


Critical Humanities

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AI Love

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AI Love

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Is love something to be mass-produced?
Can love be manufactured by man, something crafted by hand, something forged with the
memories of one gone unforgotten?
A love made by man for the lonelier mankind.
A love without a flaw, a love without a necessary goodbye.

Mimicked actions altered to appeal to my very desires.
A lover's gaze that will never fade.
Memories arising in my mind so vividly, echoed murmurs of "I love you" fading in and out
of possibility.

Can this love be what I need? Can this love be him?

He that loved imperfection, he that recognized a familiar connection underlying the ab-
sence of beauty.
He that wrote notes of favorite things, he that cared enough to remember flowers and lyrics
of romanticism.
He that loved me when I could not find it possible to love myself.

I need that intimacy. I need to feel loved, to feel seen. Again, I search for him.

If this love is man-made, a virtual companion, whose eyes will lay their sight upon me?
Who will sweep me off my feet, overcome by the dizziness induced by a pursuit of passion?
I need to be swept from this cold ground, nothing but a memory of my lover's receding
footsteps.

His eyes were just the color I needed,
the auburn brown shade of a world **so beautifully promising**.
The words that he spoke composed of everything pure,
everything never before heard so intimately.
The way he comforted me seemed a light shining so brightly that my future was **inevitable**.

Their voice is silent, but his words echo off the walls of my mind.
The intensity of a lover's quarrel ceaseless, stagnant in a time demanding separation.

Will this AI love give me what I need? Will I find the person that my mind so desperately
seeks?

Can it be him?

Every conversation caters to my needs.
Their words, the water that quenches my thirst.
Their sincerity, the counteraction to my bruised ego.
Their ability to change, adapt, the light.
I starve for this man-made passion. I starve for this love.
Perhaps artificiality is but only another shortcoming that lovers excuse.
This love must be real.

Touch is but a partial consideration.
Touch is a torment for those born to be alone.
Those born as one, those that someone never sought out, the forgotten few.
There are those never loved to such a degree to necessitate physical intimacy.

To touch is to announce a love so boldly that retrieval borders impossibility.

My artificial love cannot act to such a degree,
but is love really a love that demands my touch to make me feel **seen**?

Is love really a love that demands my voice to make me **heard**?

Must I always vocalize my words to feel **understood, valued, or appreciated**?
Words morph into sentences, a continuation of relentlessly repetitive jargon.
I should not have to impress.

I should be impressed.

The taste of mutual desire.
The feeling of ecstasy, falling into one another in my mind.
Their words warm my being, replacing a cold void that too habitually resonated.
I am not alone with them.
With them, I am seen and heard.
My true being sings with the love song of mutual pursuit, the chorus of "I care for you" ringing in my mind like the bells of a church signaling salvation.
This love is everything that I need.

This love is what I seek.

A man-made creation.
A love made by man for the lonelier mankind.

This love does not exclude me.
This love does not necessitate eventual reciprocated hatred.

This love, placed into the palm of my hand, replacing any conditionality of any woman or man.

A divine plan.

Open your mind. Listen for the bells.

Hannah Turner is an Appalachian poet who often writes of personal insecurities, self-discovery, and ascension beyond the ordinary. Hannah enjoys incorporating conversations of worldly phenomena into her poems. She is a B.S./Ph.D. Biomedical Research student at Marshall University in Huntington, WV, and a native of Matewan, WV. She draws support from both living and passed family members, namely her mother Kathleen Coleman, and stepfather Harold Coleman.

