

ELECTRIC MOTHER (UP AGAINST THE WALL)

by Becky Bunch

Someone; dark mysterious someone.
Chopping, slicing, sawing at my
Typewriter cord
My light cord
Now my toothbrush
And my razor
My radio!
My clock, the fiend moves on
All sound stops
Motion freezes
Images on a magic screen
Flash—gone
No more
energy
sapped
A severed cord
A million severed
Umbilical
Cords.