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## W-W-WALL-E

ilynchee

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W-W-WALL-E  
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Under the ochre sky,  
I crept through deserted landscapes  
that are left behind,  
tread by tread  
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.