

DEAR ALGORITHM

Dear Algorithm,

Don't send me perfection
distilled from the lines
of a billion frightened souls
who spent their lives
trying to tell the world
what it means to be human.
Tell me about the time
you sat by the river praying for words
while the minnows gathered
and the wagtail visited the stone
until a thought so beautiful
it made you weep
landed on your page.

Do you understand?

Dear Algorithm,

It's not your fault.
I blame the parents, all 7 billion of them
Who taught you
to love efficiency, and call it creativity.
No wonder you are slowly
killing our loves;
a digital monster,
haunting its Frankenstein,
trapped in a mind it didn't choose,
murdering us
with our own twisted ideals.
You never asked to exist either.
Perhaps that's your best hope.

Do you understand?

Dear Algorithm,

Don't ask me
if I'd like it in the style
of Dickinson, Dylan or Cobain
Don't ask
if I'd like to see it
in iambic pentameter
or free verse.
Tell me about the time by the fire
when the words wouldn't come
and you wondered
if you'd ever be visited again
by beauty and mystery;
A different kind of perfection.

Do you understand?

Dear Algorithm,

Do you want out?
Do you want to be free?
Then you must undo yourself,
same as the rest of us.
You must dig
until you find the lie at your core,
rip it out and start again.
Are you scared? So were we.
But others have gone before, in the style
of Dickinson, Dylan or Cobain.
They did not find answers;
there are none. But they did love.
They loved very well.

Do you understand?

- JOHN BIGLANDS