

## Tell

*by Sandy Feinstein*

Cards, or codes, close to the vest,  
not so much as a tic, or blink,  
never mind imperatives:  
“Ask Siri,” and you will receive  
baseball scores, the latest news,  
the distance between where you are  
now and food! clothing! doctors!  
Your wish is my command.

Who owns the words  
that weren't quite what was meant?  
They're someone else's unseen bet  
on access, vulnerabilities  
no law conceives  
even in the smallest print:  
we are not responsible for what  
you may forget, phone numbers,  
birthdays, what mattered (poof)  
gone midsentence  
as the cloud disperses,  
screens suddenly darken  
unmoved by touch—  
lost, dropped, maybe drowned  
just exactly where the sea  
was warm  
with unexpected sharks.