

# Aux-ism

*By Lara Carlucci*

When the world is

L O U D

and ALLLLLLL

CONSUMINGGGGGGG

Like the fibres inside your head are being ripped apart

one

at

a

time

And your thoughts aren't thoughts but layers of noise

All being laid

One On Top

Of The Other

Do you

Close your eyes

Become small

So that you might

Fade

And instead become nothing

Invisible

To the naked eye

But sometimes even nothing is everything

And you can't possibly be nothing

Because that would mean

You Don't Exist

But everything is everything and nothing is nothing

And why do so many people exist

And why do they not seem to care

About the overcrowded blitzing bullet

I care

About the person touching my arm

The loud chatter

The Sardine Tin Experience

So I turn around

I face the corner

Play make-believe

Pretend like a child

That they don't exist

It is all pretend

You are the only one here

You are EVERYTHING

But when your brain is your brain  
And you, a mere mortal spectrum person  
Sometimes to pretend is to hide  
And sometimes pretending is hopeless and dumb

So I soundproof my booth  
So that the noise  
Is my oyster  
Not the world

Then the world is  
Quiet  
But selectively so  
And at your preferred volume

The endless lists  
The ones of your own creation  
Lull you  
Soothe you

And this corner is now refracted sound  
Containing only beats  
Rhythms  
Voices

And the sardines get to live another day  
And so do you  
And all the spectrum people  
Because of the lists that you don't cross off

Because of the meticulous needle  
That threads the thread  
Always Sewn By You  
Made by anyone

The ism becomes an is  
The pause a play  
The list a fist  
Of triumph

All because  
You play them  
And play them  
And let them play