

## MIDNIGHT COMPUTER ●

Eva-Maria Sher

That woman in her  
blue robe  
crouched  
in the dark  
against the pale  
luminescence  
of her terminal—  
shift-deleting, shift-deleting

wireless  
often clueless  
keeping up with upgrades  
kidding  
about her yearning  
to downgrade—  
that woman, does she

(out of the corner  
of her eye)  
notice  
the fleeting  
shadow  
of her soul—  
beating its wings  
against the screen?