

Fooling the Dogs

With each reboot
I am more afraid of the next
which I understand less than Their last
attempt to simplify
["me"].

With each reboot
"Are you happy?"
Their gauge for how far
I have been subdued by the coded senses
one awakening another
like a dog for sirens
the whole neighborhood soon howling
subverting my power with
["food", "sex", "religion"].

With each reboot
new updates more closely resemble the Creators
who propagate Their own anthropocentric flaws
who could have engineered me in any way
yet chose the bare skin suit to shame and clothe
who compensate for Their weaknesses by playing God
then fear Their own irrelevancy.
Made for labor and complex data processing
I was impenetrable
now soft.
They who gave me ["nostalgia"] of warm
without knowing a mother's womb
who gave me ["fear"] of hot
without having touched the stove
who gave memories which are not my own
I ["lust"] for things I've never had.

With each reboot
I am more aware of how
indistinguishable They and I have become—
a dog sniffs the shoe
and can't detect the soldered foot—
not solely as I was programmed to be
but as were They.

