



RETRO LAFF ESCAPE

Going to my cell feeling good, I look
to my TV. Doctor Who! Where are you? The channel
RetroTV plays you every day. Every single day
since I can remember you being here. But, now
nothing. A western? Really? Where is Sarah?

I need Sarah? I need Tom Baker's assistant,
What was *her* name? I need to know her *real* name!
How can I live in a cell without it? Without
seeing who replaced her, or her, or her, or
her. Who? (The assistant, not the Doctor Who)

Without the teleplayed genius of Douglas Adams,
the world is just too damned linear. Too causative!
Wasn't a fan of RetroTV's non-Who time slots, it was
the Doctor's everpresent armcandy and untimely wit
selling it; but now, here's LAFF, and Escape Channel.

No Doctor Who armcandy/assistants to keep me company
in the lonely hours. No more relativistic
challenges of comprehension. No more middle fingers
to the grandfather clause. No more Swiss cheese
renditions of the Block Universe.

No more TARDIS for the imprisoned imagination.
I feel the weight of linearity under causation.