

I think I'd rather have been made a typewriter.

Something manual. Something unplugged.

If someone needed me, they would need to touch me. To feed me paper with a rolled knob, align and re-align until straight. Then, to get text onto the page, they would need to type my keys. Beat them, even.

All my dull hums and whirrs would be replaced with whacks and cracks. To indent these plain pages. Emboss them. And, in the intermittent delays, when you didn't know what to type or when the blank page was too daunting or when any pause needed to happen, you would rest fingers upon me. Calm affection spelled out as: asaf jkl;.

Lift me onto your desk. Draw a QWERTY keyboard on my back with a Sharpie or one of those eraserless Ikea pencils. Type out all the letters you'll know better than to ever send, all those love song lyrics you always misheard for the better, all the childhood MASH results you desperately wish had come true. Type the names you wish you'd been named. Gently touch a confession onto me, touch me with all the things you never want out there as words. Because this is only make believe.

I am only your wireless printer, unresponsive to anything tactile...

But I think I'd rather have been made a typewriter.

