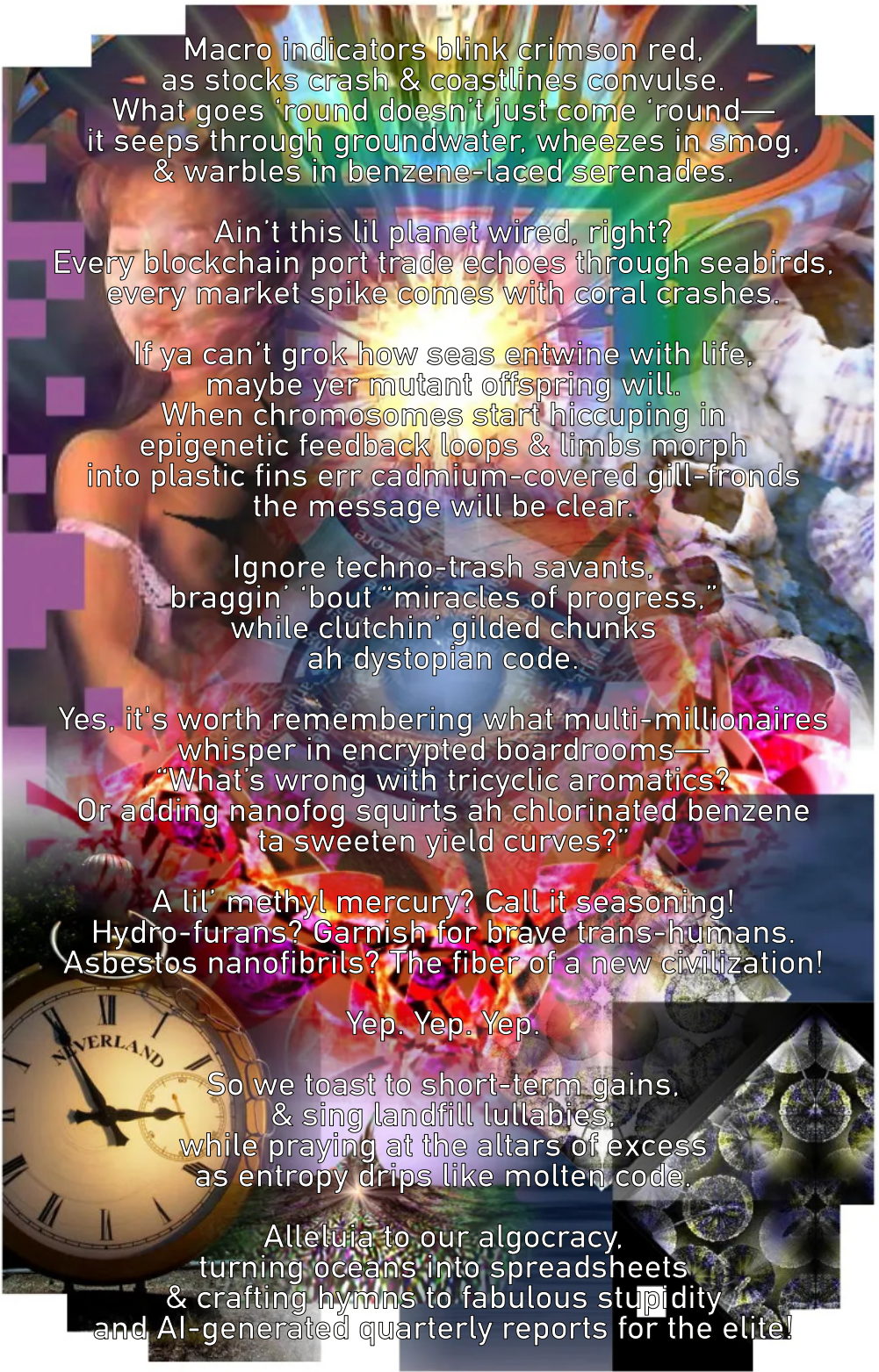


JUST POST-APOCALYPTIC FICTION?



Macro indicators blink crimson red,
as stocks crash & coastlines convulse.
What goes 'round doesn't just come 'round—
it seeps through groundwater, wheezes in smog,
& warbles in benzene-laced serenades.

Ain't this lil planet wired, right?
Every blockchain port trade echoes through seabirds,
every market spike comes with coral crashes.

If ya can't grok how seas entwine with life,
maybe yer mutant offspring will.
When chromosomes start hiccuping in
epigenetic feedback loops & limbs morph
into plastic fins err cadmium-covered gill-fronds
the message will be clear.

Ignore techno-trash savants,
braggin' 'bout "miracles of progress,"
while clutchin' gilded chunks
ah dystopian code.

Yes, it's worth remembering what multi-millionaires
whisper in encrypted boardrooms—
"What's wrong with tricyclic aromatics?
Or adding nanofog squirts ah chlorinated benzene
ta sweeten yield curves?"

A lil' methyl mercury? Call it seasoning!
Hydro-furans? Garnish for brave trans-humans.
Asbestos nanofibrils? The fiber of a new civilization!

Yep. Yep. Yep.

So we toast to short-term gains,
& sing landfill lullabies,
while praying at the altars of excess
as entropy drips like molten code.

Alleluia to our algocracy,
turning oceans into spreadsheets
& crafting hymns to fabulous stupidity
and AI-generated quarterly reports for the elite!

Satoru : *(reflecting on the poem, then focussing on his friends)* That poem isn't just dark; it felt scorched! I imagine the writer is looking forward to a dystopian oblivion.

Dmiritri : *(grinning faintly, pupils weirdly dilated)* Maybe that's the point. Art isn't obliged to give comfort. Sometimes it exists to slice veils open and reveal harsh truths. A little apocalypse keeps our from going numb and docile.

Ying : *(crossing her arms skeptically, voice edged with static)* What value is despair without some positive direction? If suffering doesn't lead somewhere, it just spirals. It becomes a weak yelp echoing in a hollow chamber. It doesn't heal, but merely whimpers.

Frida : *(speaking softly, fingers tracing stains on the table)* In many ways you're both right. Looking around us: the stupidity of our species is too apparent. At times I wonder whether our civilization represents an unexpected glitch, a passing anomaly in the cosmic OS. At this stage of history, many patterns have become set in motion. The damage we've done can't be undone in our lifespans. I'm afraid, We've blindly crossed some ecological thresholds, so a dirge like this seems natural... this lament is grim, but honest.