

# 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.

