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by Rene Foran

eleven o'clock spills despair
all over our bedspread
we lie vertical,
parallel, steadfast
high definition images
bounce off windows
mirrors transmit
mini satellite feeds
across our universe
eyes, ears, souls
overstimulated,
thighs, shoulders
drenched in blue
we spoon into each other
anchored, weathering
this media storm electric
together

