

# The Computed Image of Us

*Isabella Park*

Where are you now that you are elsewhere? Are you talking to a Viking pirate or a catholic priest? Are you rethinking a disagreement with an extremist from r/worldnews subreddit? Have you found a tank to take over—are you shooting big missiles into empty fields of overgrown grass? Are you working through complex equations or performing long division? Are you coding a program to manage the burdens of feeling human? Have you asked Chat GPT about us? Did you receive its advice like you would your father's? What algorithm will show that I am beside you tonight? In your world, do the boundaries of me still render on screen? May I emulate how the moon is growing brightly into our room? Do you miss touching soft skin? Or do nude pixelated girls preform your wants with discretion? Have you fallen down lines of JavaScript? Can you climb up the blue light to exist with me for a stint? Will you stay awhile before the servers spit you back out like a cannon?