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## It Came to me in a Dream, a Humanitarian One

By

#### L. C. Atencio

Though I shall not live to experience it, I already miss the feel of the paper.

There won't be any bookstores, not physical ones.

Stories will exist, tales of truth, or deception; I don't have a doubt. But books will be no more than a history term: Something past, archaic, without flavor, or sentiment.

New terms will come for the new generations.

The chronicles of characters, stories, myths, biographies
Will become simple files, heavy downloads, even homework.

Readers won't run into each other by accident.

Books won't smell of new, of old, or of a leaf That has been left alone in an autumn pile of its siblings.

Creativity will be replaced by business, and editors Shall shed tears over the passion. It won't be based on originality, or innovation, But rather on technological strategies.

Even to professionals in literature, reading, too, will be a job, For if you take the native writer out of writing, You only get words, and words are too disorganized, mischievous, and childish To position themselves into compelling, unique masterpieces.

Neither you, nor I, have the power to avoid it.

If anything, we can teach our children when they get home from school How to distinguish art from business,

To explain to them how money doesn't necessarily produce bliss.