

Sunny

Sam Walder

At night, windows become mirrors
And we are forced into self-reflection.
I grope blindly for peace, but
My leeching galvanotropism propels me towards
The nearest glowing screen.

I think of my research partner in Beijing.
Brought together by chance
And the egotism of others,
We now bare our hearts on WeChat.

Sarcasm doesn't translate well,
But honesty is pure and soundless.
Carefully, I construct translatable sentences.
Unknowingly, I construct a persona:
Charming, sincere, thoughtful.

So it came to be that my personal ideal
Became trapped in my smartphone.
Could I pluck his soul, gasping for impossible breaths,
Out from the million bits in which he is stored?
If we could meet, would that fragmented dimension of agathos
Condescendingly sneer at his flawed integral?
Or would he, in his sincerity, understand?

The distance separating us is inhuman,
So I stay awake into the night and stare out windows,
Texting myself thoughts and hoping that one day, I might answer.