

Imaginary Sculptures for an Infinite Economy

Object One: Television Set

a television set
the shape of a pupil
reflects itself in my closed eye

a television, a teardrop technology for facing (me)
a hovercraft of beamed light, which touches me

what else could it be?

I imagine it:

the surface is not a flat screen, but intricately folded
the cathode tube stretches, twists, and undulates
it grows into a goblin tree
stretching up to some other light, a dance of folds, beams and fist-like buds
(beautifully prostrate, like tree pose in yoga class)
rolls of fat, little light bulb bumps, set in a forest
of yarn excesses

an exquisitely-folded screen
blaring out the latest crap
distorted beyond grasp
formed for some unimaginable eye
some gnarled vision

the surface of the news dispersed to bursting,
the message melts
leaving my vision out of the equation
it wanders my eye in

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