

There will be no party, said the Internet man.  
So we came anyway, in barrels.  
He brought a shovel. We brought beanbag chairs.  
We sat for a while. A casual flurry of eggs. Miniature ponchos. We felt like moving in.  
There were like millions. We were company larvae moving in stealth, through smoke  
machines, through glitter.  
I have never felt such emoji.  
From behind a bourgeois curtain, our girl fled. We blew kisses at her.  
Although she didn't smile back, she was still a good queen bee.  
I had always wanted a helicopter for my birthday, yuhu.

Later the chairs exploded and it felt good. Have you ever witnessed 30,000 flecks of trash,  
dandruff, flickering?  
Of course not, you were there too, in nothing but lip gloss haha.  
We played don't-show-your-face with the camera people, and our props were inspected.  
The wisdom of crowds!  
Clever enough to leave before the orange peels, plastic slushies, outdoor containers, and/or  
medium outlets.  
Alas, to the victors belong the spills.

They say you, yours is a terrible, vicious tribe.  
They ask, How could you do this, as if under a virus? Have you had it with youth? With the  
Eurozone/suburbia? Why do you all keep drinking Breezers?  
We keep telling them, We are so lucky!

(Text: Pablo Larios)

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