

I Go Cold Keyboard at End of Day

by Carl Santoro

2 a.m.
when I'm alone with you,
you and your community,
melting as one, as headphone nectar-
Lizzie, C,S,N & Y, more... please, don't dare ask who.

Your volumes of inspiration
vacuumed up into my pupils,
direct line to my thought bank
disguised as brain central.

I dab lightly,
the key board winces heavily
the monitor glows impassionately
texting while head-phoning becomes serious

Excuse me, can I now
ask to change my favorite childhood color
from green to yellow?

Could call for toothbrushes to be replaced, damn!

Can I love dead authors?
Can I love Fictionaut authors?
Are you kidding me?

The headphone/Fictionaut combo
escorts me eventually to
a quiet pillow

where I deposit words drenched in music.

