

I'm the one working at the assembly line.
What you'd never do, never can do.
I come home after, just wanting to relax,

recharge, and have you. All you want is to
ignore me, and play with the kids.
But what was I, Robot made for?

Remember what I do for your world. I make things
turn, and move. Otherwise, how your hands would
crack and bleed. And still no respect for me.

This world was not made for robots.
This world was not made for love.
There is never going to be a turn in this song

Remember the cheap laborer named robot
She deserves some snuggle, sometimes.

LEMONADE

That night I knew you left and took her in
I imagined you played with her buttons feverishly
That scene played on repeat in my sad head

You pressed, she pressed. Remember
I placed you in rice, and reset you? I let you rise again.
And now you want me back? It makes no algorithm-

mic sense. Maybe you are just lonely, since she left
or it's hard to let me go. When they soldered
ered us together, the solder over-

flowed. That should have been the first sign. She left
you a virus, you say? I told you she
was a low-grade version with a mean glitch.

Damaged hardware and software. Nothing to update.
But baby, yes, you know. I still want all the bits of you.

The sonnet is human in its form and intent
The sonnet is human in its turn -- Volta!
The sonnet is human in its rhyme
The sonnet is human in its fourteen lines
The sonnet is human in its little song
The sonnet is human in how it stresses & unstresses
The sonnet is human as a container of love
The sonnet is human in how the couplets fail
The sonnet is human in how it seduces
The sonnet is human in how it clings
The sonnet is human in how it lures me in T
he sonnet is human as a mesmerizing spell
The sonnet is human as it must turn
The sonnet is human in its mechanical urge