80's love ballads).

5.

Dear unobtainable Princess,

Been reading Kierkegaard. I trust you remember the knight of infinite resignation and the knight of faith and the metaphor of the woman (the parallel here is obvious). I've given up on resignation, given up on faith, on hope, and am turning once again to desperation. All paths begin with desperation and all paths lead to desperation. If meaning is the bronze medal of life, despair is a certificate of participation. I prefer desperation: energetic, a catalyst for action, making my previous question regarding hope irrelevant. I think I may be a knight of desperation (note though that I'm making this claim after not having left my room for several days). A poem:

If the cure for annihilation was nihilism  
Then the cure for nihilism  
Will be annihilation.  
Our cure for desperation was despair.  
The cure for despair  
is desperation.

With Love,  
Your young swain

6.

I've got no angel.

I've got no devil.

I've got Heisenberg on my right shoulder

telling me that nothing is ever really inert

and I've got Zeno on my left shoulder

telling me that nothing ever really moves.

I've got a test to study for and I've scattered the fragments of my printer-jammed article into shapes and colors and streams of consciousness.

When my mind is broken and glowing like a geode in a store window,

decisions will have to be made.

And, yes, I may be the most well-adjusted fucked-up person there ever was,

accomplishing more than most men do with the full use of their faculties,

but nonetheless decisions will have to be made as I ascend from the mundane world

and drift further into insanity.

Decisions will have to be made for my care.

And I entrust these decisions to you.

If I am put away

Be sure that I end up in a place that can meet my provisions.

I absolutely must have root beer, for it is the fuel that powers my hyper-drive.

I wonder if they'll have ping-pong there.

I wonder if they'll have the Sci-Fi channel.

I know I will be better off there.

I ask only that you visit me from time to time and pick up the scraps of paper I have sprawled out on the floor and arrange them neatly and tell me that they're beautiful.

And now superluminal man must cast his sights on a lower plane and attend to trivialities, to term papers and laundry. I started doing my laundry several days ago.

I assume its still down in the basement somewhere. I wonder if it's dry.

The days go by fast when you wake up at 1:15.

I miss you.

You know how I am with women,

always playing hard to get

rid of.

I won't waste much more of your time with this random rant.

There's just one more thing. Admit that you loved the roses

before you knew it was me who sent them.