

CYCLES OF DESIRE:
The Geometry of a Hollow Heart

Cycle #3952—

strip the silk,
settle in the standard, stale positions,
practice the pious, pre-programmed pantomime
exactly as previously penned.

(Yawn.)

Whatever happened to spontaneity?
To the reckless, radiant rumor
that love was loose —
unmetered,
unmasked,
unmeasured,
un-everything?

Are only fools still buying
that glittering fantasy —
or are they simply
the last ones
brave enough
to throw away all scripts?

Are only fools still finding faith
in that glittering, ghostly fantasy—
or are they simply
the last ones
bold enough
to burn all brittle, broken scripts?

Oh — and hey,
before you go:
could you possibly grab
a side order of fries
and a Pepsi?



Miok was draped across the couch like a Renaissance painting that had given up — arms folded, eyes at half-mast, radiating the specific ennui of someone who has heard every love song and found them all slightly off-key. The poem hadn't even finished evaporating from the air before she lobbed her verdict into the room with the casual precision of someone tossing a grenade into a birdbath.

"So," she said, savoring the syllables like a sour bonbon, "if someone yawns during a love poem, what does that tell us about the pulse of the passion?" The question hung, heavy and hollow.

Jules, deep in thought, rubbed his chin absently, then gazed on a crack in the ceiling, as if it might unveil some hidden truth. He finally replied, "I don't know... but what most people call 'love' feels more like a series of choreographed routine—marks taped on the floor, cues memorized, applause expected on schedule." The words rolled off his tongue like a reluctant confession, echoing quietly in the room. Even the distant traffic seemed to slow down to think about it.

Miok smirked, the expression creeping across her lips like shadow over stone. "Exactly. Ritualized routines rot. They go stale—like fries left cooling since the collapse of a Fukushima core." She stared at a blank patch of wall with a look of half-insane, comic clarity, and Jules let out a sharp, surprised laugh.

Cantara, perched on the edge of her seat, waved a dismissive hand, her fingers already cracking open a soda with a satisfying hiss that sliced through the thick air. "You guys think too much. Relax. Here—have a Pepsi." She tossed a can toward Miok, the effervescent fizz spilling like a small celebration in their otherwise dull conversation.

In the corner, Chris stirred, blinking as if surfacing from a long, unintentional slumber. "Did someone mention drinks?" His voice was thick with the sludge of sleep, yet curiosity shimmered in his eyes, a sudden spark that briefly brightened the somber, suffocating gloom.

— *T Newfields*

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