

Facetime

When I sneeze, I always hold my laptop
above my head. Oh how it shakes when I do.
But I do not do what I do to seek sympathy.
If I did, I would hold it directly in front
of my nose and sneeze as though my life
depended upon it and quite naturally while
I was speaking and someone was listening
preferably on a conference call preferably
about something that affected the stability
and fate of the entire free world!

But my job is not that important.
So not that important that look:

it is a Tuesday and I am fishing
in a boat on a lake for trout in
a lake that does not have them.
All it has is a picture of a lake.
All it has it owes to laptops.



***Ricky Garni** grew up in Florida and Maine, was educated at Exeter and Duke, and has lived off and on in the Triangle since 1977. Over the years he has worked as a teacher, wine merchant, studio musician, composer and graphic designer. He began writing poetry in 1978, and has produced over forty volumes of prose and poetry since 1995. He has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize on seven occasions.*

~ *♦*♦*♦* ~

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