

CURRENTLY LISTENING TO THE SOUNDSCAPE OF CONTROL

Onur

Four nights ago I heard thumping
Liquid blue blood torrenting through
a body. My body. To sustain life the body circulates
blood through the veins. Blood distributes oxygen
to every cell within. More thumping.
The heart a constant stream. Four nights ago since I have heard
constant thumping.

Three days ago a phrase slipped my mind:
the locus of control. The locus a place where
something occurs.
Where cold spring showers rain on us
like benign meteors.
Where control of a person's life is
perceived to be.
Do you feel in control of life and the events
influencing it or
do you believe life is governed by factors outside your control?
The question slipped my mind
as the thumping drowned out all.
Over as soon as it begun.

Closer and closer I hear that thumping thresh.
Not the good kind, mind you. Deadlines due

at dawn when writing way past dusk.
Straining eyes in the dark lit by
an incandescent bright light. Persistent
blue lights making their way into my pupils.
Like the blue lights blasting them in morning
class and morning mail. Sirens wail
in the distance as I'm lulled to the thumping.

Flip the switch and
light up the occipital lobe. The thumping grows
hungrier. Devouring insides and out
till all that I'm left with is blue blood thumping
like a brain. After a snack the body replenishes itself with
glucose. Blood sugar rises and
all the thumping subsides.

The body a locus of control. Whether you choose to eat or not
you're in control—classed as an internal locus of control.

But what about the times, the rare cases, where no matter what you do the outcome is
fixed and

you're left with choices that you cannot change?

There's the rub.

Three hours have passed since pain
struck. The pain dulling
insides. Food the perpetual panacea for this
condition! As the thumping approaches so too
does the nourishment that alleviates
pain. Choice dictated by the lack
of choice. External control influencing internal
control. When the doctor tells you that there's no real cure then

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what can you do? Become a doctor
yourself? Choices, and choices, and
choices. Will we cure ourselves with poetry like Keats
wished?

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