

## By 1930

Ours is the age in which a belt conveys  
more than we can                      We deflect for fear of overhearing ourselves  
motor whir constant as a worry                      curse or swear an oath: equally suspect  
the din of a cyclical process                      *no worries no worries no worries no worries*  
timekeeping machines emeriti                      the sun and moon the greater and lesser  
of whose three needs?                      of our three shifts  
of the old soul: reason                      three parts  
and where they meet, drive                      desire  
into the hole our money has made                      drive, drive  
by being soft, future fabric ( $\frac{3}{4}$  cotton,  $\frac{1}{4}$  linen)                      human contact harder  
kept in books, then on tape, soon                      hated, being numbers  
that strangely suited *e*-                      by electron  
its self-similarity                      emissary  
and intrinsic                      so thorough  
number questions                      that of the two  
it answers only one, once                      (how many? which one?)  
by quasiset                      it's a count, its account except  
*electron*                      unaccountable  
ember                      Greek amber  
like *like* like                      of memory  
thinking it's different                      repels and repels  
us—our razzmatazz—our majesty                      this time, you and me