

The Cracks Between My Keyboard Keys

by Karen Eileen Sikola

In an era of technological advances, it would seem engineers could design a keyboard resistant to the detritus that begins to collect between keys, that unholy sheathe of dust and dead skin particles collecting at the base of my "P." Perhaps, though, keyboard designers are on to something. In a time when screens have replaced pages and keys pens, these crumbs become our individual histories, the falloff of salt and vinegar residue from the Cape Cod potato chips I ate during my lunch break while typing, "Thank you for the idea, Danny Goodman," and, "Sorry I didn't review post-it sizes."

