

To An Android Lover

[By Holly Lisle](#)

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*Shall I compare you to my microwave?
You are reliable where it is not
It often leaves my food too burned to save
But when I want you hot, my love, you're hot
Nor can the television be your equal
With reruns, dreary game shows, mindless soaps
I hope we'll never see another sequel
Unless it's through our rifles' cross-haired scopes
And men of flesh will change and slowly fade
And lose possession of their strength and grace
But you, who in man's finest image are made
Will never have a wrinkle touch your face*

*Your passion and your lust often bewitch
But I like you best because of your off switch.**

What can I say? I was in a very dark place in my life when I wrote this.

*To an Android Lover, previously published in **Aboriginal SF** Jul/Aug 1990

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