

# I'm Waiting

*by Gary Hardaway*

I'm waiting for that brave new drug  
that fuses nanotech and bioengineering:  
a kick-ass, smart vaccine,  
resident in lymph and marrow,

replication-capable, mimetic,  
artificially intelligent, with ROM  
and RAM enough  
to sense the body's every need.

Mutations on demand  
to pump up serotonin levels,  
gobble HIV, psoriasis,  
and syphilis, metabolize asbestos,

tars and PCB's. All carcinoma  
would be hors d'oeuvres  
for its dark appetite.  
It couldn't handle trauma, though-

the newest swarms of killer bees  
from Glockes and military contraband  
would rip us still; Ferraris  
wrapped around Black Forest oaks

could pinch us still and bungees, snapped,  
would splat us flat as EKG's  
at Parkland, New Year's Eve.  
We wouldn't give up death

as buzz or aphrodisiac. Just think-  
it could be wireless, phoning in our vitals

monthly, faxing tallies of salvations  
into profit-swollen HMO's.

Just wait. The future will be grand.

