

# Intronaut, Teledildonics

The yearning increased at  
Exponential rates  
But you wanted no part  
Mortally content  
Until the surge gave shock  
And got you on all fours  
Interface fucked  
Inside a cubicle that looks of detachment  
Is it the size or the angle? the point is clear  
The mortal erection has run out of skin  
We're hooked on electric stimuli