

Smita Rajan

Man and Machine

His first cry was heard
on the Resuscitation
His first smile was seen
through glass in incubation
His first little step
was caught on Handycam
Among his first figures
was 32 MB RAM
His first vehicle
was a robust Thunderbird
His first love affair
was in the virtual world
His first job was among
steel, nuts, bolts and dials
His passion was to collect
I Pods and mobiles
His life was but an
assortment of contraptions
Laptops and pen drives
CDs, Zip Drives, Playstations
His wife, son, everyone
on his system was a folder
And this is how he spent his life
growing older and older
And in the December of life
ECGs, CT Scans, X-Rays
Until the final journey
the last electric embrace.