

This time MYOPIA goes into large variety of controls. People reckon they know who and what they are able to control. Moreover they think they know who and what controls them. However if they dip into multiple layers of their minds they subconsciously become aware of the fact that indeed they are unconscious about most of the existing controls.

MYOPIA faces some of them...



THE ULTRA CONTROL

(...) and after many years new generations rose on the ruins of previous cities. People were gifted and comprehensively talented. So they formed high-tech society. Exploration of the universe was their main concern and had priority over other projects. Therefore cosmic programs dominated the scientific laboratories. Arrangements were being made to send dozens of starships towards new planets while at the same time the main worry – to reduce the level of risk during expeditions – was being analyzed. To achieve the safety of spacecrafts' crews an extraordinary robot had been created years before. IT had been examined, developed and mastered ever since. Then came ITS day of pioneer trial to replace the astronauts in their mission. However one human being was supposed to accompany the star trip in case something happened. The experimental starship took off months ago and since then the contact has not been made...

THE ULTRA CONTROL

Time of future is living.
It created new people, they're gifted,
With their big minds of shadows.
They think about IT, about world, about war.
They like to dream, create, give a life.
They forgot legends.
The new plan decided without them.
IT's already here behind a black curtain.
Eyes and steel are looking.
Memory is watching by eyes of itself.
This is a robot embarrassed and faithful.
Their best child of certainty,
Starts activity.

Experiment.	Sudden
The man and the machine.	Problems
Cosmic part.	Irregular
Flight amid stars.	Rebellion
Boundless space.	Mad
Alone in the dark.	Machinery
Looking for something	Exchange
No confidence.	Controls

I'm closed in a space craft.
Deep corridors are watching. Mistaken.
IT's been waiting since birth time.
It knew about ITS chance of promotion.
It sent me steel kiss of superiority,
And became my master.
I'm afraid of ITS eyes, ITS memory.
I feel a fright. I feel it so real.
I can't go away from abyss,
Which is full of scars profound, black, mechanic.
IT likes itself, doesn't like me, destroys me.
Robot's control forever. Forever.

Experiment
Of controls.
Star
Problems.
Choosing
Masters.
Eternal Control.
Forever. . .

ABSTRACT IMPRISONMENT.

MYOPIA enters young person's mind

ABSTRACT IMPRISONMENT

The new dream woke me up
I have broken free.
I know about next day.
It will be great, it will be mine.
I'll be persistent once more,
Until the normal time.
The mist of jealousy closes my eyes.
She says: I should forget.
Wings of time take me out
From the black vacuum.

I'm imprisoned in the scheme
Of my mind.
I can't do anything.
I know, I've tried.
Escape!
Imprisoned all the time.

I was free one day, lived as a plant.
My brain pulled me up
From the ponging soil,
Gave me life
And threw to the blue ocean.

I'm looking for island, free from promises.
Singing waves
Are looking through me . . .
Wings of time have taken me out
From the black vacuum.

I'm imprisoned . . .

EXPERIMENT OF ELIMINATION

(...) How have we arrived at this situation? – The question has been asked hundreds of times. Planets' orbits and meteors' flight trajectories have always been thoroughly checked and analyzed to prevent potential clash with Earth. Nevertheless something must have been missed as a few weeks ago the Eliminator, a huge meteor, was discovered heading for the Solar System. Thousands of calculations revealed the Eliminator's final destination and vile cosmic shadow covered innocent Blue Planet. There is no doubt the catastrophe is near and an immediate action has to be taken (...). To assure victory a space destroyer must hit the side of the Eliminator to change its trajectory; as project is highly precise the ship is to be piloted. To fulfill the mission is to condemn the pilot to death. The World Government has put the Cyborg C13 to fly the destroyer. Although C13 has been designed to serve humanity IT is now more human than automaton and does not want to obey the orders. There is another solution though. An incurable person, former interplanetary pilot, has offered to fly the death starship. The multinational convention has been held and the talks on who should be sent are being proceeded. The Eliminator is approaching and the time is shrinking

EXPERIMENT OF ELIMINATION.

Shadow of cosmos
Covered earth. Vile.
Molecule of chaos drives
In the star tunnel.
Neutralize the ruin
Behind the line of life.
The soldier-cyborg
Is certainty.
He was born
To save the other.
Humanity
Won technology.
Voices of command
Forbid the riot.

I didn't want to be born.
They woke me up.
To fall asleep and forget
For ignorant minds.
Absurd situation.
I want artificial youth.

Running intruder
Makes impossible thinking.
Its simulation?
Philosophic test.
A man from an edge of life-
Is he a certain strike?
Precipice of life
Is a light for dead.
To save a hero-
To condemn a leaving man.
Sacrifice outdid
Technology.
Time's watching
Game of minds.

I was born,
Something killed me.
I feel pain.
I/d like to pass away,
And help fools'
Ignorant

IMAGINARY SITUATION

(...) but planet Soath in Abñeveroth System has been deserted. Until now... Worn out space craft from Earth with a nameless man aboard is landing and disturbing smooth, sandy surface of the planet. Pure and untouched air is waving nervously. The man seems content to find the place and to be alone. On Earth he had to escape throughout his life. To be a villain means to be chased so he has been longing to become uninterrupted. After a while, though, the enclave of freedom gradually begins to damage his sanity. To be alone means to be insane? He talks to himself, however it is not sufficient so he develops an artificial BEING in his head to talk to. Unexplained, local reactions take control over the situation. The man did not know he gathered and brought over to Soath the whole earthly evil

IMAGINARY SITUATION

I've fled earth limits.
The new planet will be mine.
I'm alone and I like it.

A man without a name
He has to go away.
Creation of the dark ride of life
Was profitable for him.
He doesn't regret time
Which was full of offences.
Behind a gate of the new life
Lonely planet is waiting.

Roots of time are going to unknown
A man's wading in solitude.
Insanity is his friend
Bright power crosses limits.
Give me somebody.
I need a man
Matter which feels words.

He created a person
Gave it a name.
It exists in his mind.
A man is talking with
An invisible person.
Strong faith has materialized it.
It's an image of man's soul.
Terrible picture comes into being.

Who are you?
Take the thing away!
The creature like the planet,
Killed the man
And vanished in lack of faith.
Wrong composition?
Would it like to stay on its own?
It won't answer.

Justice — a child of another universe.
Situation created by the ultra power.

THE EFFICIENT PROCESS

(...) and eventually, nobody realized when it happened, but one great world society became the fact. Everything and everybody was the same in how they looked and behaved. Anything extraordinary was hardly accepted in order to keep the society equal and effective. Everyone was to get up, work sleep and have restricted free time. Everything was organized arranged and scheduled. People were not in a daze but they felt comfortable where they were. A few mavericks rose though. One of them fulfilled humanity's eternal desire and invented the time machine. To see the past and the future it was, and at the start it served as he saw the real scenes and the world how it really was, with all its evil. Will it be enough to give up his comfortable vegetation...?...

THE EFFICIENT PROCESS

Tomorrow will be a new day.
It's arranged like your mind.
Necessity of habits
Created schemes and bound minds.
Any mutiny? Unknown.
Controlled robots don't know freedom.

You've built a time machine
Another kind of device.
It shows you the past and the future
With possibility of choosing a picture.

Pretend of a figure.
Solely vanishing in time defines your existence.
Do you find yourself in a window of galaxy?
It's just illusion.

Taken by the time-craft
You ramble in space and see:
Crying child searching hands and voices,
Controlled death,
Not tender and blind minds.
Too small screens to see beauty?

Return to the present.
Life's complex by uncomfortable scenes.
They've always been and will be.
Don't ask about reason.

Restricted among brains.
Penetration till the paralysis. Connecting.
The Great Idea desires stiff symmetry.
You want to kill it by escape.

Taken by the time-craft
You err in space and see
The same scenes, more clear than before.
Preparation the return and decision.
Time betrayed your hopes,
Doesn't release from influences.

Symmetry still exists.
Usual arena of approbation.
Cut hand, hidden voice.
Circle of thoughts caused explosion of time
machine.
One existence became a molecule of greatness,
Surrounded by frail abstract.

>> RUN: SHADOW <<

(...)and therefore program "SHADOW" was developed to extinguish smoldering spots of rebellion. The case with the time machine had proved that previous model of society was too loose and not efficient enough. Now the world became dark, gloomy and indifferent with its population represented by equal humans shadows. Rebels were erased or chose to rejoin the improved society. Somewhere, held high in the air, there were only weak echoes of the past whispering about the Promised Land that was gradually vanishing...

>> RUN: "SHADOW" <<

Helplessness kills tissue which is being born
Strange plants assimilate toxic oxygen.
I'm choking.
The scheme of dependences, layers of existence
Press me
To the border of life that reeks of resignation.

Each molecule, each recess of my body
Reflects wishes of activity.
I don't want to be round
Without functioning limbs,
And to fall in depression
Eaten by waste.
I don't want vegetate.

Spherical dead shadows
Deprived of zeal and joy
Are equally pulsating.
They're going to the thick abyss
Including faded aims.
They're withdrawing from the Promised Land.

Squeezed among sleeping mob
Of existences forgotten by life,

I tend to the dump of burnt wishes
I'm sinking
Lonely-helpless
I need the army
To stop
This pilgrimage poisoned by element of
dejection.

Go ahead! Wake up.
Don't wait, longing for a bitter epitaph.
Don't be indifferent.
A chance is within reach of your hand.
Create it, do it.
If you're ready.
And convinced
For activity without a return way.
Join our expedition.

Spherical dead shadows
Deprived of zeal and joy
Are equally pulsating
They're going to the thick abyss
Including faded aims
They're withdrawing from the Promised Land.

THE TIME OF THE WORM

(...) so it was an ordinary small town, with a small local community. Things there seemed to go slowly, in an usual, organized way. However the place had its mystery. In the suburbs there was an old house. Over the years various stories have been created about it and nobody actually knows how far people's imagination goes and where the truth's limits are. All families that lived in the house were said to be mad even though they had appeared to be sane before they moved in. In "their madness" they called for help but nobody ever took it seriously. Nevertheless, almost everybody in the town asked about the case would hesitantly talk about a worm, an alien life-form, hidden under the house, deep in the ground that would penetrate and control those newcomers' minds. Yes, despite the skepticism none of the local would ever live there. Some time ago Mr. and Mrs. Consciousness moved in and the story repeated again. This time signals got out of the community and the research is being carried out. Usless...?...

THE TIME OF THE WORM.

Mr. Consciousness's brain is a deep abyss,
Filled with eternal lethargy.
He doesn't know his own voice.
Computer connected with brain writes down:
"The Worm has always been in his house.
It killed his mother, made her imitation
And it prevailed over father's mind.
Since then father wasn't the same.
Pushed by the edge of madness to escape
He released at the point of death
And left vegetation as the legacy.
Mr. C. felt strange intelligentsia in his brain
The Worm had told him what he was to do.
Why me? Desperate, separated,
Burdened with a terrible mystery,
He performed worm's orders.
It made his wife's imitation one day,
Kept up appearances.
The Worm didn't talk, It thought to him,
Penetrated his mind. It learnt itself.
Personality hid among mind's layers
Became a particle.
Mr. C. didn't know

What value he was slowly expiring for.
The Worm said: "cycle must go on".
Computer fell into thinking.
"Some day the Worm disappeared.
Unexplainable chemical reactions
Strange intelligentsia left brain.
Released from It, became mad.
A mad man by the people's choice.
One person didn't think that way,
His real wife".
Computer's finished recording.
Frantic, cosmic story.
In the future madman's son
Will visit his grave.
Then strange, slippery creature will go into his
brain.
And it'll bring about some changes.
The cycle will go on. . . .

ARISTOCRATIC EXTERMINATOR

(...) It was more and more difficult to find peace and quiet in the galaxy. Almost all systems were spoiled, corrupted, degenerate, unleashed wars and fought for unknown reasons. There was no chance to cure or improve that situation. A group of people who wanted to escape from that destructive circle set up a rebel society. Their aim was to start a community free from all the evil. The society gathered a great number of people from different planets and thought of the place to move.

Away from the center of the galaxy there was The Abnéveroth System, uninhabited Promised Land. Planet Yoath in the system seemed perfect and friendly welcomed harmless colonists. They settled down and constructed their community by turning to basic values like beauty, truth, love, peace and freedom. Soon after the New World was prospering very well, but not long enough. A jealous stranger come over

ARISTOCRATIC EXTERMINATOR

Unknown Colonist's Diary:

Different world

Built by earth colonists

Dissimilarity, abstract,

Detached organization (...)

Stranger invaded

And destroyed. Everything.

Galactic Jury-room:

That world was better.

I've heard.

They knew how to understand,

Think, give the truth.

The trial:

Judge: Why have you done it?

Accused: Consciousness killed them.

J: Knowledge about eternal schemes?

A: They thought differently.

J: To think is to die?

A: A spirit of thoughts brought a fright for Superiors.

J: Are you better than they?

A: Now I am.

Galactic Jury-room:

That world knew how to be.

Developing knowing-how.

Drew primitive

Destruction. I know.

Unknown Colonist's Diary:

Different world, built better,

Died out in embrace of universe.

Somebody destroyed

Because of the fear for the thinking art (...)

I've saved myself and I'm fleeing

Through abstract with a pale glare.