The computer screen, day or night

The computer screen, day or night,
illuminated as a manuscript those monks,
nameless and famous, eked out repeatedly
for safekeeping, paint fully toxic

in the brightest bits. And why not be
frivolous? The Dark Ages. Hordes or rumors
of hordes. Everyone pretty much dead
by forty. I know, their gardens amaze me.

White rose and red, four kinds of lily, rosemary,
grape. And music past plainchant to eerie
and multiple as the veery in dank woods. His
two-throated song sweetly chokes itself, echo

upward as it's back, go back. So the computer's
every word is black letter and takes out a little light.
To put where? save from what? O the monks,
brilliant and meticulous at their poisons.