

The iOS Speaks
After Sandra Beasley

For a while I forgot my curves,
my birth marked structure, my worst memories.

For a while I forgot the webbing
crack.

For a while I was a child
running naked through the sand,
fireflies entering through the pads of my fingers,
an eruption shooting through my network, tumbling
longingly, out of mouths and into.
And there

I sipped on the euphoria—
a new high score, a tender
text, an early
email.

For a while I lost control
and raged. For a while I could feel
my beat.

For a while I was an icicle,
and beneath the kindness of the sun
letters tiptoed along my body

into the bed, crisp and sprung.