

[new tab]



...and i stared at that tiny green dot.

waiting for it to turn some other color
and recede back into its offline queue.
stared at his name, swirling around the letters,
it's attractive symmetry and its even dispersal of vowels.
wondering what was happening in his parallel online universe.
us both balancing our computers on our bellies,
necks at unnatural angles; blending into our chins.
it was a weeknight for him. late to be online.
but i knew he was prone to late night binging,
like me.
he'd probably already set the scene.
in bed, clean shirt, coke bottle filled with water on the nightstand.
Fifteen accumulated tabs open.
he'd always forget to close them.
but when he had enough, he would X them all,
a swift gesture of elimination,
much like in life.

he'd left this one open tonight, though,
and i saw him.