

Fantasy and Science Fiction

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Robot Lonely

His springs are now run down,
Aligning out of whack,
There is a seam of rust runs down
His tertiorillium back.

No one now will polish him,
Will re-electron tonic him,
Will micro-tune or furbish him
Or switch his feedback back.

To this his fortune's come:
Worn out, dilapidated,
Whose camshaft was of chrome
Whose gears were nickel-plated.

LEONARD WOLF