

'Drive'

-by Rich Butnotfamous

The thought comes and I act.

 Recursively neurons flare,
 Blazing trails,
Keen senses lighting fireworks in my nestled brain.

 Highways of musings,
 And long forgotten snaking country roads,
Provide the terrain for semaphore somnambulistic sirens,
 Wailing and screeching,
 Rarely idling.

The thought comes and I react.

 You see,
There are at least two pilots of this body,
 Sat in the same driver's seat,
 Overlaid,
 A shimmering mirage self.

One of them eats the secret codes fed to it by another,
 Or indeed you,
 Which is,
 Of course,
 Simply another me.

The feeling comes and I act.

 Viscous lava arises from my belly,
Prompting thought's impulsive cousin to bubble up.

 Grief rushes,
 Anger boils,
Fear stifles and joy...

 Well,
Joy just seems to be bits of all of them.

This emotional motorway,
From my root to my crown,
Is marred somewhat by the ghosts of horrific accidents,
Perpetual road works,
And late night diversions.

The feeling comes and I react.

Space and time contort under the barrage of your judgment,
My ill honed emergency stop failing spectacularly,
As I spectate my own spectre speaking for and through me.

My shadow ignores red lights,
Gives no way,
And every speed limit breaks,
With the ego bound and gagged in the boot,
Praying that the officers in pursuit,
Apprehend this unconscious villain,
Before the inevitable end occurs.

The feelings become thoughts and I...

Hesitate.

Every choice a fork in the road,
Every route ultimately goes nowhere,
The incorrect fuel for my engine stutters haphazardly,
And I've mown down pedestrians accidentally.

There's no map for emotion,
No neurology for this tarmac,
And certainly no drive,
As by sheer divine will I displace the earth about my anthropocentricity.

Though,
Arriving at the capital,
The heart some may say,
The hitch hiker who's name is wisdom either of me would gladly stop and give a lift to,
And I feel it is only she,
Who could teach me,
When best to brake.