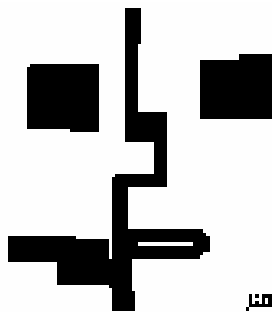


# TECHNO-MAN

I'm plugged in. wiggled out. logged on.  
To the wall.  
Brain-wired  
Through windows of intercyber space  
Tele-marketed on airwaves of  
High-tech no resolution  
Toastered in a micro-waved oven  
Ears popped corn-wise  
My electric eyes spin in sockets  
Juiced like a jingled julep  
Sucked through the jargon  
Of video laser loserlips  
Played for a lackey  
By big no-name hucksters who think  
I have no will of my own.  
But if I pull the plug  
Now  
Will self and soul re-boot  
Or just be  
(Deleted).



## ODE TO AN ENDANGERED SPECIES

Will you not leave us here too long  
We have not paid attention  
To squander the best of the world  
A pity we do not understand  
Ourselves  
No more you fly in the wind  
No more the buoyant ripples on a pristine pool  
The splash of color in a worn-tore land  
No more  
The survivor's sad lament  
But no weeping will there be when  
Your perfect, singular form  
Vanishes  
The muted salting of a wounded Earth  
And all that is and all that ever was will  
In some way be  
Diminished  
For the loss, though unnoticed  
Will be recognized  
In the stillness of eternal night.