

“victor the hobbyist.”

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circuits play and light up underneath shatter-proof glass
a surgical observation of an amateur’s expert handiwork,
a passion project propelled by the desire to harness the electric blood
pumping through colour coded arteries
a dozen iv drips of power attached to the body with pins.
assembled like frankenstein’s monster
with about as much authority as the doctor himself
victor, a man who created life in his attic
guides my clever hand
as i perform my own version of vivisection

wired veins arch up and out from their tethers
straining towards their cold reflections and restrained violently with a zipped snap
waiting for the green-lit touch to whirl to life once more

awaken, creature!

spin your fan blades and cut the air with hot breath,
shoot your veins spinning with stories and songs and sounds
send signals to your limbs to stir and twitch once more
each blink of an eye accompanied by a soft artificial click or press
until the time comes to quiet your thoughts once again

and fall back into an unquiet slumber.