

i had this game: rabbit / robot

on solo strolls i had this game. whatever drew
my eye, i'd ask it

rabbit or a **robot?**

pre-Uni, pre-Y, to pass the time and sublimate my
mind i'd ask it

rabbit or a **robot?**

old or new, evolved or made, organic or synthetic?
tell me shiny mailbox with the R2D2 head, art u a

rabbit or a **robot?**

u, squirrel, and u the tree she spirals up so
typically, a

rabbit or a **robot?**

CN Tower faraway, winking over wharf & lake, a

rabbit or a **robot?**

every thing is just itself, an lsd anomaly -
yet set in its environs.

every thing itself, thus i get curious re its
purpose & its origins.

if Paley's right, stone, too, is crafted - by
the Watchmaker! every Term, a hand shoots up to
state this complication: the line elides, the
stone & watch Dichotomy destabilizes.

first sent out in juvenile pining. an inward OM
that always met the black back of eyelids -
proxy for the outer dark, the cosmic night.

a dozen years later, saw a sprawling in the
nebulae, a Face saying Hi.

the child's inner probing thus redounds to the
stars! a comm-link, from local to the far!

these metal Ts of old: tall among the spindly
pines & hydro poles.

high spars glimmer in the light of stars above &
home below.

Italians put them up to take in tv's first
variety shows. a weekend's happy labor in the
post-war economy. proud of heart, mindful of
Sinatra & Marconi.

they're up because it's how much for a SkyJack plus
a permit from the City, then disposal? and talking
to the neighbors - maybe keep it.

