

On the Death of Pikachu

*Red circles on cheeks
Gold from electricity
Have lost their bright hue.*

*A weather-vane tail
Shaped like a lightning bolt
No longer foretells.*

*Upon forest floors,
Raw berries unforaged for
Remain untender.*

*Entwined in treetops,
Wire reams hungry for power
Are never consumed.*

*Twenty-one cycles
For five fingers and three toes
Amount to nothing.*

*Into fields of grass,
Thunderstorms' searing static
No more burns its mark.*

*For sparkle and squeak
Will never again grace us:
Pikachu is dead!*

Nicholas Vines