An Apocalypse

Timothy Liu

Chucked my cell phone
into the ocean in a move to be more

alone. Was the Palm Pilot

next, my laptop with the wireless net?
Had googled Patmos. Bought

my ticket to cross ten time zones

halfway around the world.
Coming up on forty and finally

unplugged. Tethered to a place

that would never be mine
as boatloads set out for the island

where the Apostle was said to have had

his vision. Digital flashbulbs
going off. I as guilty

as the rest awe-struck in that cave—