

If I Knew the Code

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Before computers, before bytes and bits,
we conversed in code using dahs and dits.
This old Morse Code was great in its day
but “user friendly” was not its forte.
You could only read the message sent
if you knew the code and what it meant.

Then Western Union changed all that one day.
Soon English was in and codes were passé,
since telegrams had no dah dah dit dah,
just words and greetings and other hoopla.

The next to appear was the telephone.
You could simply talk while sitting at home.
No reading needed, you merely said *hi*.
Your message was sent, then came a reply.
The very best way for us to converse.
But then suddenly we turned for the worse.

Along came texting – once more we must read
and typing again, it’s backward indeed.
This new way to talk, it seems quite perverse,
instead of progress we’re now in reverse.
And would you believe each word now is coded?
I thought by this time that codes were outmoded.
There’s TTYL, CU, G2G,
all of these ciphers – mean nothing to me.
I could understand what the message meant
if I knew the code, that was being sent.

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