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Memento Mori

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CHRIS HOSEA

Memento Mori

The head rolls like a ship.
Ideas scatter across the deck.
With only the captain aboard, is mutiny possible?

The head is a prehistoric egg
drifted from Madagascar, land of the baobab.
No incubator will quicken it.

The head contains an empty theater.
On screen a sex scene is looped.
No climax but thrust upon thrust.

Electrical conductors are fastened to the head,
arms and legs strapped to a gurney.
The patient's pleas go ignored.

The head is a deluxe console.
All that enters is filtered.
Tone: Volume: Contrast: Brightness.

Seen from inside, the head
is the largest space in the universe.
Photographs are a crime against perspective.

The head is a revolving hotel restaurant.
The fattest patron wears a gun beneath his arm,
its holster wet with sweat.

The head is a rotting archive
where a wounded lover recites his diary
to a daydreaming stenographer.