

Copy & Paste

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Ctrl C—copy the prompt
Ctrl V—paste it into the bot
Ctrl C—copy its answer
Ctrl V—paste it into the doc
Submitted!

Just a few strokes on the keyboard,
A few clicks of some buttons,
and the assignment is done!

How fast!
How efficient!
How much more time we have now!
How resourceful!
How smart!

Come the next day, we ‘discuss’ what we wrote
No real thoughts are shared
All is still copy and paste
“I agree with what she said”

Now, comes a test
Suddenly, we’re lost
The three buttons
No longer in our grasp

Ctrl C + Ctrl V—
Except there is no bot

Ctrl C + Ctrl V—
But I have no answer
The doc is empty

It seemed so fast
It seemed so efficient
But it made me lose my abilities

It seemed so resourceful
It seemed so smart
But it made me forget my own thoughts

Every time I talk to the bot,
Every click of a button,
It pastes its ideas into my head

What is mine? What is its?
How can I tell when all I've done seems to be
Ctrl C and Ctrl V

How can I tell when all I've learned is to click
Ctrl C and Ctrl V

...
It's time to start clicking Ctrl Z
To rebuild what's most important:
Me

Artist Statement:

For the longest time, using AI felt like the smart and logical thing to do. It made my life so much easier, and ignoring seemed like a waste of all the work that was put into making it. So, I used it. I would ask it to tell me what's wrong with my writing, and ask it how to make a perfect sentence. The more I talked to it, the more obsessed I became with perfection in writing. Now, I look back to those writings and everything sounds off-balance. From the tone to the style, everything sounded repetitive and monotonous. Even pieces that had no interaction with AI sounded mechanical. Every time I read these hollow words, I wonder, "Who even wrote this? Because it certainly was not me".

I did not understand what had happened until I compared these essays with what ChatGPT would produce: I was mirroring it. This revelation brought me an identity crisis, a feeling of overwhelming confusion, and the idea for this poem. The poem shows what it feels like when convenience starts to take over curiosity, when every thought begins to sound the same.

As teenagers, we are still forming our opinions. We are still building a snapshot of who we are. We are still understanding how to use the tools correctly. We are still learning how to think for ourselves. This process of growth is not an easy one, and AI adds confusion to the mix. We've all heard someone tell us "AI is the future," but I say that the future is what we make of it.