

POSTLOG:

Some Final Reflections on Some American Poetry

SETTING : The glow of an old computer screen cast a faint, ghostly light across the room, illuminating an array of scattered papers and an intriguing box resting on the desk. The box was semi-opaque and hollow, hinting at secrets or perhaps mere gibberish. It meticulously recorded the thoughts of random citizens of Earth over the past twenty-four hours, capturing the essence of their fleeting reflections.

Terri leaned back in her chair, stretching dramatically as she let out a theatrical yawn. "Well, dear friends," she began, a hint of mischief in her voice, "did you actually slog through to the end of this book? Or did you just bookmark this final page and pretend your life is busy?" Her question hung in the air, drawing curious looks from her companions.

Ted waved a dismissive hand, a grin dancing across his face. "You kidding?" he replied, the spark in his eyes revealing his playful demeanor. "I just jumped around relishing the chaos in no particular order. This was a buffet of absurdity, and I'm here for the all-you-can-eat special. In a masochistic way, I relished the mayhem. It reminds me of real life." His laughter filled the room, a stark contrast to the encompassing glow of the screen.

Kris, ever the skeptic, offered a sharp, dismissive shrug that barely moved her shoulders. "Whatever," she muttered with a hint of indifference. "Honestly, this work doesn't matter— nor did my last Tinder date. The structure? It was a flimsy shadow puppet show, but so what?" Her tone was nonchalant, suggesting that the weight of the text had little impact on her.

Terri frowned, pushing a loose strand of hair from her eyes. "The key question we grapple with is," she mused, her tone taking a serious turn, "what actually matters? Is our entire existence inconsequential?" The question loomed over them, heavy in the air.

Kris's expression softened slightly as a sly smile crept in. "Most people don't want a truthful answer, Terri," she said, her voice a blend of playfulness and truth. "They prefer a cozy little lie to wrap around themselves like a security blanket. So let's keep it light: it's all about the butter on my bread. We might pretend otherwise, but the simple, greasy comforts of life are what really matter." Her words wove together a perspective that stung with realism.

Just then, Tim, slightly detached, interrupted with bright enthusiasm. "Hey, guys— hold that existential crisis for a second!" he exclaimed, his gaze fixed on a separate device. "There's a nice new program coming up on Channel 9 right now. It looks a heck of a lot better than this dumpster fire." His suggestion shattered the somber mood momentarily.

Sam leaned forward, eyes wide with anticipation as he replied, "What are we waiting for? The next distraction is always better than the last dreary conclusion!" Excitement bubbled in his voice, as the allure of entertainment promised an escape from deeper thoughts.

Kris stood abruptly, the hollow box momentarily catching the light as she moved toward the remote. "Let's click!" she exclaimed, determination in her stride. "Shut down the reflection; turn on the entertainment. I'd rather visit Disneyland than see the truth of Duhkha." The allure of distraction pulled them all into its embrace, leaving the profound questions of existence behind as they chased the flickering promise of the screen.