

## **A Hope For Home "The Machine Stops"**

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The world is a machine. We are all cogs on the wheel.  
Blind idealism toward  
The "next step" in evolution. However, if we are just  
aimlessly evolving  
Throughout time, any idea of humanity trying to work  
toward some "purpose"  
Is blind, meaningless ambition, and humankind  
becomes a sort of machine—  
Churning and shifting gears, but never actually  
achieving a goal. But what  
Good is a machine without a purpose? The man  
chooses to, in his mind,  
"stop" the machine; detach himself from the world,  
and the machine. Not  
That such detachment is a good thing, but to fully  
understand truth, he  
Must first see himself outside of the "machine."  
(Themes borrowed from a  
Short story of the same name. [Read here.](#))

A cold steel womb. A distorted view. A deafening hum  
that won't be subdued.  
We've found our being within this churning, and the  
gears that are turning,  
But to what end?  
To what end?

This is not what I'm meant for, this is not what I am.  
A cog, a spoke in the machinery of men that never  
takes us to where we  
Haven't been.

Is it too late to take this all back?  
If I plant my feet upon this trail without a reason or  
destination,  
Then this ship has sunk before it sailed.

An endless churning roar, a labyrinth of steel and ore.  
Our blood becomes the oil, a meaningless,  
purposeless toil.

You are all mindless sheep, just a piece of the

machine.

Keep fueling your hopeless dreams, they will never  
mean a thing.

Detach: can we pull these wires from our veins? Divide  
our flesh, our

Blood, our names.

In the face of the machine my reflection stands and  
turns, as I walk. I'm

Never coming back.

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