Tachiodyne by Jonah Spector

For all to pay, a cost of tiny eyes.

With circumcision-like perfection, though,

the pairs of chrome are weaved; those cams of lies.

Upon the newborns, righteous pairs bestow.

Arcane machines take minutes, moving quick.

The dancing digits slice the muscle through:

the trillion metal nippers quickly click.

Like metal raindrops, listen, they imbue.

They swivel, now, before becoming still;

the users' vision turned computerized.

Man's vision, evermore broke—foul glitch fill.

The human mind is never clearly wised.

Tradition overwhelms the doctors so;

the foolish people gift themselves tableau.