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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