

Artificial Intelligence

Albert Einstein's brain displayed—

There the photos of time since gone,

Crinkled, ply'd with folds,

In picture books displayed.

By careful study might be found

The secret of his super mind,

In picture books displayed,

Photos taken, time long gone.

But— what of now, and what to come,

In a world if shaped artificially,

By digital machines designed to think,

Devoid human cares, said to be— Intelligent?

While we, society, without vote to cast,

Give our consent with silent voice,

Herding onto paths unknown

Not knowing if friend or foe.

We, the masters of our universe, now ask,

Will AI be controlled?

Controlled or not we will be changed,

Never to return to what we were,

As experimental efforts inside the human brain

Speed us on our way— To a place of singularity

Far from the world we now know.

Onward! Onward we go,

Into the jagged mouth, in the valley of the unknown...

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