MARY AND THE SCIENTIST

A scientist goes back in time.
He gives Mary Shelley a video and TV.
She has just finished writing *Frankenstein*.
She turns them on.

Though the principle is the same
people are not shrieking or attacking.
The creature is not a scarred conglomerate
of uncertified body parts.
It doesn’t have bones or skin or hair
It doesn’t have wrinkles or sun spots
or fatty deposits in unwelcome places.
It is 100% artificial, a super human.
The humans are proud of it.

At the globally synchronised coming out,
Mary sees a creature which doesn’t stumble out of a laboratory
but one that is chauffeur-driven to its premiere,
alongside its scientist-creator——
“the genius who made himself a bride”.

Mary sees flashback interviews
and hears the scientist explain
how logic equals ethics,
how rationality equals non-violence,
how super intelligence equals compassion.
She watches how he programs common sense
by teaching prototypes to learn like kids.

“What we are witnessing is the first generation
of our evolutionary superiors.
We will no longer be masters of our planet.
Robots will be superior to us in every way.
All we can hope is that they will look after us.”
Mary feels the hairs on her neck bristle.  
She picks up Frankenstein.

Does she publish?  
Does she burn?

Or does she meekly rewrite?