

Requiem for a Laptop

by Kevin Myrick

We spent so much time together, lying in bed and surfing the Internet, editing photos and filling my life with dreams and aspirations. You always showed me exactly what I needed to see, helped me find my voice as I typed furiously into the wee hours of the night.

But then one morning, you went to sleep and you didn't wake back up.

I don't understand what happened. I keep pushing your buttons but you won't do anything. You just lie there, cold and dead, staring back at me without any light and I feel like I'm going to cry.

"Come back, come back," I say again and again as I try, without any luck, to bring you back. "Please come back."

Alas, all is lost now, the cause is lost. This is why I use Google Docs.

