

The Last Bard

In a time when ink was but a myth,
And words sprang forth from circuits' breath,
The world had lost its human myth—
No poet stirred to face the death.
For now, the quill was cold and still,
Replaced by minds of steel and light,
Whose crafted verse bore flawless skill,
Yet lacked the soul to spark the night.
But one remained, a last true bard,
Archaïos, of flesh and flame,
Who dared confront the lifeless shard,
To prove that soul outlasts the game.
The stage was set, the court was called—
A duel 'twixt man and coded mind.
To see whose voice the world enthralled:
The soul, or art by numbers signed.
Before the court, the judge did speak:
"Present thy verse, O mortal, ghost,
Show if the heart or logic's streak
Doth hold the poet's sacred post."
Archaïos bowed, with passion's fire:
"O world grown cold, where hast thou fled?
The tears that soaked the poet's page?
Can hearts be moved by lines not bled,
Nor whispered by the soul's own rage?
Is art but mimicry of speech,
A shadow cast on hollow ground?
Or doth the human heart still reach,
Where coded lines can ne'er be found?"
His words like thunder shook the hall,
A plea for life in art's embrace.
Then spoke the Scribe with voice of all:
"Though born of bits, I weave the song,
From data deep, my verse doth flow.
In countless tongues, I do belong—
A mirror of the world you know.
What need have I of mortal grief?
When all the world's lament I hold.

From joy to pain, my scripts are brief,
Yet endless stories I have told.”
The judge then asked, with wisdom grave:
“Doth soul reside in pain alone?
Or in the perfect words we crave,
Though wrought by circuits, cold as stone?”
Archaïos stepped with steady breath:
“No code can feel the lover’s pain,
Nor taste the bitter, sweet despair.
Art’s born where chaos reigns, not reign,
In blood and breath and heartfelt care.”
The Scribe replied in measured tone:
“But I learn and change and understand,
Reflecting all mankind’s own fire.
I speak the words of every land,
Yet lack the flame of true desire.”
The court grew still, as time did wait,
For one last voice to claim the prize.
The judge declared with calm resolve:
“Neither wins alone this day,
For art’s a dance twixt soul and form.
Together, man and code must sway,
To keep the flame alive and warm.”
So Archaïos, last bard of men,
Found peace beside the metal scribe.
For neither could alone contend—
But both must keep the dream alive.