The Wires

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THE WIRES

Electricity gathers on water, on rivers and streams. It flows like water in the wires. We hoard it in walls and cellars and weave more copper strands into the wires.

Overnight millions have been added. A bristling surge of cables spills from the walls. The air is heavily charged; the switches turn on and machines drink deep infusions from the plugs. The current expires into the wind, thrilling the darkness.

Lead runs from the fusebox; the outlet is spitting a four-inch blue flame and the cat’s fur is on end. Lights swarm on the streets; the darkness completely disappears. We feel the throb of an enormous pulse and the sea seethes with scribbled lines of force. Frontiers dissolve. It reaches the earth’s core and we throw off waves deep into space, their peaks and troughs further and further apart. The planet lights up like a star. Only the wires are left, braided into bulging veins among the dials, spreading from the main arteries where they are meshed together, crowding upward in rows into the night—and silently beating at their feet, famished for energy, your heart.