You can get only so close on google earth

and it's not close enough

the birds-eye-view distorts to prismatic variations on grey, each block

could be a book, in a library where all the tomes are blank, you can only guess
at titles and the covers are permanently closed. Even so, the plots all spill over,

intersect; so I don’t know what it is I’m doing. searching google earth,

trying to find my sister. In a blurred grey dream I can almost see her,

she’s with Alexander Dumas, rewriting a post-feminist D’Artagnan, or else
beside Hector Berlioz as he composes a contemporary sub-aural carnival

She doesn’t want to tell me about her new therapist, Charcot, yes Freud’s teacher,

though this most of all seems apposite – since hysteria is their shared speciality

Why, in waking life, am I intent on finding her in that Parisian cemetery
where she now lies? As if locating her on this distant desktop, would prove

that like Snow White she sleeps a virtual sleep? I seek her out on google
earth but even as she approaches me, she distorts, is abstract once again.