

# 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)



Nick Laird was born in County Tyrone, Northern Ireland. He writes poetry, fiction, screenplays, and criticism, and lives in London and New York.