

X-LAND: A Fragment from the Temple of Profit

Rubberized souls in plastic shoes
with polyester lungs and pixel-lit eyes.
Hum along conveyor belts of sound,
as chrome cathedrals chant in code,
spitting sermons in data-loads.

Sweet drones drink diseased delight,
nurtured by minds steeped in syrupy, sugared dreams,
that feed on a feast of rumors and rages that never die.

In a landscape in which deceptions fill the skies,
as millions wither, cranial plates bare,
beneath noisy advertisements that blare—
profit perches as a vacant prayer
to an empty god whose heart is nowhere.

Glass-gash towers pierce the clouds,
numbered runes flicker aloud;
scrolling sanctums, glowing glyphs,
counting out their sacred shifts.

Meanwhile politics goes ballistic
with hourly hoaxes and gilded lies;
as part of a spectacular lie.

Warheads of spectacle detonate in newsfeeds
into neon tube that never sleep.
Greed becomes a jagged path to power
as madness crowns the meek-asleep.

"Bringing you a better tomorrow!"
a 3-D compuscreen proclaims.

"Liar!" I howl at the flickering icon,
With one sharp tap—click and a cry
static snow and the slogan dies.

Still, AI systems softly store
what we shun and shut away before;
as coded whispers through neural implants weave—
sanctioned lies that won't leave.
Whispering codes as life and lies are entwined.



Gus looked away from his computer screen, his washed face pale in the dim light of the room. For a moment he said nothing, then exhaled. "This is too dark for me," he muttered, crossing his arms as if to fend off the coded imagery.

Bill let out a sharp, cynical snort, leaning back until his chair creaked. "Relax, bro! Ranting about the world's problems is a waste of time," he said curtly, waving a dismissive hand. He then leaned back while adding, "All of the problems persist in the code." His voice carried the smug certainty of someone who has surrendered.

Nadya stared at her friends, then spoke in a barely a whisper. "The problems we are facing seem insolvable. It seems like endless loops of death..." Her eyes remain fixed on the scrolling data streams. "Aren't we rats scampering through digital seas, treading binary treadmills leading nowhere?"

Liao let out a soft, airy laugh, his expression almost peaceful. "Relax," he said, looking toward the window with a distant gaze. "Chances are, the human species will only be around for a brief spark of time. In the long run, nature has a way of solving all problems—with or without us. Nature nulls all of our feeble designs.

Then the computer terminal behind the four friends continued to flicker. Deep in servers, sealed and stark, circles close within the dark—the Cyber-Police, patient, precise, sifted through the room in a narrowing search: target anomaly marked and measured: eliminate anomaly #526-0509-3766.