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## Cellphone Psychosis

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# Cellphone Psychosis

by Robert Cooperman

Today, all of Denver seems afflicted:  
the woman carrying her baby in a sling  
like a frigate's figurehead in front of her chest,  
while she goes on and on to the phone  
she grips for dear life in front of her infant,  
maybe thinking her voice droning on forever  
is even more important for her baby's  
development than playing Mozart for her;

then there's the other woman carrying  
a grocery bag in one hand, holding the phone  
she's shouting her life into, in the other,  
so rather than stop talking for two seconds,  
she karate kicks the button to change  
the light from red to green;

finally, the guy in the SUV big as a tank,  
dawdling at maybe ten miles an hour  
on a four-lane boulevard, yapping happily,  
not noticing me in the crosswalk, walking  
with the light he's ignored. I jump back  
and shout a string of Miltonic invective.

But of course the guy hasn't heart me,  
and if he did clip me, would he notice or care,  
the injustice of it all making me spit rage,

until I remember Paris last night:  
too many dead and wounded by the guns  
and bombs of terrorists, for me, ultimately,  
to care much about the blissfully oblivious.