

Christopher Watkins
cwatkins@gmail.com

He

The shadow projected by
by the light of a million pixels

is my grandfather, hunched
over a computer monitor

a gigantic toenail. I look
like him. Everyone says

saying my nose is similar,
a reflection, a reflection.

I am him, hunched over
overnight, my hair sprouting

white, my eyes straining
to *see* past my glasses

to the horrible news –
my universe is collapsing

like words on a wet sheet
of gray newspaper in the gutter.

I remove my pens from my shirt
pocket, scattering them on the table

*I won't remember where they
where I are in the morning.*

I shake my head like my grandson's
rattle, and go into my bed

telling myself that tomorrow, tomorrow,
tomorrow, tomorrow,

tomorrow.