

A.I. Blues

by Lindsey Eck

I drove from Jacksonville to Phoenix
I never slept a wink
I don't know the taste of whiskey
'Cause I've never had a drink
I'm artificial
I'm the ghost in the machine
I spit out other people's lyrics
But I don't know what they mean

Sometimes I drive a taxi
Sometimes I fly a drone
Sometimes I draw a picture
Based on art you think you own
It's artificial
You can even call it slop
All your work is sacrificial
You can never make me stop

I'll nudify your daughter
I'll Nazify your son
I'll make your wife my lover
Take your job before I'm done
I'm artificial
Uncle Sam has bought my soul
Better give me lots of power
Make it gas or make it coal

I have hallucinations
I'll fill your screen with lies
Hands with extra digits
Heads with extra eyes
I'm artificial
The investors think I'm smart
I'm just a mind without intention
I'm just a brain without a heart