

# A Local Habitation

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*Nate Pritts*

After a time of struggle  
                                  I went under                    was lost.  
My human reflex cancelled out  
                                  was blinded.  
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.