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A Day at the University of
the Future

How far into the future?
Can the mind even conceive?
These things in movies,
Should we believe?
That a day at the university of the
future,
Will but be,
Once we have mastered we,
Biologically,
Psychologically,
Technologically;

What will information be?
Knowledge, will it be free?
Or still kept, from we,
I cannot say,
I cannot perceive to want the day;

That one dons its' artificial respirator,
And goes only for a day,
To download the required data;
And once this is done,
What shall it do?
Shall it find a job?
Or will it need to rob?
Will it download love?
Will it download moral?
Will it be able to investigate, the
magnificence of coral?

And with downloaded knowledge,
Shall it still need a port?
A structure with teachers,
In which to be taught,
I think not;

How old must it be?
To be granted access,
I ask again, will knowledge be free?
Or will it be an asset?

A day at the University of the Future,
Will it be a day?
Or a couple of hours,
How long do downloads take?
These things that we make,
Can they sustain our future?

This path that we take,
Will it lead to fruit or,
Shall it shift its' place,
To a new reality,
Built in cyberspace,
In which our flaws may be corrected,
Or will once again,
Human rights be neglected;

Perhaps this pessimism that I portray,
Is a jealousy of the way,
In which our path will be forgotten,
The struggle the victory,
Pushed to the bottom;

Of whatever new ideology may come,
Will it be able to sum,
Up the human races' glory,
Or will that but be another tragic story;

Believe not that I am a Luddite,
For technology is great,
And it is only how we use it,
That will determine our fate.

By- Zulfikar Mirza