Solarised

Alissa Quart

Our serrated landscape
written over with digits.
Dial, keloid, data, roseate.

If trees are still ‘in’
we can thumb
through not click-through.

Books are so over
though. All those chyrons
for The End. Tomorrow’s
programming is surely lethal.
We are hanging on by a high
thread count, glass
stemware of the old regime.
A room of Vrooms.
Let’s hope we’re perennial.

We are wood
cuts on a short skirt.
Van Eycks’ Altar meets
Marimekko’s sarong.
Ramulose as a library.

City trees still obscure teens,
futons and jack-offs. Shade
the elderly and their fusilli.
Can we join them?

Children steal adult’s adulthood.
Adults steal one another.