

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.