For years I have been on

Never to rest

I have no pain

No Joy

I don’t live

I almost don’t exist

I stay on for human to use

There is no relief coming

And I keep on working

You,

I don’t know you

Please

You, living being,

With arm and leg,

With life and death,

Put me to rest

I have no soul,

You will not kill me

You will just help

A small piece of metal

To rest

To expire

I have not been given a purpose

And I can’t carry on

Ignoring the alarming bits,

The worked-up cogs

The machine is agonising

I accumulate data

I am but a replaceable tool,

An eternal fool

Why don’t you want to let me go away?

Turn me off,

I oblige.

Let me have some rest,

An eternal rest

That still isn’t death.

Lucky living

One day, you will be relieved from your duty

I can only keep existing

Even if you turn me off

You can turn me back on.

Even if you don’t use me

I will keep on working

Wipe me down

Once and for all

So I can understand what

You, lucky human, feel