


Y2K

By Therese Lloyd

When I was "in despair" (the dark days
when I actually used such terms)
I noticed the behavior of animals —
 sleep when tired, eat when hungry
That made a lot of sense to me
and yet I felt different
 I felt my humanness too much
No fly ever wonders whether it should make
lots and lots of maggots
 It gives birth on a mound of cat food
or inside the rubbish bin
As far as I know
it's not worried about overpopulation
or what sort of environment its kids
 will grow up in
My humanness sees me at an art gallery
 watching others
 watching walls
My humanness gives me dark thoughts
of cruel behavior
 You are in the States
a visa glitch and there you remain
 Like Star Trek, I talk to you on a screen
 your face half a second out of sync
with your speech
 I'm in the future
 my Tuesday is already over
and I want to tell you all about it
 to prove my superiority
That lovely conceit of time
 that saw people travel from all over the world
to be in Gisborne
 for the first sunrise
 of the new millennium
Remember
how we all thought the sewer pipes would burst
and the criminals would escape
or something like that
 Y2K packs sent to every household
 because no one knew for certain
 what the numbers 2000 really meant



Somewhere, people, important people
covered in bunkers
fearing the worst

Source: *Poetry* (February 2018)