Glitch

By Nick Laird

More than ample a deadfall of one meter eighty to split my temple apart on the herringbone parquet and crash the operating system, tripping an automated shutdown in the casing and halting all external workings of the moist robot I inhabit at the moment: I am out cold and when my eyes roll in again I sit on the edge of the bed and tell you just how taken I am with the place I’d been, had been compelled to leave, airlifted mid-gesture, mid-sentence, risen of a sudden like a bubble or its glisten or a victim snatched and bundled out, helplessly, from sunlight, the usual day, and all particulars of life there fled except the sense that stays with me for hours and hours that I was valuable and needed there.

Source: Poetry (September 2015)