

## ars facsimile

*Brandon K. Liew*

words are,  
    in the age of  
    the printing press  
perfectly  
reproduced, and infinitely  
reproducible  
    in the age  
of the  
    computer processor,  
instantly           transferrable  
perpetually        pasted.

I consist only  
of words;  
                    what is left of me to say?

I am a poem  
*when I say*  
I am a poem.

until then,  
                    facsimile.