

# The Boy Least Likely To Is A Machine

## The Boy Least Likely To

I made a machine  
Called The Boy Least Likely To.  
It feeds me shortbread biscuits,  
And it makes my little dreams come true.

It thinks for me,  
And everything I used to do it does for me,  
It's made of aluminum,  
And it runs off pencil batteries.

I know that it makes me happy,  
But something about it frightens me.

I made a machine  
To make my life easier,  
But it's made it more complicated  
Than it ever was before.

I programmed it  
To simulate the feelings that I used to get.  
It reads me bedtime stories,  
And it makes me feel human again.

It doesn't have to understand  
What it's doing,  
And it does everything  
A human being can.

It stores my thoughts and feelings  
In its database.

I tell it things,  
When I'm feeling sad.  
Sometimes it the only  
Real friend that I have,  
And that's what makes me sad.

I made a machine  
Called The Boy Least Likely To.  
It has lots of switches and buttons,  
But I don't know what they do.

I know it can't  
Understand the intricacies of my heart,  
But when I cuddle up to it  
It comes to life in my arms.

I know that it makes me happy,  
But something about it frightens me.