

## MC Frontalot "It Is Pitch Dark"

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You are likely to be eaten by a grue.  
If this predicament seems particularly cruel,  
consider whose fault it could be:  
not a torch or a match in your inventory.

It got narrated at you in the second person.  
Every time you booted up, it seemed you got another  
version  
of your life told to you by a status line blinking,  
the impossible people you could be without thinking  
yourself insane of personality problems,  
with a mop on a drop ship or trying to stab a goblin.  
That don't play in public life. You get arrested,  
psychoactive medication daily in your big intestine  
and attesting that the voices in your head  
said the dwarf shot first, embedded arrow then you  
bled.  
But doctors with needles posit repeatedly  
that you knocked down that midget in the park  
unnecessarily.  
This has seeded the idea that you should  
never venture from the house, never get  
misunderstood  
by the non-player characters inhabiting Earth,  
none of whom are too concerned about Nord & Bert,  
not one of whom ever aimed a fish around the room,  
trying to get it in the ear canal because doom  
beset the last planet they were on, or near  
the verge of a set of poetics they wouldn't hear.  
Never peered at the clues with invisible ink.  
No SM goddesses ever gave them pause to think.  
Never piloted six robots, each distinct.  
Don't matter how many 2-liters they drink,  
they're not gonna follow what you're saying at all.  
They impugn and appall in the scope of their gall,  
as you hide in your room in disgust with the lights  
turned out.  
Turn Â'em on in a turn. Leave Â'em off for now.

You read a pamphlet from a mailbox that urges low  
cunning,  
offers cursor and prompt: type >run and you're

running,  
and parses what you tell it, pronouns intact,  
abbreviations if you need 'em (better keep it gramat.).  
Better punctuate your sentences and never redact  
the name of anything ambiguous. You're about to get  
asked,  
do you mean the red one, the round one, the crooked,  
or the blue?  
Better keep that in your pocket, don't know yet what it  
could do.  
Could be the spray for the grue

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