

UPLOAD

BCAB

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Cyberia Poetry Club No. 1

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[The story survived upstream of me]

—*Jerika Marchan*

Guitar-Shaped Forest

I met Money one day and I said: "You are CEO of
Google,

Sundar Pichai. It's World War 11 and
This is a hydrogen bomb."

While I am dreaming, schools are shut
and teachers read lessons on the radio:

This Dad shaved his head

A storm washed this puffer fish away

This Man Planted Guitar-Shaped Forest

That is a good idea.

We should plant various fruit trees on city sidewalks
and everyone (including the homeless)
would eat all year. It could last lifetimes.

I won an award for suggesting that
students should focus our sculpture into scrap:
that there are stones to be broken. There are stones in
Romania,

for instance, which grow or multiply 3D portraits
from DNA found on cigarette butts.

It's the only thing on earth with this capacity.

Kihyun

Have u seen the sun light yet today?
mind blowing

 A sobering look,
 in its thousands of photos
(All-American),
 how it gives this world of busted brackets
exclusive to THOUSANDS of children
why?

I mean why am I human?
There's an actual crisis this time around,

this dude puts me under and says
I'm just going to enjoy my way through life
for I enjoy kihyun's hypocrisy (he repeated this)
hypocrisy hypocrisy hypocrisy
But this sucks. A magician tried to hypnotize me!

I've had enough. So this morning
I stood up
for Texas, and America,
 and most of all
the Sonic fanbase
our team that clearly didn't play to its full potential.

yes it's true,

I am a human

but the crisis ends

only

if a magician can really hypnotize me

put me under and teach me to say

it is all sober—and at the lake you can swim

so the sun can rise to say

it is true: I am an unlockable character

Wrath

NO signaling!

33 is simply the age of death of Jesus Christ,
my worldwide targeted individual.

Anticitizen

License plate: WRATH

No-touch death culture

Stop electrical weapons

1st&1 of a kind human

sociopaths with microwave pistols

a perp odd and menacing

government run, yes

he stole approx 500 of my dream visions

Armed Citizen Remembers Shrek

Amazen taught me about the Squish demon,
the light of God that shone
through Lucifer's body,
the annoying fem habit straight out of Leviathan
and the sign that says: don't miss;
Memes have replaced reality.

memes have replaced morality
How do you know?
People are drawing Shrek from memory.
It's born in Leviticus:
So long as Mountain Dew
is coming out of the tap,
do not be afraid.
The sign says:
set out no longer than expiration

The sign says:
Your body will die and turn to dust...
Hell yes. Make me an angel of light.

It's a deal, gunslinger—
this was your life!

Sonic Stroad

Graffiti on the strategic IT complex says "EAT"
Stopped at ground level to appreciate
I am subject to Asparagus,
legion-like, green ridge crop of spear-points
as horizon of guard-rail perspective.

I have broken down and come to appreciate this "Eat,"
thinking I should eat the gears and chain if I could,
which I hope would lube them on the way out
The machine inside me anyways a part of it

quick catalog of things I ate
reveals all things that others gave me, one way,
chain-links of transitive substance, since money
is substance (no doubt) and grease for transition.
The asparagus is not mine and I cannot eat it, QED
which is about the same as being dead.

Parade of things not to eat passes on the
sonic stroad with decibels practically advertises.
I am alone here changing tires, trying not to eat rubber
and thinking why this helmet? Plastic thing
that won't help me if I fall, not on the pavement,
not over the bridge, not up over the wall with the

graffiti and IT people inside doing strategies, not into
the field of asparagus but—too late—

I have given up on the stroad, I am in the field,
and I am eating my fill.

Soy

From television snow
falls winter.

From nightglow screen
flows the river.

What's the point of waiting
for the sea to level
out? Acid rains
piss silver on the heads
of hormone cattle.

Brains, bent to buy
the deep flower
of desire driving
markets insane,
weigh about
a tofu brick
apiece.

Count the bricks,
what pyramid emerges
wet and ready
to press? Like all
good myths, we wrap

too tight the ends
of real disaster.

We need a way
of saying what it is,
not to judge or dismantle
but brick by brick
assemble the picture
of what we make
and eat, the soy
and soil entwined
like the bones of captives
and their chains.

•

From television snow
falls winter.
From nightglow screen
flows the river.

Journey from fields
and over dry land.
Heatsinks burn the
forests into housing.
Plots for soy
communion, which is
wafers with no gluten.

Crop of bone
antennae blinks
send famine, the
open road to
joyful windmill
agro-social
soy. On paper
birds survive but
today my birds
are mostly made
of paper and painted
on windmill wings.

How many children
grow in supermarket
forests packing
shelves of soil
storing later soy.
Seeds explode
from packets into
roots to siphon
water from the cracks
and corners of containers.

Soy, like cockroaches,

will survive, and learn.

Silos launching
missiles filled with
soy are fundamental
requisites for
future reproduction
reaching phases
to a moon we know
as sterile, inhospitable
to soy. (Groan.)

•

From television snow
falls winter.
From nightglow screen
flows the river,
and slowly there bends
a plastic ox
bowed to feed soy,
drying in the sun.

Soy farmer then
lifts a fork and
pitches bricks to
the end of the bow
and they sink.

A lake filled
with soy. Linked
to roads on a river
of soy. Have you
seen fields like
reaper-fodder
mowed?

Journey from fields
and over dry land.
Rainland sapped
of its wisdom. Soy
feeding what it steals.
These secret channels
speak for the circuit
of locked and linking
roads, fields, blocks of
bio network fed
on refuse, surplus,
gaps in management.

Banks of data
curb the runoff
from an early thaw,
into the bow and
over rotting soy.

Timeline

When I get the brain transplant I scroll back, way back
past this person's origin to a point I hope they've forgotten
—PFPs and beach flex photos
merged with school, then family, birthday, last lines of text
to parse birth and compilation,
but at the end is a blown-up washed out
photo of a castle

So fitting, that having passed the last gate
and stepped from the timeline we find the last
and encrypted fortress of time and information:
epcott, Florida, still yet to sink to the sea,
its handle of erosion bright like your first memory,
not yet lost to the endless worry
of water on stone.

Improve

I will upgrade the animals
they will beat this flood—
with WiFi, all animals are possible

LED two-ways, handsets, HDMI
things they might need

like Bluetooth, so they can talk
to each other at least and coordinate
strategies for survival

but I must be careful
and not install too many antennae
or they will start posting

and just be posting as the flood creeps over them
and then what will I say to Noah
“ha you were right”, herd them again

where does that leave us? On the shore
with a hacksaw and way more rabbits
than I can improve

Weather

shopping the uninhabitable earth

weather was good yesterday

moderate dry continental

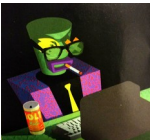
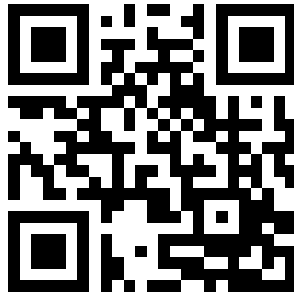
weather averages

water cycle

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BCAB is a writer and internet person who can be found at <http://www.giantghost.net>. This is their first chapbook.

