

“Beat in the Fourth Dimension”

by Eric

The 4th dimension, might I mention is a world
Of hypertension.
It pulls and it unfolds and truth is unfurled--
It's quite a spectacular invention.
This hypercube expatiates all pontification
With which we are comforted, much like Sir Jack Kerouac,
Without this 4-D cube of cubes, a tesseract of which we know,
We would be lost, lost boys and waning to the flight of Dumbo.
What's that I say—the 4-D world is time today? Can't a 4-D kid go play?
Can't a 4-D woman say, “I love you, 3-D man of men.” How and can that be?
But 4-D, your future is unknown, your stories are untold, and your flowers are ungrown.
Mind you though, we've ways to find, ways to learn, and ways to write you out.
The answers to these queries are with spectacular Full Factory color.
Well, hickory dickory dock, some say view the clock,
But I say no, I fly solo like Flo-Jo, like a Hobo, with
Hideo Nomoh
Learning only when it's time,
The reason or the Rhyme
It trickles wildly through the marshes
Just like hyper cubist ways
The blue sky is what I see above, but I reach it, and
Then hit the floor from the bottom up,
And I wonder what all this is for...
From one side right on to the next, but thinking all the while in vex
As to which door you went through
Well it's obvious that this Fourth insanity wants to
Take us to a level of thinking which we may not reach
It is this discussion that makes little sense,
Just as a 4-D world does-- hence
We twist and stretch and shift with it, to discover things anew.