

The way you were sent to me... that was a big honest idea.

When the robot talks, I need to make it him make sense
because I am real and I think I can because I think I am real

and I think I think and I think I can think and it he says he it
is was a boy on a rock and I think me too—even though

neither of us are boys and he it is was the only one on, and
then he it made makes a woman who says she doesn't want

to be honest with a man that he it made makes and I think of
God taking a boy with him and leaving behind two others and

I think maybe language is the God that handles it but does
nothing, pulls us out of its his eyes and says he it will

sleep with us, but he it won't. Language will not sleep or die.
That God, he it made makes a boy and a girl, out of

our machine hands, says, "I need you to explain what you are
taking about. I don't understand. I don't care."

LEAH NOBLE DAVIDSON

The principle is completely constructed for the same time.

The truth is, Benjamin—I only mean to say this right
now—we are not the same thing because

it is raining and I know rain is this thing but can't explain
it and you don't know rain is this thing yet.

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