

Robot Crusades

Let's accept the fact that among us
there are likely robots jellifying their toast,
dislodging the ice from their windshields,
straining over the toilet in a thoroughly
“authentic” and “humanoid” manner.
My advice is to carry a penknife
and when you suspect someone
of robothood (a tic, a nuance, gives
him away), jab spryly with the knife.
Should you be wrong, a feather of blood
will appear; the wound will heal.
But should you be right (admittedly
it happens less often), you'll have won
an important victory for our side.