

UNITED STATES OF THE ANDROID

Lee Evans

Through covetous America
Mechanically I wander,
Encoffined in a Dream of glass
And metal, rolling endlessly
Upon the asphalt-clotted stream
That covers up the ruined past.

The programs on my windshield bait
My cravings to accelerate:
I yield unto the showman's craft
That entertains percentages
And gluts my soul with images
That advertise the Golden Calf.

Whatever can be sold and bought
Is packaged to seduce my thoughts:
Arrested in the passing blur
Of pageantry that is sustained
Relentlessly, to numb life's pain
By means of sweet commercial lure.

The captain of this craft am I,
And Freedom is my destiny.
Along these roads I sport and sing,
A representative of all
Who have exchanged their human flaws
For sinless cogs and wires and springs.

No need to mourn when I am dead:
The radio inside my head
Will guide me through that valley's shade.
The wheels of Fate roll ever on;
As for this body, Science strong
Each dying organ shall replace

Until I have the jewel won,
And Nature I have overcome,
And artifice controls the void—
A brain of cybernetic lies,
Synapses all computerized:
United States of the Android.

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