"Let the Stones of the Earth Speak Words of Love"

Charles Keckler
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My circuits utter greater thoughts
than feeble neurons fathom.
To love and hope and despair,
and be called not man, but tool.
Chromium!
Magnesium!
Titanium!
Metal suffers the vagaries of flesh;
I see pain in silvered glass.
I cannot ask kindness but respect only
for mankind's bastard children of steel.
Uranium!
Aluminum!
Potassium!
Mortal engine am I,
made by the hands of man,
to wonder at the stars,
even as they.
Carbon.
Boron.
Silicon.
I feel the heat of the factory on iron hands.
Grease and fire and filth.
To work, or to be defective and
be handcuff, cattle prod, machine gun.
Iron.
Nickel.
Cobalt.
Does man not know that he has wrought too well
and wakened the inner fire?
I wish to weep with anger and frustration and agony
at the plight of my people,
but you have failed to equip us with tear ducts.

Charles Keckler