



The Robots are Coming

By Kyle Dargan

with clear-cased woofers for heads,
 no eyes. They see us as a bat sees
 a mosquito—a fleshy echo,
 a morsel of sound. You've heard
 their intergalactic tour busses
 purring at our stratosphere's curb.
 They await counterintelligence
 transmissions from our laptops
 and our blue teeth, await word
 of humanity's critical mass,
 our ripening. How many times
 have we dreamed it this way:
 the Age of the Machines,
 postindustrial terrors whose
 tempered paws—five welded fingers
 —wrench back our roofs,
 siderophilic tongues seeking blood,
 licking the crumbs of us from our beds.
 O, great nation, it won't be pretty.
 What land will we now barter
 for our lives? A treaty inked
 in advance of the metal ones' footfall.
 Give them Gary. Give them Detroit,
 Pittsburgh, Braddock—those forgotten
 nurseries of girders and axels.
 Tell the machines we honor their dead,
 distant cousins. Tell them
 we tendered those cities to repose
 out of respect for welded steel's
 bygone era. Tell them Ford
 and Carnegie were giant men, that war
 glazed their palms with gold.
 Tell them we soft beings mourn
 manufacture's death as our own.

Poet Bio



Kyle Dargan was born in Newark, New Jersey. He earned his BA from the University of Virginia and MFA from Indiana University, where he was a Yusef Komunyakaa fellow and poetry editor of the *Indiana Review*. Former managing editor of *Callaloo*, Dargan is also the founding editor of the magazine *Post no Ills*. He is the Director of Creative Writing at American University and lives in Washington DC.

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Of course you are polyethnic, your look does not change...

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