

Idle Thoughts

Automatic Trauma

THEY mean well, yet I've no applause
For automatic sliding doors,
Designed to see, with sensor'd slide,
That they will painlessly provide
An entrance, though your arms be full
And ill-equipped to push or pull.

An admirable aim, indeed,
And one which clearly fills a need —
But have you ever tried to go
Through no-hands doors whose slide is slow?

With fond belief and unchecked pace,
I reach the doors before there's space
To squeeze my trusting torso through.
My forehead thus goes black and blue,
On finding there's no give at all
In go-slow sliding plate-glass wall.

Technology has done its best.
I'm shaking, stirred and unimpressed.
