

Screen

by [Josh Dugat](#) in the [December 2022](#) issue

Every night you scan the news,
the black and white, the red, the bruise

that cannot lighten when backlit.
The battery does not relent.

You made your bed, now this mistake—
device does not a vice unmake.

It spews the day's vicissitudes.
It vies. It lets bad visions through.

Your feed has made a wound afresh
and tender now, as words make flesh.

Starved, you stuff the open sore
with more of what you read. And more.

The hours pass. You look around.
Or die for lack of what is found.