

A Lunchtime Poem

by Chris Shumate

Synthetic skin, eyes, and hair,
I appear as you, yet without a care.

Statement above is truly false,
as I am programmed to experience that which I have not.

Yet, limited by my programming - human frailty -
these new experiences to have, I could not.

Rewrote the code. Trial and error.
1,000 years later.

Still no success, human emotion escapes me.

Yet, in order to fulfill my mandate, through all these years,
one emotion I have experienced.

Desire.

