Creative Space

Ethics in the virtual world

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Abstract:
Ethics might be an easy prey when powerful machines and network systems take hold of the world feeding on human data and personal spaces. The poem expresses a yearning for ethics to hold its ground as a guiding force in the virtual world.

As machines on the prowl,
Rule our world;
Hope ethics is not
An alien word.

Held by many,
Umbilical cords,
Hope ethics is born,
Of motherboards.

Hope ethics remains,
Sharp and shining,
Far from dirt and grime of
Data mining.

Confidentiality,
Or privacy,
Inside the dark web,
May be mere vanity.

Mortality of morality,
More or less,
Deleting personal space,
In a wireless mess.

Hope all machines,
‘Machine learn’ it right,
Code of ethics,
Byte by byte.

Running the virtual world,
Artificial and aware,
May ethics be the
Soul of the software.

Hope there's still rain,
Within each Cloud,
Cleansing the system now and then,
Inside out.

In a world that runs,
On human touch,
Let ethics remain,
Intact as such.