

The Boy Least Likely To Is A Machine

The Boy Least Likely To

I made a machine
Called The Boy Least Likely To.
It feeds me shortbread biscuits,
And it makes my little dreams come true.

It thinks for me,
And everything I used to do it does for me,
It's made of aluminum,
And it runs off pencil batteries.

I know that it makes me happy,
But something about it frightens me.

I made a machine
To make my life easier,
But it's made it more complicated
Than it ever was before.

I programmed it
To simulate the feelings that I used to get.
It reads me bedtime stories,
And it makes me feel human again.

It doesn't have to understand
What it's doing,
And it does everything
A human being can.

It stores my thoughts and feelings
In its database.

I tell it things,
When I'm feeling sad.
Sometimes it the only
Real friend that I have,
And that's what makes me sad.

I made a machine
Called The Boy Least Likely To.
It has lots of switches and buttons,
But I don't know what they do.

I know it can't
Understand the intricacies of my heart,
But when I cuddle up to it
It comes to life in my arms.

I know that it makes me happy,
But something about it frightens me.