

Surplus Electronics | *Matthias Neeracher*

In fond memory of HSC Electronic Supply
aka “Halted” (1963–2019)

Lured by the
smoke signals, I chase
the acrid smell of burning solder
to this bland warehouse.
This is where corporations
come to die, their bleaching bones
picked up, arrayed, scavenged by makers
who aspire to tickle the ivories.
Your basic passives: resistors
fly their colors
ocher hued capacitors, tattooed
with their numeric codes.
Through-holes awaiting
an opening, reels of SMTs, squat
twelve oh sixes; oh two oh ones
wondering which side is up.
Here the transistors, spidery
legs trapped by glue strips, there
lurk shelves of vacuum tubes for their
chance to revive some heirloom radio.
Seven segment displays in
green and red sneer at the
TFTs while LCDs look on
for intrepids there's VFDs to try.
You pays your money, takes
your chances. There's
a test bench, heed the
signage: Use at Own Peril.
Some military gear, robbed
of its chance to kill
hoping to serve civilians
in a more peaceful life.
SPARC servers caught in dot-com
conflagrations; x86 blades

dulled by age. WiFi routers, antennae
tangled up like dying lobsters.

Dad advises an aspiring
roboticist. A grizzled engineer, maybe
surplus to requirements, himself
reminisces with grey-bearded staff.

I bring my tray and list
up front, pay cash and with
my loot stashed in a paper bag,
emerge blinking into the sun.

February 2019