

X Æ A-Xii

By Nada Elmahdi

Mail me a coloring book of black and white,
In a delivery drone.
I know the one who flies them,
They sit in an office alone.
They make the drones buzz,
As they are our new bees,
There is not much else to hear,
They are the only sound we see.
For we are born skin and bone,
And go on to serve metal clones,
Because that is what now feels like home.
Metal men are my friends,
And I hug all of them,
As I count condolences to all that no longer exists.
Days I feed oil to the Gods,
Nights I hold my heavy heart,
Hoping that the gears will stop.
They have taken our limbs and our jobs,
But they cannot automatize the heart,
So I stand before and labor on.
The spine of my coloring book has broken,
And I continue to live.