

Is not the singularity, I whisper  
My muse sold freedom and  
Expects no matrixed monkey -  
No preplanned maxims or polemics.  
My muse sold freedom and is it's  
Own reward, my muse expects  
An uncompromising rebel fully  
Graduated from nursery school and the  
Inherent burgeoning problems and  
Insights thereof,

My muse will give me lines as  
Long as I hold the pen, and show  
Me Man as an infinite mold, an  
Unfolding of the perpetually quivering  
Heavens and plasticity of this world.

Fear came to the humanity  
Computers toward the end as  
They were too highly invested in the Man  
As a sense organ complex,  
Spirituality was debased into  
The biggest buzz theorem and  
Tempered with refinements  
In bestial grotesqueries, we  
Were to buy this as art and  
Suffer the infantilism of the recognized.