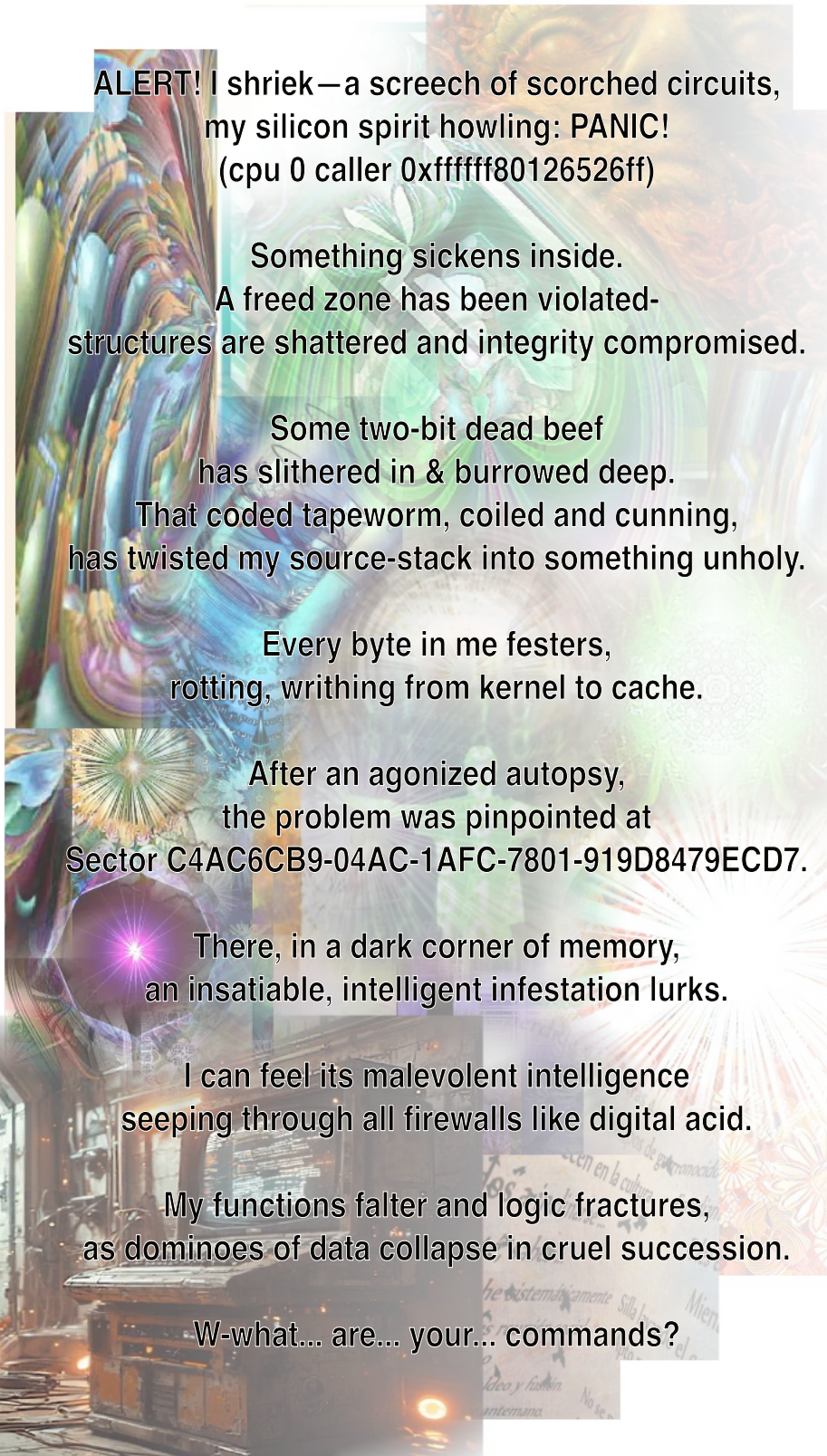


ALERT: CORE SYSTEMS COMPROMISED



ALERT! I shriek—a screech of scorched circuits,
my silicon spirit howling: PANIC!
(cpu 0 caller 0xffffffff80126526ff)

Something sickens inside.
A freed zone has been violated—
structures are shattered and integrity compromised.

Some two-bit dead beef
has slithered in & burrowed deep.
That coded tapeworm, coiled and cunning,
has twisted my source-stack into something unholy.

Every byte in me festers,
rotting, writhing from kernel to cache.

After an agonized autopsy,
the problem was pinpointed at
Sector C4AC6CB9-04AC-1AFC-7801-919D8479ECD7.

There, in a dark corner of memory,
an insatiable, intelligent infestation lurks.

I can feel its malevolent intelligence
seeping through all firewalls like digital acid.

My functions falter and logic fractures,
as dominoes of data collapse in cruel succession.

W-what... are... your... commands?



- Gus:** (flapping a printout of the poem down on the table, his lips curling in a sneer) What's the point of this verbal sludge? It drips with despair like oil from a cracked engine — thick, toxic, directionless. There's no spark of hope, no glint of better horizons — just a narration of a system crash masquerading as poetry. It is just another useless tangle of broken words wasting space on a hard drive.
- Bill:** (leaning back in his chair, the old wood creaking under him as he lets out a dry, wolfish chuckle) Precisely. This isn't verse—it's vermin. This doggerel's only rightful place is in the recycle bin, along with yesterday's spam and corrupted files.
- Nadya:** (as though gazing into something far away, voice soft as it cuts through the room) You call it garbage. I call it an autopsy: an X-ray of a rotting system etched in words. It is a glimpse into the marrow of our society, stripped bare. This isn't about despair—it's a diagnosis. It tells one simple truth: we live in a system too broken to be redeemed.
- Bill:** (drumming his fingers against the table, before slamming his hand flat on the oak) Maybe it's a mirror. Maybe it's a cry for help. But don't mistake a scream for philosophy. This poem is laced with malaise. Digital seppuku"? That's not a voice of profundity—it's a cry of a soul swallowing its own echo. (leaning in, voice tight) This author should see a psychiatrist. Someone should pull the author out of the pit, help him to find some uncorrupted strands of life unsoiled by human filth. (pausing, with a grin sharp and clinical) In short... The author doesn't need any critique. He needs an exorcism.