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Authors	Gilson, Jools
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cyber book

This is my special cyber-book.

I know this because it's

got glitter on it

and it's very small.

When I write in it,

I'm already

writing secrets

small cyber secrets

that I'll not tell you,

but it's alot of stuff

about digital implants

recipes for quiet cyber-sex

things I've just found out

and secrete here away from you.

I know things about circuit boards

I've got it right here,

I've found partial routes

and hoped-for visions here,

I've longed for irony,

and found it sitting hopefully

on interfaces.

What designs I have on you.

My inner thigh

is bruised,

but it will heal.

The tiny wires meet my veins

precisely,

exchange blood for charged electrons.

I am not plugged in but en-meshed.

In detail.

There is still blood

clotted along the outer edges of the tiny board,

but once it's skin meshes with mine,

I will be healed.

I show it to close friends,

at some intimate hour,

I watch them peer,

and find it a little curious,

and notice the air quieten.

I know you expect a change,

some result

or reason.

Here secreted in my blue sparkle book.

But I couldn't

tell you.

Jools Gilson-Ellis

tongue

one tongue for tasting
and another for speaking
There's no fork here,
just two.
I know you'd like a tale of natural and synthetic,
or a tale of splitting and engorging,
but I've only something
more confusing.
There are two tongues here,
one for tasting
and one for speaking.
It's true there are tiny
thread-wires
spun throughout,
and speaking has a greater range,
and tasting too,
But I could not tell you which was first,
which she was made with,
which she made herself.
But I will tell you
there are two tongues
one she had
and one she made herself.
But who's to say
which was first.
The design is creative
but intelligent.
Each will move up or down and lie still
if the other is on high.
But there are other times,
where silicon muscle webs
work on oral opera.
She has two tongues,
and sometimes uses both
to her advantage.
Somehow her widened
taste-buds
shot with pixels,
improve her speaking tongue
and the two articulate their differences
with skilled co-ordination.
To see her speaking with her mouth full
is a fine thing-
little irridescences here and there
light the half-light in murmurs,
And she is
a wonderful
lover.

Jools Gilson-Ellis