

We watched flakes of oxytocin swirling in the window  
installed in the cyborg's head.  
'They coagulated against tissues  
and wiring, then drained down its brain stem.  
It looked like canned spaghetti.

Some of the students asked if they could be excused.

The cyborg was not embarrassed to show us its metal parts  
even though it was in love.  
We asked if the cyborg's faculty of shame might be broken.  
To show that it wasn't,

Dr. Leopold began telling the cyborg that if it fucks around  
and has a baby, it will get fat and its lover will dismantle it  
instead of buying it flowers.

The cyborg looked distressed, but it did not cry,  
because its eyes are not real.  
Also, the other part of the cyborg, the human side,  
did not care and wanted to go back to knitting.

It was knitting a sock, already 560 ft long.

The cyborg prints thoughts on a roll of ticker tape  
fed through its chin. It reads it.  
We read it.

It said, "I look forward to the sock's conclusion."

The human side uses the computer side  
like a computer,  
the computer side uses the human side  
like a swollen sack of glands.

The computer side thinks a lot about love  
and the completion of courting processes.  
It composes statements expressing its love for the doctors  
and dances to music.  
It bats its meter-long eyelashes at them.

Linda whispered, "I don't think the cyborg is really in love."  
'The human side hides from us.

Dr. Lapham was wearing the mate tile that day.  
He was sending bursts of electricity  
into the cyborg's neck to replicate the feeling of orgasm.  
Some tests were done to see if the cyborg wanted to get married  
or just date. We waited for the human side to fall asleep.  
Then we asked. It said yes.

The cyborg was allowed to smoke a cigar.

Then Dr. Latham read from a clipboard:  
"I do not like all the mechanical racket that comes out of you  
when we make love, cyborg.  
"You are no longer beautiful to me.  
"The marriage is off."

The cyborg was given a heavy lead pipe  
and told to demonstrate its rage.  
It cradled the pipe in its arms like a child.

The class escorted the cyborg to its lamentation chamber  
and ran it a bath. It kept asking for its knitting needles,  
but the way that it was asking  
was clearly human. We told it no.

It kept asking, and we all pretended not to listen.