

NICOLAS HUNDLEY

---

*Fathering the Machine*

I filled it with stones because stones gave it weight. Sponging it with a tenderness reserved for flesh, I elicited only rust. I could tell by its cheerful expression it was too stupid to be of any use. I rocked it in my arms, and, unable to shoulder its girth, buckled. I dressed it up, put it in a dress, a bonnet; alternately, an ascot, tailored it a boxy blazer. I made it atomic, anatomic, altruistic, removed that glitch, gave it a disposal. I gave it a stutter, a stammer, an oral fixation, a trick lens, one appendage shorter than the other, each successive appendage suffering from the same affliction. I gave it a gear box, a fuse box, a black box, a glove box, a wallet, a prophylactic. I gave it fear, fear and a public education, humility and ironic detachment. I gave it a name, I renamed it, rotated its nomenclature based on whim. I retooled it, untooled it, couldn't remember the original tooling. I treasured it, teased it, raised it by hand, undermined its self-worth through manipulation and emasculation. I touched it affectionately, rarely, inappropriately. I thought it to so resemble me in its making, I went about its unmaking.