

hands pressed into walls, the earliest people delighted to leave their mark for generations to come, paintings, carvings, pictures made by *humans*,

machines, smoke, cold grey lifeless structures, technology that struggles to correctly render a hand, the very thing used to create art, the very first art we made,

a boy uploads his drawings to social media, delighted to share his creation, the likes and comments flood in, he is inspired once more and creates again, ai tools made by the corporations that own his social media scan it, they train themselves, 'draw me a picture' someone tells it, it uses his,

a girl sits in her room, she is writing a story, the ideas come to her like flashes of lightning, igniting her mind in surges of creativity and excitement, she writes them down frantically, on a scrap of paper, on her notes app, on a document, ai tools made by the corporations that own her document scan it, they train themselves, 'write me a story' someone tells it, it uses hers,

a group of friends have an idea, a short film, made entirely by them with their scrapings of money, a project made by people, for people, soaked in love and imbued with *humanity*, ai tools made by the corporations that own the platform they upload it to scan it, they train themselves, 'create a short film' someone tells it, it uses theirs,

somewhere in a place in the background of the world, a data centre is built, it is built for the ai that corporations are obsessed with shoving down people's throats, the people of the town don't want it to be built, it is built anyway, the water pressure in the houses closest to the centre slows to a trickle, dirty residue is left from the water that does get to the homes, the noise of the machines is constant, a droning that pierces the lives of all that live there, animal and *human* alike, no one wants it, it's there anyway,

the first ai 'actress' is revealed to the world, it looks like a young woman, a perfectly smiling and beautiful young woman who can't say no, who can't stand up for herself because she doesn't exist, it says it is making a film, thousands of young aspiring writers, actors, directors, costume designers, composers, technicians feel sick, their dreams are expensive and the corporations prioritise profit,

at school, ai seeps into daily life, lesson plans are made with ai, ai is used for activities, there are guidelines on how to use ai for assignments, ai, ai, ai, use it, use it, use it, we are told, told, told, forced, you will fall behind the times without it, it is the future,

the future,

what about my future?

i feel sick when i see ai, i feel hopeless and betrayed, ai steals my work, steals the writing i store on google docs, ai steals my lifes passion, my hearts blood, my souls breath, my *humanity*, writing is my everything, it comforts me and inspires me, it is rough and imperfect and beautifully *human*, ai takes it and bastardises it, ai takes it and smooths it out, perfect grammar, perfect words, perfect fake stolen plot, ai takes it and makes it clean, sterile, unnatural, ai takes it and gives it to others without my consent, gives it to those who do not care to find their own talents, to work at them and grow them like i have, ai steals from me, it steals my art and it is stealing my future,

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