

## **My Mechanical Woman**

by Ray Toler

My neighbors get curious and all in a tizzy  
When I'm in my work shop so intent and so busy,  
They think I'm just piddling and letting off tension  
When really I'm perfecting my feminine invention.

Her legs are cast iron, her hips are of steel.  
Her arms work on wires attached to a wheel.  
Her brain is a computer, the spine a coil.  
Her diet is grease and 30 weight oil.

Her hair falls in ringlets of fine copper wire.  
She's neat and beautiful and arouses desire.  
Her skin is fine leather all polished to a shine.  
I completed her last week and thought, "She's all mine!"

She runs on batteries tucked neatly in a groove.  
You just speak firmly if you want her to move.  
Now I don't want to sound like a braggart or a boaster,  
But she's so real she eloped with the toaster!