

Catherine Fletcher

ARCHITECTONICS

How these sim-speculators persist—their towers arise
by electric starlight. Their replicating
units menace warehouses, brownstones, diners.
Hugging the rails, my train slips past them.

I yearn for the pulsing of quasars.

They track and map without consent as I struggle
to resist their invisible nets. Each step
and query's encoded, assimilated to informatiks.
Soon every mile of this city will be curated.

Only animals get lost anymore.

They've conspired to make nighttime obsolete—
every corner's illuminated.
No, the deli's not selling sleep tonight.

Across the road, a wolf peers out from a bar rooftop.
Together we search for the moon in the vanishing vista.