



Ma. Doreen Evita Garcia/FROM DUST YOU SHALL RETURN WITH DEBT

Eleven Years before Our Time

in 2025, i will be 28, drinking
the dregs of my dreams in a cup
once overflowing.
my mother tells me to pray,
tells me to turn away from
tv explosions,
burning cities,
displaced children,
ravaged forests,
great barren reefs,
mother of mercy,
gate of heaven,
comfort of the afflicted,
holy virgin of virgins,
star of the sea,
pray for us sinners
with plastic and pesticide
in our bloodstream
now and at the hour
of our death
within 2030
to 2050.



six point one

the ground's hunger disrupts sanitized silence.
its tremble transforms the music of machine
hums and whirs into a cacophony of fright

and helplessness. we scurry like children,
breathing air fraught with tension,
calling out to saints and lovers

in this concrete field lined with palm trees
and lanterns. a plane glides through
clear sky, oblivious to the discordant

tide of sweat-soaked shirts,
phones jutting out
in different directions.

after the quake,
this brief presence
of sameness disappears.

fault lines run deep
in corporate: the CEO
does not walk home.



little gavroche sings of death as the great equalizer

*here is the thing about equality:
everyone's equal when they're dead!*

take his hand and show him the serpentine
burials where the dead sleep in cramped
concrete tombs. identity is a footnote,
an afterthought, a rushed paint stroke
of name, birth, and death.

not even an epitaph for remembrance;
only accusations. NO PAYMENT,
NO RECORD, SEE @ OFFICE.
LAST PAID 2016.

their bones exhumed after five years,
thrown into sacks like leftovers
on earth as it is in heaven.

despots get wreaths and rosaries
while all you earn is this:

from dust you shall return with debt.



zeros and ones

good night and sleep well
love you talk to you later
good night and sleep well
love you talk to you later
good night and sleep well
love you talk to you later
so you continue for a few
more minutes this mantra
encapsulating everything
unsaid all hopes and fears
folded twice and thrice
promising the next day
might as well be your last
words if the world ends
while you sleep 01101001
00100000 01101100 01101
111 01110110 01100101 00
100000 01111001 0110111
1 01110101

<https://cryptii.com/pipes/binary-to-text>