A Poem
by Rhet Lickliter

Running like slow motion under words and phrases that travel like missiles above my head, they hold onto wire. Entire conversations passing over my head, up above my reach, as high as the treetops that once were here, but had to make way for conversations, dialogues that cover great distances, across towns and states and countries. I cannot turn my head to keep up, I cannot blink my eyes, I cannot spit or whistle. I cannot break into this conversation, it is gone. I cannot break into that conversation, it is gone. It is too late to say, “excuse me . . .” They travel faster than automobiles, faster than airplanes, much faster than letters and packages. They travel like gunshots, like bullets. They take a ride. They hold onto wire. They travel like missiles overhead, guided, above the long arch of the earth.