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Google Fiber Comes to Big Bend

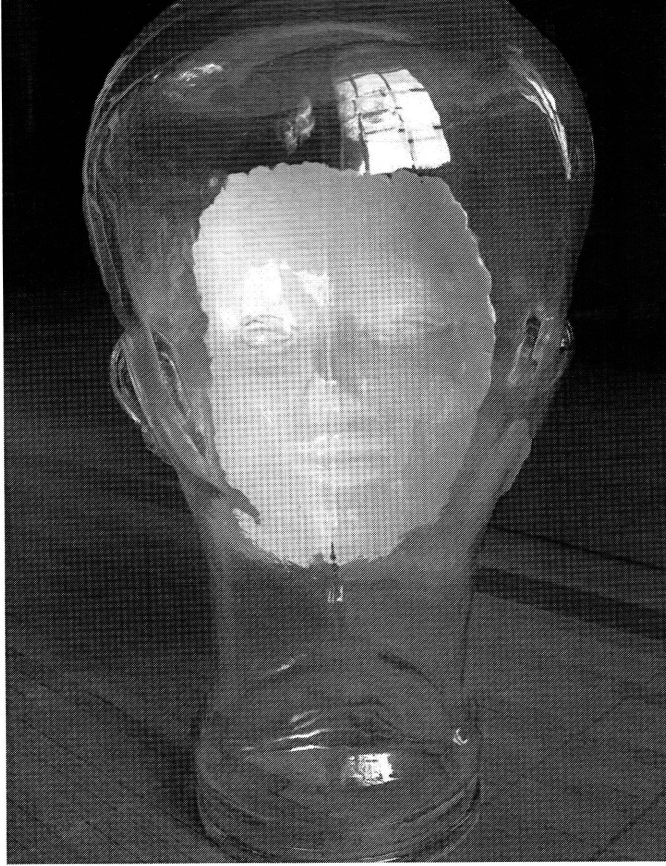
Evan Hinton

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SUBCONSCIOUS SABRINA MENDOZA

Google Fiber Comes to Big Bend

EVAN HINTON

The steam drill gives a distant whisper
in the ear of John Henry
from several paces behind.
Now, feeling
the livelihood of his fellow men,
heavy in his hands,
John Henry lays his hammer down,
lets his head fall.
A gunny sack holds the weight of his world.
Now, awoken
Death's rattle gives way
to a purring in his ear,
56 kilobaud per second.

He lays his tracks
firm in the ground,
only to find
the will of curiosity
supplanted.
The new machine,
this silicon drill,
cannot taste
dirt, sweat, blood,
effort.

Kasparov blinks,
perspires,
his hands slip,
only because

he had hoped
to grasp with them,
Deep Blue will never know
a hammer's weight
in a clenched fist,
the heft of ambition,
the might of wonder,
the impact of failure.

We are outmoded,
devices
of blood and synapses,
only if,
having known these things,
we forget.