3-6-2019

Broadcasts of "I Love Lucy" are Now Arriving in Aldebaran

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Oh, Lucy, we beam signals: sometimes light, sometimes sound, sometimes body.
They escape our sphere, blast into space, lost to us.

The body develops a mind of its own, the intellect of a sweet passenger pigeon, cooing, cooing until the rifle blasts. I see

but do not observe my dim-witted semaphores and wonder what they did that for, why they didn’t highlight what they should have, which explains why I never tried out for a bit part opposite Lucille Ball. Blame Lucifer.

I observe your body’s light splinter and unsound sound, and it sounds—
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or the dearth of sound
sounds—like you're not interested.

I won't mention it again lest
I pester you into blazing down
a blistering poem about me.
Today I sent a signal that I wanted
to retract: "Pardon my body.
That looked like the mythical planet X,
but my body is mentally
handicapped. Please ignore."

But if I deny, if I lie, if I point,
Vegas neon flashes at those hapless
electromagnetic waves, fleeing
shame-faced, at the speed of light.