

## **This is Your Mind as Green Slime Mold**

*Love is always inappropriate*  
- Donna Haraway

This is your mind as green slime mold  
learning to make your way through the labyrinth  
an octopus growing new tentacles  
a starfish arm growing a new starfish.  
This is your mind as a butterfly emerging  
with still-damp wings from the chrysalis it entered  
as a caterpillar, enshrouded itself in swaddling,  
dissolved into a disgusting gooey mess,  
metamorphosed into a fragile beauty  
that flies, feeds, excretes, in genitive mode  
leaves offspring to restart the engine, then dies again.

This is your mind as interlarded cyberspace  
a plasmic jello that networks neurotic and semiotic  
codes and signals, an intermittent reflexive web  
of entropic pulsations going on and off through rhizomatic  
nongeometric transmission and reception tendrils  
rooted in cellular vocabularies,  
the whole shebang constituting a cosmos in a nutshell  
a dumbbell ontology you come to call yourself  
a liminal being unable to see itself in the mirror  
a bioelectronic nomenclatural mechanism  
about as lovable as an intransitive verb.

This is your mind expressing your hybrid self  
as body and soul a working assemblage composed  
of what's in the water air soil and smoke,  
mingling molecules and attitudes  
sinews and desires platitudes and functions  
nervous circuits and circadian rhythms pure crap  
and masterful conceptions, touching each other  
with tentative fingertips breath insight and wonder,  
sharing our persons, our lives, with one another  
for better or worse as we see fit depending  
on circumstances we face from our coming to birth.

This is your mind as subatomic playing field  
waves and particles exchanging identities  
in constant mathematical flux in and out of  
existence, no fixed address in radiant spectrum  
the very definition of uncertainty an  
unfathomable incomprehensible  
emptiness between nodes of possibility

a hypothetical multidimensional moment  
where even under strict laboratory procedures  
without the slightest trace of erotic intent photons  
become entangled at a distance in no time at all.

This is your mind selfish and altruistic,  
intrepid and afraid in love hate and sorrow  
communicating through every manifestation  
your likes and dislikes your need for food water  
respite inter- and intra-communication  
self-realization and preservation,  
each individual a community  
each breath a plenum of organisms  
our skin permeable our blood tissue  
glands and organs a menagerie of species,  
every dream and idea a composite

of everything else, imagination a mismash  
of this and that, every ounce of us  
the remains of millennia and infinity  
palimpsests of untold generations  
space dust to dust devils here and now —  
there is no you who is not someone else  
there is no beauty in and for itself  
no mountain or kingdom not on the verge of collapse.  
Would you be proud of yourself? Be proud then  
of what you do to help our multitudes  
understand and be at peace with ourselves.