

CHRIS HOSEA

*Memento Mori*

The head rolls like a ship.  
Ideas scatter across the deck.  
With only the captain aboard, is mutiny possible?

The head is a prehistoric egg  
drifted from Madagascar, land of the baobab.  
No incubator will quicken it.

The head contains an empty theater.  
On screen a sex scene is looped.  
No climax but thrust upon thrust.

Electrical conductors are fastened to the head,  
arms and legs strapped to a gurney.  
The patient's pleas go ignored.

The head is a deluxe console.  
All that enters is filtered.  
Tone: Volume: Contrast: Brightness.

Seen from inside, the head  
is the largest space in the universe.  
Photographs are a crime against perspective.

The head is a revolving hotel restaurant.  
The fattest patron wears a gun beneath his arm,  
its holster wet with sweat.

The head is a rotting archive  
where a wounded lover recites his diary  
to a daydreaming stenographer.