A Local Habitation

Nate Pritts

After a time of struggle
I went under was lost.
My human reflex cancelled out
was blindered.
All that was left was a broken bridge
between two far countries
which shimmered equally with primal force
and which were composed of beautiful particles
some inherent and some invented.
I slept through an entire age of human memory

dreamless digital haze
while the fragile earth accelerated
while every connection severed.

Every city a wasteland
overwhelming awash in web noise
spambots visualized as culture crash
ephemeral wreckage.

All this junk data.

Roads buried by the binary bones of every formerly living person.
There was no violence
As they all gladly removed the souls from their architecture.
If I could only tell the horrors I saw in that land.

The terminal energies of history
the tree of woe
the endless sorrowing clouds
the inexhaustible fire
which consumes everything
even faith even the creative imagination.
Somewhere there is a hill high enough
remote
or a mountain so alone
so stark.
It will be all I need.