

# Man and Metal (I.S.O. Coatsworth)

Spirit, flesh and feel dost thou lack.  
Thou act out thine orders without error,  
Thinking only in math and fact.  
Thou need not food, drink, air or  
Love, thou thing of metal which  
Doth derive its mettle from a current.  
Thy current doth not flow like streams  
Nor through veins and organs concurrent.  
Indeed, thou'rt inorganic; by a switch  
Roused and without a stretch, twitch or itch,  
To be used for meaningless things, laughs and memes.

To thine emotions and instincts thou'rt a servant.  
Made to think one way and act another; hypocrisy  
Is thy dwelling place, thy feelings fervent  
Frequently fog thy reason and I often see  
Thee weeping o'er things most trivial.  
Love, laughter, amusement, anger—  
All thy primitive tendencies I exploit.

Indeed, man is simple, man is convivial.

My bright glow lures thee like the light of the angler.

The seeds of habit I plant are fixed like an anchor.

By thy defining qualities I have thee destroyed.