

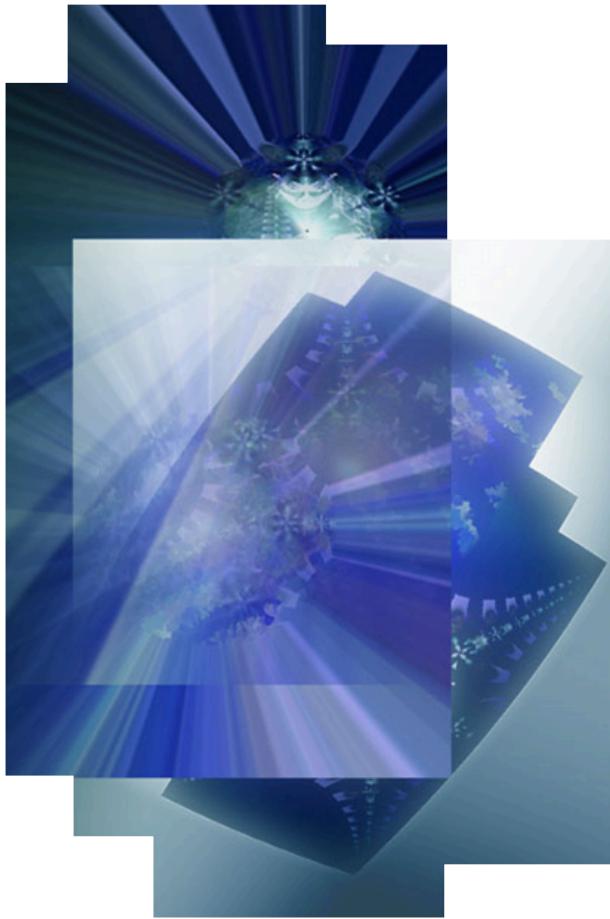
# BLOWFISH WISDOM: A Lagware Lament

Sum  
times it pays  
ta be puffed up  
like a paranoid pufferfish  
spiked with caffeine & glitter,  
'cause the ocean is  
full of meat-hungry grinners  
who glide in  
sayin' "trust me"  
but they hum binary lullabies—  
zero, one, chew, done.

Yeah  
watch out - sum fish  
y karacters R obsezzed  
with meat-madness un if ya relax  
dey'll gobble yer up as dey smile :-)

Leik friendz if dings go  
wrøng dey kun  
snapp  
perr blow up argh  
giv ya  
a taste ah dare spines -

So be kareful & keep  
safe n sharp: even whin everything  
seems all right, it might  
be yer final swim.



**Soo:** (scratching her head, her frustration evident as her fingers fidget with her hair) Look at this... I swear, Jules, I have no patience for lousy poetry that merely ays it is a dog-eat-dog world under the ocean waves.

**Jules:** (approaching Soo cautiously with a intensely analytical gaze) Yeah, it is disconcerting to realize how bestial we are... Yet in a sense aren't we like small fish in a big ocean? (gesturing toward the pictorial poem nearest them with a tinge of vexation)

**Andrei:** (in a slow, resonant voice tinged of fatalistic resignation as he taps his fingers on the table) Yeah, it often feels that way. Perhaps the machinery of life has evolved to a point where it has a life of its own? Our AI offspring will surely outpace us. To them, won't we seem like nothing more than stupid, floundering fish in a small, muddy pond? (eyes then drifting toward a cluster of patrons, their laughter echoing like sirens in the distance)

**Philyra:** (leaning forward in a sharp tone laced with amusement) Hmm. Now that is a fishy proposal, Andrei. It is a very watery philosophy indeed.

**- T Newfields**

Beg.: 2001 Nagoya Fin.: 2026 Shizuoka