



She & He Mail (by Atom)

We are cyber hearts in the ether-lands,
With body and soul though no face;
When we talk, we speak with our hands;
@ 'email.com', that's your place

To share a thought but not see a smile,
Does somehow to me seem perverse,
As by eye I hear from you once in a while:
In the digital way we converse

My Mum and my Dad still picture the day,
That day when the two of them met.
Our moment; we only can archive away,
An image we sent on the net.

Is it right that we now have resorted to this,
From our own kind to be so remote?
To give up all hope of an eyeballer's kiss,
So no risk that our hearts might be smote.

You know not my touch of the keyboard,
Is more tender type-talking to you.
Both connection and smile become broad,
Though your voice says "new mail" not "I do"!

With a love that's by micro soft sent,
In a future whose outlook's expressed;
Do attachments mar not the detachment?
When the band that is broad's not the best?

Will only our words come together?
While are bodies are wireless apart.
Hearts firewalled; dulled by the ether,
To a love that one touch just might start.