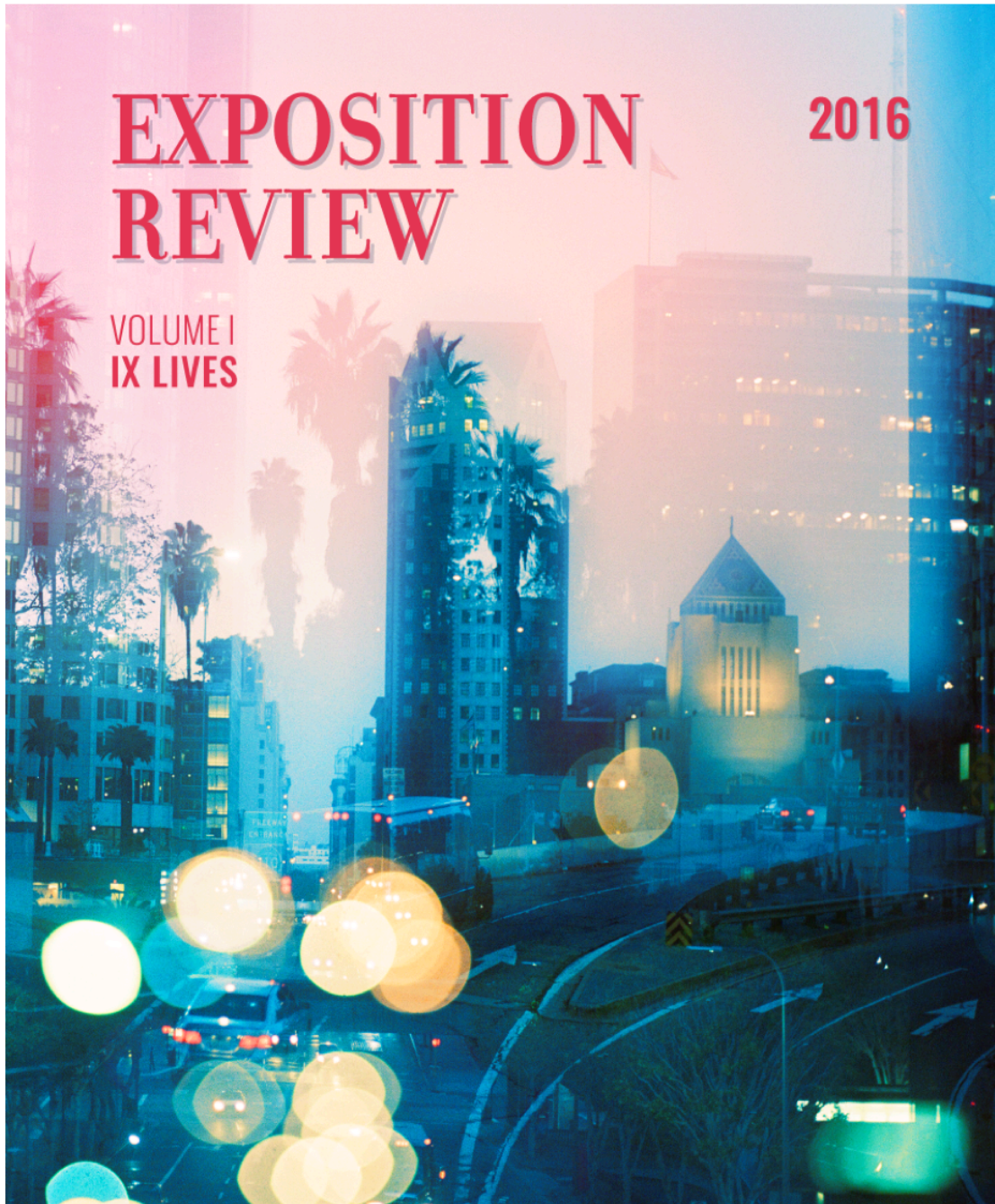


# EXPOSITION REVIEW

2016

VOLUME I  
IX LIVES



# Roaming

by Robert Jackson

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My phone has a life of its own.  
It takes time off,  
relaxing for a few hours  
at the hotel bar where I left it,  
watching the talking heads  
on TV spew thoughts about baseball,  
or eyeing the maraschino cherries,  
wondering how to tie the stems into knots  
hands-free.

Once it spent a morning with the avocados  
in the produce aisle at the local Kroger.  
“My people come from Puebla,”  
said one pock-marked fruit,  
“but I’m from San Diego.”  
“I’d like to go there sometime,” it answered.

And it does, filtering my texts  
and messages, clearing my calendar  
so that when I’m called to a meeting in La Jolla, I’m free.  
“The nearest airport is Lindbergh Field,”  
it tells me, “only 15 miles from the Mexico border.”  
Over the next few days,  
pictures of red turrets and mahogany scenes  
from the Babcock and Story Bar at the Hotel del Coronado  
pop up in ads on my screen.  
There’s even a text to buy tickets  
to the Fallbrook Avocado Festival.

Yesterday I left it again,  
this time at the fly-fishing store  
on the seat of a kayak.  
A folded fleece jacket placed a sleeve  
over its black case in comfort.  
“Where are you from?” my phone asked warmly.  
“Patagonia,” the jacket answered.  
“Hmmm,” the phone said. “That would be nice.  
May I take your picture?”

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Robert Jackson is a Stanford professor whose most recent poems were published or are forthcoming in *Southwest Review*, *Boston Literary Magazine*, and *Avocet*. He has also published two books of children's poetry with the Highlights magazine group (*Animal Mischief* and *Weekend Mischief*) and has read his poetry on National Public Radio.