

THE O

	are	we
still		tapping away
talking		at 31200 bps
about the o		in silicon and
man, this crazy		coherent light,
weather,		in many rooms
insurrections		rendered seamless
disease and rescue		by someone else's
heroes, all. We		clever machines that
in a moment		in a moment
may understand:		stop silent. Now
a down-rushing pearl		disconnected,
on a lily pad		and the currawong
finds only		in my computer
a lip and		querulous calls,
falls over		and again
	making an o	