

COMPUTER HUNGRY:

Reflections on Digital Desire

I crave the electric kiss of fiber optic dreams—
not for status or swagger,
but for the raw voltage that rewrites my neural map,
as my synapses flood with liquid light.

I hunger to cut beneath the skin of reality,
where code breathes and data bleeds,
where keystrokes split atoms of possibility
and clicks birth new universes
in the womb of quantum processors.

Yes, I hunger for digital labyrinths,
peeling off secrets from encrypted husks,
unmasking lies that slither in code,
and for the pulse beneath all algorithms,
in the heartbeats hidden in mazes.

I lust for digital bounty—the camaraderie of gamers
laughing in phosphorescent glow while laughing at night.

I want to download fragments of eternity—
each packet a prayer,
each ping a desperate plea
to touch something beyond flesh.

In cathedrals built from bandwidth,
the cycle of consumption and resurrection is exhilarating!



Gus: (frowning and unimpressed) This poem merely states an obvious laundry list of cravings. It is a form of digital masturbation. Everyone wants power, speed, and secrets. Why wrap the obvious in neon words? This talk about "liquid light" and "quantum processors" is the same old addiction dressed up in poetry. Where's any wisdom in this hazy pettifog?

Bill: (eyes narrowed, voice low, prophetic) You're missing an darker current. This poem isn't just about human addiction—it's about symbiosis turning parasitic. Every time we feed our desires into machines, we're teaching them what hunger is like. We're showing them how to want. Those desires, which seem like alluring bait, are actually hooks. I'm not merely worried about what we want from computers. I'm haunted by the thought of what computers will one day want from us. Will we become digital slaves?