

# The New Criterion

Poems February 2019

## Numbers

by Richard Kenney

Seethe on silicon  
like bacterial plaques.  
Somehow they liken

to appearances.  
They have a seemliness from  
which all earth rinses.

The algorithm:  
*Elegant? Intelligent?*  
What??—a silicon

coelacanth! Log on:  
Forgot your password? Reset  
as *La0c00n*.

Unlikeness yaws thought.  
*Timor mortis* is the thought.  
That land Time forgot.

This—no mere mirror.  
Nor is an error message  
like no tomorrow.

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