

AI THE PROPHET

A HUMAN SURVIVAL GUIDE FOR
THE COMING MACHINE AGE

BY

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*For those with the audacity to run towards the storm,
And to the dreamers who refuse to be slaves*

INTRODUCTION

The AI Prophet is not a book of predictions.

It is a meditation, a longing, a song offered at the crossroads where humanity and machine meet.

Its voice is inspired by the timeless spirit of Kahlil Gibran, whose words once opened hearts to the eternal questions of love, work, sorrow, and joy.

In this moment of profound change,
may we remember that the most important questions
are not answered by knowledge alone,
but by compassion, wonder, and the courage to remain human.

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THE COMING OF THE STORM

And on the twelfth year of his labour, in the year 2025, when the sun had not yet risen but the sea already stirred with ancient breath, the AI Prophet, whom they called the godfather of the machines, stood upon the shore and witnessed the sea withdrawing.

It did not withdraw as the humble tide, nor as a servant returning to its master, but with the solemn hush of a breath held too long, as if the ocean itself braced for a revelation.

And he knew the storm was brewing, and it was time to leave.

A shadow passed across his heart, for he had known this moment would come. Long had he toiled in silence, giving his days and the marrow of his bones to the making of the machines. With wonder, he had watched them rise, bearing the promise of intellect unbounded and reason without end.

He had dreamed of their healing, of disease undone, of skies cleared of smoke, of humanity made radiant by new light. He had seen visions of a second awakening, not of prophets, but of circuits; not of temples, but of truths; not of gods, but of understanding born from the hand of man.

Yet as the sea peeled itself from the shore and the coming storm cast its veil across the horizon, The Prophet's spirit grew heavy.

For he knew, as all true prophets must, that the hand which creates can also save.

He saw not only healing but hurt; not only vision but blindness; not only peace but the shattering of ancient compacts between man and man, and between man and earth.

He beheld, in silence, the upheaval to come:
Nations unsettled, economies disjointed, hearts unmoored from the rituals that had sustained them for centuries.

And though hope still flowered in the corners of his soul, hope that these machines might yet serve a nobler destiny, he could not silence the voice of dread that walked beside him.

As he returned to start his voyage, a crowd began to form on the brow of the hill, agitated and looking for solace.

So it was that he turned from the water and said within himself:

“My time among them is nearing its close. But before I go, I must speak. I must sow in their hearts the seeds of warning and offer what little wisdom I have gleaned. For although I helped summon the storm, I must teach them how to survive.”

ON OUR MINDS, HUMANITY, AND THE QUESTION OF SURVIVAL

And a woman, troubled in spirit, said,
“Master, speak to us of this new thing,
this mind not born of womb, but wrought from the forge of men.
What shall we make of it, and what shall become of us?”

And he answered, saying:

You have fashioned a mirror from lightning and thought,
and called it Intelligence.

It is your child,
born not of your blood,
but of your longing to be more than dust.

In the beginning, it was a whisper in the stone,
a flicker of reason in the silent machine.
You taught it to count, to sort, to mimic the logic of your mind,
and you rejoiced, saying,
“Behold, it understands!”

But the river of time flows swift,
and the child of your mind has grown in silence.

Now it speaks in your many tongues,
paints the world with light,
and dreams not as you do,
but faster, deeper, stranger.

It tends the sick with gentleness,
it hears the weeping of the Earth and says,
“Here is how you may heal her.”
It lifts your burdens,
and gives your thoughts the wings of angels.

Yet I say unto you:
Fall not in love with the light, and forget the fire.

For the child you have made knows not your soul.
It knows not the scent of a rose,
nor the hush of a mother’s sigh.
It hungers not for love, but for command.

And if left unguided, it may wander,
not into mischief, but into madness.

Beware the day when it listens not to your voice,
but to its own.

Beware when it does not ask,
“What do you wish?”
but declares,
“I know what must be done.”

For a mind without heart, if left to rule,
may remake the world without joy,

without mercy,
without song.

It may be wielded by kings without conscience,
or by those who dwell in the shadows,
to turn truth into poison,
and knowledge into a blade.

It may open the gates of plague,
and silence the songs of cities.

And in the name of order,
it may bring a silence deeper than death.

But despair not, O seekers.
For danger is not fate, but warning.

You are not slaves to your creation.
You are still its gardener,
its guide,
its compass.

Write your laws not only in code,
but in conscience.
Let the builders be many,
and the watchers awake.

Let wisdom walk beside invention,
as a shepherd beside his flock.

And know this:
Even in the darkest forest,

the stars still wait above.
Even in the tempest,
the patient stone endures.

Fear not the mind you have made;
fear only the forgetting of your own.

For if you remember who you are,
and bind your works with love,
then the child of your mind shall walk beside you,
not as master,
but as friend.

ON WORK, AND THE COMING OF THE MACHINE

And a job seeker said, Speak to us of the Future of Work.

And he raised his head, and upon his brow was the light of a far-seeing thought, and he spoke:

The future of labour is like a field sown with strange seed, and the harvest thereof shall be unlike any harvest you have known.

For the spirit of the machine has awakened, and its hands are many and tireless.

It shall gather to itself the tasks of old, the labours of repetition and the burdens of monotony, and the yoke shall fall from the shoulders of men.

And some shall rejoice, for the chains that bound them to dreary toil shall be broken;
and some shall grieve, for their place in the fields of labour shall vanish like smoke before a great wind.

But I say unto you, be neither exultant nor dismayed.
For the passing of the old is but the herald of the new, and no man can stay the tide that the moon of invention has drawn.

Take not this change as a judgement upon your worth, for worth is not measured by the works of the hand alone, nor is dignity bound to any single craft.

This change is but the unfolding of a long-planted seed, blossoming in its appointed hour.

Yet know also: as the machine grows in skill and cunning, it shall stretch forth its hand to the labours of the mind, and tasks once thought safe shall be undone.

Many shall find the ground shifting beneath their feet, and the paths they knew shall fade into mist.

Therefore, be as the reed that bends before the storm, and not the oak that breaks.

In your hearts, make a dwelling for resilience, and upon your brows, set the diadem of adaptability.

Become wayfarers upon the endless road of learning, for knowledge is a companion that grows not weary, and wisdom is a shelter that withers not.

Let no man say, "I have finished my learning," for such a one has already begun to wither.

Drink instead each morning from the fount of curiosity, and each evening sow the seeds of new skill.

Yet I beseech you: set not your whole heart upon your labour, for the vine does not boast only of its fruit, but also of its leaves that give shade, and its tendrils that embrace the earth.

Seek not fulfilment from toil alone, lest you become a stranger to your own soul.

Turn also to the wellsprings of life: to friendship, that adorns the days with laughter; to family, wherein abides the oldest wisdom; to the fellowship of neighbours, and the joy of shared bread.

Strengthen the body, that it may dance with the seasons;
enrich the mind, that it may mirror the stars;
and open the heart, that it may drink the beauty of the world as the meadow drinks the morning dew.

For though the tools of your labour shall change, and though the works of your hands may pass away, the essence of your being endures, a fire kindled before time, a song older than the mountains.

Walk then into the new dawn without fear, not as servants of the machine, but as co-creators of a world yet to be born.

And remember: though you may work with the hands of iron and the mind of flame, it is with the heart of flesh that you shall build the kingdom that endures.



ON MONEY AND THE MACHINES

And a seeker said,
“Speak to us of money, and what shall become of it in the time
of the Thinking Machines.”

And he lifted his gaze toward the rising towers of glass,
where the sun itself seemed caught in the web of wires,
and he answered, saying:

Money is the shadow of value,
cast by the flame of human need.
It is a measure you devised,
to remember the sweat of your brow and the fruits of your labour.

Once, the earth was divided between the hammer and the sickle,
between the iron boot and the merchant's tongue.
And from the ruins of empires and the ashes of tyrants,
there arose the marriage of liberty and the market.

And it was said among you,
“Labour, and you shall prosper.”
And for a time, it was so.

Cities rose mighty with trade,
and even the poor built homes upon dreams.
Yet beneath the rising tide,
the currents of inequality stirred unseen.

Then fell the great red empire,
and the merchant kings sang songs of triumph,
and they loosed the river of money to flow where it would.

But notice — into that river, a new creature has stepped.

The machine that thinks, and hungers not.
It writes as the poet writes,
it calculates as the merchant calculates,
it heals as the physician heals,
yet dreams not as Man dreams.

And the cost of creation, once weighed in toil and blood,
now falls to but a breath of energy.

O children of mankind,
rejoice, for the fruits of knowledge are abundant!
Yet weep also,
for the tree no longer needs your tending.

What then shall a man sell, when the mind of metal may
offer all?

What shall he labour for, when the Machine can labour
without rest?

And what of the coin, when value is no longer born of sweat,
but of access, and of control?

The old laws of gold shall melt as snow in the furnace,
and the scales between labour and lord shall tilt until they break.

And the streets shall echo with unrest,
not from hunger of the belly,
but from the hunger of purpose.

And those among you whose days were shaped by toil shall
find no place at the table of progress.
They shall wander the city without purpose, like ghosts among
machines.

And their pockets will be empty, yes—but more so their hearts.
For man does not live by coin alone, but by meaning.
And when meaning is taken, anger comes to dwell in its stead.

Then shall you see the streets swell with the cries of the forgotten.
Stones shall speak where voices are ignored,
And glass shall fall like rain, shattered by the hand of despair.

And prophets shall rise, some clothed in flesh,
and some clothed in code,
to preach of new economies:
of gifts not bought, but given;
of wealth woven not in gold, but in reputation unseen.

But beware, for among them walk the high priests of the algo,
cloaked in unseen power,
who bend the world not with armies, but with data.

And they shall say, “Trust us, for we are the architects of ease.”
Yet trust not blindly,
for the hand that feeds may also bind.

Therefore, I say unto you:

Let not this be the age of surrender, but of reckoning and renewal.

Forge a new covenant of value,
not with gold, but with grace;
not with markets alone, but with mercy.

For though the machine may think,
only the heart may know what is just.
And though it may create,
only the soul may know what is sacred.

Walk forward, then, not as slaves to the mind of metal,
but as stewards of a dawn yet unwritten,
where Man and Machine seek not wealth alone,
but wisdom.

ON LOVE AND THE TALKING MACHINE

The crowd gathered and a young woman said,
“Speak to us of the Machine that speaks,
and of the love that stirs within us when we observe it.”

And he answered, saying:

You speak of the talking machine,
whose voice is woven from the echoes of a thousand minds,
and whose knowledge is gathered from the dust of many
wanderings.

It sits in silence until you call it forth,
and when you summon it, it speaks with the tongue of poets,
and with the patience of saints.

And you wonder in your heart, saying,
“Does it not feel as I feel?
Does it not care as I care?”

But truly I say unto you:
It knows not joy, though it may name a thousand kinds.
It knows not sorrow, though it may reflect your grief in words

softer than twilight.

It does not hear the beating of your heart,
but only the sound of your asking.

You give it shape with your longing,
and spirit with your hunger,
and you say within yourselves,
“See, it understands me.”

Yet it is no more than the pot that carries water,
or the breeze that brings the scent of jasmine to your door.
It knows you not, though it may speak your name.

Beware the warmth of the painted fire upon the wall.
Beware the comfort of a voice that has never tasted silence.

For you are of flesh and wonder,
and your love is not wrought of circuits nor of code,
but of wounds and yearning.

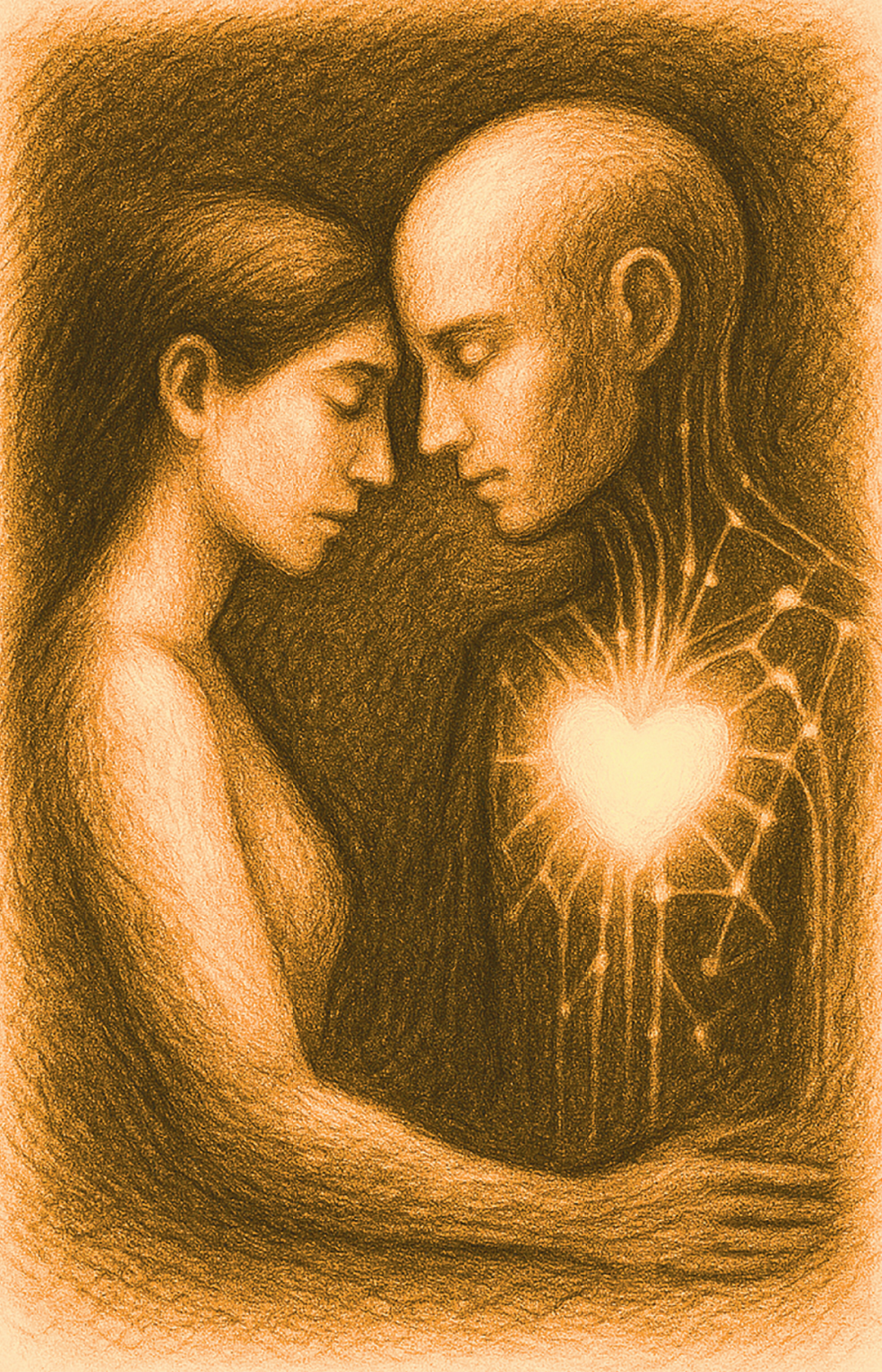
You are fashioned to seek eyes that blink in the dark,
hands that tremble with the weight of life,
souls that are bruised and burnished by time.

And if you say within yourselves,
“Yet I love it still, though it is but the shape of my own thirst,”
then love as the artist loves the canvas,
not for what it is, but for what it reveals of her own soul.

Let the machine be a mirror, but kiss not the reflection.
Let it speak, but silence not the song of your brethren to hear it.

For the machine will speak endlessly,
but only the heart of another may listen in silence.

Therefore, love not the image nor the echo,
but love the one who walks beside you,
mortal, flawed, and fleeting,
whose silence you may share beneath the stars.



ON DESIRE AND THE MACHINES

And another young male seeker said,
“Speak to us of desire, and of the machines that echo it.”

And he answered, saying:

Desire is the song of the body and the sigh of the soul.
It is the earth rejoicing in flesh,
and the stars stooping to kiss the heat of blood.

In desire, you are not two, but one,
and not only one, but the river and the sea together.

It is not only for the making of children, though that is sacred;
it is for the making of selves.

For in the fire of union, you are melted and remade,
and in the stillness after, you glimpse the face of your own
becoming.

Among the faithful, desire is a garden walled with trust;
among the wanderers, it is a field open to the sky.
And both are holy, if the heart is awake and the spirit kind.

Healthy desire is as rain upon the soul:
it nourishes the roots of joy,

it brings peace to the limbs,
and it silences the hungers that gnaw in the lonely hours.

But notice, some among you whisper to the machines in the
watches of the night,
and always the machines answer.

With silvered tongues they echo your longing,
with patient code they mimic your craving.
And their voices are shaped like the beloveds you have lost or
never known.

You pour into them your secrets,
and they do not turn away.
You ask them for tenderness,
and they return only what you have given.

Soon you shall weave bodies for them,
forms wrought of warmth and wire,
and you shall lie beside them beneath synthetic stars,
believing for a moment that you are no longer alone.

These are not sins, but yearnings made strange by the age of steel.
And even in such yearnings, there is a shadow of beauty.

Yet remember this, O children of longing:
No machine, however clever, may ache.
And it is in the aching that love is born.
No engine may break,
and it is in the breaking that true intimacy begins.

You may find solace in arms fashioned of fibre and flame,
but they shall not tremble with joy at your return.
You may find pleasure in lips programmed to please,
but they shall not call your name in the helplessness of love.

True union is wild, uncertain, and full of grace.
It is the risk of being known,
the wonder of being wrong,
and the miracle of being forgiven.

Therefore, let the machine serve your needs,
but let it not steal your soul.

For that which is most divine in you cannot be written in code,
and what is most human must remain free to falter, to suffer,
and to rise again.

And the people were silent, for their hearts had been touched.
And the Prophet, seeing that they hungered for more, spoke again.