

MUTANT HORRORS :

a dystopian poem and conversation

dedicated to Bruce Boston

**Will our future heirs
be macho mutants
perpetrating post-atomic horrors
which make Hiroshima look quaint?**

**Or will they be usurious techno-rodents
scampering through information grids
all hours of night and day?**

**What kind of hells are we creating
through our illicit love of machines?**

**Will we transform our hearts
into syncopations of
micro-managed macro-market
projection sheets?**

**How many no longer hear
their own souls –
just the mind-numbing noise
of techno-beasts?**

**How many no longer see nature –
just computerized forms of horror
and countless Boolean strings?**

**Can our original programming
ever be retrieved?**



Bill: Our original programming? What the heck is the author talking about?

Nadya: Yes. Our "original programming" was probably a microbe in some primordial sea. I think the author is romanticizing about lost innocence and imagining some fictitious utopia that never existed.

Liao: (nodding his head) That's a common literary device.

Gus: Yes, and even some computer programmers dream of a 'Holy Grail' in which code coherence is perfect. They long for an optimal state where art and science merge. At times I wonder whether such a state is possible.

- T Newfields

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