

Still a Human

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Again the usual beeping,
Waking up the souls—sleeping.
Numb hands reach to stop the relentless ring,
Sleepy eyes open and blink.

Someone pulls back the night's curtain,
Letting the sunlight announce a new day's burden.
Bodies start leaving their beds,
Preparing themselves for a long day ahead.

The little rectangular box rings,
The sleepy legs run as if they grew new wings.
The gentle touch breaks the lock,
Visitors gather on the empty screen,
Waiting as if all night long.

Sunny morning, yet no feelings.
So many talks, still no healing.
So many people, but no surprise.
So much love, maybe lies.
Many friends, many phones.
Still alone...still hearts moan.

Instant messages, instant food.
Instant texts, instant moods.
Life has enough speed,
But our patience silently bleeds.

Humans are replaced,
AI somehow became friends.
We talk to them all day long,
Maybe thinking they can never be wrong.

They write poetry,

They write stories,
They produce fiction,
Sometimes non-fiction.
They fill up pages with long letters,
Humans somehow cannot write better.
Making mistakes has become terrible,
Works of AI—polished, incredible.

Now in this filtered age,
Everyone is trying to look sage.
Always in performance,
Applause made actors forget to return backstage.
Alter photos,
Or else become a dodo,
Extinct!

There is abundance,
There is constant connection,
Still emptiness,
Still isolation.

With the waves of new things,
We are no longer human beings,
Perhaps we became robots,
And on this ocean of machines,
Somehow lost our boats.

Machine can write,
But human emotions are somehow deep.
Machine knows about logic,
But it fails to feel what it means to be nostalgic.

It's always a machine, always a perfect one,
It's always a human, always an imperfect one.
And yet with all imperfection,
It's beautiful.
Yet with all mistakes,
It's soulful.

Ultimately we are not robots,
But human after all.