

# MACHINE WHISPERS

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NEIL HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY MIA POWELL

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Neil Higgins  
Mybestseller.co.uk

Printed Worldwide  
First Printing 2023  
First Edition 2023

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Illustrated by Mia Powell



MACHINE  
WHISPERS



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# BEFORE I DIE

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**B**efore I die I want to dream as a child, performing  
playground tricks and chasing puppy dog tails.  
Touching the clouds and kissing the full moon,  
with my lips, to dance with angel dust, as a rainbow shines  
my clocks, and soul rests my bones to keep till dawn's  
waking light.

# CHIPS

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I will eat chips tonight, and dance in my cotton socks,  
watching brushes paint my mirrors as music swamps my  
ears. Content, as I smell the dew from mornings kiss lift my  
spirits, as robins peer, and dovetail with my thoughts, as  
they had at birth. The loneliness of the silence was as proud  
as my dreams could imagine. Yay. I bet the bells are ringing,  
and my ancestors are singing, as they raise a glass or two on  
this wonderful day.

# SCUFFED

---

Old scuffed shoes had walked the innocence from youth.  
Sitting on park benches consumes away the lessons of time.  
Reading into memories to remember friends, as bright as a  
summer day, now somewhere over the hill. Fading eyes  
blinked as droplets flooded old cheeks, entwined in days of  
past dances and perilous boat rides to anywhere.

# WAYS

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As naughty ways were undressed, we felt so drenched and worn, to see the starlight yawning twinkle, with daylight rising dawn. Yet showers and shine were all too brief, as we abandoned our amorous play, and stepped outside to reset the clock, in our own distinguishable way.