

TIM KAHL

Network Recovery

The man who lost the caption running beneath his photo
also lost his balance and fell down on his generation.
He couldn't be taught to speak the truth. He spoke into
a cell phone and heard the avid chatter, the organic debris,
the language—a swiped card, read from its initiated sequence
to migrate across a network trained to respond. The nodes
step across the electrical storm; a pattern survives to leave
a poisoned Manx behind on the Isle of Man. Dead gorillas lie
in piles in Ebola's backyard, but the dogs that discovered them
still stare into campfires. What lingering host is the bridge to
another human outburst? Its effigy should be burned before
the secret of its code is rerouted into the rest of the system,
into the home of a man bathed in the glare of a hanging bulb,
into the jungle where women in sarongs dry their streaming hair,
into the profile of a cross-legged wife wintering in
the Lighthouse View Motel. At dusk she retreats to
the embrace of her secure burrow where she dances in private,
her sinuous form bouncing its *chi* from antenna to antenna,
flowing to the tops of distant granite spires.