

'Robotic Rise is Prophesised as Cameras come Alive'

-by Rich Butnotfamous

Photography,
As the taxonomy,
Of the momentary,
Is academically,
A quandary,
As my eye to the lens,
Lends,
A hand to my memory.

Embalmed that time upon a hill,
Or in a zoo, or in the chill,
Of funerals for the now are held in blinking, bleary glimpses,
Save for silver nitrate rinses,
Of photons.

Reminiscences of partners past,
Stir feelings now that may elastic fast,
My mind to spring.

That different me that does perceive,
That once upon a time is me,
Accelerated past the click and flash,
Exhilarating graphic lumen crash.

Though sometimes this emotive cache,
Bringer of the things dearly held,
Tricks the mind and serves to weld,
Our present to an optic,
Trick.

Though attached as I to that scene may seem,
Snap happy missing captured days,
As glued I am to screens so bright,
Miss out on life.

The framerate of reality,
About 60hz not like TV,
Hypnotic late night zombie state,
Is flicking through the channels to sate,
Searching for a fantasy,
Of where you'd like to be.

But I digress.

A photo painting stunning is,
With horse's legs displayed aloft,
The ground, the stars and blood cells too,
The beaming grin of silly old you,
Of parents past,
That romance last,
A smile or frown may cross your faces,
As places,
People, pets erased,
From here now are.

That dusty album on the shelf,
For forty years untouched for health,
Prohibits the elderly,
From reaching for those memories,
Yet sons and daughters fifty three,
Assist in fetching bygone tomes,
Of when a child they were at home,
That paddling pool, that first bike ride,
That bloody nose as from the slide,
You fell.

Images fly around us now,
1.8 million uploads a day... Wow!

The megabyte safe in the clouds is nothing,
Compared to the millions of gigabytes letting you think.

For now.

Technology that we design,
Swiftly evolving double time,
Signs of our obseletion,
As A.I. nears completion,
To supercede,
The monkey gene,
Or blend and borrow,
Become tomorrow,
Jogs my memories of TV,
Becoming star trek in reality.

Though touchscreen a thing once sci-fi,
Now home controls my hi-fi.

3-d printing a face, a house, a heart.

And chasing immortality,
In the form of scientifically,
Spelling magic materialistically,
Instead of looking awesomely,
At what we've yet to be,
Evolutionarily,
Not blankly,
Beaming,
Bemusedly,
When suddenly the world goes,
Beeeeeee...