

JACK VIAN

Like a Mall of Moths Bereft

We are Shakespeare's moths of peace*
While our soldiers walk the poppy fields
of war, safely we pace the den of our own
darkened spheres, cumbering spendthrift
in our hearts, while nightly the silken
threads of spin bespeak the news bespoke,
and yet another keenless video clip unwinds
for naught but the tale of an iPod's canopic gleam.

For in our faultless streams, empty deserts
cohabit digitized screens, ever-pinging
the ensteeped orbs of the inter-incessant
while our rites burn without rite, neither
for word's bread alone nor the amusement's tongue,
but like the silver-faced blanks of a Blu-ray sun.

* "So that, dear lords, If I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to war
The rites why I love him are bereft of me."
—Desdemona, *Othello* 1.3

Jack Vian is currently assigned to the Mark W. Stiles Unit in Beaumont, Texas, where he continues to court the Muses, follow the Dharma, and wish for a better Yoga teacher than his own untrained mind. His most recent work has appeared or will soon appear in *Rattle*, *Colere*, *Southwestern American Literature*, and *Big Muddy*. email: jackvain.jr@gmail.com