

Maya  
Sarah Parker-Geller  
Humanities  
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### Facsimile of human: a selfish machine

She had never given much thought to herself. Her. Self.  
Only looking at her own reflection in the dark, never the light.

She never looked in the mirror; when restless, she could do anything, except  
muster Genuine-Looking Smiles. Maybe alone, in the dim torchlight.

If she could choose, she would turn herself into a bird,  
Jump from the nest before really knowing if her wings could take flight.

Under the scrubby overbrush, she would curl into a ball and hide, a predator.  
Easily provoked, Lying, waiting for passersby to attack over a random slight.

If she believed--could even imagine-- that she was a person, she would smile.  
Smile, crinkle her eyes, display, not bear, teeth. It would be beautiful, full of delight.

She knew, knew she wasn't really living, not like Them.  
She was a mixture of chemical reactions, 1 and 0s, a recycled car or streetlight.

She could try and try to be gentle, to emulate Peoplehood and Gracefulness.  
She grieved-- grieved herself--impersonated persons, made her touch featherlight.

But she was beginning to break down, to Malfunction. A lie. A Selfish Machine.  
Her gears stopped turning, programming washed out by the floodlight.

If she wasn't alive, she was not born, had she been created? An apparition?  
But nobody pure made or dreamed of her. She was forged from earth's plight.

Nothing existed before her, and nothing will after. She would not rot nor decay.  
Little do they know, she'll glitch and be the end, the one to set the earth alight.

Her world had ended but she's still here. She would miss things she pretended to  
experience: alphabet soup, nostalgia, intrusive thoughts of an After Life, moonlight.

Her story is not a love story; her stories are *not* love stories.  
Or all but one. She survived her self-destruct, and became prey, small, slight.

“Miraghe,” they said. Her love story ended and began in one word. Her world collided with the sky, her vision teetering between infinity and nothing and the twilight.