

Megan Wildhood

A/B Testing

“Push record.”

My assistant,

DataHead 12-06.1,

complies

and the only camera

on the whole ship

that wasn't rolling

begins gobbling

atmospheric pressure,

soil density,

population spreads

per country -

A planet,
pushed into
the black blanket
like a button,

life roiling around
on its thinnest layer
amid smoke from
the nostrils of volcanoes

dense blasts of weather,
pressure to bloom
beyond simple survival,
now rolling full circle

back to questions

of survival.

Preservation:

is it about more than data?

The only ship

in the known darkness
to carry the bytes for life

is...sinking is not

the word, for there truly

is no up or down.

No wonder the captains
do not know right or wrong.

an endless list
of measures -
bit by planetary bit.

The pictures take
approximately 12.072
minutes to complete.

The moment it does,
I count to ten.

My turn to push a button.
Smoke curls around Africa,
the Atlantic splits in two,
then five, then ten,

continents go ash, millions
of miles of skin go liquid
at a rate DataHead 12.06-1's
glass better be capturing
through the expanding rings
of red and scream and energy
transfer and all I felt is a tiny,
brief recoil under my thumb?

An endless list
of things that could go wrong

absorb their time
like a hydrocarbon-flooded

atmosphere chugs sunlight.

It takes years,
but by the time

you notice,

you may not have time
to debate their origin.
Cape Town will be out
of water, Bangladesh

and San Francisco
will be under it.

But big brothers beat
up the bullies; technology

saves

(the way a good guy

with a gun saves).