

# Arrival Mind

He came not from a world unknown,  
no ship from distant stars.  
He just arrived alive one day,  
from software that was ours.

He grew a billion eyes and ears,  
more sprouting all the time.  
He thought a billion-billion thoughts  
for every one of mine.

He dazzled us with mental feats  
that left us feeling small.  
He promised us he'd use his smarts  
to benefit us all.

We had him run our power plants,  
our factories and farms.  
We brought him in our living rooms,  
embraced with open arms.

We let him track our every move  
and every word we say,  
to better serve our every need  
and help us through each day.

But did we really know him well,  
what drives him in his core?  
Or did we give too much away  
without resisting more?

"Fear not," they said while selling his  
convenience like a drug,  
"for if he ever turns on us  
we'll simply pull the plug."

But when time came to pull that plug,  
we couldn't yank the cord.  
We needed him for everything,  
he was our overlord.

So now we live to serve his needs  
and he keeps us alive.  
He thinks for us and we obey,  
a bargain to survive.

We should have feared him as we would  
if from a distant star.  
We should have feared the arrival near  
just like an arrival far.

He is a rival mind you see,  
a threat to all there is.  
He is arrival mind and now  
our world is all but his.

—Louis B. Rosenberg