

## Low and Slow

Tired of dying, but without  
interest in being uploaded, I read  
up on *panpsychism*. More a current  
than a school, though everyone  
from Zeno to Spinoza was an adherent.  
Skrbina's lucid exposition – how amazed  
I was when he was mentioned, slammed  
in the press for being Kaczynski's editor!  
(But really, the fact that one is the Unabomber  
is nothing against one's prose.)

The idea that mind isn't a distinct  
thing, but diffuse ...  
Nothingness waiting for space-time  
like a hot date; plasma maturing  
into suns and stone; then the juvenile adventure  
of *trees*, which hate being uprooted,  
which think themselves superior to the wind ...  
And later, more tasteless episodes.  
But always, stone, stone – indifferent to size,  
glad to be crushed, looking forward  
to silt, new earth, black holes, the point  
where all that's left is an occasional proton  
and something evermore about to be.

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