

Hannah Lindsey

Hail, Holy Houston: A Discourse on the Anxiety of Mechanised Racial Profiling

Love set you going like a fat gold clock (watch!) ticking
Boxes on an Apollo checklist; stuck at some point, still.
Don't worry Karl we have a program for the picking now:
For there she was: weaving a registry of fifty shades of brown.
Ships hang in the sky much in the way bricks

Might, if we built a Babel enough crane.
Bums are falling off our kids: ruthless in cutting off waste!
Fairy-free gardens have as many colour purples raining;
Bet we can make them all in micro, soft, paint—
Art in the age of mechanical reproduction. (Fleshly reproduction is draining.)

The quick, brown fox sticks his hot sharp stink in ones and zeroes.
We are bugging the ineffable; Satan's a spot we can see!
What will you trade for an eye? AI might be cis, white, male, hetero,
but at least it won't talk to me on the train.
This might have been a very bad move. But don't panic, carry on.