

MY GRANPA

(Inspired by the cover of Foreign Policy Sept/Oct 2011)
By, Richard Tornello © 2011

Shiny, silvery loving and strong.
Carbon fiber, aluminum, titanium,
controlled nano-chipped-face-flushed.
That's my granpa.

Bio rhythms, any color he feels, he is,
Today silver, later green, red..
or almost invisible cloaked,
only his voice spoken,
hide and seek, then time for bed.

He reflects the sun so bright,
the moon the stars at night,
The trees in the forest,
cars go by.

My Granpa, I hold his finger silver as we walk.
I'm pinkish and in the sun too long, brown.

He talks about today, tomorrow, and yesterday
He's very old they say;
you'd never know,
new shiny-bright, silvery, his face smiles.
Only his eyes
if you look closely do you begin to see,
they show something else again.
I ask but the answer I get,
"Living long does that," makes no sense to me.
But Granpa, he's there, not like dad or mother,
like me!

He said he accepted the mods, one of the first.
He looks down at me and whispers
in my ear, a tickle of a sound,
"hybrid, human brain and bot."
I look up to him a lot,
He's still my Granpa is he not?

So what's all the talk about?

I may be young but I wonder
what all the changes do:
Chipped and flesh,
how do they mesh?
I can't wait until I get my turn
to choose:
A hybrid human being chipped
like Granpa and then me?

We know, and as others
follow,
suited up fine, the same,
hybrid, thoughts of evolution.

Just the next steps in the mud.