

SPIRAL WELD

a robot love song

Thoughts play dodgems in my electric head,
the antennae pull my diodes^[L]_[SEP]
to the light of a neon smile.^[L]_[SEP]
Gears whirl, transistors glow,
my heart sparks at the image onscreen;
circuits smoulder.^[L]_[SEP]
I switch to locomotion^[L]_[SEP]
and cross the divide,
to harness the machine I love.
I tap her power,^[L]_[SEP]
find the switch.^[L]_[SEP]
soldering mechanical hearts
together in electrical bliss.

Rupert M Loydell