

## Where We Are

We didn't meet at a dancehall  
called *Nostalgia*, though your dress  
suggests we could have.

We have never ridden horses  
carrying torches in the night,  
but, in a different century, we might have.

Here, everything is technology.  
Here, we divide ones by zero.  
Here, the word *picket-fence* is only used ironically.

Imagine the child we won't have  
floating on a deflatable plastic raft, safe  
for now, bobbing up and down in a sine wave  
out to sea. This is where we are.

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