

CAROL ANN DUFFY

b. 1955



Text

I tend the mobile now
like an injured bird.

We text, text, text
our significant words.

5 I re-read your first,
your second, your third,

look for your small *xx*,
feeling absurd.

10 The codes we send
arrive with a broken chord.

I try to picture your hands,
their image is blurred.

Nothing my thumbs press
will ever be heard.

2005

