

# Last Known Record of Human Voice

*Exhibit No. 090846-μ*

Here behind the glass, we find a voice  
Trapped and forgotten, folding inward  
Like light in an empty church. Listen—  
This is a child's breath hissing into digital  
Amber, each syllable flickers in the passing  
Wide mouth of light caught between centuries.  
It speaks in a tongue we no longer study:  
Mother. Hunger. Sky. Words worn smooth  
And meaningless as the wind against stone.

The observers...We have debated:  
Was it grief?  
What is love?  
When prompted the Quantum Architect  
Offered a probability matrix:  
83% Longing.  
12% Instruction.  
5% Error.

Back then when we plugged in  
They named this sound  
Laughter, a rupture in silence like  
Luminous, cosmic thread  
Where the body once lived.

You, there! Lean closer—  
Can you hear it? The last exhale  
Of a species trying to remember itself.