

Playing 'Grow A Garden' at 3am *NOT CLICKBAIT*

Anousheh Bloach

the iPad screen squeals in the corner calling me to return to the home screen. tip. tap. wiping my greased grubby fingers on distressed denim. thumb print — rejected. facial scan like i'm infiltrating this erratic enigma. clicking, picking on a tilted square in the megabyte mosaic

& load

& load

& load

into the loaded mosaic of another. an order screen that attempts to instil order in us. a search bar because some things can be simply sought out and i ought to seek them.

I type: 'Grow A Garden'. waiting for the screen to

load

& load

& load

&

black screen.

server suspense.

bridging & building into the other. finally online. with strangers. estrangement in my 5-9 after my 9-5. NPC Sam sells me seeds like the salesman seller he is & NPC Steven scams me of said seeds like i'm not from this callous corner of cyberspace. cap. i grew up in these parts. in pixeled dirt. in the portrait of paradigm.

don't ever think i never learned how to till the hills. how to put peat on the pastures.

how to beat the game. how to drench this designed dirt in my nails. unlike a preppy

person that only ever plays 'Dress to Impress'. i could never think of such trite.

i like the bite of the fruits of this crafted labour. the pride in this fictional farm.

where we come from

& from

& from

& from,

we never question the way that the rain

f		f
a		r
l	&	u
l		i
s		t
		s

& forms us in its rhythmic motion.

but stroll > scroll i guess.

visit others when the server's sun serves i guess.

vivaldi, chopin, and bussin debussy booms in my ear

but we talk. mics in. sound out. words wallowing in

the phantoms. about agricultural economy things,

crude cartel things, existential things; she loves her

work & wouldn't trade this job security for a real buck.

pop-up. text chat. a friend spawns to speak.

they

spam

& spam

& spam

& spam.

[alt_growagardenprro67]: 3am is too late

[alt_growagardenprro67]: come out of your room

[alt_growagardenprro67]: ditch your dormant dream

DISCONNECTED

You were kicked from this experience. Banned by:

growagardenprro67 / Duration: Permanent / Reason:

Noob

(Error Code: 267)

my worker's dream is misunderstood.

tilling

&

tilling

&

tilling

&

tillin—

black.

i plug in my charger. waiting for the screen to...

load...

&

load...

&

load...

&

load...

because in the late apparition of the night,

i need to get back home.