

NUCLEAR POWER:

A Nihilistic Lament

Let us drink to uranium
& swallow our pride
as our hearts turn radioactive
& conscience mutates
into sealed containers
where isotopes lie

Virtually none uh us will be around
when dis civilizashun powers down
& cockroaches scampa' across keyboards
as mutants calculate new ways t' die.

Only sum cyborgs haf a future:
Why depend on carbon-life?

Wid duh right silicon circuits
cyborgs kun do much better
dan old-fashioned carbon rife.

Ah Sheeeit, bro!
We dun gawd screeew'd dings up.

Ted : (sighing) This poem is too nihilistic . . .

Terri : (nodding) Agreed.

Kris : Listening to a lament before a tragedy actually occurs is.
lugubrious. It also reduces the likelihood of positive change.

Tim : (shaking his head) Not necessarily. It could be a cautionary
warning. All nightmares do not have to come true.

- T Newfields

Beg.: 1998 Taipei ≠ Fin.: 2023 Yokohama

