



The Green Brain Dreaming in the Skull of the World  
By Bruce Neal

The wind, like the breath of a dying princess, goes around the world and the breath never ends and so the princess never dies, just a last exhalation blowing across mountains and tickling graves, whispering through gallows and parking lots and into the nearby forest where it finds a fallen tree flocked in velvet moss, a green darker than black, and a hole in the tree that conceals a passageway, a passageway that goes down down down and down there there is something dark that stirs, a tremor trembles under the neurotic electrical highways of root systems, divided into hemispheres, clusters tapering down into an ur-stem under the stems,

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it's head has been shaved and it's been made to chant apostasies, the dandelion growing in the detention cell, the curbside weeds have been watered with blood in the wintertime, and the genius of poison fogs the air with unwanted colors, the faceless ones, the nothing men, heartbroken, breaking hearts and families because they have been hurt themselves and want to share, and no, they will not let you have your medicine. He is beginning to have second thoughts about this murder tourism he signed up for as the wind cools the sweat in the folds of his neck and his body experiences an involuntary shiver. Something older than concrete is becoming conscious.

The green brain awakens in the skull of the world.

The dying breath touches the heart of the forest and somewhere underneath the heart something quivers and a sucking in begins, an inhalation that half whistles as the wind goes backwards and the rain begins to fall, tiny drops at first, irregular percussion, tip tap tap tip tip tip tip tap, it is raining everywhere, in this strange country you woke up in, everything is unfamiliar and you are wearing a tag around your ankle, you hear screeches from the hidden swamps where the batwings fly, the vines tremble like snakes and the snakes open their mouths and say, "Ptah", and the beetles climb the trees together and the colors on their back form a language, they shake one leg at a time in an incantation dance and stop the rainfall as the great wild ball of gas looks down, taken for granted and happy to be so.

The green brain broadcasting from the skull of the world.

The trees talk to the trees about the wind, the wind talks to the wind about the mountain, the mountain talks to the mountains about the river, the river talks to the rivers about the sea, the sea talks to the sea about the stars, the stars talk amongst themselves about infinity, infinity wonders aloud about nothingness, nothingness speaks to nobody about nothing. "NOTHING!", says nobody but it is implied, the nothing men are pulled apart by vines, first their masks and then the faces behind the masks, then the skulls behind the faces, then the brains behind the skulls and then they are nowhere, if not nowhere then all everywhere, likewise, concurrent and simultaneous, a finite infinity nothingness everything every time timeless spaceless space empties into emptiness, filling it until it's full of fullness, every atom is nearly full of empty space and you too are falling apart as you hear this, happy to be everywhere and nowhere at all, your atoms bouncing amongst the leaves on the forest floor soon to be taken by the wind...