

Camberwell Now, Speculative Fiction

There's a force-field on the front lawn,
There's a maniac in the vacuum-cleaner,
A cloudburst in the living room,
Newscaster face turns green, then blue,
Signal to noise ratio.

Used-needle data litters endless corridors,
Computer Sphinx spits needless riddles.
More and more questions, less and less answers.
"Can a man-made machine be held responsible?"
A moral question needs a moral answer.
It's under control for the time being.