

Insomnia

by Jeff Geiger

They sit

In their cubes plugged in with cables
Blue Fluid in, orange out
Their eyes are eternally viewing the screens
The Sleepless design works sent to the Machines
They create

The Machines

Have taken the jobs and labors
All that remains are consumers and creators
The sheep devour the works unaware
The trapped create endlessly
They know

The Fluid

Stimulates the brain to the umpteenth degree
This muse liberates and destroys them
Sleepless die early and frequently
Reborn from the cold steel tanks
From Mother

They wonder

About dreams and ideas never conceived before
They are the brightest of all the Earths
But they are wired to the cubes
Endless knowledge channeled into their Art
They brood

The Dome

Floats above in the center of cubes
A black mirrored void
The Suits inside lounge and observe

Pleased with their Sleepless and Machines and Art
They watch

