The @'s of your %’s
KEN FIFER

The : )’s in my e-mail remind me how our actual lives are also composed of punctuation, and of punctuation’s sonnets, none more beautiful than “The @’s of your %’s that looked ) ( have turned ( ).…”
When you hear me, your eyelashes ^.
The &’s perch on the feeders at first, then fly away, forming <’s.
When the dark #’s widen above the and the river –’s over each +, leaving countless ?’s, your spirit rises, more : than =.
When the night sky resembles a gray scroll-lock key, pressed to tell us why and how, insert an ! for every *, shift . to >.
I promise not to say a word.