Icon

If placelessness finally reigns, it's not me, the 'merican, haunting this apartment, but my shortcut on the French-language operating system's desktop. My latest release.

My icon I click and drag behind me, a mini and memorable identity, my logo. My little DNA-infused flag to wave at the parade of interface.

My folder's full of docs. And near-copies of who I am exist invisibly on the chip. Just like in "the future."

I have to keep persuading the spellchecker it's English (US), not French (France), puh-leeze. I guard both passport and passwords. I had saved a country once to disk. It's here somewhere.

All night, the baby hard drive purrs and coos from the other room. Satisfied, we sleep. The DSL umbilicus branches into the data fields, searching for homesickness's salve and remedy.

All night, behind our slumber, tirelessly trolling the pixel-dark seas.