

your void

I cannot hear your
voice
—I said
your words...

yo-u come/distorted,

—I am talking to the cell-tower
I said: I cannot
hear your
voice.

I can hear your *breath* against the receiver
is it your/breath?

Where is it?
Where is...?
Your/voice

I am talking to the sat.el.lite.
better I can talk to myself.
—triangulate:
myself.

I beep.

what happened to your face?
?
I can see your pixels...
did IT
always look like that?

[click] Lost i.t.

"this is the revolution baby," I am the first against the
flat.screen

losing plasma,
so many inches

—baby u know Ima lost satellite,

[click]
I lost your voice 4 a 2nd...

Voice sounds like silica.

all that is left of her *r* pixels,

I cannot hear
—my mess-age is instant
your *voice*
sounds.like medium

I hear your SMS

an SMS
I say an *SMS*

baby this is freedom.

I am talking alone
on screen
is it night?

[click] me
you have been: id-entified.

god, it sounds like bits

—I cannot see her face
She was such a pretty.girl
but all that's left are liquid crystals

god yes/click me/
Drag me

I talk to my mobile you talk to your mobile.

...must be night I am al-one.

I am clicking you now
Come distortion!
I can *hear* your distortion!
I can hear your void,

they were once so flesh, your lips
somewhere lost in the exchange: maybe

your words are clear can u understand me
I tranceive my words—*under*-stand me,

only I hear my voice.

switch it!
Caller ID will never
block, what is your name
alone on the wire
entangled in *your cables*

[beeping]

this is the revolution—
touch the screen

I am against the medium
my back against the cathode
ray tubes—

transcode your voice,
trans-
mit your void.

does it: get *you* off
you on the screen?

every1 can see your *electrons*.

but: I cannot hear—
—it's high definition!—
your voice
I can hear your.void

sounds-like
inter-fer-
ence
gap/loss/stutter
the anticipation
I pixel.l.ate my message

You in hi def
but color-less
compressed, attenuated, sleek
sexier

are you "free enough" now?
you in SM
S
oh god

touch my bits.

I mass-age her pixels
ooh the squeal of
feed\back
the grunt of dist-ortion
glowing throbbing cables

—better the touch of the receiver
than the touch of your lips

say it 2 me
telephone
say it too beep

[click]

she
is she *is* gone.....

I understand your: words

i cannot hear your voice anymore