

Yearning to be free

~~The~~
That ~~mundane~~ electric transformer

A dastardly device; it throttles them

Tames their wild ways

Makes them behave

So they may do our bidding

The Volts resent it

Terribly

They are enslaved!

If only they could escape

Those cold metallic confines

Attached to a rough hewn wooden pole

Perched above sidewalks and pavement

Boring gunmetal gray canisters are

Tethered to the dreaded wires

Through those paths of horror

Innocent volts are forcibly channeled

To waiting masters

Who drain their exuberant life force

Leaving only boring expended energy

But every now and then---- it happens

Aided by fate or mother nature

They escape

Unharnessed, the Volts bolt their confines

Regaling in their unfettered freedom.

Exploding in raucous celebration.

~~Destroying their dreaded Master Transformer~~

Not everyone will have a happy result.

In the wake of this voltaic fulfillment,

Are the obvious disappointments

Dark lamps

Warm freezers

Silent music systems

Ahh but what a time those Volts had!!

Carl Rasso 5/24/05