

Au, Revoir, Mr. Mercury

Brazil

Mr. Mercury, (U.S. patent No. 55453xx54), a cast iron steam machine,

Made the morning tea for the Admiral Gabardine

Went out on an errand but came back too late

The runabout was idling behind the gate

Mr. Mercury, his dials and his springs,

Set out for Mr. Quick (U.S. patent No. 353480723x0894)

By following the oil slick

“Mr. Mercury,” he asked, “Why did they all leave? Could it be I wonder, a strange disease? Because everybody's gone, the house is empty and the silence is killing me.”

She was overheard and the city streets were dead

They heard a soft alarm that was set by Mr. Arm (patent pending)

“Mr. Mercury,” he asked. “Why did they all leave? Would they be, I wonder, all overseas? Because everybody's gone, the town is empty and the silence is killing me.”

“I believe we are through if no one tells us what to do,” said Mr. Arm.

“That's what automata do.”

“Follow me,” answered Mr. Mercury. “I will take you to the admiral. He will tell us what to do.”

You can thank Smythe and Tinker for your curious demeanor. (He is a patented Marvel) They no longer linger, but he knows he'll be alright.

Are you getting existential in your clockwork differential? (He's a patented Mechanical Marvel!)

“Our serial numbers are etched in our thumbs. Send someone who could us a good Automaton! We are alone.”

And so it was.

“Mr. Mercury, there's not much use for us three. I'll turn your On switch Off if you'll do the same for me. Because everybody's gone, the world is empty and the silence is killing me.”