W-W-WALL-E

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Under the ochre sky,
I creeped through deserted landscapes
that are left behind,
tread by tread
tread by tread
jam-packed
jam-packed
with pointed pieces of metal.
Clanking, a sound,
should have roused
human beings
from their enduring nap,
but none to be found.

The scent of lubricant
hangs in the greasy air,
a type of fragrance
that I would never get to smell
but keeps on flowing in my veins.
I lean forward, gasping for a blast of dust
that carries along the flaming feathers,
whose iron-like odor
of blood and gore
recalls a moaning extinction.

I was alone but surrounded
by the horns of ferrous utility pole
falling apart
as it gets devoured
by swarms of oxygen.
I was alone but overwhelmed
by the huge balls of fire
raining down this way and that,
like the grieving tears
for the eternal loss
of another towering sentinel.

How ironic is
the Voyager Golden Record,
a human's effort,
a time capsule,
on which they carved
the intelligent brain of theirs,
while the aftermath was imprinted
nowhere else, but
on each grain of contaminated sand.

At the emptiness of night-time
carved by the remaining whine
of cockroaches,
"a worker bee"
beavers away, by himself,
packaging trash into giant skyscrapers,
one cube
at a time,
cleaning up traces
of the intelligent brain.