

POEM ON AI “THE MYTH OF ICARUS AND DAEDALUS”

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The wind went in brisk, flying solemnly
Through the doors of Athens. The land was
Hot, hot as hot it may get on Greece, after all
Who says that's where we all live?

When the sun rose and the morrow was close,
The sorrow spoke from above, and
All Athens knew where it came from.
Do not wonder more, tis that tower where Daedalus is found.

“Ay me! Whom gods I tried to defeat, knowing not
That my knowledge wasn't enough.
Freeze time, O freeze! and let me live.” Cried the old Daedalus
With wet O wet tears salty and bitter as the sea.

“How is it that thee have ended up hither?” asked the wind.
“Good morrow ghostly companion
Thou wilt see, that no man was more skillful than me.
Tis Daedalus whose inventions have defied nature

“Tis me the creator of such invention as carpentry
I'm master and author and like me none there is.”
Daedalus rested on the borders of the tower
Drunk with his own tears.

“No man is there with mental faculties equal
to mine. Because of me, men sail overseas.
By inventions of mine humans alike gods are
And no law nor limit was on them”

The wind wooed around and around
And Daedalus went on and on
Then he told a tale of Minos' wife
Whom he created such a costume such a masque.

“O this wife she had prayed to myself
To craft an invention real in aspect,
So that the bull of Minos could love her
And therefore his blessing conceit

“Oh, this wife had prayed to me
to create such real-looking invention,
so that the bull of Minos would set his eyes on her
and thus his blessing would conceive her.

“This was true, I tell you,
That this beast, she called son
Was the reason of horror,
In the life of our King.

“Minos spoke, he was flames
And my fate he would decide
This is true I tell you. To this tower
I was sent, with my good Icarus.”

The wind cried; “Ay you, alas your fate,
But where’s your mate?
Icarus? Haven’t heard. Not in earth,
Or that I guess?”

“Right you are, O good friend,
Listen clear, what I say,
O I had this invent,
Nor the gods could possess

“For this thing was everything.
All you imagine it could be.
No limits, but your mind
So I ordered it wings to be crafted.

“And I told my good son:
Don’t you get near the sun
For these wings should break
If the sun heats them up.

“Icarus, O good kid
Alas thy heart
For you wished for what gods had.
Alas me, and my Invention which I call AI.

“Icarus rose to the sun
From underneath Athens saw a god
From my view, this I saw:
Ambition mixed with the stupidity of a kid.”