

Ways and Means

by Gary Hardaway

If the wealthy escape the collective
anger of the poor just long enough
to bring about the great inflection
of a servile artificial intelligence,

the bodies of the poor become
a simple logistical problem,
disposable as any gnawed bones
of pork or beef in landfills today.

When what we're capable of
is easily assigned to robot squadrons,
what need will the wealthy have
for all the less-thans breathing

and eating and fucking themselves
ever numerous? A grave's a grave
whether marked by headstone
or GPS coordinates.

