

WYATT MCMURRY

Feed

When his face appears among the people-
you-may-know, I know the algorithm
has entered and picked me clean. A corpse

in the ground, a young man forever
in the cloud, with hair like a bushel
of castor beans, Nick smiles on and on

at me. I watched the backhoe bury him.
Liked his mother's posts. I almost
click. Does someone's stock rise a half

tick if I stalk my friend's body at midnight?
It's so easy to tease the screen's belly,
slide my nail to touch his face.