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## I Keep Checking My Samsung Galaxy for Meaning

as if the universe  
had fingertips  
that were not far  
too vast to type

or its messages  
could swirl  
through cloud  
and silicon

then materialize  
in my inbox;

as if I will  
awaken  
to a divine text

wrapped

in a glowing  
bow of light  
that says "Child,

all these  
fraying ends  
will someday tie  
together"

while

the clues  
I seek  
burst into a

seamless display  
of codes and  
strings;

as if

everything  
I need to know

isn't already  
sitting in the  
icy stillness

of this moonless  
field

or swelling  
in the gap  
between

two breaths.

## Since You Left

Today I walked in  
on the house robot  
whispering your  
favorite sonnet.  
This, after tracing  
your name in day-old  
oil all along  
the attic walls.  
I try to comfort her,  
though she would  
sooner see me  
swallowed by  
the moon. I  
lay my hand  
upon the crack  
in her back that  
she suffered the  
first time you  
took her ice  
skating, but she  
spits obscene  
strings of zeros  
at me as though  
I am a pile of  
wasted silicon,  
as though my heart  
isn't already  
twisted into a  
mournful jumble  
of spent circuits,  
as if I alone could  
have stopped you  
from running.

## How to Flirt in the Multiverse

“Baby,  
there’s  
a  
galaxy  
spinning  
in here  
and  
when  
you  
looked  
over  
at  
me  
a  
trillion  
lifetimes  
just  
spilled  
between  
us.  
You  
are  
a  
glorious  
atmosphere,  
an  
infinite  
matter.  
Yes  
baby,  
that  
one  
look  
lifted  
all  
my  
mis laid

pieces,  
you  
breathe  
and  
all  
the  
dust  
in  
this  
strange  
and  
random  
universe  
rises.”

Though,  
honestly,  
all  
I  
really  
want  
from  
you  
is  
“yes”  
or  
“now”  
or  
alternatively  
just  
a  
plain  
old  
“infinite”  
will  
more  
than  
likely  
do.

## Anatomy of a Moment

Should I ever  
slip and  
split open,  
I am certain  
that this  
stream  
of light  
that is  
winding  
its way  
around you  
would spill  
from my skin  
and I'd find  
this rising  
wind  
woven  
through  
tissue  
and bands  
of still  
tendon  
beneath.  
Then deeper,  
where bone  
should be,  
I no doubt  
would see  
cattail,  
tall grass  
and your  
hands  
harvesting  
a patch  
of wild  
tulips.

## Pretend that You are Talking

Pretend  
that you are  
talking

just

to me.

I will  
kneel here  
while you  
tell me all  
about  
the stars

stuck

in your  
heart. You

can loosen  
your tongue  
and let  
their cold

light spill  
into the space  
between us. I

will listen to  
your quiet  
wind rise, I

will stay  
here when  
this storm

fills your  
mouth with  
ice and  
sky.

You can  
bring your  
lips near  
and let the  
dark

slip

into my  
ear.

Pretend I  
see nothing  
untouchable.  
Pretend

that I am  
holding

all these  
icy parts  
of you,

that when  
I look  
you in the  
eye I am

watching

wild grass  
sway,

I am  
touching



a stunning

bit of  
night.