

# Powerless

*by* Gary Hardaway

The screens go blank,  
the lights go dark,  
the hum and click  
of the refrigerator stop.  
The house disquiets us with quiet.  
Cooling artificial breezes of the fans  
dissipate and still.

7:23. The grid abandons us.

By 7:57, Timex time,  
the cravings hit  
for season finales,  
fresh brewed after dinner coffee,  
frozen margaritas,  
checking mail  
and deleting special offers  
from Toyota and American Express.

Electrons leave no tracks.

8:30 and our withdrawal pains begin  
in candle glow  
and late May sweat,  
unevaporated.

What fresh hell is this?

With chirp and clunk  
and green light flashes  
in the flickering dim,  
the savior surge returns.

9:17. The grid embraces us again.

