

# My Heroes Now Are Robots

*by* Gary Hardaway

Not the kind that look like us,  
except with shiny faces  
like the girl's in Lang's Metropolis,  
but like the ones that go for us  
to places that would kill.

Voyager, for example,  
with its odd, etched, intergalactic  
love note, falling now  
through interstellar dark  
looking, looking,  
until its power dies  
in 2025 or so.

Or Curiosity, its crazy  
synchronized gymnastic  
landing nailed on Mars,  
ready soon to assay the soil  
for time that time forgot.

I now aspire to be  
a happy, valiant robot,  
a far-flung drone alone.

I understand why Warhol said  
"I want to be a machine."  
Forget this sorry clay.  
I want metallic sheen,  
something to repel  
the lethal cosmic ray.  
So give me skin of tough titanium

and a gut of pure plutonium  
and send me on my way.

