

Miss Anaphora Foresees the End

Simeon Berry

That's the place I can't
follow you:

the record skip,
the long comma

between numbers.
The cessation

of this fragile,
literary silence.

*

Nights falls outside
in the appendix,

and the triplicate
comes down

in waves, striating
the windowpanes

and shorting out
our brain appliances.

*

Inside, fractal
wallpaper reiterates

its botanical
autopsy.

The fridge stutters,
petrifying

into a compendium
of aluminum rubble.

*

You've subsided
into that exotic sleep,

made-up as all
get-out,

and I've got
nothing but

nature and media.
No reflection.

*

Who will I talk to
when I sense

the orphaned
sentences feeling

their way around
with Thalidomide

fingers inside
the Contagious Radio?

*

Everything wants
to organize itself.

Everything tries
to find a way out.