

# Uncanny Valley, Goodbye

by Scott A. Nicholson

When not enough is left to utter  
The syllables it takes to say,  
Goodbye--  
Disassembled and developed,  
Laid upon the ground,  
Like the girded gridlock  
On your smog befitted brow...

Goodbye.

And what if I said, hello?  
What if I said, good day?  
Would it change your sunken body  
And repair your sullen clay?

Your borrowed whispers,  
Stolen, used, and pawned-off ways.

And in the middle of the murk  
In some forgotten, shackled watts,  
You sing in requiem for all the memories forgot,  
With bloody eyes for virgins buried  
To the consequences wrought,  
And shut your eyes  
Beneath the oceanic sky.

So long, little sugar-- We promise it was fun  
You may not even remember us-- Or whether it was really worth a  
fuss  
But hold on to your shoulders-- Before you sprout those wings  
The days that passed-- Are only days that last  
So long as they begin

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A Dahlia Llama on Muholland Drive  
Once confessed to me with cardboard sign,  
It didn't matter what the price was paid  
If it concluded in a deal.

Will fuck for food.  
Will fuck for money.  
Will fuck it all, the fucks are funny.

She laid upon cement  
Once coveted by creeks  
And wondered what her lower torso  
Had managed to collect  
From stillborn dreams,  
Parties missed,  
And a lifetime of neglect.

So long, little sugar-- We promise it was fun  
You may not even remember us-- Or whether it was really worth a  
fuss  
But hold on to your shoulders-- Before you sprout those wings  
The days that passed-- Are only days that last  
So long as they begin

When not enough is left to  
Reassemble what was left  
Of tiny fragments left  
To trickle down the leaning left  
And right the wrongs of those who left--

You who were so beautiful,  
So clean,  
Were flowers picked over by all those vile,  
Designed so elegantly to defile.

Those lacerations and your broken bones  
Are mere results from all your stubborn charm;  
A lip split open from the bite of crazed desire  
By all your insane dolls  
With nothing left but to admire  
The preciseness of it all.

So long, Uncanny Valley...

Uncanny Valley, goodbye

