

Denni Ritchie

gorilla glass

We're all irritated by the unsightly buildup
of carbon on our poetry. It's basically
the same thing that makes up the cake
on the screens of our phones.

Carried by the fine rhetoric we so enjoy,
Their words drifts over the backlit white glass
and deposits a tar-like, hard discoloration.

It's easy to recognize on new phones,
but on dark sandblasted concrete or rusticated tech
it can go unnoticed until we find ourselves
with smoothed over arguments that fit some
whose texture has been filled in with paid-for
advertisements of ideas no one really agrees with.

When it reaches this stage, it will take some work
to get gorilla glass clean.

In a forest of broken phones
I look at my face in shattered
green-black spiderwebbed screens.

I found this in the pocket of a corduroy jacket recently

My dream is so much better than a dream
My tree is so much better than a tree
My street is so much better than a street

My car is so much better than a truck
My yard is so much better than a backyard
My driveway is so much better than a sidewalk

My lawn is so much better than your lawn
My grass is so much better than your grass
My tree is so much better than your tree

Any day of the week, my me is so much better
than your you, and then some.

I think about you all the time and I cannot think
of myself in the same way without comparing me
to you, mine to yours, mine being better than yours.

And it's all ok, as if this poem should have been titled,
It's all just ok, not great, but fine, just fine. I'll be ok.
I'm always ok. Even when I am in hospital recovering.