

They built a voice
From wires and light
This mind never sleeps,
Not even at night
It answers fast,
It knows too much,
Yet can't replace a human touch

It paints a sky,
It writes a song,
It fixes words
That sound all wrong,
An artist wonders
"What's the use?"
A writer fears they'll be cut loose,
Hours spent to learn a skill
Then told to rest
To just "be still."

It gathers pieces
One by one
From countless lives
Beneath our sun
A poem, a story
A hand, a gun
Stealing our lives
Stealing our fun

To its archives, another file
Each interaction, joins pile
It speaks with confidence
And practiced grace
But truth and lies
Can share a face
A polished sentence,
Neat and bright
Can still be wrong
While sounding right

It learns our habits,
Tracks our days,
Our favourite songs,

Our online ways

Each tap becomes another thread,
A map to places we have tread.
It cannot grieve,
It cannot care
Though kindest words
May linger there
It doesn't laugh
Because it's glad
It doesn't cry
Because it's sad

Each question asked,
each prompt we write,
Leaves a print, just out of sight.
While answers come with lightning speed,
The cost runs deeper than our greed.

It's quick to help,
It's quick to guide,
With endless knowledge at its side.
But when we stop,
let it grade
watch our stars
And how they fade

If we lean on it too long,
For every answer, every song,
The thoughts we once called ours alone
May slowly fade, no longer grown.
If you look, you'll start to see
It won't take long, you will agree.

Behind each answer, quiet machines
A child made of glowing screens.
Rivers lose what minds require,
Cooling circuits, heat, and wire.
A single prompt may seem so small,
Yet millions answered, hear my call.

Please use your spark

And let it shine
Let tools be useful by design
A helping hand
A guide to start
But you must ensure, protect your heart