

Anthony Cody

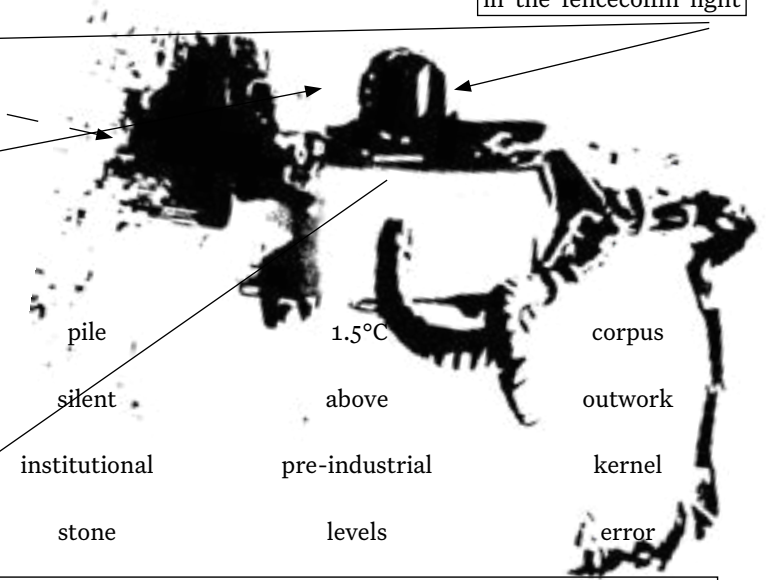
Cada día más cerca del fin del mundo

In the scrolling, witness
a logging machine annihilate
a tree into parts. This is social

media. 20 seconds. A buzzing
fells, strips, apporitions the once
breathing into a quiet slumber

echo amplification in
rib cage affixed as crown
in the fence coffin light

of kindling, Understanding the mechanisms
of kindling, know the automated is never
of production, but of mass replication acres
of production, but of mass replication acres
of scarcity, never seized, or ceased. My tongue
never seized, or ceased. My tongue
slips into the mindgulpsdesert, forest, jungle, cleaved,
slips into the mindgulpsdesert, forest, jungle, cleaved,
into the flatness, Not a single trunk will
of the fable-less. Not a single trunk will



left	pile	1.5°C	corpus
no	silent	above	outwork
choking	institutional	pre-industrial	kernel
land	stone	levels	error
fuelfossil	outcome	transmittal	horizon
atmospheric	effluent	visible	fall
debris	well	denial	plume
logic	failure	epoch	obliterate
deprivation	unfavorable	monitoring	wholeness

where will whale?
what was bird?
where forest?
what ocean?
where living?
air?