

[To lie down in still waters of erasure]

To lie down in still waters of erasure,
rinsed in noise. Static from old landlines
debrides the air, plastic phones in dumps
revise their toxic compositions. 300 feet
rise from the factory roof, 150 souls
are exported from Earth ahead of schedule.
Phone rings, wrist lifts, eustachian fluid tilts,
a vector communicates, one cell
answers, one white note
folds up in soft tissue. O when
will it come to light? My medium
is air, O lung, I am your morbid bride
in white veil, white wreath, white ceremonies,
a flower, a novice, and an infiltrate.