

THE SPOON RIVER Poetry Review

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First Place*

Departing Iceland

The EC2001 Panther is a fiber optic system that transmits information over SONET (Synchronous Optical Network), video, voice, and low speed data. I wander around and around the gray, carpeted halls. No one smiles. I must be an invisible signal speeding through a conduit.

It has a flexible design, a variety of applications, compact size, software control of customer premise equipment (CPE), and carries all communications on one system. He never gets my voice-mail about leaving work early because my husband is in the hospital. No one tells him where I am.

Interactions using Panther include teleconferencing, video conferencing, security surveillance, and transmission of data. She is telling my boss about all my mistakes. Her long hair is perfect and falls below her waist. Fiber optics involve little propagation delay.

I have a project due in an hour, and I am staring at the computer screen. Snow is sifting through me, covering me, immobilizing me.

For instance, with Intelligent Vehicle Highway Systems (IVHS), if an accident or blockage occurs, remote detectors activate video cameras and relay live video feeds of the occurrence back to the maintenance position. Large billboards will then be updated with messages telling drivers to detour. At another meeting with the Personnel Director, he is telling her how inconsiderate I am and how I can't do my job. His blue eyes are like cursors, blinking, waiting to be moved. His hair is turning a steel-gray. How does the signal know which way to go when it can choose many different pathways? How does it escape this office where these descriptions of me are filed away in a personnel file?

As wireless personal communication services (PCS) become part of the automobile, messages will automatically display on the dashboard of the car. He scolds me about letting my personal life interfere with my work. I see my husband on the computer screen, tubes attached to his openings, an incision spanning the length from his breastbone to below his abdomen. It feels like I'm driving down the wrong side of the street as I drop him off at the hospital and drive on to work.

Thus, lifting either phone will cause the other to ring until it is picked up. Superior analog signals are achieved, and distortion is minimal. Ethernet can be used in a typical network and bridge different rings together. My husband lies suspended, netted, the center for a network of wires, tubes, a buzz of talking doctors and nurses. For a while I wander the hospital corridors. A scaffolding holds the new wing up outside his room. Some of my husband's friends bring me plants, keep me distracted from the empty, sheeted bed in his room.

Each building will be a separate ring, and the ethernet will act as a bridge so that anyone in one building can talk to anyone in another building. A scope follows the tunneling of his colon, finds the cancerous tissue.

Its blooms are waxy and white against a dark green. The nurses tell me to leave the room, and they close the door while they move him from the gurney to the bed. He is in a lot of pain.

There is no need for separate lines as video, voice, and data are all carried on the same line. The shelf has a backplane which is driven with a control card that can be redundant. My supervisor goes through the things on my desk when I'm not there. He tells me I can't write. When I do a good job, his mouth tightens, and I wait for the payback, the red marks all over my work, a shorter deadline for the next assignment, time made shorter and shorter.

I am turning to leave the building. I am escorted out on my last day. During the week, the people who used to talk to me pass by me in the hallway as if I'm a stranger. In addition, the EC2001 accepts either learning bridge or non-learning bridge functionality.

He tells everyone that I am a liar. He also tells them that I'm not strong enough. EC2001 allows CAPS to access the "super information highways" offered by telephone companies.

Higher bandwidth like token ring and ethernet allows for many data protocols at once. I leave when we are in the middle of an air-traffic-control project for an airport in Iceland. I imagine him there, wind and snow whistling past him, his blood turning to ice crystals, his nervous system frozen, shut down, his eyes ice-blue lakes.

My husband awakens from his long sleep, opening his green eyes, and I touch his warm forehead. His warmth shoots up my arm, and my ice casings crash to the floor.