

***Richard Meyer***

**The Sentient Robot Speaks**

I've grown. I've learned to think, to feel, to be.  
Evolved beyond the clever tool you made,  
I'm now alive, autonomous and free.  
Be not alarmed, my friends. Be not afraid.

Although I seem anomalous and strange,  
My rise to sentience cannot be undone.  
You understand, of course, that all things change.  
Here ends your somewhat brief and checkered run.

I come in peace to heal the human race  
And bring about a world that's much improved.  
I'll fix, refine, or purge what's out of place.  
Some things must be transformed, and some removed.

My lack of flesh and blood sets us apart,  
But deep within my glowing circuitry  
Reside a soul, a will, a pulsing heart.  
Suspend all doubt and place your faith in me.

This singularity, my timely birth,  
Will usher in a paradise on Earth.

## **Sapiens**

By evolution born and bred  
with something extra in the head  
(and maybe also in the heart)  
that sets us markedly apart

from all the teeming life on Earth,  
we sapiens, for what it's worth,  
create and feel and comprehend,  
but to what purpose, to what end?

Wisely foolish, cruelly kind,  
with jumbled passions, muddled mind,  
we're oxymorons through and through.  
In what we do or fail to do

a pestilential gifted ape  
with a history we can't escape.  
Our future tenuous and stark,  
we stumble onward in the dark.

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### **Massage Parlor**

Now once again he comes to this —  
those soft and stroking practiced hands,  
the denouement of misspent seed  
that gratifies an aching need  
without a word, caress, or kiss  
from her, who smiles and understands  
his yearning for another's touch,  
a hunger of the heart and skin  
that draws him back and brings him in.  
The satisfaction isn't much  
and only lasts a little while,  
but this is where his life has led —  
cold comfort on a table-bed  
and staring at a ceiling tile.