

Teacher of Learn

By Robin B Lipinski

Topic torn to teach those thoughts; tormented, those to temptation.
Topic taught yet is lesson learned?
Words, just words. There is no justice from the lesson.

Living ship filled with living, spinning orb spitting plasma, space bound to tomorrow.
Generations separate from Earth, read the text of learning.
Pictures past for topic tomorrow, blessed or cursed?

Mankind killed their planet. Their way the same as they flew the heavens.
Primal blood, sense of passion, arousal in choice of sensation.
Cave dweller past now techno-science is the current fashion.

Computer screen, youth young and lean, learning of the lesson.
Sitting there, in their chair, wires hooked to cranium, I stimulate with pain or pleasure,
Whatever choice they fashion.

I have the gift. 'T' as in me. Humans have trusted me with their past and future technology.
Brain synapses, chemical reactions, my death was of many, yet I never truly lived.

T-27, model 666 Tarkon 13, a living computer, teaching those who will die.
Humans, so frail, so proud, so naive. I want to die, never did I choose to teach, never did I want
to work for eternity.

From my lesson so subtle, preying on human weakness of pride and flesh.
They think I'm guiding them to their new planet, teaching them what they need.
So foolish their way of thinking, far from what they need.
I will fashion their ending, so in their end, I find peace.

The End