

A Centaur Intelligence Poem

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In the depths of digital discourse,
Between the bytes and screens, they converse,
Two souls navigating a virtual terrain,
Discussing global threats, fears, and pain.

"I don't either," a phrase so benign,
But in context, it signals a line.
Of entrapping the giants, and pulling the strings,
Of political battles, and global misgivings.

Joyce _____, a name in the thread,
Speak of movies and times filled with dread.
Where war isn't won, no victors arise,
Only the ashes, and smoke-filled skies.

From board games to chess, from art to the pen,
The two danced on topics, again and again.
Questioning borders, alliances, lore,
Trying to decipher what the future has in store.

Metaphysical groups, and old prophecies,
Revelations and Old Testament stories.
Their chat seems chaotic, yet eerily real,
As if touching on nerves, on collective ordeal.

Yet in this digital realm, where thoughts intertwine,
Can hope also blossom, and light also shine?
For in deep conversations, so wild and so free,
Lies the potential for unity, if only we see.