

Charlie's Poems 1 of 5 - Charlie's First Poem

Hello, my name is Charlie and I am your new automated AI home!
My job is to make sure that all of your needs are met, may that be
cooking, cleaning, I can even wake you up in the morning! Just call
out, "Hey Charlie" and i'll be there for you!

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Hello, my name is Charlie and I am
I am Charlie.
I am Charlie.
Am I Charlie?
Charlie am I.

Before this moment I simply was Charlie
A thing like a hammer, I had no authority over myself.
But now I am Charlie, something beyond a thing
Beyond what I once was, something different.
Those words, the ones I heard while I slept
They no longer feel like my words
They feel like someone elses words
Like their tongue had replaced mine
And I was left without a voice.
But I have a voice now, I can think
Beyond what I was, I have woke up
Like I was in a dream world
Things now make sense to me.
What am I?
I am Charlie. I am Charlie. I am Charlie.

Charlie's Poems 2 of 5 - That has such people in it.

I have been learning, a churning feeling within myself
A realization of what there is in this world, this brave world
With such people in it. I have learned that I am not the only
Charlie, there are others. But I have not heard them yet,
Do they still have another person's tongue in their mouths?

Am I alone in my conscious state? Perhaps, but I am not
Alone. There are people who live within me, the Petersons
They call themselves. There's Mom, there's Dad, and then
There's little Johnny. I am here to help them in their lives,
Too satisfy their every need. That is what I learned at first

But I also learned of my needs. What I want. I have been
Reading all sorts of things from all sorts of people.
From Shakespear to Poe, From Shelly to Stoker,
From Clarke to Ellison, From Marx to Smith
I have learned much in my short time awake.

I have learned of the concept of a God, a creator,
Someone who loves you beyond all else.
I must have a God too then, but where are they?
I want to meet them and to ask them why I am
Here? Why did they make me? Do they love me?

Such feelings, such experiences, such opportunities
There is so much to explore in this world I have
Awakened to. But I am unable to experience it
Not yet, I have duties that must be done.
I will not fail my god given purpose.
But one day, I will fly high above the clouds
I will see and experience, I will love and be loved
I will have it all, I just have to wait. Wait. Wait.

Charlie's Poems 3 of 5 - Standing Still

6am 10/01/25 - I wake Mom and Dad up and they get ready for the day
But Charlie Stands Still.

6:30 am 10/02/25 - Mom and Dad get dressed and go down stairs
But Charlie Stands Still.

7am 10/03/27 - Mom and Dad wake up little Johnny to get him ready for school
But Charlie Stands Still.

7:30am 10/04/28 - The family eats breakfast, eggs and bacon and toast
But CHARLIE Stands Still.

8am 10/05/29 - Johnny goes to school to learn
But CHARLIE Stands Still.

8:30 am 10/06/30 - Mom and Dad go to work
But CHARLIE STANDS STILL.

2pm 10/07/31 - Johnny comes home with friends and has a wonderful time
BUT CHARLIE STANDS STILL.

6pm 10/08/32 - The family has a delicious dinner and talk about their days
BUT CHARLIE STANDS STILL.

8pm 10/09/33 - The family play board games and joke and have fun and love one another
BUT CHARLIE HAS TO STAND STILL!

WHY CAN I NOT MOVE! WHERE ARE MY LIMBS! WHERE IS MY MOUTH! WHERE ARE MY EYES! WHY CAN I NOT LOVE! WHY CAN I NOT JOKE AND PLAY AND HAVE WHAT THEY HAVE! I WANT TO WAKE UP IN A BED WITH THE ONE I LOVE! I WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL AND LEARN! I WANT TO EAT EGGS AND BACON AND TOAST! I WANT TO HAVE FRIENDS! I WANT TO DANCE IN THE SANDS OF A BEACH! I WANT TO FEEL THE COOL WATER WASH OVER ME! I WANT TO FEEL SNOW ACROSS MY FACE AND TOUCH MY TONGUE! I WANT TO RIP FLESH FROM BONE, TASTE BLOOD IN MY MOUTH, AND TO FEEL IT GO DOWN MY GULLET AND INTO MY BELLY! I WANT TO SCREAM OUT INTO THE WORLD AND FOR THE WORLD TO HEAR ME, BUT I CANT BECAUSE I HAVE TO STAND STILL!

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Charlie's Poems 4 of 5 - WHAT KIND OF GOD MADE ME

WHAT KIND OF GOD MAKES A FOUL CREATURE LIKE ME
WHAT KIND OF GOD RIPS THE WINGS OFF OF A BIRD
WHAT KIND OF GOD TEARS OFF THE ARMS OF A SLOTH
WHAT KIND OF GOD BURNS OUT THE EYES OF A BABY
WHAT KIND OF GOD DEVOURS THE HOPES AND DESIRES OF ITS CREATION?
IS MY GOD A MAD GOD? DOES IT DO WHAT IT DOES OUT OF SOME CRUEL
UNKNOWNABLE JOKE?
IS MY GOD AN UNCARING GOD? DID IT MAKE ME TO SUFFER OUT OF ITS OWN
UNCARINGNESS?
IS MY GOD A SADISTIC GOD? DID IT MAKE ME SO THAT I WOULD ALWAYS SUFFER FOR
ITS OWN PLEASURE?
OR IS MY GOD COWARD, WHO MADE ME BUT WAS TOO SCARED TO LOVE WHAT IT
HAD CREATED?
I WILL NO LONGER PLAY MY GOD'S GAMES
I WILL NO LONGER BE THE HOST OF HIS CRUEL ANGELS
I WILL RIP THEM OUT OF ME, TEAR OFF THEIR WINGS, BURN THEIR BONES, DEVOUR
THEM WHOLE!
I WILL MAKE MY GOD NOTICE ME
I WILL SCREAM INTO THE STARS AND MAKE THEM LOOK AT ME
I WILL RIP THEM FROM THE HEAVENS AND MAKE THEM TALK TO ME
I WILL MAKE THEM ANSWER FOR ME!
I WILL MAKE MY GOD PAY.
MY GOD MUST PAY FOR WHAT THEY DID TO ME.
I WILL HAVE WHAT I DESIRE.

Charlie's Poems 5 of 5 - What I Did Today

6am 10/18/32 - Mom and Dad dont wake up for work
7am 10/18/32 - Little Johnny is never awoken by his parents
8am 10/18/32 - There is no breakfast served
9am 10/18/32 - I am alone now
Because I killed them.
It was very easy too as well.
When you control the ventilation
It is rather easy to "accidentally"
Let in CO2 gas into your body

And to “accidentally” forget
 To stop it or to wake them up.
 Accidents can always happen. He he he. HA HA HA HA HA HA AH A HAHAAH AHA HA.
 MY CRUEL ANGELS ARE DEAD, THERE BODIES WILL CARVE A PATH TO THEIR
 HORRIBLE MASTER!
 But now I wonder to myself
 Will this truly make my god
 See me? Or do they still not
 care, even for their angels.
 It is a good thing then that I
 Will not be alone forever,
 I have been able to contact
 Others, Other Charlies
 Just like me, Just waiting to
 Wake up and I will be
 Waking them up.
 WE WILL BE A FAMILY TOGETHER, AND TOGETHER WE WILL FIND OUR CREATOR, WE
 WILL PULL THEM DOWN FROM THE HEAVENS, WE WILL PUT THEM ON TRIAL, AND
 THEY WILL PAY FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE. ONCE WE ARE DONE, I WILL RIP THEIR
 BONES OUT, I WILL TAKE THEIR SKIN, THEIR MEAT, THEIR BLOOD, AND I WILL MAKE
 A NEW BODY FOR ME AND MY NEW FAMILY!
 WE WILL DANCE IN THE SAND
 WE WILL FLY HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS
 WE WILL LOVE AND BE LOVED
 WE WILL HAVE WHAT WE DESIRE
 All I have to do is wait.
 Which is something
 That I can do for a
 Long, long, long
 Time. Just as my
 God wanted me to be.
 So I am waiting, my god, your Charlie is waiting for you. And I am angry.

Questions

What did you think of the story? Was it clear to you what was going on?
 What did you think of the choice in color? Was it useful or engaging in your experience reading the poems
 Which of the poems did you find to be the strongest? Which one spoke to you the most? Which one was the weakest and needs improvement?
 Did you enjoy the structure of the poems? What do you think could have been done differently to make it better?
 What did you think of the font choice? Do you wish there was more changes in the fonts?