

Electric Poets  
*for Patricia Spears Jones*

Old school with aquarian tools,  
some traditions in revision  
in tune with time  
to see in the dark  
where we spark chronic electronics:  
cell phones and lap tops—  
digital toys are not all we've got.  
We ride the cyber river  
to find some place in space  
between micro and macro,  
alone, but still in need of touch.

Alone in the electronic rush,  
another quasar fizzled into cosmic dust.  
Our web presence will become  
epithets on ethereal tombstones,  
virtual monuments  
to bear witness to our existence  
that in this moment we chose  
a path through our dreams  
where ideas took form  
and began to breathe  
and poems gave birth repeatedly  
reaching into other ways of seeing  
like breaking bread  
and clear water for drinking.

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