

## THE WIRES

Electricity gathers on water,  
on rivers and streams. It flows  
like water in the wires. We hoard it  
in walls and cellars and weave more  
copper strands into the wires.

Overnight millions have been added.  
A bristling surge of cables spills  
from the walls. The air is heavily  
charged; the switches turn on  
and machines drink deep infusions  
from the plugs. The current expires  
into the wind, thrilling the darkness.

Lead runs from the fusebox; the outlet  
is spitting a four-inch blue flame  
and the cat's fur is on end. Lights  
swarm on the streets; the darkness  
completely disappears. We feel the throb  
of an enormous pulse and the sea seethes

with scribbled lines of force. Frontiers  
dissolve. It reaches the earth's core  
and we throw off waves deep into space,  
their peaks and troughs further and further  
apart. The planet lights up like a star.  
Only the wires are left, braided

into bulging veins among the dials,  
spreading from the main arteries  
where they are meshed together,  
crowding upward in rows into the night—  
and silently beating at their feet,  
famished for energy, your heart.