Coder

My shadow was squatting behind me, counting beads I heard her say,
"One oh two five easy"
And I was shot
And in the wound a blinking eye
My mouth was a slot for copper pennies

Like milk
My senses run like milk
Out of me

There are certain limits
All around, there are duplicates
Copies!

No I no longer know
That I will soon fall

Then, running out of me
On little ticking legs
Men in purest code
I see them grow to a black spot

There it is
In my sights
Darkness
Obscenity

Then I forget
And it leaves me
Singing,
"Imposters I know",
And I go away
On an inward turn

Time is a cage
Love is a face
That turns away

Tamara Barnett-Herrin

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