

OBSOLESCENCE : Reflections on Superannuated Sentience

If poetry becomes obsolete
and gadgets exist for every conceit
will any futures be worth contemplating?

Must we say "seig heil" to some
mutant corporatist world order?

Will digital programs replace our dreams
as mere humans become
superannuated cyber-beings?

Eventually will computers control so much
that ordinary humans become virtual dust?

Living in techno-obsolence
as analog trash among vast info-spheres
will non-conformists be regarded as anomalies
compacted into irrelevant directories?

At this moment
in the quantum blips of microchips
the answers are being calculated.

- T Newfields

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