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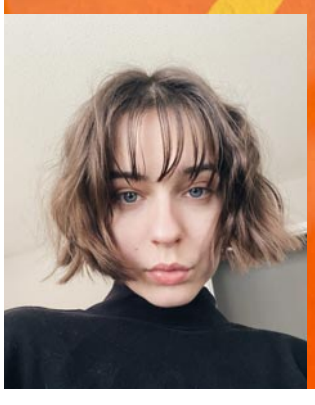
My iPhone Screen Reflects the Sunlight

We are visual, easy, expecting creatures.
Color-oriented and pattern loving, symmetry
searching and pretty girl worshiping. Dragging
our features out to meet some finish line drawn
in the sand. I am not good enough for what my eyes
expect from me, but still I capture the gasping carp of
myself, serve myself up to the hungry guests of algorithmic
perfection. All of it so bright and abundant and blinding, a beauty
manufactured, an access not granted, and all these things we can
see but not hold. I look out the window with longing. I know I am letting
the juiciest fruits rot just out of arm's reach, but how I have grown up like
a cyber crop into a digital field. Developed on the backs of the tiling and toiling
advertisements. And in this world, the animated and autogenerated
world, my curtains always end up closed for me (or on me?)
so the dark can bring out the glow of my phone
without any earthly endeavors intervening;
assuring me the only window I need is the
blackhole internet throat, swallowing
and spitting, swallowing and
spitting a slippery, obsidian
infinity into the palm
of my cold hand.

Angelica Whitehorne



Angelica Whitehorne is a writer living in Durham, NC with published / forthcoming work in Rattle, Fourteen Hills, Meetinghouse Magazine, JMWW, and Poetry South, among others. She is the author of the chapbook, The World Is Ending, Say Something That Will Last (Bottle Cap Press, 2022). Besides being a devastated poet, Angelica is a Marketing Content Writer for a clean energy loan company. You can find more of her work on Instagram at a.w.ords and on her website: angelicawhitehorne.com.