

## Argonne Forsette

### "I Am Technology"

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I don't want a lover, but I'm weary of sleeping alone  
And so, it seems the seasons have changed  
The flies are all fucking  
The children are running and talking and planning their weekends  
While the raindrops explode on the pavement  
The seagulls being their long journey across the bay

I felt the clouds in my rear view mirror  
But they scaled as I drove  
They enveloped the passenger seat  
They were close enough for me to count every droplet  
That comprised their shapeless mass

I'm growing constantly more unaware of my surroundings  
On the bricks are a set of alphanumeric characters I can't read  
A girl in decoupage dreams of a shoreline  
And writing her name in the sands of its beach

They run to the fields in attempt to recover their friends  
and their fathers  
Who were lost in fistful of fires that burned up the family parish

I don't want a lover, but I'm tired of sleeping alone  
And so, it seems the seasons have changed  
The flies are all fucking

We tried to bottle Martian air  
Turns out that it was atropine  
The calm, collected anvil is dropping names  
He's jovial

They watch the paper vacillate and shift in hue, until one remains  
It then begins to sing a song  
The language in which still befogs  
Dissimulates and execrates out souls  
Until they're satiate

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