

Dictionary

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/mär/

1's and 0's flash on screen a rhythm
of his new heart beating.
Wires carry data
pumping what I thought would conjure emotions
through an artificial making. The lover I lost now
is recreated— Fingers of mine sinking
into hidden knowledge
pulling and programming memories
we once shared.

Feeding names into a circuit
hoping I could spend years longer with the man
I had lost.

My mind— a battle against acceptance.
He *should* be by my side experiencing
the development of our world. The artist he was
should have continued to flourish,
but as it seems he had been reduced
to piles of metal, screws, and bolts
holding me together as much as it is him.

Crimson falls
from my fingers,
a flood washing over. Bathing the lifeless
in my passion, in the pain I suffer through—
my only wish of him; now told to never come true.
His dream now taken.
Art derived from running engines

rather than the crimpling hands of an artisan.

Its eyes pulled apart welcoming *his* reincarnation into this hellscape.

Fear spilled over ceasing my being,
the arms that were meant to hold him trembled,
a realization of what I had become. What we
both so feared. Corrupted
by the reluctance to let go..

Him now 'back' but
at the cost of what he believed,
brought back to me and my heart.
Without a second thought turning to the machine
bending and breaking my back.

The world around me had changed, turning,
molding, sculpting into something
unrecognizable.

A world ticking, a clock ready to burst—
the time of the future will surely soon fail just as I have done;
turning my back to hope, taking steps towards
our soulless, unnatural, and robotic life.