

Centrifugal Tendencies

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hers the fingers of a samurai doll
adjusting the nozzle of a stream of mist
in a 12-tatami hydroponic bay
situated at the tendrils-end
of the swinging arm of station sector 5

smooth hands
sprinkled with droplets of condensation
rapidly prune and disentangle
the delicate garden of nutri-moss,
forest of micro-pore, and filter-grass

her own private Eden

her dark eyes shift at an abrupt sound —
her solemn face turning to the interruption

a man's voice, sad:
"my longing is to tend a garden such as this...
why must be this void between us?"

her answer:
the endless spiral of coriolis winds.