Mai Noda

Momus

I am Mai Noda's strawberry iMac
Switch on my screen
A strawberry coloured Apple computer
Also in green
I sit in the gloom of this little room
Emitting a luminous hum
Deep in my pink
Translucent sleep
Waiting for Mai to come home

This is our world, iMac and Mai
Here in our room
Body and mind and industrial design
Under the moon

Translucent and pink I sit on the table
Designed by the Englishman Ive
A few sparks of static make my screen crackle
As I come alive
I rise from my deep translucent sleep
Mai sits there reading a book
Mai takes a bath
And when she's clean
Mai reads Queneau, Bataille and Celine

This is our world, iMac and Mai
Here in our room
One human being and her machine
Together alone

Bare on her flat tatami mat
Mai turns the page
Lost in her dream
Lithe as a cat
With thoughts that are strange
Mai turns to me
And I see
Her face in the frame of my screen
She looks like a goldfish
Voluptuous and naked
Golden and green

This is our world, iMac and Mai
Here in our room
The crackling of Bebop on chunky black vinyl
A modem negotiates the line

Her favourite PostPet, a small yellow rabbit
Brings Mai her mail
Outside the rain, the sweet summer rain
Falls on the wall

This is our world, iMac and Mai
Here in our room
One human being and her machine
Under the moon