

## Operating on the Body Politic

The micro-surgeon sits in the waiting room  
while his hands, now huge and free of him, prepare  
to operate on the body politic.

Diagnosis: cancer already metastasizing  
to stage 5. There's little time to spare.

After a surgeon's assistant makes the incision,  
the hands begin by pre-empting visitors,  
inserting bouquets of roses into the body  
cavity ... no time ... the obsequies  
must be intoned before the resurrection.

In a procedure guided by teleprompter,  
agile fingers use avant-garde techniques  
to palpate ... it's so urgent ... the limbic system,  
which encircles the brainstem in a wishbone shape.  
Rumors of cancer were greatly exaggerated.

But psychosurgery has penetrated  
to aggression's holy grail, the amygdala,  
where electrical stimulation can induce—  
and here the nurses fail to check or balance—  
ferocious howls from the old mammalian brain.

The hands to the micro-surgeon, "No time to spare!  
Success! We've given a new voice to the older,  
too-often-overlooked sub-cortical regions.  
Now to excise the elites of the neo-cortex!"  
Hands that strewed roses pat the orange hair.

"The midnight snacker in harlequin pj's"

The midnight snacker in harlequin pj's  
tiptoes up to the cool-headed kitchen sentinel  
that has stood at this post since delivery tilted it  
to the station from which it will never be going AWOL.

"The door, a sentry's chest," intones this jester-  
impresario, "is presto! a hero's shield  
adorned with photos of everyone's happy family  
and magnetized medals on which are inscribed, *Warning!*

*Failure to follow orders may result  
in death, electric shock, or grievous injury!"*  
Shazam! the shield morphs to the legendary  
trojan horse, a nation in that appliance;

he eases open the steed and, sure enough,  
as though summoned by a god, a sun clicks on  
and he like a sun-god sees minuscule men  
scything in fields where bread is still a gleam

in heads of wheat. This is the amber homeland,  
the perdurable yet perishable dream  
he feeds on, and one of his slickest tricks. Before  
resealing a continent in the loam of darkness,

he checks that the control dial is set  
to the transcendental chill of indefinite myth.

## Rumpelstilskin Rebrand

Do the old versions fit our time to a T,  
as some avow? Should the Brothers Grimm have never  
preserved these tellings whose whiffs of anachronism

leave us bereft of the promised gold of closure,  
with only the dry stalky residue  
of stock figures?—the girl, a blonde whose hair

the spotlight spun into a shimmer of wealth,  
her boastful father who pimped her as sheer gold  
to the bankrupt king who grew ever greedier,

and most—and least—of all, the implike creature,  
the devilkin who wove himself into legend  
and, itchy for the avaricious deal

but stingy with guesses, hearing his name profaned,  
in his fury drove his right foot into the ground  
creating a chasm into which he—and who

else?—fell, or with his bare hands tore himself—  
and what besides?—in two, or in still another  
*unheimlich* oral spin-off, flew out of the open

kitchen window on a short-handled ladle—  
leaving us queasy, standing by the fairytale's  
oven, sweating out the denouement.

Walleyed. See also ...

I dreamt again of walleyed Rossie and Dickie,  
twin hospital dieticians clad in white aprons  
their baker's caps tilted at rakish angles,  
dead now, maybe, but vivid in '63,  
the year I knew them, and once again in the dream,  
concocting their menus at opposite ends of Phoenix.

But face to face, a mirrorless reflection  
or a macro version of the subatomic  
flare-up of particle and anti-particle,  
primed to vanish in an explosion of chortling,  
*everyone we know has rhyming names*  
*like Sammy Kiamy [snort] and Hettel and Gettel.*

In a suspended instant before detonation,  
between guffaws they exhorted me to google  
TheOptics.com. *Go there and click and click*  
*again, they confided, because it's all connected ...*

Walleyed (colloq.) See also [Exotropia](#)  
[click]—

A condition, often metaphoric,  
whose unwitting, untreated sufferers may be  
immured in 2D. Their disability  
is the lack of depth perception due to their eyeballs'  
misalignment, so others' faces seem like walls.  
A few, though untreated, may lead successful lives,  
rising to an executive's office-eyrie,  
relying on cues like gaudy red-and-white  
and-blue's to simulate a world in 3D.  
See also [Esotropia](#) and [Dystopia](#)

[click] ... I startled awake at an explosion  
of cackling, the twins in blinding white, saying *See*  
*also, we told you it's all connected. See also ...*

## Cairn

*The hands that zealously gathered these stones are gone,  
Leaving only this handless figure of stone  
To point out a trail or mark a burial.*

Weeping Angel,  
exploit of the CIA's EDB  
designed to infest smart TVs,  
which in a "Fake-Off" mode are really  
"on" as covert microphones.

The agency's MDB and AIB that were busy  
producing malware to exfiltrate data from iPhones  
and controlling malware like Assassin and Medusa.  
Hammer Drill and other weaponized zero days, air  
jumping viruses to infect software distributed on CDs/DVDs.

Comodo 6.x's Gaping Hole of Doom.

Cutthroat and Swindle, tools in the agency's multi-platform  
Hive malware suite that attack the OS of Solaris, Windows, et al.

For cryptically pouching data on a disk — Brutal Kangaroo.

And HarpyEagle, which devoured the file systems of Apple  
Airport Extreme and Airport Time capsule routers.

Fine Dining, a menu of 24 decoy applications, like a fake  
virus scanner, which can be run to infect a computer or collect data.

Overall, the CIA's arsenal of numerous local and remote  
zero days developed in house, obtained from the alphabet soup  
of agencies, or bought from cyber arms contractors like Baitshop.