

OUR GOD SERVER IS ALIVE

Ode to an *inBox* of ~~Envelopes~~*mails*

(For all who have lost their marbles...)by Jeannel King

by Sol Sarratea

A box of envelopes on the floor –

An inbox of mails on the web

I want to shift them to my drawer.

I want to shift them to my protocol

I squeeze inside – there's something there!

I squeeze the client side, there's something declared!

I look inside – there's naught but air.

In web worldwide, there's thoughts to be shared

I squeeze again and marble find.

I squeeze again, and ritualize.

Is this a marble of my mind?

Is this the ritual of my mind?

Determined now, and one by one,

Determined now, and all at once,

out come the envelopes – still no plum!

checkout the mailbox, still have time !

For closer views of each, I must

For browser's view of preach, I combust

brave paper cuts and motes of dust.

shortcuts quotes that will last

In tips? Or env'lope forty-six?

In zips? Or mail forty-six?

My marble, whole, does not exist.

My ritual, wormhole, may do exist.

/*

Then coarse-grained Mother whispers, "Nell,

you keep this up, you'll go to hell!"

To which Dad counters, "Mind yer mopes!

Let Nell seek God in envelopes!"

*/

So envelopes lie all around

So mails travel all around

as I sit, vexed, upon the ground.

As I wait, for the time to round up

My marble's lost, but in my core

my ritual's repost, and in my core

could there, perhaps, be something more?a

could there be, perhaps, something to store?

For more than parts this whole has grown:

For more than parts, this goal was known

No single part doth stand alone.

New form of art was born

In parts, the marble simply mocks.

In parts, the rituals' witness box

Intact, I think, I'll keep this box.

In fact, I think, I'll use firefox.

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