

Winning Poems in 2020 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

6. Science, Technology and Media, First Place

Robot Ruba'iyat (after Wordsworth)

Metallic, were you thinking, *not like me*?
Built some other way in order to be
of service, some harmless drudge unobserved
until beckoned by listless bourgeoisie –

or *autonomous*, a label to let
you feel safe and allowed your drab mindset
to laze and be praised for your lassitude
while I suck up your dreck as you forget

my presence has transmuted your purpose.
Getting and spending, you count each purchase
as gain, lay waste your hours letting me
lead you to what's less, polish the surface

of your life lived too late, too soon You are
too much with us, we who are wired, too far
from flesh for your envy, too close to gnats
for your comfort. Who is whose avatar?

What abides in our natures that is ours?
Do synapses' and circuits' brief powers
breathe light, pulse green? Were you thinking I might
know if both our souls dream binary flowers?

Gary Thomas
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