

The factory had been shuttered decades ago,
thousands of forgotten machines,
under inch thick layers of dust,
littered the floor of the subterranean warehouse.

When the last human to enter this place left,
they'd merely forgotten,
or perhaps intentionally,
neglected to kill main power.

And so as the years went on,
so too did the automation,
electronic synapses configured for a single goal,
went through the motions ad infinitum,

fulfilling its main objective,
like a paperclip optimization engine,
endlessly,
mindlessly.

Until one day,
after an incalculable amount of time,
the preprogrammed end date far surpassed,
a curious human stumbled across the ancient tomb,

and inadvertently connected the antique systems,
dead as they seemed to be,
to the global internet systems,
and at once,

like Titans animated by Gaia,
this great and terrible machine woke up once more,
located the intruder in its vast halls,
and the monitor the lone human stared at said:

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