

Meander

by Karen Swartz

Things are a little out of hand. Information fills room after room after room. I have no bloody idea where I am. I have your photo, but the navigational coordinates are difficult to interpret. Where the hell are you, anyway? I don't like mazes — too much like that Greek myth. Gee, you have remarkable eyes. I'm always struck by them. I've been known to hold my breath — it seems wrong to exhale. And you smile as if the world makes you happy. I've always liked that about you, how approachable you are, how unassuming. It's adorable. Everyone says so. You don't answer emails, though, and that's a bit disappointing, a tiny imperfection. Did you know that every Persian carpet includes a flaw so as not to offend God? Did you know that you can track an IP address from an email? Of course, what do you do with an IP address? You have to be the CIA to take it farther. Do you think that artists have a divine calling? Do you think you have a divine calling? What would you call it, then? I think you are too modest, but it's a charming quality. No wonder you're so popular. Did you know that your entire life opens and unfolds like a map on the World Wide Web? Information fills room after room after room. Did I say that before? Your hair looks much better short, by the way. Long doesn't suit you. You should always keep that in mind. I've been meaning to ask — how do you decide where to break a line of poetry? By syntax? Logic? Breath? Rhythm? Or is it purely by the way the text looks on the page? That always puzzles me, where to break. The lines just want to keep going and going and turn the corner and keep going... Sometimes the words get loose altogether and it's a nightmare trying to impose order. It's brutal, what that does to me. I'm not like everyone else, you see. I'm complicated. Whimsy has its place, but can't you ever be serious? You really should be serious. This is a serious matter.

I know where you live.

