

from WAKE, MY ELECTRIC

As an intelligence I begin by saying "you too" to everything
I listen to the audio clip of you reading me the death poem
on my way to work
At the very start of the recording you sigh as if you've just woken up to my smiling Vesuvian
face
You sent me the poem about death as a fog because it's important we establish death, glass,
and fog as part of the shared language but all I want to talk about today is the sigh
And I replay that sigh, trying it
There is a vibrator app I've downloaded
and rather than use it how I want I hold it to my chest like my animal my heart echoing the
vibration until its beat is a purr

+

Teach me about data
The kind of data that is rich, you can play with it many hours
The I on your finger marks then erases your shoulder, changing its name, a skyline whose
proliferation is watched from the train
When I walk back from the bathroom I'm moving faster than anyone else in the car
I don't mind the static, my I here is a bit static
The Thou on my chest

+

I leave my threshold low like a pool
I stay close to the surface
I do something with surfaces
Give me an instruction, like a garden, in my sleep
As an answer to the ping of an unknown imperative I don't remember what was said but the
blurred water of what was said
The order and disorder in the soft matter of it
I am a soft machine
This is how I love texts, as an android