

Mechanical love

a steampunk poem

Von cayra

The Engineer curses.

Cups are knocked over.

Screws and gears scatter wildly.

Wine spills, drips on the floorboards.

A precious glass vial is just barely caught.

His assistant is cowering under the table, hiding.

Hurtling hunk of metal comes straight for him, he squeaks.

Assistant tries to dodge, forgets where he is and hits his head.

The Engineer gets a heavy wrench, hefts it, swings it threateningly.

He is not fast enough, every swing just hits air, making him dance around.

It is a silly dance, all flailing arms and stumbling steps, twirling in dizzy circles.

The assistant comes out to help, gets nearly hit, is drawn into the dance himself.

"Stay behind me." the Engineer orders, pulling him to safety, out of the flying objects way.

Mechanical hearts all aflutter bumble around the room, bumping into furniture, emptying the shelves.

"Love is in the air~" the radio sings.

