

CIRCLE DRIVE

by

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**DEFENSE COMMITTEE AND FINAL READING APPROVALS**

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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:*

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**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.

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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 while 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

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Italicized portions in this section are from King Menethil speaking to his son, Arthas, in the cinematic trailer for the second World Of Warcraft Expansion: Wrath of the Lich King.

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*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

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# 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

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*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

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## 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

This will be a stanza of 4 etc. filler

This will be a stanza of 4 etc. filler

This will be a stanza of 4 etc. filler

This will be a stanza of 4 etc. filler

[[ +7 more quatrains ]]

## 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 / ghoul / 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

out of

me

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:

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- 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.