

The  
PHYSICS  
TREE



POEMS  
*by* M. PARISE

# THE PHYSICS TREE

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Poems by M. Parise

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# **The Physics Tree**

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# THE BURNING BRAIN

## **Paramnesia**

A dream within a familiar dream within an energy burst  
dwells on a translucent consciousness raft,  
floating back through future streams.

Intercepted by the past,  
the oars of the present  
buffet and pull thoughts free.

The known is capsized by the unnamed.

## Hindsight

To discern an ageless, puerile being,  
the languid days of boredom,  
the provocation of thought  
to discern from plumes, the sweet herb  
burning my capillaries.

To discern what I discerned—a gate that melds  
past, present, future,  
the blackness and the brightness of the wheel of perception,  
the one, thin, orange string, lit up amid ebony thickness,  
the two-dimensional boundless black strings,  
to discern that my locale is the glowing, fibrous  
color in the darkness,  
this universal tree of retinal epiphany.



## **The Shape of the Mind**

She dwells  
in future's blueprint.

Once inside her snowflake brain,  
there are tiny fringes  
forming patterns of crystalline thoughts.

When she goes,  
she leaves her finger prints on my mind.

## Relationships

My beginnings have always been insipid.  
When Id sees, the body replies.  
Chemistry is when instincts send out their announcements—  
“It’s time.”  
Vicinity ends the search.  
And as a connection was made, my Ego smiled.

Middles: not simple.  
The filter was bombarded with the ringing of  
    future memories,  
    filing anger  
    parental nagging,  
    a nebulous buzz,  
    the child’s muddy elation,  
    and the Superego’s spent.  
Within is then without.

Images don’t survive.  
Feelings don’t hold.  
Mind-states won’t last.

Yet, endings begin the germination,  
as we are left with a contrived masterpiece.

## **The brightest particle in our minds is audible**

At birth, our minds  
are stellar machines.  
Within is a web  
of lightly spun voices.

Sagacity is like  
a weeping willow.  
This particle is as bright  
as the silver in our moon.

Each brain is a compact  
solar system.  
Thoughts are like planets  
revolving around our memory sun.

Impulses are driven to  
lunar cycles.

Each particle interacts  
with the other, like molecules  
edded in a pond.

Dreams are the black holes  
in space.

We think as animals;  
we know as deities.

## **The brightest particle in our minds becomes quiet**

the cognizant birth  
an echo of one  
a certified dendrite of totalitarian awareness  
pumping imagination into intellect  
in still patterns of mist  
an incongruous refusal  
extractions from brain fragments  
galaxies of thought  
churning brilliance  
a shroud of memory loss  
to a dying, knowable descent

## **The Birth of a Nation**

It is an infinitesimal hole with shimmering edges wherein the mind swirls logic. Peering down this untenable space, there are no clocks: see? Indecipherable writings and art inventions are heaved up masterfully as offerings to vacant eyes.

## **Propelling**

The thermal mind is building  
a salient fire.

Seething furrows,  
peripheral conduction,  
catching to the inner core.

\*\*\*

We lie blinking in the sunlight,  
once the animals within us have retreated.

## **The Mass of Emotions**

Fathom conduction:

emoting, emoting

Synchronized sprinkles of sadness

from the osmotic limbic burnt sienna

Sorrow, as it sighs

empty into the ether

Swarming, choking on emission

suffocating the ventilation

Spreading away, away

Echo

the tiny, vacant performance

## The Arrow of Time

Diana

standing quietly  
poised  
a quiver riding her shoulder blade  
her hand on her bow  
the other wrapped around her silver arrow  
a pleasing scent of cedar  
eyes fixed, staring, not blinking  
she holds her breath  
as the muscles with anxiety run into a thicket cluster

pause

She muses  
a moment  
a memory gliding in her mind.

The festival—  
a gathering of the others  
in a tidied clearing  
sunshine on clean faces  
braids of groomed hair  
embroidery on deerskin  
bowls of plump fruit  
the elderberry wine, heavy, perfumed  
her cup raised and lowered  
raised and lowered  
juices drizzling from proffered mouths  
untamed dancing  
loosed tresses  
leaves dispersing on the ground  
crowding, more of them there  
the wine dissipating

vanish