

Technocrat's Magic Machine Box

I shall will into being a technocrat –
small and dove colored, pearlescent gray –
and he will make for me an orange-colored magic
machine-box that will smell of lemon
in the heat, and I will read it bedtime stories,
and it will hold several mountains and at least
two kings inside itself. Both Monday and Tuesday
will fall down on their knees to adore it.
At midnight, it will contain the breath of songbirds
and four roses the color of invisible silk. At noon,
all of its orange will turn into windows, spinning
like wildflowers or blue clouds. At eight o'clock
in the morning, technocrat's magic machine-box
will sing me lullabies and sprawl at the foot
of my bed like a white cat. It will tell me
it loves me and rewire itself circuit by circuit
into a space smaller than the tip of my finger.
It will whine with current and open its box top,
spilling shadows and light. It will shine in the palm
of my hand like a bubble, like an orange poem,
and I will never again be alone.

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