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Disconnected

The here and now, you argue,
is vastly overrated
always anticlimactic.

What's the alternative?

Funny you should ask.
I've been dipping my thoughts
into philosophical waters:
time travel
parallel universes
out-of-body experiences—
and, yes, best of all,
desert-island inhabitation
with a gorgeous stranger
who has hundreds of CDs
thousands of books
and lips like the ten-best movie stars
you ever beheld as a matinee-enthralled youth.

In the midst of these growing-older thoughts
a strange noise comes from your computer
a humourless, deconstructed orgasm
mind-reader seeking revenge
spoil-sport technocrat wielding power
the screen as blank as before the dawn of time.

Oh well, you groan,
back to the here and now
until you get connected again
or find that well-stocked desert island.