

*The Mobile Phone's Prayer*

When I am done,  
when all my texts and thumbs  
and minutes have expired,

then take from me my spent silicon  
and make of it the calcium of sea-shells  
on a beach that knows no footprints;

and lay me on that distant shore  
so that I may be an ear turned to eternity  
and the soft mouthings of oceans.

*Gareth Alun Roberts*