

ANN KENISTON
Unconscious Ode

it is beautiful
to touch a surface

as if there exists

an underneath
that can't be touched—

hidden, *filled*

with light of all kinds
like seeing a heart

on ultrasound, its feathery

valves opening
and closing—

a shape, aberration

or movement visible only
when something adjacent

is probed with out-of-date tools

since this artifact never
existed at all in the ordinary way,

its obsolescence built in

from the start, just
as its advocates

might have predicted.