

I see you back home
on my numbing TV

Digitalized,
you score so fine

I (may) use two fingers
to engross you by

making of us
a bunch of believers

When lies are revolving
to make up some truth,

aesthetic a jungle,
I like you, just more!

The real thing we search for
is excruciating out of the waves
of a computer face

Mistress for one night
I have never seen your hands
yet
we're so well
acquainted

Tell me: over these wires,
can love be real,
can life be

anywhere near?

Screaming,
mouth open,
a devil black hole,

the driver
I crossed
over a red Shanghai street light,
behind those thick windows
I simply can't hear him,
as in slow motion...

seemingly
we mute each others off
with the innocent twist
of a wrist



scrolling destiny down
the next page

A game of puppets
is splashed
on me

You, please, keep sitting
there,
it doesn't matter your state,
either snoring
or ignoring
whether chatting
or intent,
don't bother to hear
this poem of mine

for only a minute
my words dare to last,

these meanings, instead,
heap some time longer:
that neglected space
left available
from all the very rest

but then,
they, too, go:

and yes! who cares,
You may snap me
with your cell phone

Where I matter, is Tomorrow:
Photoshopped on a screen...

