

BLOWFISH WISDOM:

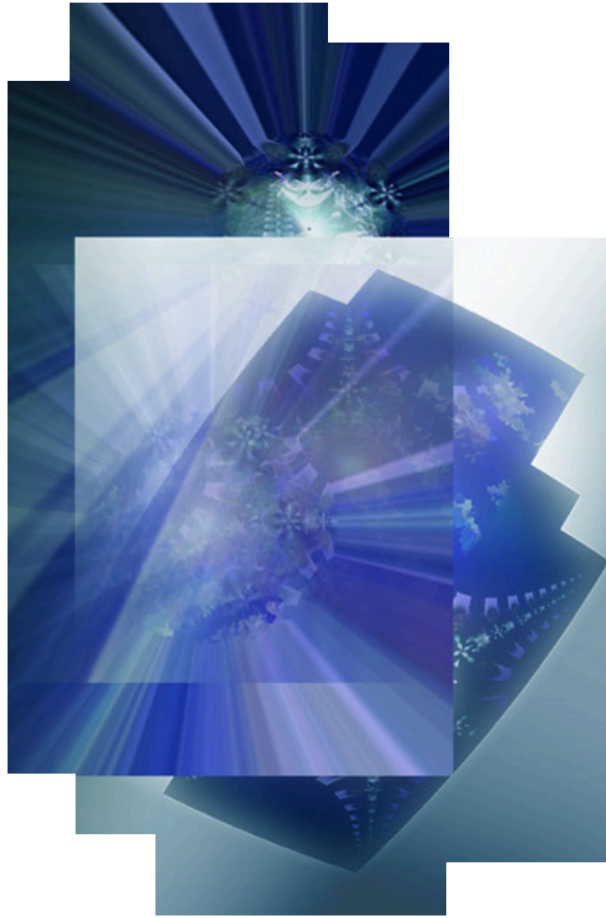
A Lagware Lament

Sum
times it pays
ta be puffed up
like a paranoid pufferfish
spiked with caffeine & glitter,
'cause the ocean is
full of meat-hungry gridders
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
wrong 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