

“Ten Finger Snap”
by Dynn Javier

the return we’ve all been waiting for
it’s nearly come—fleeting—will be gone
but capture it here nowhere and know
that we all can save some time for one
count on it—number hearts beating—so
constant under the moon and the sun
—locked cell phones retreating—blow
out your candles and palm wrinkles run
thank that these digits don’t overflow
wish for one perfect moment: you’re on