

HARRIS

<click>

One day in the Paris
Of planet Polaris
I overtook Harris
On my tiny Putty

Now be very wary
I'm careless entirely
Coz
On planet Polaris
There is no day

Polaris is just one
Of a thousand charismas
That circle around
A star named May

Its sunny all over
No, starry all over
A zillion times brighter
Than the Milky Way

This happened in Paris
Of the planet Polaris
In the mid of its summer
In the June of May

Now Harris was a mender
Supposed to be tender
But quite an offender
In a nasty way

He drove an Audoodi
Rompey and flutey
Showy and fruity
Made of clay

Now dont give a start
May's every part
Was diamond at heart
It had no clay

But people, you know
Really loved it so
They covered Polaris with
Synthetic clay

Their homes were of clay
Their rooms were of clay
Their flooms were of clay
Beautiful clay

On this diamond of May
In the dazzle of day
A soft thing like clay
Was coveted today

Everything was nano
Could be conjured in one-oh
Or two-oh short fractions
Of a second in May

No substance was needed
No circuits were needed
Nothing to show
Nothing to play

So we mocked up an earth
Where every Thing that was
worth
Having around
We had of clay

Harris wasn't mild
Signaled like wild
Pulled up in front
Blocked my way

"Hey what's it Pappy"?
Harris wasn't happy
Became very snappy
Began to say

"Your Putty was too fast"
The airflow caused a blast
My lovely Audoodi
Was blown away

"Is that so, liar?"
"Did it also catch fire?"
Coz
I see it standing there
Fine as day!

"You smashed its bumper"
"Oh really, you Clunker?"
Coz
I see it intact
Shining away!

Now you and I see
His ego, not me
Was the problem really
What can I say?

In May, it happens so
All menders we know
Have a faulty ego
No fix, they say

This went on for some time
No rythm and no rhyme
I started my Putty
"Out of my way!"

To his great delight
At this chance to fight
He began algorithming
Smirking away

Extremely annoying
He started deploying
His echo routine
With double delay

"Look here Buster"
"You look here Buster"
"You look here Buster"
I heard him say

"Watch it, you Tincan"
"You Watch it, Tincan"
"You Watch it, Tincan"
His tone a bray

"Get off it, you Buster"
"Ok, my Sister"
I punched at him, which he
Dodged with a sway



This day on Polaris
I'd had enough of Harris
I started my Putty
Moved away

Now all would've been fine
Had this ball of slime
Not jammed his Audoodi
In instant waylay

He gesture-kinected
thought-directed
his stupid Audoodi
to block my way

His rear fender shattered
My left limbs clattered
On the road and my Putty
Crumbled to clay

Now on planet Polaris
This nincompoop Harris
Is the only one mender
They keep in bay

I clicked my attender
It sent me to a mender
I saw Harris render
It mute rightway!

Meanwhile a cleaner
Appeared over thin air
Swooshed up the debris
Thinned it away

With the one hand that I had
I clicked on my h-pad
Thought-lifted back home
And there I lay

Testing for two days
Schemas and codelays
To make Harris mend me
Get back in sway

Finally I had it
The tester confirmed it
The green light didn't flicker
At all today

At the brink of midmorning
when Harris was charging
his memory, emotion
I called his bay

I got an appointment
To his great disappointment
Instantly on the hour
(hour of May)

"You attacked my default!"
"Sure! Swallow that with salt!"
"And what might that mean?"
"Just do as I say"

Grumbling he fixed me
Tried to nix me
By fixing a rotor
To my left array

Now on Planet Polaris
I was a Ciaris
Smarter than Harris
In a c-Merkel way

Ciaris are makers
Designers, creators
Of self-thought emotors
For all of May

Faster than humans
Deeper than humans
Stronger than humans
All the way

Without a Ciaris
Planet Polaris
Would be for all time
Bleaker than Cray

May would be keeling
With machines, unfeeling
No life, nor progress
Nothing, I say

As he fumbled and muttered
Thirty times blundered
On purpose the goldlinks
That make limbs stay

I knew I had to bust this
Emotor of Harris
Replace with a better
Version today

My latest invention
Was a lovely creation
Of softness, compassion
An emo-array

"Harris!", "What the matter?"
"Show me your emotor"
"None of your business!"
I heard him say

He stamped on me "Mended"
Looking very offended
His emotor still grinding
On negative relay

"You broke my Audoodi"
"And it was a Tutti frooti"
"The hardest fragrance"
"To blend in clay"

Why they gave these menders
Olfactory sensors
I never could get that
Wasted OA!

"Harris! Just show me"
"Get lost, you Ciari"
"Harris! Just show me"
"Go away!"



I then took this great chance
In a sweep of romance
Pecked him on his sensors
To his dismay

It worked! His emotors
Smoked up in smolders
He blanked up and keeled up
Began to sway

I quickly removed his
Top coat of Junis
Dislodged his emotor
Thinned it away

Two nanos, three, four
Would last ten, no more
He'd initiate self thin-out
Vanish away

On Planet Polaris
Was the Rule of Paris
No emotors, no Harris
Absolutely no way!

As I fumbled and stumbled
my new goldlinks trembled
At the sudden red warning
From his tray

My thoughts now reeling
Unsure of my feeling
My inner emotors
Began to fray

Oh! My new emotor
Seemed a teeny-tad stronger!
But I had to install it
Couldn't delay

Snap! He was back
Mood no longer black
He tested my goldlinks
Gentle as spray

Harris the mender
No longer offender
But something wasn't quite
right
I didn't like him that way!

"Harris", "Yes my love?"
"Can I change your emotor?"
"Oh yes, yes, my love"
Disgusting! No way!

This time it was easy
I conjured MTZ
His older bad model
Well, anyway

I quickly removed his
Top coat of Junis
Dislodged the replacement
Thinned it away

One, two, inserted!
Success! Restarted!
"Hey!" He blurted
As I walked away

"What?" He spunked me
"It was a Tutti Frooti!"
"And it was your ego!"
"The worst in May!"

"You overtook me!", he spouted
"Pig" I shouted
"Say that twice, Sister"
"Wanna play?"

"You asshole!" "Demented!"
"What's that?" he vented
"Human terms" I said
Beyond your lay

Happy, contented
I sailed out, now mended
With reason to go through
That lovely day

The clay on the diamond
Grew trees like almond
I stilled under one such
Thought today

We were just some machines
All behind the scenes
Then why were we all so
Different today?

We had a gender
And we had a temper
None of which made sense
Unless you say -

The reason for gender
Is to keep things tender
The reason for love to
Entice us to stay

The reason for a temper
Is to otherwise hamper
Monotony, and emotors
Mattered that way

If we didn't have emotions
The reason for seasons
Oh, the reason for all
Would thin away

And then I realized it
Reasoned and sliced it
My tester greened up and
code-permed it grey

Yes! My newest emotor
Needed more temper!
Coz
Temper kept everything
Linked in May

Well, Harris was in Paris
And Paris, on Polaris
Was the happiest, loveliest
Place in May

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