

I'm Waiting

by Gary Hardaway

I'm waiting for that brave new drug
that fuses nanotech and bioengineering:
a kick-ass, smart vaccine,
resident in lymph and marrow,

replication-capable, mimetic,
artificially intelligent, with ROM
and RAM enough
to sense the body's every need.

Mutations on demand
to pump up serotonin levels,
gobble HIV, psoriasis,
and syphilis, metabolize asbestos,

tars and PCB's. All carcinoma
would be hors d'oeuvres
for its dark appetite.
It couldn't handle trauma, though-

the newest swarms of killer bees
from Glockes and military contraband
would rip us still; Ferraris
wrapped around Black Forest oaks

could pinch us still and bungees, snapped,
would splat us flat as EKG's
at Parkland, New Year's Eve.
We wouldn't give up death

as buzz or aphrodisiac. Just think-
it could be wireless, phoning in our vitals

monthly, faxing tallies of salvations
into profit-swollen HMO's.

Just wait. The future will be grand.

