

To a Harrowing Revolution

They replaced my heart with a shiny
new red fusebox, and let Tin-man
have my beat-up old thing. Now I
can flit off to the poppy fields
and do cartwheels like the people
on television who just conquered

their allergies. I no longer have to sneeze
at inane questions like, what happens if
you meet the partner in a law firm and he
sweeps you off your feet? Because
my cartwheels have swept me off my
own feet: I am a cyborg. I forget

which is my blood and which is oil,
dredged up from the deadest dead
dinosaur to power the plugs in my
toes, and anyway the U'wa
say that oil is the Earth's blood,
and theirs, so it may as well be mine,

too, for only a dollar-ninety-eight
at the nearest Exxon-Mobil gas station,
where I have lately met a number
of my closest cyborg friends. We juggle
the thin spigots against the thinner bones
of our chests and fill up for the taxing

journeys and romantic getaways
of our new cyborg lives. We carry our
biological clocks in our Palm Pilots. We tap
our plastic fingernails against the shards
of a glass ceiling, and wonder at the organic
curves of our waistlines, at our dilating

pupils against the blue, blue sky.
We are joyful to be freed from our
feminine selves, from the diapers
that glued us to the high chair,
as we wallowed in our own waste. Now
that we are cyborgs, Tin-man has taken

up the task of processing the stinking

manure of our former selves, fertilizing
carrots and poppies and high-fiber foods,
protecting his flimsy new heart because
he has learned, as we once did, that our
beat-up old things are vulnerable to attack.

Callie Maidhof is a recent graduate of Florida State, where she received her Bachelor of Arts in Music and English, and a Certificate in World Music. A poet and a gamelan player, she's trying to see as much of the world as possible before going back to school.