

2nd

ABCOO71

## Glitchwood

I wandered deep into the glowing wood,  
Where branches buzzed and data stood.  
Leaves of glass and wires grew thick,  
Each step I took, the light grew slick.

The trees all whispered static tones,  
A thousand voices, yet alone.  
Paths lit up with every scroll—  
A forest mapped to steal the soul.

Birdsong swapped for message pings,  
No rustling leaves—just ringtone rings.  
I searched for stars but saw no sky,  
Just towers blinking way up high.

A fox appeared with pixel fur,  
Its eyes were ads that softly purr.  
"Follow," it said, "you'll find your way—  
Just swipe ahead, don't ever stray."

So on I went, through curated trails,  
Past perfect lives and filtered tales.  
My hands forgot the feel of bark,  
My mind, the sun. My soul, the dark.

I once knew how the real wind blew,  
How rivers sounded rushing through—  
But now, I chase a signal's gleam  
Inside this ever-looping dream.

And though I long to break the code,  
To find the clearing, drop the load,  
The deeper in, the harder to see  
The path that leads back out—to **me**.