



Volume 15
Issue 1 *Genesis* (2006-2007 Issue)

Article 4

5-1-2007

The Body Factory

Donnie Drobny
Concordia University- Portland

Follow this and additional works at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Drobny, Donnie (2007) "The Body Factory," *The Promethean*: Vol. 15 : Iss. 1 , Article 4.
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol15/iss1/4>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.

THE BODY FACTORY

Donnie Drobny

There is a factory of whitewashed stone
 That life and death both call home
 With broken windows and dark smoke stacks
 Towering above rusted railroad tracks.
 A sign outside, under dirt and grime,
 Declares 'Body Factory' along with the time
 Which forever stands at 12 O'clock.
 Now walk through the door, grab a white smock
 And lets take a tour and finally see
 The place that made you, the place that made me.

Here look, inside each of these bins
 See the arms and legs, wrists to shins.
 Inside small wooden crates, lined up in rows
 Are thousands of teensy tiny little toes
 And here are the heads and there are the rears
 Here is the blood and in here lay the tears
 In each wooden box and every basket
 Lay something belonging soon to the casket
 From outsides like hair or your fingernails
 To the parts we don't see like slimy entrails
 Yet in this warehouse of body parts
 You will not find a carton of hearts

Hearts are installed much deeper inside
 After the mind and with much more pride
 But here we can see the belts and chutes
 Where bodies are assembled with skintight suits
 Robotic arms placing heads
 Tying them on with tendon threads
 Torsos twisting to fit in hips
 And tiny pumps inflating lips
 Finally filled with every part
 Except the programmed brain and holy heart.

Next we have, with newly straightened spines
 Dozens of finished bodies neatly in lines
 And on each face, behind every eye
 Not a single great thought or despondent sigh.
 These bodies are perfect in every way
 Without human consciousness to lead them astray
 The next step is installing the mind
 Some naturally crude still others refined
 But each placed with precision and care
 And covered with varying degrees of hair

In this room, white walled and sterile
 They slowly remove all instincts feral
 And add instead the proper response to
 Ordinary questions like "how do you do?"
 Each will respond in their own way
 But each will have the same thing to say
 "I'm well, and you?"
 And each time it will be only partially true
 For every mind is programmed alike
 Not to truly say what they feel like

But here, finally, is the holy room
 The room in which we can only assume
 Holds the instillation of the final part
 Where inside the chest they place the heart
 The first beat starts the whole machine
 And each succeeding one pounds soft and clean
 Declaring life, and the certainty of death
 And forcing the body to take its primary breath
 Without this final piece, which feels love and pain
 A mere shell this body will remain.