

DANIELLE JONES-PRUETT

From Descartes' *Treatise on Man*

*I suppose the body to be nothing
but a statue or machine: lungs
like bellows, blood flowing*

as in a hydraulic system, tubes
and membranes not unlike
a church organ. Memory, sleep,

hunger, pain—all can be accounted
for mechanically, like the movements
in a clock. I look out my window

and what do I see but hats and coats
covering ghosts: simulated humans,
moving only by springs?