

For the Hand Held

Category: Serious Poetry

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--sent from my iphone

I am behind a man stopped at the light.
He holds his phone up to read, in the slight
pause before green. These are our calling
cards, I think, our modern electric hearts,
tapping out answers in text, paring our letters
to strokes, always with us, our carriers.

Every message we send ends with phrases
we don't put there, words we cannot easily
remove, sentences and symbols
these devices interject to remind us:
they make this connection happen.

I carry the potential of you in my pocket,
in my hand, in the recesses of my purse,
the place we zip from everyone else.

I charge you next to my bed, take you
under my sheets when it is cold to check.

That is what we say, check. That we are checking.
Checking up, checking in, checking out.

I would hold your hand, but mine is full
of letters, of keys waiting to be typed, words
yet to be sent, messages coming in, flagging
me for something I absolutely must know,
keeping me sated with response,

stopping me at all of the lights.