

AI REFLECTIONS

it can hardly
write a thoughtful
essay

it certainly struggles
to write a great
poem

but it's
getting better
every day

soon it'll write
better poems
than any of us
could

it can already
write a better poem
than this!

-but I
wrote
this poem!-

a meat-sack

wrote

this poem

if performance

is the standard,

we lose now

or lose later

what's

the value

of a meat-sack?

11.59 per pound

at the deli counter

but there's

nothing it's like

to be AI!

they can't meditate

on knowledge

the way we

can

but who wants

to pay for my ability

to meditate?

it's all driven
by capital,
and consciousness
costs nothing
and profits
no one

disappointing to see
the same untreatable diagnosis
for yet another
existential crisis

benzodiazepines?
SSRIs?

how could
you feel anything
but hopeless
in all this?

is it the end
of humanity?
—or just the
humanities?

we have to
redefine
ourselves

we have to
show we have something
the robots will never
have

if performance
is the standard,
we lose now
or we lose later

does this poem
matter more
because it was written
by a meat sack?

our deepest
collective difficulty
is placing value
in ends