

Wes Civilz

Simulation Hypothesis

A simulation is an image of
Our world that's built inside our world by us,
For us, to illustrate the nature of
Our world (and our freak selves enclosed) to us.
Our world itself is not a simulation.
But there is a designer (kind of) who
Is not about designing simulations
Of its own world but rather making something new
And wholly alien to anything
Ever before engendered in its world
Due to the tedium of everything
In that cold, hard, inanimate domain ... that swirl
Of forms, geometries, shapes, colors, lines ...
Moving, but never breathing or alive.

My Own Little Simulated World

A mini-simulation here atop
My lap. My laptop (as it's called) projects
A little world that I can drag and drop
With ease—a snow globe garden, green, convex,
Crawling with animals and trees and light
Too beautiful to be believed, rain clouds
Fractally swirling through the gigabytes
Allowing all of this to be endowed
With life, a kind of life. The kind that needs
The ones and zeros moving through its blood
To thrive and reproduce. The kind that we
Will metamorphose into once we sub
 Our flesh for code and take the ghostly leap
 Into the download. Now I fall asleep.