

ROBOTTO MULATTO

Keith S. Wilson

I am the Robotto Mulatto
the day walker, the glimmer in the night
I am the ambiguous apparition
 shifting colors like a conch shell
I am the Halfrican Hulk
the onerous Oreo who will not let you know
 where these big lips come from

I am more than meets the eye
My skin separates along perfect tan seams
 lifts with a hydraulic hiss
 flips in on itself
 and transforms cultures
my skin is controlled like a remote
 with the styling of my hair
 I shift color circuits
 first mustached Mexican, now bearded Egyptian,
 maybe the mysterious collage of whatever
 your half-cousin is

my words are double edged knives,
I can say things that you can't say
 because I have one foot in your door
 and another go-go gadget foot in someone else's
and when all else fails I have a race card
 up each sleeve.

My life is a tug of war between
 being fully Clark Kent and Superman
I don't understand the master/slave jumpers
 on my hard drive
can't fully hug or hate my white motherboard
my weakness is that silicon valley
 isn't big enough for the idea of me,
 and that around here things move so fast
 that before the world is ready for me
 I'll have already become obsolete