Code.

When we were three years old,
A slow machine named Life wrote in us small bits of code
From every stovetop touched to timeout corner scolds,
A new file of instructions was created to download

Now, however, I am not the clay,
Rather I am the molder.
I write out scripts and hope the program agrees,
So that I can upload it from my many folders.

I'm glad that I got to write out a script,
And translate unconscious thoughts.
As the mind works instantaneously,
But sometimes can clump up and knot.

However, there were moments that I skipped lines,
Not realizing the cognition the program lacks;
If I miss a colon, the code sits and whines,
Until I find the pea between the many stacks.

*For* this condition and *if* the condition fits,
Repetitions and iterations done.
Racing the clock in bytes and bits,
Until it finishes its home run.

This class made me reflect on the mind's workings
And how much time can build skill,
If I reflect on a goal and a process,
And turn in a green-filled assignment, smiling with all the thrills.