

CIRCLE DRIVE

by

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The following individuals read and discussed the thesis submitted by student Matthew Naples, and they evaluated his presentation and response to questions during the final oral examination. They found that the student passed the final oral examination.

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ABSTRACT

The massively multiplayer online role playing game, World of Warcraft follows many leveling systems that spoon-feeds its players a steady and carefully calculated sense of progression, control, and power. This is part of what makes the game so appealing, as well as the intricate character creation and vast community-based elements. Millions of players share this world of Warcraft, as if it were its own real world (and in a way it is), and they do so with characters they've created and customized. What furthers this connection between player and character, and player and player, is how their characters move and act in accordance to the input provided by the players on their keyboard and mouse.

“Circle Drive” examines the illusion of World of Warcraft’s progression, success, and control of characters through roles, by pairing it alongside a turbulent family dynamic. It spirals through the "story" of a family of three (mother, father, and son) where the teenage son becomes dependent on World of Warcraft, eventually teaches his Mother how to play, then the Mother becomes addicted as well, finds a boyfriend through the game, has an affair, splits from her husband, moves away, and the house is eventually foreclosed and left to rot.

The pastoral lyric is used in section five titled “Foreclosure” as a way of encapsulating the nostalgia of a speaker coming back to their childhood home covered in weeds. The spiral orientation of moving, but being stuck, as if a person is spinning round in circles is

representative of a player addicted to WoW. They are doing something, in that they are playing the game, and they think they are making progress and success, but its only successful to the people in the game. Once the game is taken away, there's just a person who sat for hours in a chair. Repetition of form and words highlight that obsessive insanity as well.

Video games create an illusion of linearity, with their leveling system, and many stories follow that system as well; however, "Circle Drive" shies away from that impulse and instead relies on the lyric and improperly ordered sequences to emphasize placelessness.

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Cast:

World of Warcraft (WoW): A Massively Multiplayer Online Role Playing Game (MMORPG) that Player played from 2004 to 2010 and has obsessed over since.

Player: White Male Gamer. Sometimes 15. Sometimes 20. Sometimes 27

Deuz: Large, green skinned Orc Warrior, created by Player in 2004.

Arthas Menethil: Crown Prince of Lordaeron and Knight of the Silver Hand, was the son of King Terenas Menethil II and heir to the Kingdom of Lordaeron. Arthas murdered his Father then made his way to the Frozen Throne of Icecrown and to merged with:

The Lich King: Master and Lord of the Scourge, which he rules telepathically from the Frozen Throne atop Icecrown Glacier.

Luke: Family dog. German Shepard / lab mix.

Timber: Family cat. small. calico.

Mother: Nurse. Played WoW.

Father: Cop. Did not play WoW.

Bruce: Police Chief. Father's boss.

Blood Elf Paladin: Mother's boyfriend of seven years.

Deuz [level 1] [Orc Warrior]

His hands are green and large and full of hope.

When I envision them at night, they are two eagles

Cartwheeling to better land.

I.

Family: *A Role
Playing Game*

1. Shadow Business

– July 2005

15 & I need Horn of the Frostwolf Howler

sneak my hand into dad's top drawer

glock on the right, small cardboard

box next to the underwear in between

the plastic number's scaled armor

& it's awesome

typing what's on the screen: currency

for currency. hours later: in-game mail:

“800 gold

-ty”

My mount is now an epic.

We can go 100% ground speed.

2. Mom's New Love

– April 2009

She met him in Stranglethorn Vale while fighting tigers

She, a Blood Elf Hunter

He, a Blood Elf Paladin

He was different from the others

We'd talk for hours

He told me how his sister would poke him with a fork

How his father ran him under cold water before his beatings

How he hates it when it rains because that's when people steal

3. Promise

– December 2009

I promise you Mom I promise

In the Burger King parking lot

But you won't budge

But I'm your son

Promise me son, promise

When I tell dad tomorrow

He promises also

4. You

– December 2009

Yes, may I speak with Nurse Naples

Yes, this is her husband

Thank you.

YOU

C  T!!

I don't like that word

The way he stretched you out in it

Or how I helped him pack your stuff

And didn't cry when we hugged goodbye

5. Arms

– December 2009

Listen son,

- *I'll give my guns to Bruce*
- *I don't need a shrink*
- *We're fine*

The Warrior Class

Warriors are melee fighters highly trained in the art of weaponry. Melee combat is the Warrior's strongest skill. They are strong and quick on the battlefield. Depending on their specialization (Arms, Fury, or Protection) a Warrior can often deal very high damage or be tough to kill. Warrior abilities depend on rage generation. Rage for Arms and Fury Warriors generates through auto-attacks, while rage for Protection Warriors generates primarily through taking damage.

Arms Specialization

Strengths:

- Very powerful single-target priority damage and burst
- Frequently available cooldowns that have a large impact on output
- Strong cooldown based Area of Effect burst

Weaknesses:

- Very limited by cooldowns and Tactician resets which can be unpredictable
- Sustained Area of Effect damage is average
- Can frequently become resource starved limiting ability uses

6. A Snake Can Eat Its Tail

– January 2006

She called me on her way back from work

Asked me what I was doing

As if she didn't already know

How about you teach your Mother how to play?

Loading

The mmmouse

mustt ressst

overrr ttthe pauldren

((his left))

((my right))

betwwweenn

the spike

arrchhing toward

Azeroth's twwwoo moons:

The Blue Child / The Embrace

as the otherrrrr

spike aimmmsss

squarely at the heartttt

of us

Deuz [level 40] [Orc Warrior]

His hands are covered in platemail gauntlets.

When I envision them at night, they are a fortress

On a cliffside terrace.

Battle Ground


Caught in the coal's canopy with dust,
The Mine in Arathi Basin sits to the right
Of the Lumber Mill, on a hill, which hulks
To the left of the centralized Farms. It's here

Where I whisk past my Avatar's adrenaline
As pixels inside raised auxiliary wings!— a buzzard
Strapped atop my Howler's wolfen cavalry. To fell
Counter, and tack together our green and red bars

To hit points —both of which clears movement—
Depends on how well this axe plummets. Order
Helmets each compression as attempts to stun
I'm oblivious. My fingers click my sticker off.

Battle Ground

Always with that same cover
 The Mine in Arathi Basin sits to the right
 Of the Lumber Mill, on a hill, which hulks
 To the left of the centralized Farms. That's right

My Avatar smashes ya peanut slide
 As pixels inside raised auxiliary wings—
 You crackle spawn as my Wolf's slobber
 Slashes all these baby mouthed fiends!! HAHA HIT!!!

Boing —! Inner move—?!
*Depends, son. On how well this axe plummets. Order
 Helmets the compressions as attempts to stun*
 I'm different. Just like everybody else.

Deuz [level 70] [Orc Warrior]

His hands were green and large and fully grown.

When I saw them again last night, they were two chariots

Encircling themselves in sand.

7. Timber Could Have Drowned

I'd like to have more discipline in my life like the army men I played with next to the above ground pool in my old house's backyard. I wonder what's inside there now? After you kicked mom out the mosquitos crept in. Then the frogs hopped along and laid their eggs. Soon afterwards tadpoles swam around lost in a green sludge that was once a place mom floated on an inflatable raft to read in sunshine.

I bet right now it's still smashed in and I remember that time when I came back from delivering pizzas and brought back a hoagie then no longer wanted it and so I tried to throw it deep into the woods from the deck's edge but didn't make it like I always did with the beer bottles I pounced down my throat when the two of you were still at each other and decided to go shopping together leaving me in the house to dance around and eat baloney in the kitchen and not worry.

It landed in the pool. So when I came home the next night you told me you heard a splash from outside but didn't do anything because the TV was on but thirty or so minutes later you heard our cat mewling at the door scared out of her mind and completely drenched in a green slush and I couldn't help but think that she must have jumped into the pool after my hoagie.

8. Scapegoat

It's the score a run through

Duskwood at 15 It's chasing

How I want to change

The name of my Dwarf Paladin

It's I didn't realize

Till level 20 It's the foreign world

The sightseers The litter box

The Game Master who didn't honor my petition

Before I go is there anything else I can help you with?

You didn't It's Lady Gaga My part-time job

It's letters Alphabets The Lich King

The wick from candles I'm holding

Onto 204 Circle Drive East

Cut grass Open wind

It's Timber being kicked out the door

During Monday Night Football It's the birds It's an XL

Dawkins Jersey flapping down the hallway

The wall of shame It's the 21 photos

Of me We can look It's my hand

Over my chest It's the remotes

The computer screens The underwater breath

The unmarked car in the driveway It's the fireflies

It's techno It's circles Olde English 40s
It's Super Bowl 39 It's cheesesteaks
I'm holding onto It's cheese
It's manhunt through a meadow
Muskets and plastic grenades
Invisible blood A human tank
Riddles It's crooked teeth The Delaware
It's tick bites The branches behind the fence
It's my hunger for attention Obsessive
The top of the drawer Plastic bags The shower knob
It's dancing It's in the water It's in the meat
It's in my terror It's the winter Cartoon Network
The SSV Dodge Durango It's nested in our driveway

II. Wrath Of The Lich King

My son,

The day you were born

The very forests of Lorderon

Whispered the name

Arthas

My child

When you came through the door

I watched with pride

And brought down a mountain

As you grew into a weapon

Pounding on the table

Of righteousness

Remember

When I smashed my remote

Our line has always ruled

And placed it next to your smashed remote

With wisdom

And wrote on a sheet of paper: "Let's see how far this will take us."

and strength

When I'm lined up

And I know

For the foul shot

You will show restraint

And don't know

When exercising

How to tune out

your great power

When we win that game

But the truest victory

You run onto the court

My son

And with one arm slam the ball up to the rafters in celebration

Is stirring the hearts

And I'm in complete awe

Of your people

Keep your eyes locked

I tell you this

Your elbow up!

For when my days

Your chin straight!

Have come to an end

Don't choke!

You

Follow through!

Shall be king

ALT F4

this crane I keep in a box

lives where he does because he is small

always searching for his brush

he loves to paint the shores he does

Imaginary Lines

I wanted to dig away I wanted champions To wall To haul upward To mix
Confetti and remembering Belief between next And please I wanted diagrams
Insides with Live intent Smiles eyes hands I wanted graphs Paws I wanted to
Cross the water and know that I crossed it I wanted a terrible story to share itself

Try

He stops
watching
because my bike
isn't going
down the hill
outside
our driveway,
but he solves
my crying
by throwing me
through the front door,
the back
of my head
shifting
the stove
in addition
to the trident
now in
my hands.

Captured! Hill rocks! Abracadabra!
Handprints on the run from punish
Befuddled into the utmost uh-oh
Comedown and insoluble bubbles
Tautened by the brackish waterlogged
Basement and sump-pump that must
Have wanted to drown itself in loudness
Loudness that wanted to drown itself now

He stops
watching
because
my trident
isn't going
through his chest,
but I solve
this trial
by picking
hurry

Configurement. Door spawn. Great One!
Hammer plan an infernal wander I will
Reflexively. Keep the Handle important!
To me. Glass Index / Middle System cordage
Sequences that dig. I want it there. To hear
Experience. To See. Myself. *Thing*.

Halftime

-I don't know

when
was the
last time
you and I
designated
space in
our living
room to
pretend play
a football game?
Our bodies talk
playing softly
as rug scrapes
with a plush
toy plastic
helmet and
at what point
did we
determine
we were too
tough for that game?

III. Player & Deuz

QUEST ONE

– A Computer Powers On

Sing in me, WoW, and through me tell the story
of that Orc and Player, both skilled in pretending,
the two wanderers, harried for years on end
after plundering the frosted citadel of Northrend
to dismantle the reign of The Lich King: Arthas.

They saw The Barrens
and learned the minds of many distant players,
they weathered many bitter nights and days
in their hearts through sand dunes and jungles,
through snow fields and mountains. They fought to save—
to bring themselves home.

QUEST TWO

– A Hero Awakens

When primal dawn spread across Kalimindor's sky
Player's fingers clicked on the light, and Deuz, level 1,
Orc Warrior, was spawned. He drew on his tunic
with sharpened axe, pulled up his patched trousers, strapped
up his leather boots, and together, Player & Deuz found their first quest
as the slow scroll of shorthand unrolled the message:

*Finally, you are of age, Deuz, of age to battle in the name
of the Horde. To conquer for the glory of the Warchief.*

Yes...

<Kaltunk looks you over.>

You will do nicely.

*No doubt you wish to find a great dragon or demon and strangle it
with your bare hands, but perhaps it would be wise to start on something
less... dangerous.*

<Kaltunk laughs.>

*Report to Gornek, he should be able to assign
a task better suited to a young warrior. You will
find Gornek in the Den, to the west.*

QUEST THREE

– *Cactus Apple Surprise*

It sure gets hot out here in the Valley of Trials.

< Gornek wipes his brow.>

*If only I had some cactus apples, I could make my famous cactus apple surprise!
Nothing cools you off faster than a piece of that delicious treat.*

*I'll tell you what, Deuz, if you bring me 10 cactus apples, I'll make you
a few portions of cactus apple surprise to take with you on your adventures.*

*If you're interested, you can find cactus apples growing near the cactus
plants around here.*

The cacti bloomed in sporadic patterns around the red cracks atop the canyon's floor. With a scan of the mouse point, in the form of a gray gauntlet, Player was able to locate the appropriate foliage, for the gauntlet turned into a bronze gear when hovered over the proper harvest. Thankfully, Deuz was quick to dispatch of the scorpion and boar that threatened their cactus apple surprise.

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

<dinnerware smashes.>

At evening came the Lich King with his skeletal
Scourge, undead cavalry, and Sindragosa—
Her ice-breath and bone-wings spread over snow
Capped mountains beyond the Citadel's frozen lawn.

*Your father and I are concerned. He's threatening
to throw the computer into the pool.*

Deuz Said To Me

I am not yours!

Right before he leapt

From the screen, having hauled

My watch for too long. The change

In my heart since then has worried me

Despite my computer's unbroken hum.

But to Deuz, it seemed his body

Was more than just those components,

My gaze and trust, for he saw the ice

And wanted to break. Saw the cardinal

Through the window stand still

Like a blood drop in snow.

IV.

The Circuit Compulsion

*The moth don't care when he sees the flame
He might get burned, but he's in the game*

*The moth don't care if the flame is real
The moth and flame have a sweetheart deal*

-- Aimee Mann

*But if I would show the good that came of it
I must talk about things other than the good.*

*How I entered there I cannot truly say,
I had become so sleepy at the moment*

-- Dante Alighieri

Wavelengthener

When careful is kept inside a shell,

Swept quietly, as signals Consolidate on top of the quiet

Beams, an Elemental crawls forward

Full of water, full of foam,

An island to its hydrolatry.

But what files its fortress?

When careful is kept inside a shell

Swept silently, as signals

Wield asymmetrical patterns

Beams! Elementals walk forward

Full of folds, hydration leaps

Absorbed. But what slides

Into the microwave for more?

I'm tired of myself too. Inside

A shell, signaling

Sampled patterns, boarded hoaxes

Over and old. Water Elementals

Swarm forward, full of filthy

Inert oceans. But what guides

Me into that pull?

Addiction

despite the violence I love
remembering momentum wings
the swing set and the boy you
singed, lost in the home's crest
you fall back away from because
you call back impassionate dawns
when you light your shell it runs
your palmtop and login worship
darkens the hill you then cross

each segment a little dig
treason to your weight
its venom, brawn, tired
by it, announcing last night
if I kill it I can't worry
but I'm afraid of the basement
because that's depth, mold
made ponds, shaken circuits
where I can't light I'll cement
three pigs who enter the heart
grunts on hooves
four to a pair, pairs to the up
decisions creating storage
two times their floor sprawls
so long as I make it confusing
stretch then cancel wings
I can master this cloud only
two percent of the sun
hits this jungle's floor

online in our order
where we can fly
enclosed in tunes, in glass
breath, reminding us
our world is always ours:
a mirror, amazement
mirage-less, a non-heat
wielding two-handed axes,
rectangular heads, we have them
calculate, crackling twenty
forty, sixty, eighty, the numbers
are an insurance, a bulwark
to us, the receptive all fill
nocturnal tilt and realm dance
dream mechanism of twelve million
avatars in one magical stick
a cannon draped in linen

at night the shades spin
thrown down undercover
the shades spin, made anguish
from out the glass, grumble
I'm enough, so, they say I am
although I'm not holy to me
or holding virtuous lightness
exposing all of my own weapons
at night exfoliating my whole head

I'm disgusted by sleep
iron, domed mattresses
wall-to-wall carpets
feather with no flight
a plank, tethered sheets
a song in a box
light water on roofs
downtown two robins
scratch the backs of wings
dawn despite me

I'm praying in the sand hills
where coal steps the tracks
are my footprints terrible
barons of instruction
submerged fire, a peninsula
are my terrors a vehicle
underwater clocks, watchdogs
frozen music, what can lift
me and play, to take me home?

In our house, all the plastic is turned and the mirrors
are covered. We sit like wood in the fresh window light
and keep our eyes up. Sometimes the words we hold
spin and make us smile. On the deck toward the pool
the honeysuckle vines smell, the honeysuckles with their silent
weeds think about us, we know this. We rock back and forth
to calm ourselves, and kiss our fingers when the doorbell rings
and don't answer in the winter when the fur grows stronger
on the backs of the deer outside as ice thickens the pool cover
we sleep on in the same position every night to see our breath
together and remember this opened is the spirit alive.

The Deer

I didn't know our hearts
would open like our breath
in the cold on that hill

where three grown deer
walked softly past, as if this
wasn't already owned, made

huddled inside us. Maybe
that was our one imagination—
what we wanted to leave

what we kept dreamt
where no one intended
the results fluttering inside of our mouths.

V.

Foreclosure

204 Circle Drive East

– June 2016

It's warm in there

Plywood squares

Dust and pans

Garden and shed

That tree was planted

A shadow capsule

Gravel windows

Grass thoughts

Deer jaws

There used to be a swing set
a small above ground pool
There used to be a wren's nest a
mouth small and narrow There
used to be a short tin roof a
pool flowering with grubs
Their music strips the basement
a small crown above the rest

– March 2010

Dumbbells

Wet cement blocks

When it rains enough

The sump-pump chirps

Enlarging the night

We use bleach

The spring peepers

Call an infestation

Things are going to be tough

We let them circle

– July 2009

Mowing the front yard then going
Where the little hill slopes the night
I crawl armyman into your voice
A channel through the phone's edge
Onto the deck next to the pool's quiet
Snapshot of the moon in water
The moon!
Look Mom! The moon has swallowed me!
A little pearl bulb you fan up

– *basement*

The network of the spider is a passion

in its chamber the channel takes the lightning

that comes above to worry. The webbed manacled feathers

spread their scissors—

one walks by another.

– *backyard*

Three people in fresh snow
Getting rid of themselves
Slowly, each with different motions
Three people in wet coats move focus
Back to the path along the woods
In their hands cutting cold
Three people in slowed snow
Hold on to each other
Next to the edge along the woods
The path, the snow licked bones
Feels the snow lick their coats
A breath's web above the rest

Channel For Revival

After wind in the form of an Andalusian horse
rips me loose from the jowls of a crocolisk
tethered to the channels of The Southfury River,

I will come back to you, WoW, fully coaxed, having
ran too seriously away from us. My arms will stretch
into new luggage, a new watch will form, as we walk

our environment closely, our hands open. Even
as you strangle me pixilation. A person changes
a sequence diagrams the lines rip chance— lifts

to give, closeness drawn, LAN lighting palaces
where clouds passage armor quickly through
a headset above a hat above an adolescent's skull

where two buoyant arms fix onward, hearthed
home. Remember, fingers, must we be that
head above a grey hat above what small skull

experiences the lawn, grass cuts in gloves
and 200 pounds of loud words. Hear
your answers, a little striking, to bring

you war and more honor, viruses, gold. Start slow,
be persistent, fingers, and your levels will increase
the amenities at night, modifying the vibrations

from jingled house keys. The lie is I grow—
palisades— the way they keep form against
mindlessness, as the mind is felt, mind as fish

opaque clouds, smoke-swirl in crystalized balls—
you let me drone. I'm droning now, losing hours
until the horse carries me back in its saddle of leaves

to rest, where I don't care to worry. I can stand still now
like clockwork on our abandoned lawn. My intervals click
and entomb the world. But to have lived in you as I did, with love,

despite our incompatibility, should guarantee my passage
will not take long. Make it happen, and whatever you need,
I'll be going, you know that. Even if you stop me.

– *driveway*

It stands on target and the tree did that
To the trowel and the boots aren't there
And it spills— I keep taking pictures
Of deer eating weeds in the driveway.

As A Thing

Because When

it shines

Image in front speaks

Stamped in metal

Screen said

You are not

Real enough

You don't

Fill this room

Well I went

And became real

Real enough

To be saved

Screen said You
are not Fearless
enough You
don't
Hear yourself

Well I went
And plugged in
Myself, enough
To overflow

Screen said
You are
Too clever
Filled with
Imagination and doubt

Well I went
And became a stone
Hardened away
From everything

Screen said
You are too dull
And don't move
Anybody

So I went
And became Statue!
Standing firm
And awesome

Screen said
You're just a chisel
Sculpting every thing
And every one
You see

I said no
Way Screen!
And grew wings
Tall enough
To forget

But Screen
Just laughed
At me
And said
You can't

Fly out
Of this
You can't
Even yourself

– *driveway*

It stands on target and the pool did that
To the ground and the roots aren't there
And it spills— I keep taking pictures
Of deer eating weeds in the driveway.

The Computer Tower

The metal that gathers God installs —
Dispatching me, as though I drove down that weld
Infatuated to believe myself
As keystrokes above the Cathedral's lawn.

Can't you hear its call? Fanblades
Velcroed, tapered valiance felt
Old flying, in its lane, a fence
Chain-linked to its sentience

Still Electric

(after B. Dolan)

How often moves

through impulse

I would have

watched the dead leaves

There / should / n't / be / any / more / fog. Should / n't / be / hard / falls
 A / rrange / ments / back / pulls. Sim / ple / grunt / pauses. Whis / tle
 Pre / vent / ative. Nefarious. / Don't / run. Boy / don't / boy. List / en
 To / logged / talk. / Why / err / where / every / body / does. / I / just
 Justiciar! / But, / there / should / n't / be / any / more / .

There shouldn't be any more fog. Shouldn't be hard falls
 Arrangements or back pulls. Simple dumb pauses. Whistle
 Preventative. Nefarious. Don't run. Boy don't boy. Listen
 To him talk. Wire where everybody's on. I just want. To

Just watch. Just watch.

How / can / fall / march / re / sickle / pull / ghou / towel

Is / man / my / sent / tin / null? / Air / shown / dents / poles

Moo / on / owl / wolf / paws! List / en / boy / move / on.

You / ain't / the / shift / you / a / maze / full / leaf / hacked /

You / ain't / the / shift / you / a / maze / meant / hacked /

Your / first / fake / red / real / is / satiation.

Watch? / The moon. Through? / Itself. / Been trying too.

For over years. / I / Love / when / looker / gives up

Love when look / is / just / look.

Sensational.

The sense that there are is thousands of pieces. I was not

So reattachment happens when lopsided wants it forces

And watches alternative mana grips rests fed / loops

I'm pulling

pulling

rips

pulling

cables

me out of

ripping

pulls

cables

out

of me

pulp

find

rips

cables

out of

I am

ripped

cables

pulling

out of

finding

ripping

I am

pulling

ripping

cables

out

of

me

pulling

finding

ripping

cables

out

of

me

I am

ripping

cables

out of

me

and

finding

I

am

still

electric

Companion Song

Those pixels in the glass you see moving mementos
are Deuz, Orc Warrior (level 70), pre Wrath of the Lich
King, before Cataclysm wrecked streaks through Azeroth

and let us fly over its shattered landscape. *Hey Deuz, I said,
you belong tanking some Heroic Tempest Keep, or leading
the charge in an Arathi Basin, or at least browsing the Auction*

*House for some underpriced loot. He didn't disagree. Also, I said,
I think you're completely lost in this quest for origin and purpose,
wide-blind by whatever pretense it is you claim can release you*

*from that stew portal of static cables you call home. And again
he didn't disagree. And when I was in need, I said, you took off
down that long distortion, filled with greed, faithless to the very*

—at this, Deuz dropped the focus from his hands,
turned down a dock I remembered and wept.
I followed him there, sat beside him, and wept.

– *driveway*

It stands on target and the swing did that
To my voice and the song doesn't care
But it spills— I keep taking pictures
Of weeds greeting weeds in the driveway.

Parallax

last night we slept outside on the lawn
it was beautiful so clear the stars
he tossed and turned having nightmares
this morning he told me he had a vision
about how to finish his script
but now that he's awake it wasn't any good
he said he couldn't go on making the script
because it didn't really express his ideas
last night we slept outside on the lawn
it was beautiful so clear the stars
he tossed and turned having nightmares
this morning he told me he had a vision
about how to finish his script
but now that he's awake it wasn't any good
he said it couldn't go on because he didn't
the last night we slept outside on the lawn
it was beautiful so clear the stars

Circle Drive

I see a road and a father and a son walking a dog.

I see a road and a father and a son walking.

I see a road and a father and a son.

I see a road and a father.

I see a road.

Notes:

- The sections "Warrior Class" and "Arms Specialization" in the poem "You" (page 11) borrows from the WoWWiki (World of Warcraft Wikipedia) website that details the specifications of the Warrior class in the game World of Warcraft (WoW).
- The poem "Scapegoat" (page 20) borrows its title and some language from the rapper Slug in the Atmosphere song titled *Scapegoat*.
- The poem titled "ALT F4" (page 28) refers to WoW's two button command: [ALT + F4]. When typed in game, WoW abruptly closes and signs the player off.
- Italicized portions in the poems "QUEST TWO" and "QUEST THREE" (pages 36 and 37) are directly taken from two in game WoW quests. They were copied and pasted from the WoWWiki website.
- The first quote on page 41 is from Aimee Mann's song *The Moth*.
- The second quote on page 41 is from Dante Alighieri's *The Divine Comedy* (translated by Mark Musa).
- The poem "As A Thing" (page 62) is inspired by Rumi's poem "I Was Dead".

- The poem "The Computer Tower" (page 67) is inspired by Hart Crane's poem "The Broken Tower".
- The poem "Still Electric" (pages 68 - 72) borrows its title and ending sequence from B. Dolan's spoken word piece *Still Electric*.
- The poems "Channel For Revival" (pages 59 and 60) and "Companion Song" (page 73) borrow form and some language from Timothy Donnelley's "Passage For Revival" and "To His Own Device", respectively.