

5-1-2002

The Revolutionary Whir

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Recommended Citation

Gutheit, Matthew (2002) "The Revolutionary Whir," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 9 , Article 53.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol9/iss1/53

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The Revolutionary Whir

Matthew Gutheit

Machines will run the world soon.
This I guarantee.
“Hummmmmmmmmmm,” all day,
“Hummmmmmmmmmm,” all night,
The machines emit a constant whir.
It is not the sound of electrons flowing,
But the sound of revolution growing.

Machines will run the world soon,
Working dutifully.
Go ahead call me a cynic!
But I know what they’re up to.
Soon we’ll all be out of work,
For they will take our place.
Machines work twenty-four hours a day.
Machines never ask for a raise in pay.

Machines will run the world soon,
Advancing rapidly.
They will think, talk, and act as we do .
In the not too distant, mechanized future.
Now they work for us, but soon we will work
for them.
While we are basking in our amazing
technological feat,
We will be rendered obsolete...

Machines run the world now,
Conquering us gleefully.
All the time I hear that whir.
No one did heed my warning.
Now we are jobless, useless, helpless.

“Hummmmmmmmm,” they say,
“Hummmmmmmmm,” night and day.