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Electricity

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Electricity

Abstract

A poem.

Keywords

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July 20, 2012

Electricity

Chris Smith

I drink electricity for breakfast and am lit up. It's the same and not the same as swallowing an entire bag of Atomic Fireballs. At every point in history someone has been breathing fire, or trying their hardest to stop the invention of the matchstick. White-hot noise transmits twilight through the hanging silhouettes inside one's rented vault. Take, for example, the heart or the empty tree in the faraway field outside my window. A dead ashtray on the vanity is tongued in fluorescence, but I don't smoke anymore because it kills. The television sits like a black hole, remaining only to take me inside. I wait for the night. I wait to become the streetlight that vacuums in all the tall buildings—the brilliance people think is worth encountering the night to see.

Chris Smith recently graduated with an MFA in poetry from Cleveland State University and the NEOMFA: Northeast Ohio Master of Fine Arts. His poem "The Classroom" won a 2011 AWP Intro Journals award and is forthcoming in *Puerto del Sol*. Other poems have appeared in *Umbrella Factory*. Formally an assistant at the Cleveland State University Poetry Center, he is currently attending the Columbia Publishing Course in New York City.