

# THE GIFT

Feel behind the ear, the small hole  
(left for women, right for men). Now  
insert the wire until a cold  
sensation comes beneath the eye. See how

twirling the wire makes you smile?  
When it feels like sunshine on your face,  
raise your hand. In a little while  
a friend will come to calibrate. Solace

will be yours another year. Just  
turn the wire until it feels like sun;  
that's good. Another year of trust.  
No fear. Loving peace for everyone.

*I take the wire and bend it till it breaks!  
They can't do this! Can't you see it makes  
us into simple blobs of happy clay?  
Most of us can think back to a day  
when living wasn't easy. There was pain  
and trouble in the world—but then again,  
at least it all was real. What they destroy  
is not just pain, but love, and awe, and joy.*

One unit fails to comprehend  
this can't be done unless it's done for all.  
His childish need for pain could end  
this heaven that we've made for you. You called  
for us in desperate need. You prayed  
that somehow we could save you from your fate.  
An so we came in answer. But we said  
you'd have to change your nature. It's too late  
to turn you into angels. Now  
the best that we can do is try to make  
you harmless. Don't ask how.  
Trust in us. We do it for your sake.

*So long as one man lives who won't submit,  
then all your words and wires won't work. That's it.  
Right? For all your talk, you just want slaves.  
I can't believe that no one else is brave  
enough to break the wire and take the world  
as it was given us—a clashing whirl  
of good and bad in nearly equal parts.  
Not turned to harmless pap by your black arts.*

We will not argue. But we care  
how this experiment turns out. Let's try  
a kind of vote. If there  
is only one in ten who'll take your side

then we will go. And take along  
these wires and words you think will make you slaves.  
Ready? Counting. Sorry. Wrong. We counted every one and found that they've

decided we were right. You're wrong.  
So you must go. Take your broken wire  
and twisted heart. Your pagan song:  
Your empty merely human angry fire.

*Done. Now you are at peace. Not slaves.  
We ask for nothing. If you just don't pull  
the wires, your world's forever saved.  
Forever happy. If a little dull.*

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