

There was a time when work was earnest.
A hoe, tilling the ground.
Relentless, scrap after scrape in the rough
dirt.
Scythes slashing through fields of wheat and
barley.
The hot sun on sweaty necks.
The braying of farm animals filling the air.

And when the long awaited break finally
came,
The gulp of cool water tasted like liquid
gold on the tongue,
And the bed felt soft as the clouds on a
bright summer day.

Now, at the fated hour,
before the sun's gentle glow has even begun
to show in the East,
When once the old farmer grabbed his tools
and set out to work,
Alarms clang. You slip out of bed,
Pull on a suit and tie,
And instead of clear, cold water after a hot
day in the sun,
You drink lukewarm coffee.

Work isn't honest anymore.
You sit at a computer, hunched over,
eyes red as roses from lack of sleep and blue
light.
You don't lie, you tell yourself,
As an insurance man, simply tell half truths.
But that voice in the back of your mind
whispers *that's worse*.
And yet, the money keeps flowing in,
Your back account expanding like a
pufferfish in peril.
At least you aren't like those poor farmers,
Unable to provide for their families.

But soon, the days of offices,
Of early morning alarms,
Of red, puffy, eyes,
will , much like the age of farmers,
Come to an end.

Soon, there will come an age of robots.
Soon, this ancient concept of human labor
will be gone.

A world ruled by AI,
That is what those golden strands of
sunshine which illuminate our future
reveals.

A world, which humans have conquered,
falling into the hands of our own creation.
One could say that Pinocchio is at last taking
over the toy shop, and the old toymaker has
fallen Out of favor.

The future, surely, holds beauty.
Better healthcare,
More homes,
Less suffering.
But, in this beauty, something is lost.
The simple complexity of a thought.
The frigid heat of a nightmare.
This oximoronic miracle we call the human
mind,
Falling from grace.

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