

# Edison in Love

Thomas Edison loved a doll  
with a tiny phonograph inside  
because he made her speak.

Is there any other reason  
to love a woman? Did she say  
*the ghost of my conception*

or something equally demure?  
It's hard to be sure how he feels  
when he holds me, I fall apart.

I'm projecting here. He didn't feel  
her first transgression  
was in having no expression.

René Descartes, too, traveled alone  
with a doll-in-a-box  
he called his daughter. *Francine,*

*Francine...* is it better to be silent  
and wait for everything  
we were promised?

Or should we love them back,  
the way a train loves its destination,  
as if we have the machinery necessary for it?

