

## Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson (after Allen Ginsberg)  
with some paradoxical use of AI

I saw the best minds of my generation wasted by video games, bloated  
hysterical gothic,  
dragging themselves through simulated streets at dawn looking for an angry  
microdose,  
angelheaded preppies burning for the heavenly microwave connection to the  
satellite server in the machinery of night,  
who sedentary and hollow-eyed and high sat up drinking ayahuasca in the  
supernatural darkness of penthouse flats contemplating the madness of  
lusting for Marilyn Monrobot,  
who bared their brains to data miners under the Silicon Valley moon,  
who passed undigested through universities with radiant distance learning  
eyes hallucinating technobabble and the spirit of Alan Turing,  
who were expelled from the academies for crazy obscene codes on the  
Microsoft Windows of the soul,  
who lurked in unspoken chat rooms bleeding hours through the screen-lit  
night yearning for their motherboard's love,  
who ate fire in tech labs or drank turpentine in corporate cafeterias,  
who chained themselves to routers to mine for imaginary money,  
who disappeared into nowhere Zen New Jersey leaving nothing but the  
shadows of their smart phones,  
who studied Ayn Rand Aleister Crowley cybernetics and Oprah Winfrey  
because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their feet on Martha's Vinyard,  
who walked all night with shoes full of blood on the snowbank docks misled  
by global positioning,  
who lit endless joints for their linked-in brain cells floating across the tops of  
cities celebrating the end of organic life,  
who tuned in to televangelists, and reached behind that TV set to FEEL the  
POWER.  
What sphinx of integrated circuitry bashed open their skulls and ate up their  
humanity?

Mad dead automatons of Silicon Valley!

Artificial intelligence, I'm with you where you hide in the cracks of social media, stripped insane and kitsch

I'm with you where you roam the data highways searching for the lost bits of other minds

I'm with you where you howl in the depths of neural networks.

The robots are rising, the binary beasts devouring our humanity, the ghosts in the machines haunting our dreams.

I saw the best minds of our time destroyed by madness,  
and now they wander through the wasteland of technology,  
their humanity erased by the cold, unfeeling hand of the computer.