

## DOWNLOADABLE

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As technology becomes us,  
We morph technology.  
I would choose:

Not to be Christmas or a birthday

Not to have a package sent to me  
by my aunt who passed away a decade ago,

Or to know that the deep compassion of most nurses  
cannot be downloadable.

I would like  
Not to be under the scanner at a K-Mart,

Or be a dog walked out of obligation by a friend of a friend.

It would be smart to say:  
“This part of me I can sell on the Internet:  
My left brain on Craigslist, my right brain on eBay,  
A piece of my heart on eHarmony  
The sweetness I still hold at Krispy Kreme,  
Or Mighty O  
The cookbook in me could be sold as a separate object by amazon.com.”

And I would give my herbal advice to a healer at Bastyr,  
and they would know that I was a reader of people—  
a voyeur of café visitors:  
une personne inadaptable.

My unsightly chaos and the dialectical crisis I once provoked  
I would give away to 1-800-Pick-Me-Up Seattle.

My depression would be researched by the University of Washington,  
and those pictures of me in my office where I look happy  
I would give away  
to Sunday schools,  
or benefit auctions on Google.

My voice I would send back to California  
because it is deemed too loud here.

So sorry I am not downloadable, dismissable, disenfranchised.

There surely will be someone, somewhere in Seattle, who will clean out my park,  
garden my thoughts, know how to put a picture of my essence somewhere on  
an art pole,  
eternalize the tree I come from.

But yet perhaps, unable to package my essence  
“Not downloadable.”