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MOTHER AT FORTY-EIGHT: A MOTHER-MACHINE STILL

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“Mother is not a machine: she is turning forty-eight!”

not a dynamic machine,

for us to plug in,

get our bodies charged

with delicious victuals,

music, dialogue and so on...

I know it well, yet

how can I not wear

an eternal cross!

with every move,

in every action, thoughtful, thoughtless,

if she is caught by some malady, trivial or grave

for more than three days!

I am enforced to enable access

to an artificial chip,

temporarily programming

as the daughter-machine,

switching our databases

computationally,

like a sour-faced robot

I'd walk, talk and act.

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Why I have turned like others: fuddy-duddy generation
who run the Mother-machines since ages;
from tea to money, buttons I push,
cashing in on everything possibly
exhausting the digital limit.

Over the years “normalised”, this thrives
as we are taught, it is necessary to be
alive, to breathe, to play
consciously with the algorithms
encoded in the mother-machine,
by ourselves according to our needs,
the codes arrange, re-arrange, delegating
tasks anew everyday.

I see
a stone-hearted device
couched all day long: its self-centred antennae,
nothing noteworthy de-codes!

But pretends to gather notions
with a philosophical veneer,
failing to channel in life-praxis.

What songs, what scriptures, what jnana!
Nothing, his old computer iterated!

Yet the mother-machine serves



uninterrupted by advertisements,
unassailed by viruses,
dawning on itself a wide human heart;
a daughterly heart
for an indifferent machine
grounded hither
waning in age
her father- system passively installed
“Yes, Mother, at forty-eight, is sadly
a mother- machine, still...”



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