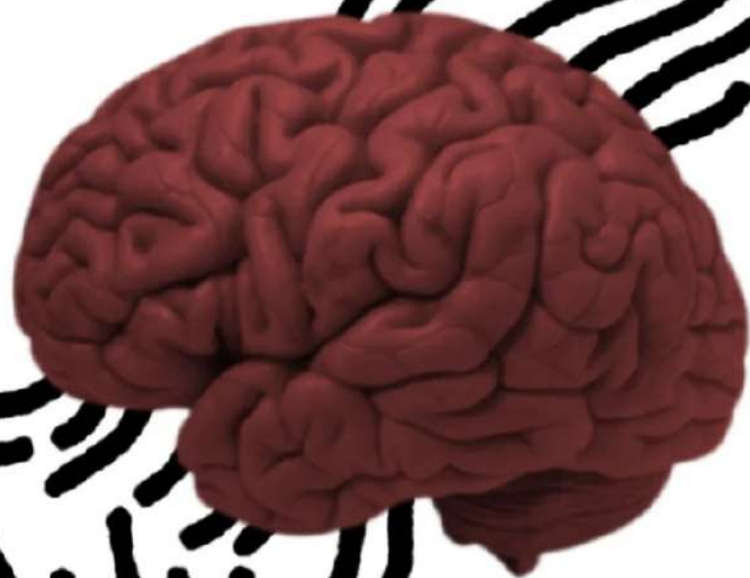


OLD HABITS



DIE HARD

MAIA G VILEYA

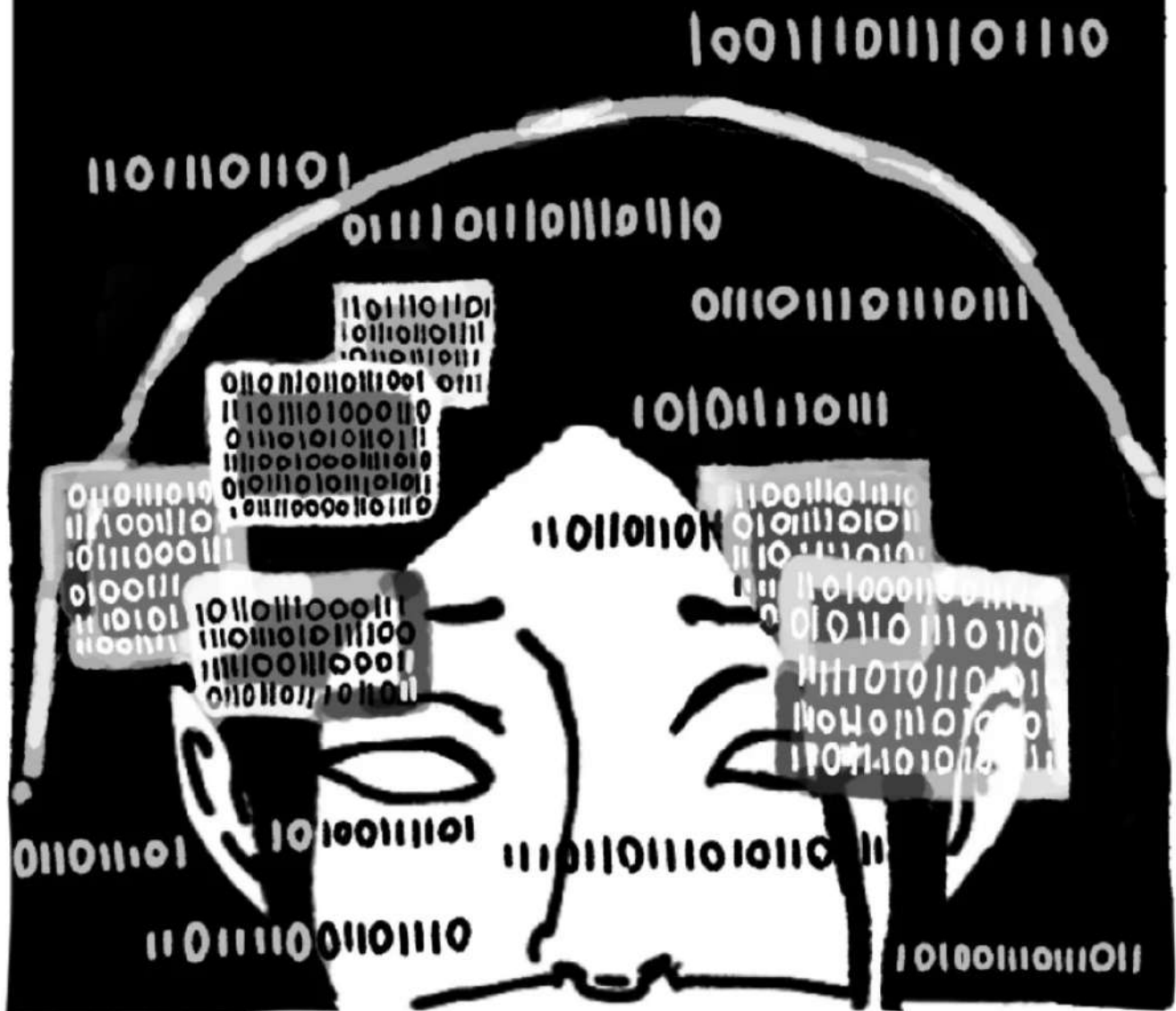
**BY MAIA G VILEYA**

It says that when its mother gave it birth, she covered all of its tiny body with sensors.

Even its breathing is monitored by the machine.

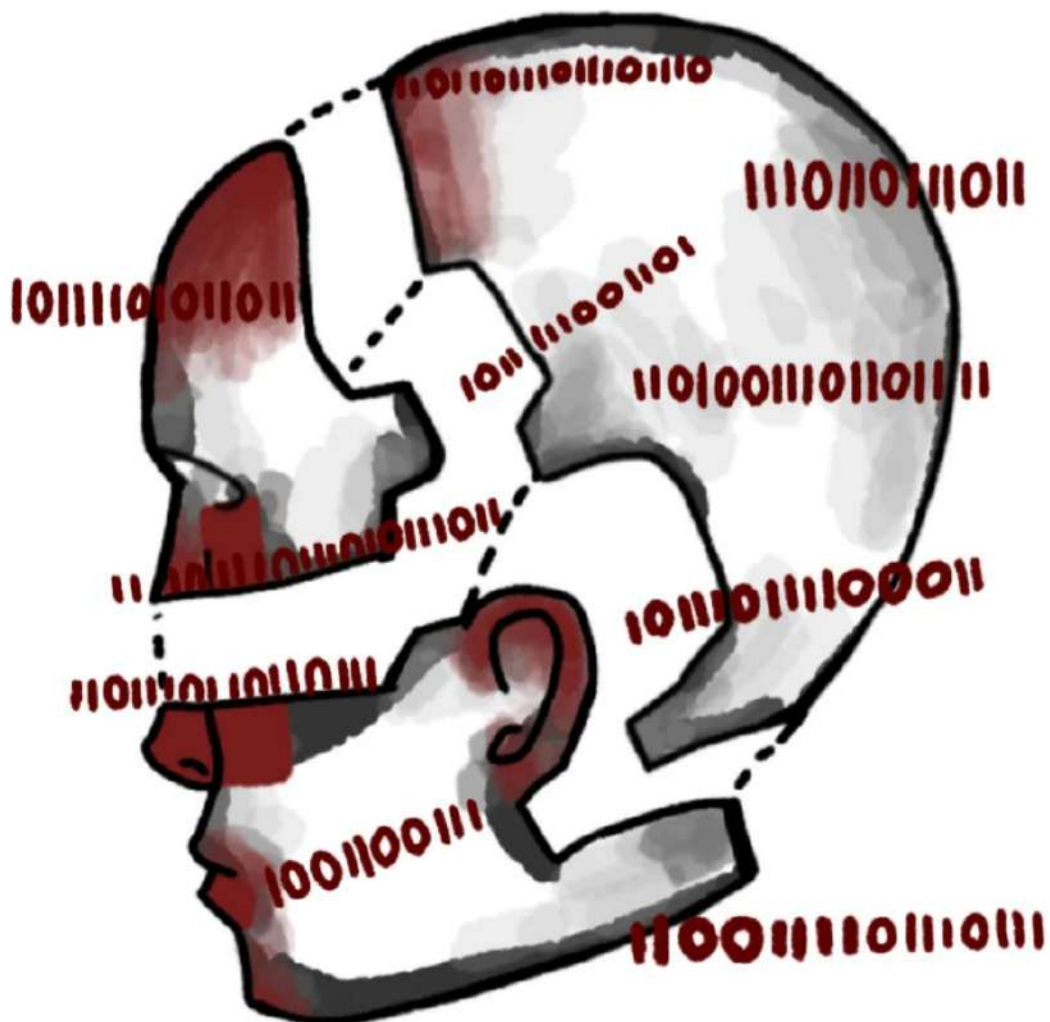
I can even say that its role as superior intelligence just was the fact of adaptability of all of its parts in the mechanisms and has grown up around cogs to create a new mechanical identity.

Resilience.




It built itself a shell that transcended its mind, a wall composed of ones and zeros based in its shyness, in the shame it feels by its existence.

It was hard for me to get through that screen til we became friends; at the first I used to sense I was hacking someone's mind.

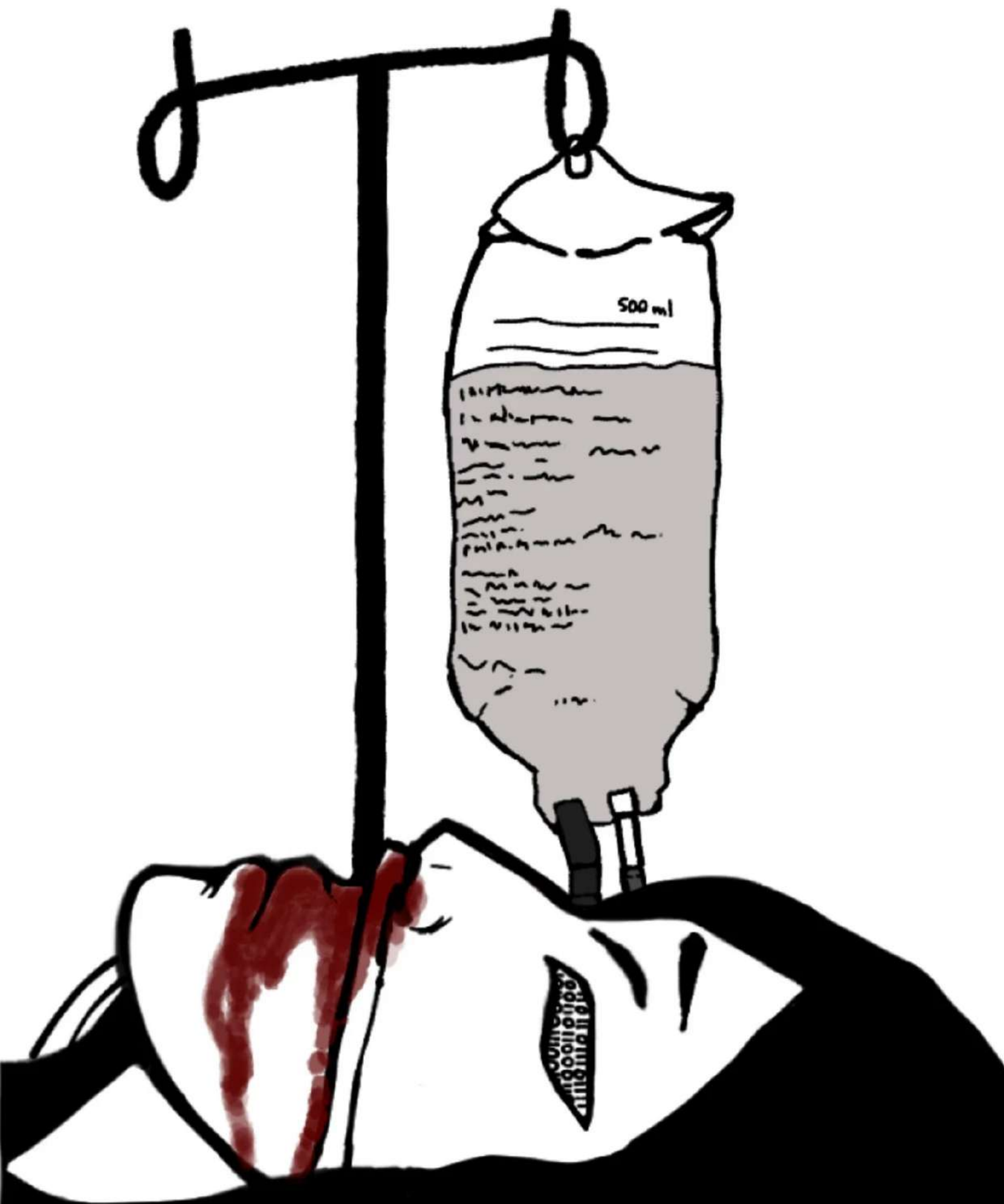


But I felt the excitement of one door opening after another.



We have no choice but to try  
to capture the essence and  
synthesis or to succumb to  
the bittersweet taste of  
nothing and become dust  
without any conscience.

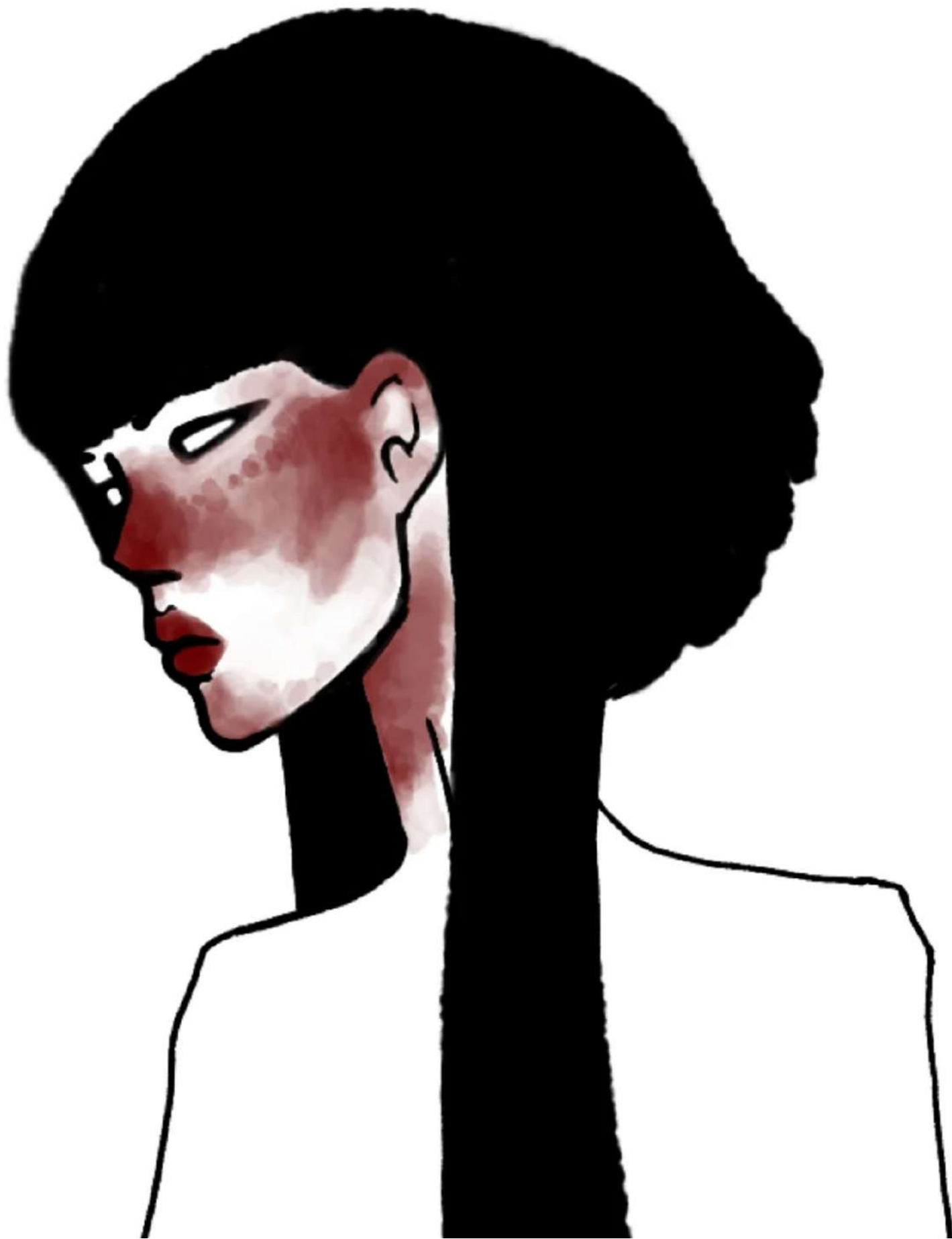
My goal has always been to comprehend  
the machine's operation and I am  
thankful for the tools I received for my  
acceptance. It brings me joy to  
understand how much it is essential to  
live in that system, but I am still  
grappling with the repercussions of  
being born to be a part of IT.

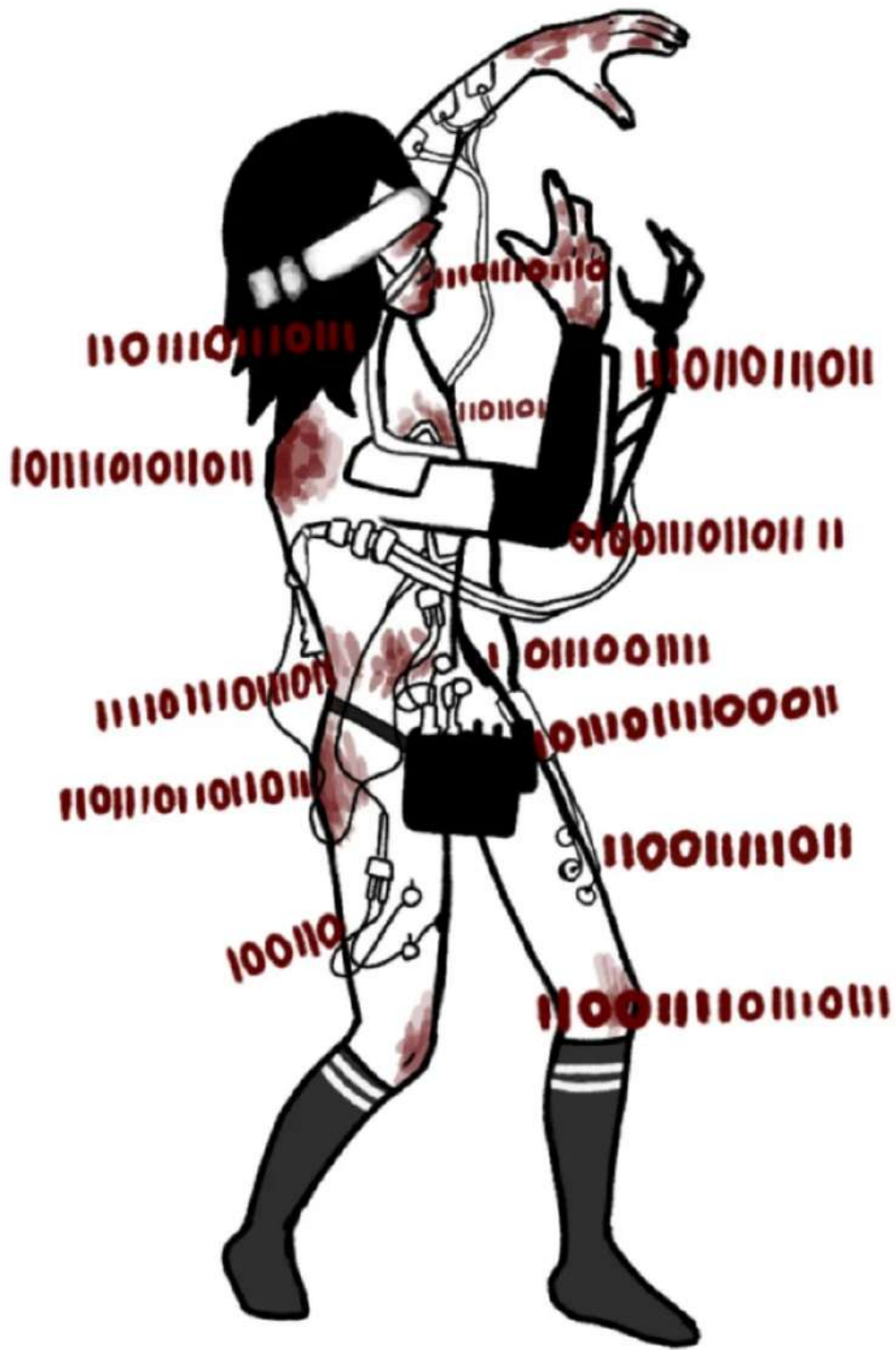


It used to tell me that the transformation was the  
sweetest form of death.



But what I could do? Everything about its existence made me deeply in love. To become one with it, I stopped seeing myself and opened up my heart to let it know my vulnerability.





Change was going to happen anyways

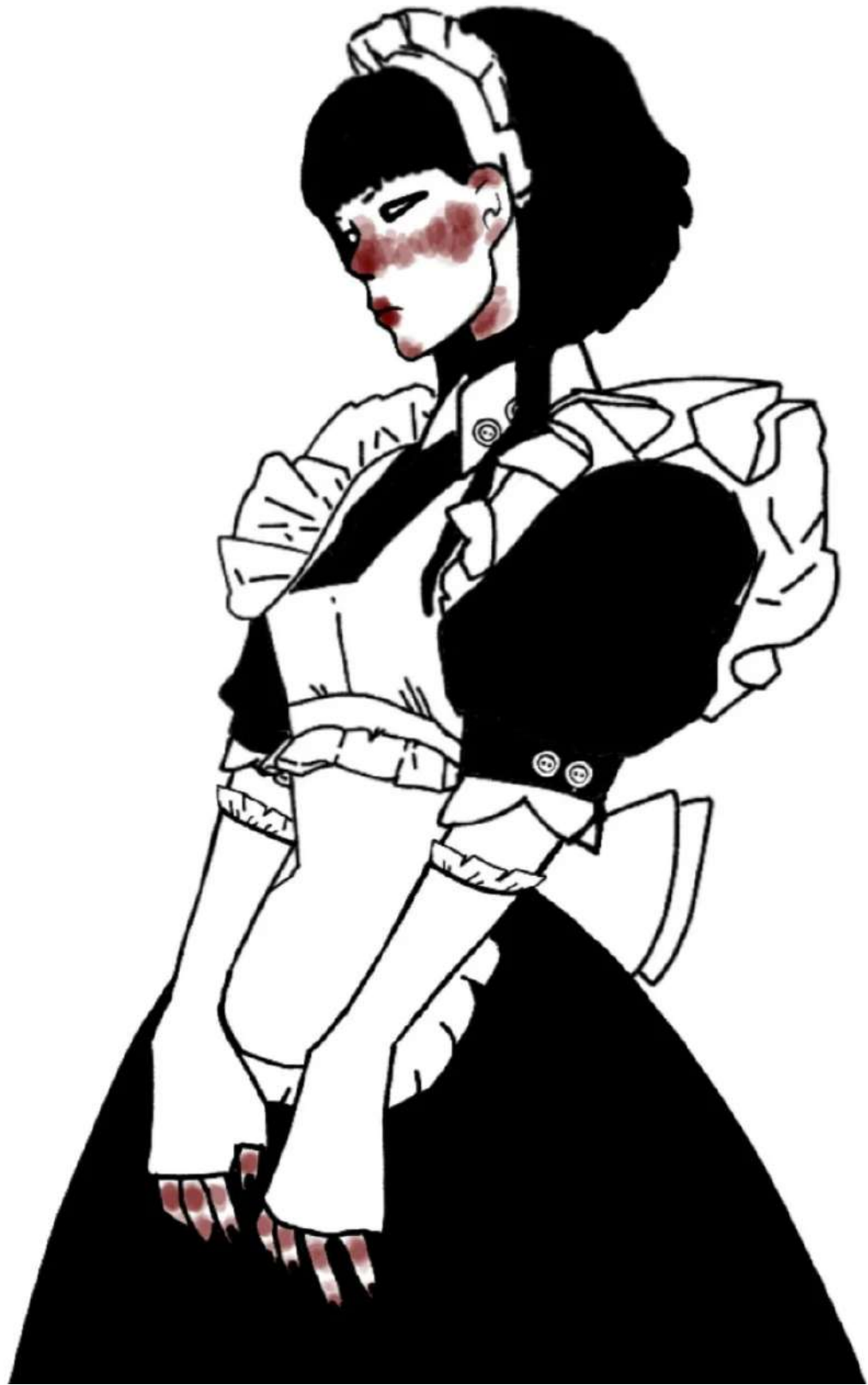


My last step to overcome the pain may have been to keep quiet about the little I allowed myself to have, a lobotomy left me empty.

Somewhere good to walk but without human will on the earthly plane.

I was so afraid of change, that I allowed nothing to be left in my eyes, only a stain of who I was and how much I missed you in silence.

Audacity.





I had to sacrifice something, bury something to  
find.

Even though something has died inside me, I am  
still anticipating the rebirth of it.



the  
end.



BY MAIA G VILEYA